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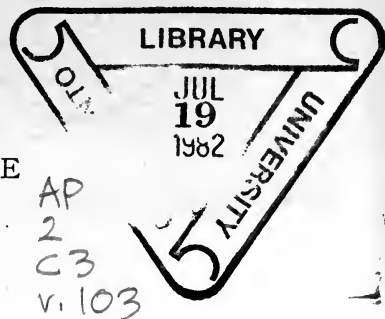




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## SHAKESPEARE—HIS THIRD CENTENNIAL.

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*President of the New York Shakespeare Society.*



HAVE in mind," says von Herder, "an immense figure of a man, sitting high on a rocky summit, at his feet, storm, tempest and the raging of the sea; but his head is in the beams of heaven. This is Shakespeare. Only with this addition: that, far below, at the foot of his rocky throne, are murmuring crowds that expound, preserve, condemn, defend, worship, slander, over-rate and abuse him. And of all this he hears nothing."

I am eager to confess at the threshold of this semester of praise which is to round out his three centuries, that, after filling perhaps my allotted space in these murmuring crowds, my highest satisfaction is that Shakespeare is still that immense figure of a man; and that he hears nothing of all this worshipping, slandering, expounding and foot-noting, and catches no glimpse of the farthing-candles that we stand tip-toe to hold up to the sun of his mighty page—that, with all our criticastering and our pettifogging, we have not succeeded in reducing Shakespeare to the dimensions of a mere human being.

Candidly, to begin with, we have no data to guide us in the thankless labor; to begin with, we do not even know what manner of man Shakespeare appeared to be in the flesh. Not by photographing him, at least, can we reduce him to the dimensions of a mere human being.

## I.

## HOW DID SHAKESPEARE LOOK IN THE FLESH?

Candidly, we do not know. Of the hundreds, nay, thousands, of portraits of Shakespeare—so-called—there are only three that challenge technical, or even perhaps serious, consideration as presumptive likenesses. And of these three, two cannot claim the possibility of having been made in Shakespeare's lifetime. Nor does any one of these three bear even the most *fainéant* resemblance to any other of them. These three are as follows:

First. A monumental, or mortuary, bust above Shakespeare's loam-dug grave in the chancel of Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon. As Shakespeare was buried in that grave in the early months of the year 1616, we assume that this bust was executed within that year, and Sir William Dugdale, writing in 1653, says that the sculptor was "one Gerard Johnson," who made at the same time a monument to John à Coombe, a Stratford character. Whether this Johnson worked with the aid of the memory of the neighbors, or from a death mask, of course there is no means of discovering. But whatever fealty as a likeness we might have been tempted to expect of it vanishes rapidly upon inspection.

In cutting the stone, the sculptor evidently broke off a fragment of the portion out of which he was to carve the nose, and so was driven to chisel a smaller nose than he intended. The result is that the nose is small and weak, while the upper lip is abnormally long. This abnormal length of upper lip, too, had to be disguised, and the sculptor attempted to disguise it by carving thereon, instead of a moustache, a rather dandyish (so to speak) pair of "moustachios," such as no Englishman of the days of Elizabethan or Jacobean days or since can be supposed to have ever worn: the result being to give the whole bust a sort of simpering un-English face, certainly not the face of a scholar or of a poet, certainly not the face of "an immense figure," of the superman we expect and idealize a Shakespeare to have been. A death mask known as the "Kesselstadt" (or "Becker") death mask was later, indeed, discovered in a rubbish shop in Mayence, which not only approximated to the measurements of the face of the bust, but contained a trace of red hairs sticking to the plaster thereof, and (suspiciously) the letters "W. S." and the date 1616. This death mask had a certain vogue of worship, and finally achieved lodgment in the British

Museum. But after a generation or two of reflection the proofs seemed to be a bit too conclusive, and a bit too readily at hand. And when the face of the death mask, a serious face, something like the face of Bismarck with its heavy moustache, came to be placed alongside of the smirking face of the bust, with its dandified "moustachios," it was finally concluded that—whoever the subject of that death mask may have been—it could not well have been used as a model for the Stratford bust.

And, moreover, this bust is not even in the condition in which it was left by its sculptor in 1616. Controversy has raged over the fact (discovered somewhat recently) that a view of this bust, as drawn for Sir William Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, a scrupulously careful and conscientious work (for Sir William himself was a native of Warwickshire and proud of its possessions, moreover he was a man of substance and of leisure, and would not have thought of tolerating slovenly or scrapped work), bears mighty little resemblance to any one of scores of later representations thereof in wood or steel engraving or facsimiles of drawings or paintings.

Some rift of explanation of this anomaly was afforded by the discovery, that, at the date of Garrick's "jubilee," a then-prominent actor, John Ward, journeyed through the midland counties giving Shakespeare representations in order to raise funds to "repair and restore" this monument and bust; and we all know what crimes can be committed in the name of "repairs," and what limits, or no limits, of vandalism can be committed under the pretext of "restorations." Save, therefore, as a testimony to the pious regard of the vicinage to the departed Shakespeare, the Stratford bust is of no iconographic value whatever.

Second. When on the death of Shakespeare's widow in 1623, either by lapse of a deed of trust in that lady or otherwise, Messrs. Jaggard and Blount, members of the Stationers company, were able to obtain control of twenty of the Shakespeare plays not already printed in quarto (which they also had previously obtained control of), they put into print one of the most important volumes in the world, the great first folio collection of the complete plays of Shakespeare. To this volume they proposed prefixing a portrait of the dramatist, and they secured Ben Jonson (by all signs the actual editor of the first folio, for Hemings and Condell, its pseudo-editors, were not men of letters, and doubtless lived and died in ignorance of their names having been used to present to the world

its most priceless literature, these gentlemen apparently ending their days as a green grocer and a publican respectively, whose talk no doubt was of oxen over the till and the tap, even while their fame as editors—the first editors—of Shakespeare's purple page was waxing) as editor thereof.

This portrait was engraved for this great first folio by one Martin Droeshout, and, to extol it as a semblance worth regarding by those who would know great Shakespeare by sight, Ben Jonson wrote a dozen lines of verse. But the Droeshout face proved dismally disappointing. It is hardly the face of a man at all. Except that it undoubtedly possesses eyes, nose (more than Stratford bust can boast of, anyhow) and mouth, the face is a wooden, idiotic affair, such as an ancient tobacconist would not have suffered for a sign-post; a silly vacuity resembling nothing more human than simian, certainly not within planetary space of one's ideal of a Shakespeare. The question was, therefore, where could Droeshout have found his model? What model could he have caricatured in 1623 (for it must have been an inadvertent caricature, for the art of steel-engraving was by no means in inchoate state in 1623. We have admirable engravings of Queen Elizabeth and of her courtiers).

*Cherchez et vous le trouverez!* A Droeshout original was forthcoming. In an obscure London print shop in the year 1840, a Mr. H. C. Clements discovered a portrait painted upon two pieces of elm, bolted together, which the London Shakespeareans (for once agreed upon everything concerning their subject) immediately declared to be Shakespeare, and the original painting which poor Droeshout used as a model for his unhappy engraving. So careful an investigator as the late R. B. Flower, sometimes Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, purchased it, and his widow subsequently presented it to the Stratford Memorial Library, where it now rests, the property of the British nation.

I confess that for a long time I myself accepted this portrait—*malgré* the suspicion which attaches to any portrait of anybody found in a rubbish shop (especially if, on removing apparent accumulation of years of dust, the desired verification is found in inscription or dates). But finally my attention was attracted to the fact that, whereas the Droeshout-engraving Shakespeare wore a wonderful coat or tunic, elaborately and grotesquely, not to say arabesquely, flowered or embroidered (a sartorial criticism upon that coat was I believe, that it had no right-arm sleeve, only two left-arm sleeves), this "original" wore a coat without any of the

arabesque or the grotesque embroidery, but only indicated such embroidery by faint lines. And I argued, while a copy of a portrait might well confine itself to indicating details, the chances would be small that the copy would supply details barely indicated in an original. And yet even this *a priori* reasoning might be vicious. Since the Flower-original Droeshout (as it came to be called) might, prior to 1623, have possessed the very details that the Droeshout engraving preserves, which in that original have been blurred by lapse of time.

So, therefore, this so-called Droeshout model may yet be accepted or yet finally rejected. It is in a position where it can be examined as often as desired by experts; and much may yet develop. It cannot be denied that the face has a dignified, a sort of Spanish-grandee, cast, and if, as it is the property of the British Crown, it can never be desiccated by acids, which would be the only process which would reveal an old lady or a half-pay officer, which might (as in a certain well-known case) be lurking beneath "the only authentic painting of Shakespeare even in existence," the chances are that it will come like its predecessors to travel down to posterity, *E ben trovato*, anyhow.

Third. In a room of the Garrick Club in London there stands the bust known variously as "the Devonshire," "the Davenant" or "the Garrick Shakespeare." Its history is unique. In 1737, sixty-nine years after the death of Sir William D'Avenant, his theatre on Portugal street (which he named "the Duke's Theatre") ceased to be used as a playhouse, and was altered into the china warehouse of Spode and Copeland (whence the "Copeland" ware known to collectors). In 1845, this Spode and Copeland warehouse was in turn torn down to make room for enlargement of the museum of the London College of surgeons. In the course of demolition, which rendered the ground plan of the old theatre plainly visible, a terra-cotta bust fell from some concealed niche. Put together, the fragments made a possible bust of Ben Jonson, and fitted a bracket on the side of a door frame of the old proscenium. Search for a corresponding bracket on the other side of this door frame led to one being found; and, standing securely upon it, a bust which everybody at once exclaimed must be a bust of Shakespeare. For, they argued, it can hardly be imagined that Sir William D'Avenant, who claimed to be Shakespeare's son, would have placed a bust of anybody but Shakespeare on a bracket opposite a bust of Ben Jonson. Nor (as to the value of the discovery) can

it be imagined that Sir William would have tolerated an inadequate or worthless likeness. These considerations led to the bust being purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for three hundred guineas, and presented to the Garrick Club. And, indeed, if genuine at all, this bust is easily the most valuable likeness we possess. The face is that of a man who had passed the maturity of middle age; serious, rather stern, and inflexible, seamed and careworn (perhaps too much so, since Shakespeare himself died aged only fifty-two years). It is perhaps more the face of a capitalist than of a poet; a self-contained, stern, but not an unkindly man of affairs—just such a man, one might say, as would by hard work relieve the penury and the *res angusta domi* of his childhood, restore his family to affluence, institute legal proceedings to recover maternal estates surrendered in duress of poverty, buy his father a grant of arms, and make solid investments in his native town in metropolitan properties.

Conjectural authorities, therefore, are remanded to their own opinion or their own judgment; first, as to whether the bust represents Shakespeare, and, secondly, whether it is a conjectural likeness drawn from D'Avenant's memory of his putative father, assisted by the memory of others who knew Shakespeare in life, or whether it is an actual survival from Shakespeare's own day, for which he himself sat.

It is incomparably finer and more satisfactory than either the Stratford bust or the Droeshout engraving, neither of which it resembles in a single lineament or detail, or even faintly suggests. So far as Shakespeare's iconography goes therefore, it must yet, I fancy, be pronounced that on the whole nothing exists to interfere with von Herder's "immense figure of a man."

The remaining portraits, and they are legion, arrange themselves into two groups, both groups negligible as portrait likeness, even though in justice to them we must admit that they do not claim to be accurate likenesses at all, but only likenesses.

The first group is composed of what are called the authoritative portraits. The Stratford, the Chandos, the Ely Palace, the Fenton, the Jenner, of which Mr. Walter Rogers Furness once made a clever series of composite portraits, arranging them in superimpositions of three, and with very interesting results indeed.

The great man—great in letters or in art, said Goethe, belongs to no race or nation—he is inter-racial and inter-national. The first foreigner to portray Shakespeare was Paul Roubillac, a French sculptor. Doubtless very few of the thousands who pass through the



vestibule of the British Museum are aware that the statue to the right of the entrance to the reading-room is intended for Shakespeare. But it was made for Shakespeare by this Monsieur Roubillac, in 1753, at Garrick's procurement and cost. And possibly for that reason is garbed as Garrick dressed, and has none of the conventional features we have come to regard as Shakespeare's. But the face is strong and fine and mobile, and the pose one of dignified and rather imperious (for want of a better word) contemplation. But for all that, this Roubillac Shakespeare is a Frenchman. Since then hundreds of foreign artists have made effigies of the greatest of Englishmen.

This second group, therefore, is made up of the modern conceptional ones. Of these every nation gives a sample, and they are mighty interesting too. The German artist's Shakespeare is of course a German, the French artist's a Frenchman, the Italian artist's an Italian, and the Danish artist's (and one must speak enthusiastically of Mr. Louis Hesselroth's statue of Shakespeare now set up in the park of Marienlyst, near Helsingør, the modern Elsinore, within a stone's throw of Hamlet's castle of Kronborg on the foamy Cattegat) a Dane. And there was even presented to me by my late friend, Luther R. Marsh, a portrait of Shakespeare painted by the "spirits." And poor Mr. Marsh (an eminent lawyer in his day and one whom it would not have been very safe for a witness to attempt to bamboozle) was so *épris* with the value of this portrait, that I had not the heart to call his attention to the costume of this Shakespeare, which was such as never was on sea or land, certainly was not possible under Elizabethan or Jacobean sumptuary laws. Only this spirit-Shakespeare avoided the rule and was not a Spirit.

## II.

### SHAKESPEARE'S ENTOURAGE.

Says Schlegel, in his Lectures on the History of Literature:

We are apt to think of and represent to ourselves the Middle Ages as a blank in the history of the human mind, an empty space between the refinement of antiquity and the illumination of modern times. We are willing to believe that art and science had entirely perished, that their resurrection after a thousand years' sleep may appear something more wonderful and sublime. Here, as in many others of our customary opinions, we are at once false, narrow-sighted, and unjust; we give up sub-

stance for gaudiness, and sacrifice truth to effect. The fact is, that the substantial part of the knowledge and civilization of antiquity never was forgotten, and that for very many of the best and noblest productions of modern genius, we are entirely obliged to the inventive spirit of the Middle Ages. It is upon the whole extremely doubtful whether those periods which are the most rich in literature, possess the greatest share either of moral excellence or of political happiness. We are well aware that the true and happy age of Roman greatness long preceded that of Roman refinement and Roman authors; and I fear there is but too much reason to suppose that, in the history of the modern nations, we may find many examples of the same kind. But even if we should not at all take into our consideration these higher and more universal standards of the worth and excellence of ages and nations, and although we should entirely confine our attention to literature and intellectual cultivation alone, we ought still, I imagine, to be very far from viewing the period of the Middle Ages with the fashionable degree of self-satisfaction and contempt.

Very similarly we are accustomed, in every volume in our Shakespeare libraries, to read that the date of Shakespeare was the date of the Renaissance. Perhaps it did synchronize with that wealth of learning, literature and romance that was to pour into England from the Continent—from the Middle Ages during which the Church had preserved the treasure of classic culture from more barbarisms than barbarism itself.

But we will get no adequate or even fair idea of what Shakespeare towered over if we imagine him as the product of a Renaissance England. On the contrary, at his advent the state of popular ignorance and denseness in England was hardly describable in such terms as we possess to-day. Except that its common people were great eaters and drinkers, especially drinkers—"potent in potting" as the Dutch visitor expressed it—nobody in England excelled in anything in particular. The English universities might not challenge comparison with continental universities in any other field, but certainly no continental university consumed so many gross tons of beer every quarter. Indeed the feat of drinking and eating deep for long enjoyed a sort of academic prestige; and the times are not forgotten in which a barrister was supposed to owe his jurisprudential outfit to the eating of a certain number of dinners in an inn of court. Indeed the spirit of England was better than anywhere else uttered in the pathetic aspiration—

Back and side go bare, go bare  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee store enow  
Of jolly good ale and old!

But beyond being allowed to drink all he could get, life was hardly worth living to anyone without a title. Commoners had no rights that the privileged classes were bound to respect. They were permitted to indulge in only the coarsest pastimes, and their only scope for wit or humor was the sex relationship. They were permitted to wear only the coarsest raiment, and were visited with capital punishment for the most trivial misdemeanors. Possibly there may have been titled persons or university men, who did not believe that it was (for instance) unsafe to stray beyond home for fear of "dragons," or into "India" or "Bohemia" for fear of immolation by a monster called a Mantichor, that had the head, with well-trimmed beard and moustache of a man, double rows of dagger teeth, the body of a lion, the talons of an eagle, and whose tail was a living serpent. But all England shared the science of the Queen's medical adviser, who advised that people should wash their faces only once a week, and wipe them only on scarlet cloth in order to keep healthy; when pills made from the ground-up skull of a man who had been hung on a gibbet, a draught of spring water that had stood in the skull of a murdered man, the powder of a mummy, the blood of "dragons," the entrails of wild animals were prescribed for certain disorders; when tumors were ordered stroked with the hand of a dead man: when, to cure a child of the rickets, it was passed head downward between the sections of a young tree split open for the purpose, and then tied together again (the child's recovery to parallel that of the knitting together and healing of the tree); when love philters were prescribed and sold everywhere, and when the king "touched" for scrofula.

But it was in these days, and such as these, when every quack had his bagful of charms and philters for mental disorders, that Macbeth's physician declined to prescribe for a mind diseased. "Therein the patient must minister to himself," says the good doctor. "More needs he the divine than the physician; good God forgive us all!" And Lear's physician, instead of hanging a witch's tooth or a toad's wizen around the neck of the poor old king, prescribed only rest and absolute quiet.

Truly, a Shakespeare flashed out of all this ale drinking and bestiality, all this darkness and lewdness. Not first a 'prentice hand

either, but—all at once—a miracle: an immense figure of a man, without prototype or anti-type from that day to this. And we supply ourselves from details to see the wonder of how he cleansed his archaic models (for he never paused—except once in his only English located comedy—*The Merry Wives*—and that we are told he wrote to order—more shame to her—at the decree of a “virgin” queen—to invent his plots). We watch, for instance, how he made over into a pure and sweet and wholesome story a tale that could not be put into print to-day, and that even the carrion of Wycherley and Aphra Behn would have spewed out of its mouth in the episode of the three caskets in *The Merchant*, and we note in re-writing the old *Troublesome Raine of King John* he swept away the scurrillity that was the very thing to make his new play popular with the groundlings, was in fact the very scandals that King Henry VIII. ordered invented in order to justify him in plundering the Religious Houses. Surely here was a new order of man—yea of superman.

But it was the greatness—as it is the perennity—of this great man that he was the artist and the portrayer of the human heart that is in all—below, perhaps dust—but still there, and there did Shakespeare find it. “His comedies will remain, as long as the English language shall endure, for he handles *mores hominum*,” said Domine Ward two centuries and a half ago. All the world knows by heart the tragedies of Shakespeare, the great agony of Lear, the jealousy and remorse of Othello, the divine introspection of Hamlet, the agony of Ophelia. But the mellow and lambent and comic humor of Shakespeare seems less realized. For after all, the Lears and Othellos and the Hamlets were his exceptions. It was the *Comedie Humaine*, “the gathering of men’s humors daily” as old Aubrey declared, as Dickens or Balzac or Trollope or Thackeray were to do, two and a half centuries later: “human nature’s daily food” that Shakespeare selected for his comedies. And who cannot trace down through literature the influence of Shakespeare’s humor? For example, we get again in Offenbach’s *Two Gendarmes* and in Gilbert’s policeman in the *Pirates of Penzance* the sport of Dogberry and Verges and the Watch; and how many more instances might be quoted since Shakespeare first made Dogberry wail because he had not lived to be written down an ass?

All mankind remembers Shakespeare’s pageants and battle-fields, and tourneys and Throne-rooms! But who could have

bettered the scene in *Coriolanus*, where the Roman ladies make that morning call on Volumnia, and huddle together on low stools and take out their sewing and chatter about the news from the front? Or that scene in *The Winter's Tale* (which gives the name to that play), where the poor disprized wife, Hermione, seeks a respite from her husband's anger by amusing herself with her boy; and this dainty dialogue—as genre as anything in Trollope—ensues:

*Hermione:* Pray you sit by us and tell 's a tale.

*Mammillus:* Merry or sad shall 't be?

*Hermione:* As merry as you will.

*Mammillus:* A sad tale 's best for winter. I have one  
Of sprites and goblins—

*Hermione:* Let's have that, good sir,  
Come on, sit down, come on and do your best  
To frighten me with your sprites. You're power-  
ful at it.

*Mammillus:* There was a man—

*Hermione:* Nay come, sit down, then on.

*Mammillus:* Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly—  
Yond crickets shall not hear it:

But here Leontes and Antigonus enter, and the winter's tale is never told except as Shakespeare tells one in the sombre play itself.

What manner of man was the Shakespeare that created all this new birth? Henry Chettle, writing in 1592, in what perhaps is the solitary genre touch we have to answer our question from, says, "Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the qualities he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honestie." Who these "divers of worship" were, we have not far to go to ascertain. The sumptuary laws of England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James were exceedingly severe. A nobleman could have associated with a Commoner only as a superior to whom the commoner owed and expressed obeisance. (There is on record a case where even a baronet was imprisoned and fined for addressing a noble lord as "sir.") Shakespeare, however, seems to have been on terms of some intimacy with two noble lords, the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke. To the former he dedicated the two magnificent poems which, to the despair of the Shakespeareans who propose to show us "Shakespeare's Mind and Art," in their genesis and progresses from journey work to masterpieces, burst out of silence upon the dazzled Elizabethans. (The two dedi-

cations showing progress in this friendship, or at least, in this acquaintance, between the commoner and the noble lord; the first in conventional tone of a poet to his patron, the second beginning "The Love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end.")

Shakespeare's other noble friend was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. To him Shakespeare dedicates a sheath of one hundred and fifty-four delicious and dainty sonnets.

It is interesting to wonder why Lord Pembroke asked that Shakespeare make the dedication not in his titular, but in his family name: "William Herbert," and only in the initials then, "Mr. W. H." But that this "Mr. W. H." was really Lord Pembroke, Ben Jonson (always a bit jealous of Shakespeare whose plays crowd the theatres while Jonson's would not pay for a sea-coal fire) revealed. For Ben Jonson, in dedicating his own *Epigrams* to "William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain, etc.," plainly says, "I dare not change your Lordship's title, since there is nothing in the epigrams in expressing which it is necessary to employ a cipher," plainly referring to the dedication of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" to his Lordship as "Mr. W. H." (Pembroke's family initials, and surely it is quite needless to remark not Southampton's initials at all, except by transposition into H. W. (Henry Wriothesley, Southampton's family name) where such transposition would have been senseless!

As to the documents and papers that Shakespeare left behind him, these tell us very little more than his so-called portraits, and these stray items of his affiliations. As a true-born Englishman should, he provided for his family, the family that God had given him, provided them a roof and a home; and, when poverty drove him from his childhood precincts, and he earned a competency and, later, wealth, his first act was to seek his earliest home: where like Horace's happiest man he could

*procul negotiis  
ut prisca gens mortaiium  
paterna rura bobus exercet suis.*

He proudly purchased the greatest house in the village whence he had been compelled by penury to flee the bailiff; he made his father and mother well-to-do and comfortable, he "could not bear the enclosing of Welcomb," that is, he would not tolerate the taking away from the poor the right of common, the ancient right to graze their kine and sheep upon the public downs. In his Will



he remembered everybody that had a claim upon him, even to two actors, and "William Reynolds," and, after leaving his widow all her legal rights, either (as lawyers conclude from the fact that his unprinted plays could not be issued until her death in 1623) a deed of trust or some equivalent rights in his plays, he remembered that she might care for "the second-best bed and furniture" (*i. e.*, its bedding). This interlineation in the Will has been held to indicate that when Shakespeare's lawyer, Francis Collins, took Shakespeare's instructions for that Will, he (Shakespeare) "had forgotten that he had a wife." It would equally prove that Shakespeare was oversolicitous that his widow should not lack anything to which she had become attached. The first-best bed, the guest-bed at New Place, was the one, of course, that Queen Henrietta Maria slept in, when that royal lady spent the night in Stratford on the visit to her royal consort at Worcester. The "second-best bed" was therefore the one which, under the law of the Widow's Quarantine, Mistress Shakespeare would only have possessed for forty days, had not her husband remembered to give it to her outright. Small wonder that Shakespeare's widow "did earnestly desire to be buried in the same grave with him."

And so, though Shakespeare was doubtless called "the Gentle Shakespeare," in the then meaning of the word "gentle" (*i. e.*, "of gentle birth"), in pleasant raillery among his coetaneans because he did not forget that he was a gentleman, yet, in everything, we find that he was, in the other and wider sense, the sense of recognition of obligation to those that nature and providence had given him as wards—he was indeed "the gentle Shakespeare."

But still beyond our ken, the "immense figure of a man." Others abide our question, thou art free, as Matthew Arnold puts it, or as our American poet Stoddard puts it even more beautifully:

There—little seen but Light  
The only Shakespeare Is!

It has been urged against Shakespeare that he was not in sympathy with popular rights, that he catered to Kings and Courts, as witness his delineations of Jack Cade. But this I think Lord Tennyson has answered, as poets can answer propositions in single lines:

Not he that breaks the dams, but he  
That through the channels of the State  
Convoys the People's Will—is Great.

He will not break those dams. He will always have that law prevail whose throne is in the bosom of God, whose voice the harmony of the world. But not commoners nor yet kings shall interrupt it. Kings must go too. "Noble lords and ladies must" (says the dirge in *Cymbeline*), "as chimney sweepers, bite the dust."

For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp  
Allowing him a breath, a little space  
To monarchize, ~~he~~ feared, and kill with looks  
.....and humored thus  
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,  
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!

He was a brave man who, under the very eaves of a Tudor court dare utter such defiant *lèse-majesté* as that. When the heads of Sir Gilly Merrick and Sir Christopher Blount tumbled into the basket for just hiring an actor or two to pronounce those words upon a stage, how was it that the Shakespeare that wrote them kept his head on? Small use had Tudor sovereigns for their great crown vassals except to chop off their heads. How did Shakespeare hold on to his with an Elizabeth on the throne of England?

Exigent and plentiful has been the criticism—even ribald criticism—because Shakespeare, when in better days, used a bit of his new wealth to acquire a grant of arms. But he acquired it not for himself, but for his old father. And though it entitled himself to use the device of arms that was granted him, he himself never seems to have taken the trouble to get it engraved. At any rate he never used it. On the only occasion he ever had to use a seal on a legal document, he was without one, and used a seal upon which were the letters "H. L." (possibly Henry Lawrence, a clerk in the office of the conveyancer passing the title), and it is curious to note that, as a matter of fact, the only use of this grant of arms that we can find is that once Shakespeare's granddaughter, Lady Barnard, used the falcon and the shaking-spear symbolically treated. And this once is the only justification in the record for the mountains of fuss that have been made about Shakespeare's snobbishness and love of glitter. And who of all these fuss-makers is not proud of his noble birth (one wonders), if he happens to have any to be proud of?

## III.

## SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AS HE FRAMED THEM.

From eulogy and panegyric any descent to items and details make for diminuendo and almost for offence. It would be best from any point of view to leave our immense figure of a man still sitting on his rocky throne with his head amid the beams of heaven. And yet, in this semester of Shakespeare, we must permit his physical works to be studied by reverent students, and facts to be designated. The murmuring crowd that expound, condemn, defend, worship and slander is not to frighten earnest scholars away from such verities of the physical plays as we see with physical eye, without imputing motives, or reading into them what Shakespeare never dreamed of putting there.

The dates of the successive appearance of such of these plays as were presented in Shakespeare's lifetime, afford a sane-enough order of their composition for practical purposes, without assistance of silly verse-testers who count "stopped" and "unstopped" endings, and "run-on" lines and the like, though this order does reveal indeed that, as the plays came on, Shakespeare by experience found that his actors spoke blank verse, such as Marlowe had devised, better they spoke rhymed verses, and so discarded rhyme for "Marlowe's mighty line!" That this order of publication returns certain apparent anomalies—as that some of Shakespeare's masterpieces, such as *The Merchant* or *The Midsummer Night's Dream* appear in the same year as lesser work such as *Titus Andronicus* (though who shall talk of Shakespeare's lesser or greater work)—is readily accounted for; for in those days, just as to-day, the moment an author corralled the public appetite, publishers tumbled over each other to put into print everything and anything that he had written. Now, what first captured London audiences and packed London theatres was the Falstaff quartette—Falstaff, Nym, Bardolph and Pistol, in the second *Henry IV*. These "irregular humorists" (as the contemporary announcements called them) were, even if we don't care to confess it, the popular "making" of Shakespeare; gave him his first vogue; resulted in the piratical printing of the "quartos" ("broadsides," they called them then). And if there had been no quartos we may be mighty sure there would have been no first folio, and we to-day would have had no Shakespeare.

Of course, receiving our text as we do, first through these quartos and then through the first folio, the "copy" for the text of which was in itself largely reënforced from playhouse copies and actors' "lengths" (sometimes containing not the names of the characters, but of the actors of those characters, which were carelessly allowed to creep into the stage-directions), we have much that Shakespeare never put there. So, for instance, in *The Merry Wives*, the actor who played Slender tells Anne that he has held "Sackeson" (a particularly large and brutal bear that was being baited in a near-by friendly theatre) "by the chain," although it frightened the ladies to see him do it. Elsewhere he remarks that he bought the shovel-board that Falstaff cozened him out of "from Yead [Edward] Miller" (which mention might have paid off that particular actor's score at Mr. Edward Miller's pawnbrokery just around the corner). These are certainly actors' "gags," although that entire scene of the play which shows a schoolhouse and a school-master drilling a small lad named William in Lily's *Accidence* to the rather callow commentary of Dame Quickly (imported from the Henry plays to be little William's mother) is an after-thought, perhaps of Shakespeare himself, for his only comedy whose scene is laid in England. So the comedian who played the drunken porter in *Macbeth*, may have included among those he was admitting to Hell Gate "a farmer who hanged himself in expectation of plenty" (an easily recognized allusion to "Sordido," the speculator in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour*, who tried to "corner" corn in the promise of a wet harvest; but who found that the harvest promised an abundance and could not anticipate ruin with equanimity, in order to advertise one of those Jonson plays that left to its merits would not pay for that hitherto remembered sea-coal fire). These we think that we can readily weed out. For the low comedian who was assigned the part of the drunken porter would naturally be one whom the management allowed to "gag" his part. But that Shakespeare himself used local matter in draughting his plays, making them, what Hamlet said actors were, "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," there is abundant scope for recognizing.

Such items as the following have not been thought too bizarre for description: On June 20, 1599, the Society of Grays Inn ordered that "no officers of this house should keep or enjoy their office any longer than they should keep themselves sole and unmarried." Later, another order was made that "all women should

be barred of chapel at sermons, no laundresses or women called victuallers should come into the rooms of the gentlemen members nor maid servants upon penalty of said member's expulsion." Now it is claimed that the text of these various orders seems to be burlesqued in the text of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Or, not the less bizarre, Prince Hamlet is thought to have called Polonius a "fishmonger," because the character of Polonius was intended as a lampoon on Lord Burleigh. The "fishmonger" being an allusion to the circumstance that Burleigh had in or about 1603, obtained the passage of a curious law from which he expected to make up for his losses in his shipping monopoly. The persecution of the Catholics, his Lordship thought, would decrease the demand for fish, and this remarkable Burleigh Law made the eating of flesh on Friday, Saturday or Wednesday a misdemeanor, unless fish dishes were also placed upon the table. When this law was new and fresh in the popular mind, this topical allusion could hardly fail to be understood and enjoyed by everyone, except perhaps the lord treasurer himself. As a matter of fact this name, "Polonius," was an after-thought of somebody, the doddering old premier having been previously called Corambis; since up to the end of Act I. this Corambis or Polonius was a rather dignified old gentleman, and certainly gave his son Laertes some most excellent advice. Mr. Boucicault thought that Shakespeare found his great tragedy too sombre, and after Act I. made Polonius the court butt and idiot.

Such fantasies as these are of course most properly dismissed as the crackling of thorns under a pot, since the wise suffer fools gladly. But they are indications of the care with which the text of Shakespeare has come to be studied. And who shall say that any absorbed study of the great text is to be flouted and decried? But be this as it may, it has come to be seriously noted that in the play of *Hamlet* alone there are five unmistakable references to matters that were happening in London in or about the years 1601, 1602, 1603 and 1604, thus synchronizing with the dates of publication. (The first quarto of the play was printed in 1603 and the second in 1604.)

The best known of these five is the illusion to the competition of the Children's Companies with the regular player companies. But as this is perfectly familiar to us all I pass it here. The others are more recondite.

When Horatio begs Bernardo, whom he has visited upon the

ramparts of Kronborg castle at Elsinore, to tell him about this ghost he has seen, Bernardo begins a lengthy narrative.

Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from the pole  
Had made his course t' illume at part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one—

But here the impatient Ghost itself will not await the leisurely development of Bernardo's circumstantial narrative, and bursts upon the scene. Without pausing to remark that this is possibly the most dramatic situation in all dramatic literature: a visitor from the grave breaking in upon a chronicle of itself delivered by a mortal—here, we are assured, is the first abstract and brief chronicle of the time in Shakespeare's mightiest play. To wit: It seems that in the second week of the year 1601 (old style) there actually was a "star westward from the pole," this "star" was the constellation Cassiopaea, the terms "star" and "constellation" being often (especially in rhyme) used interchangeably.<sup>1</sup> And it seems that at one o'clock during the second week in any December, the constellation Cassiopaea is always westward from the pole star, as anyone can see with the naked eye. "Westwardly" will be to the left of the north polar star horizontally, that is, the five stars of this constellation (roughly speaking) make a letter W lying on its side, with a top, or V, pointing directly to the polar star.

But to further test the accuracy of Bernardo's description, "When that same star, etc. . . . had made his course t' illume that part of heaven where now it burns," we have only to observe that in November, Cassiopaea will be lower down, but still to the "westward," *i. e.*, to the left of the polar star. So that we have every detail of the date, to wit, the season "when Our Saviour's birth is celebrated" (that is, December): to which, with his tendency to prolixity, Bernardo adds that, in November, Cassiopaea is a bit lower down in the skies! "the bell then beating one" (that is, one o'clock A. M.), while as to the year—*Hamlet* (the play

<sup>1</sup>Grosart's edition of Greene's Works, vol. iii., p. 79, *Morando, the Tritaneron of Love*, in which the passage, "the star Cassipoea remaineth in one signe but ten daies, and thou in one mind but ten hours," which further proves that this particular constellation was sometimes called a "star." And again in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, Act I., Scene I., we have "The whiles O, Cassiopaea, gembright signs. Most sacred sight and sweet celestial starre!"



having been in its first quarto form, first printed in the year 1602, having been entered on the stationer's books (the mode of copy-righting at that date) in 1602, July 26th, obviously must have been in course of preparation in the year 1601.

And now Horatio comes to Bernardo's aid (l. i. 116). Horatio says, that at a similar time there were "stars with dews of trains of fire; disasters in the sun, and the moist star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse." Of course "the moist star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands" is the moon, which regulates the tides of the sea. For the moon to be "sick," means, of course, to be in eclipse. And to be "sick almost to doomsday" (sick almost to death) can mean nothing but an almost total eclipse. Now all astronomers always keep accurate records of all eclipses of the heavenly bodies; and, on turning to these records, we find that in the early evening of December 9, 1601 (new style), an almost total eclipse of the moon was visible in London for three hours.

This seems rather as almost too circumstantial an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time" to find in a stage play. Nevertheless, here it is. But there is still further data. In *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. xxxiii., page 405, we read: "December 9th, New Style; Sunday (November 29th, Old Style): 'The sun set this day in London at 3:49 P. M., the full moon was just clear of the horizon. Half an hour later she began to enter the earth's shadow; as she plunged deeper and deeper into it the eclipse reached its maximum at a few minutes before six o'clock.'"

The entire face of the moon was not eclipsed. Only about eleven digits (a "digit" is one-twelfth of the moon's diameter) passed into shadow. This description (which is by a Rev. J. Johnson and is verified by consulting *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, Paris, 1818, vol. i. of part ii., and Von Oppolzer's *Canon der Finsternisse*, Vienna, 1887) of course leaves a thin crescent of the moon still visible. In other words, the moon was "sick almost to doomsday with eclipse" during the year 1601. But this does not exhaust the somewhat startling verification, in statistical-astronomical annals, of Bernardo's and Horatio's speeches in the first act of *Hamlet*.

Again, just before the line about the moist star, Horatio said:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood.  
Disasters in the sun. ....

Now, assuming that Horatio meant by "stars with trains of fire" to allude to meteors, and by "disasters in the sun" to allude to an eclipse of the sun, these astronomical records confirm him by actually enumerating these meteors and eclipses of the sun in this very year 1601. By again consulting the *Monthly Notes of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. xl., page 436, one finds that on December 24th, New Style, 1601, there was an annular eclipse of the sun, about a fortnight after the lunar eclipse just described, which "was annular right across England," and was in its midst at about one hour after midday. The meteoric shower required is somewhat better known. The well-known showers of "falling stars" which occur at periods of thirty-two and a quarter years (or a multiple of that number) in or about the fifteenth of November and therefore are called "November showers" (also called "Leonids," because always appearing to diverge from a point in the constellation Leo), came in the vicinity of London on October 27th, Old Style, 1601.

Now here is the résumé, and we must agree that it is a startling one:

- (1) Hamlet, entered in the Stationer's Register December 29, 1601, and printed in 1602.
- (2) A meteoric shower in October, 1601.
- (3) An eclipse of the sun December 25, 1601.
- (4) A lunar eclipse about December 2, 1601.

Again, in Act IV., Scene VII., we read:

*King:*                   .....Two months since  
                              Here was a gentleman of Normandy.

*Laertes:*               .....A Norman was 't?  
                              Upon my life, Lamond!

Now this "gentleman of Normandy named Lamond" is found to have been Charles de Contault, duc de Biron, Marshal of France, born in or about 1563, executed in the Bastille by order of Henry IV., July 31, 1602. He had been sent by Henry on an embassy to the English Court in 1601. Here again note the date 1601, which we saw prevail in our astronomical data. In the passage from which we quoted above, the King says of this gentleman of Normandy who was "here, two months since," that he had "witchcraft in his horsemanship."

He grew unto his seat  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse  
 As he had been incorpored and demi-natured  
 With the brave beast, so far he topped my thought  
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks  
 Gane short of what he did!

Now that this Duke of Biron was, indeed, a wonderful horseman, we have Chapman's testimony also. George Chapman wrote two dramas, *The Conspiracy of Biron* and *The Tragedy of Biron*. In the former, Act I., Scene II., we have:

The Duke Byron, on his heavy beast Pastrana  
 Your Majesty hath missed a royal sight—  
 Who sits him like a full sail'd argosy  
 Dances with a lofty billow, and as snug  
 Plies to his bearer, both their motions mix't  
 And being considered in their site together  
 They do the best present the state of man  
 In his first royalty.....

The Duc de Biron was well known to the English. Many Englishmen sent to Navarre served under him. The prologue to Chapman's *Conspiracy* says, "The all-admired Biron, all France exempted from comparison" (perhaps Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* was drawn from this historical character).

Stow's "Abridgment" gives the date of the arrival of this Biron in London as "about the fifth of September, 1601." And in Pierre Matthieu's *Histoire de France*, Geneva, 1620, page 115, the date of Biron's return to France was given as "at the beginning of the month of October, 1601, Old Style."

And, again, in the first scene of Act V. of *Hamlet* are the most wonderful of all these abstracts and brief chronicles. When Prince Hamlet says, "Alas! poor Yorick," he seems to have been alluding to John Heywood, who was Jester to Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. Dr. Doran's *History of the Stage* (London, 1853, p. 132) says: "We now come to a person of some celebrity, who seems to have been a court-jester without being exactly a court-fool. I allude to John Heywood of North Mimms in Hertfordshire, whom Sir Thomas More introduced to the King as Sir William Nevil de Scogan, and whose introduction was followed by his appointment as jester to the sovereign." Of this Heywood,

Wharton says that "he was beloved and rewarded by Henry VIII. for his buffooneries, and Henry was satisfied with the quips of his daughter's favorite." The title, "King's Jester," clung to him through the reign of Edward VI. and Mary. But as Mary was succeeded by Elizabeth there would naturally have been no other "King's" Jester appointed.

Now according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, this "John the King's Jester" (see Doran *id.*, p. 185) was born in 1497; being mentioned in a return of Catholic fugitives in January 29, 1517, when he had become tenant of lands in Kent. In 1599 he is said to be "dead and gone" (Newron's Epilogue or Conclusion to John Heywood's Works). His death, therefore, occurred somewhere between 1577 and 1578. Now the gravedigger says: "Here's a skull hath lain i' the earth three and twenty years." Twenty-three years from the year 1578 would again give us this year, 1601, the date we run against everywhere in the astronomical and the historical data.

I pass reference to the wonderful graveyard scene where two gravediggers in discussing whether Ophelia is entitled to Christian burial, follow exactly the reasoning of the lawyers in the case of Hales against Petit, where Lady Hales fought an escheat on the ground that her husband, Sir James Hales, did not commit suicide; but, since he only threw himself into the water (since the throwing oneself into the water was no crime, and since he was not responsible for the water having drowned him after he had thrown himself in), because that famous case, reported in blackletter (almost as obsolete for a type for law reports in Shakespeare's day as it is now), was fifty years old when Shakespeare turned it to his purpose, and so was hardly a localism.

Let us pass to an inquiry whether there was anything that Shakespeare was not; whether he was not only the father of English drama, but of English stage-craft as well?

Nothing is perhaps oftener met with in these fields than the statement that Shakespeare's plays were presented on barren boards without stage effect or *mise-en-scene*, without practicable scenery, trusting to speech alone. Surely the authorities making this statement cannot have been very cautious students of the stage-direction in the quartos, or in the first folio. These stage directions the Bankside Editors of 1885 first maintained to be as truly Shakespeare's as the texts of the plays.

Those who argue for barren boards have surely forgotten the

very first scene of the very first act of the very first play printed, as modern editions usually run, in our collections. Surely the first act of *The Tempest* portraying a sinking ship toiling in the breakers, could not have been presented without "practical" scenery. Nor again that witches' chaldron scene in *Macbeth*, nor the incantation scene in Gloucester's garden in the second *Henry VI*. Surely Shakespeare's plays called for the most opulent stage effects and stage machinery known to his date. And surely their representation to-day calls, nay their perspective demands, the most opulent settings we can give them. And it is possibly speaking one word for the manager and one word for Shakespeare, when we are invited to see a Shakespeare play given to-day without scenery on the plea that there was no stage scenery in Shakespeare's times. That signs were hung out on Shakespeare's stage to indicate the place—Athens or Rome or Padua—is doubtless the fact. But these signs were rather for the benefit of the audience which had no bill of the play on their knees than for the actors (there are no such signs called for in the stage directions of any Shakespearean play, by the way). And so even if this superman's head was among the beams of heaven, he was not oblivious to what his fellowmen were occupying themselves about, nor of human nature's daily food.

Who were the greatest of the great? Those who, according to Goethe, are of no race and no nation, but of all races and nations. Victor Hugo says Moses, Homer and Shakespeare; others say Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes; still others say Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe. Charles the First, whom the Puritans accused of reading Shakespeare more than he read his Bible, told Falkland that Shakespeare was the greatest of authors, for he had actually created a new order of being in Caliban.

Such are a very few of the bewilderments which make me, for one, sincerely glad that we cannot localize and minimize Shakespeare down to any last analysis of a human being; why he must still remain to us "an immense figure of a man seated on a rocky summit with his head among the beams of heaven," why we nor time nor space can contain him, because as Dr. Johnson said in his immortal eulogy, "panting Time toils after him in vain."

## GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

### II.



THE function of comedy, Mr. Shaw declares, is nothing less than the destruction of old-established morals. Shakespeare was unprogressive enough to accept standard morality as the basis of his plays, and hence in Mr. Shaw's estimation he is quite inferior to Ibsen, the iconoclast. In consequence, Mr. Shaw makes his plays a frank and unfair attack on conventional morality, that is, the morality of the Decalogue and of the natural law. With Ibsen, he maintains that as far as morals go, there is no law; with Nietzsche, he rejects positively all morality based on Christian principles. So he counts off on his fingers the seven deadly sins of his moral code: respectability, conventional virtue, filial affection, modesty, sentiment, devotion to women, romance.<sup>1</sup> And amidst shouts of laughter, the onslaught begins.

*Respectability.* In the literal sense, respectability means worthy of respect; respectability in the Shavian sense means worthy of sovereign contempt. He despises it; he showers ridicule upon it; he tramps it in the mud, and throws its fragments to the gales of his own laughter. Dare to disagree with him, and he hurls at you that most galling of all modern epithets, Philistine! That is a terrible word! You may think me too radical, boisterous, foolishly progressive, even slightly demented, cries the modern intellectual; but don't, ah, don't think me a Philistine!

Yet if anything would make me cling madly to respectability, it is Mr. Shaw's attack upon it. To begin with, his attack is obviously so unfair. To his respectable characters he does not give even the privilege of military execution. In argument with his unconventional characters, they appear unmitigated asses or silly hypocrites, fully conscious of their cant and ready to call quits at any sophistical argument that is fitted to a neat epigram. From Col. Craven<sup>2</sup> and Doctor Paramore<sup>2</sup> to Mr. and Mrs. Knox,<sup>2</sup> his respectable characters are bores, or fools, or furtive sinners. While for the men and women who use their respectability as a cloak for

<sup>1</sup> G. B. S., 77.

<sup>2</sup>*The Philanderer.*

their crimes, the reader can only conceive an intense contempt. On the other hand, his characters who defy respectability have almost won the heart of their creator. Dick Dudgeon,<sup>3</sup> and Cicely,<sup>4</sup> and Candida, he makes as attractive as his vitriol-tipped pen will permit. Even Darling Dora,<sup>5</sup> woman of the streets, is a bright light in the darkness of middle-class respectability.

Purposely or not, Mr. Shaw has entirely befogged the difference between a true and a false respectability, between a noble convention and one that is worthy only of contempt. Mr. Shaw is not in the least original in pointing out that there are crimes unnumbered lurking under the cloak of respectability. Is one's fur overcoat to be torn to shreds because a dozen moths fly out when it is exposed to the sun? Mr. Shaw seems capable of seeing only the false conventions that make a pseudo-respectability hideous; the sort that enables a reprobate like Crofts<sup>6</sup> to live the gentleman on the wages of sin, that permits Sartorius<sup>7</sup> to sit benignly on the vestry board while he reaps his wealth from rotting tenements, that makes Mrs. Dudgeon<sup>8</sup> a cruel, bitter fanatic and the Rev. Samuel Gardner a smug, though futile, clergyman.

If that is the respectability Mr. Shaw is attacking, we are with him heart and soul. George Eliot did as much when she laid bare the soul of the hypocritical Bulstrode. But George Eliot knew of another respectability, and that she embodied in Caleb Garth, a respectability that hated hypocrisy because it is a lie, that held honor dear and fortune cheap, that loved home and the ties of family and the purity of daughters as things more dear than life, that was respectability because it asked for no respect. And that is the respectability which, touched with divine faith and love, makes a generation of Saints. Is that the respectability that Mr. Shaw is attacking? If so, God pity Mr. Shaw. The very men he decries and ridicules know better than he the value of respectability. Next to gold, there is nothing they fight harder to preserve.

Yet if Mr. Shaw thinks that he has dealt a deathblow to respectability, he is woefully mistaken. The unconventional characters of his plays would drive a man in sheer fright into respectability. His "respectable" characters he has made unlovable; his unconventional characters like those the gods destine for destruction, he has made mad. One day in the company of Dolly

<sup>3</sup>*Fanny's First Play.*

<sup>4</sup>*Captain Brassbound's Conversion.*

<sup>5</sup>*Widowers' Houses.*

<sup>6</sup>*The Devil's Disciple.*

<sup>7</sup>*Mrs. Warren's Profession.*

<sup>8</sup>*The Devil's Disciple.*

and Phil,<sup>9</sup> or Cecily, or Chatteris,<sup>10</sup> or Dick Dudgeon, or Frank Gardner,<sup>11</sup> would drive a man to simple distraction. They are the incarnation of the modern spirit of complete unrest and constant mental fickleness; and unrest and fickleness have given us a race of neurotics.

Unconventional? Ah, there is a word to conjure with. It is the shibboleth of every new freak in art; the watchword of each new aberration in morals; the sign of each succeeding fracture in common sense. What crimes are committed in that name! Yet what a perfect pandemonium this earth would be without its conventions. God made the moral laws to preserve the human race to a happy future; man made conventions to preserve that race in a livable present. Without conventions, our toes or our sensibilities, or our front lawns, or our peace of mind would not be safe for one moment.

No Christian maintains, as Mr. Shaw seems to fancy, that conventions bind the conscience. Conventions are merely the normal way, tested by experience, of regulating the daily intercourse of civilized people. The unconventional man is simply a social barbarian, a human bull in the china shop, a visitor who when in Rome chooses to live like a Kaffir or an Eskimo. The Kaffir or the Eskimo may be very amusing for an afternoon at the vaudeville, but as a steady companion we prefer a civilized human being, or a nicely domesticated cat.

The man who prides himself on his contempt for convention is fit only for solitary confinement. He simply has not learned the way in which normal, right-minded men find it necessary to live. The reticences of word and conduct he has never learned. He is a collegian introducing the tactics of football into lawn tennis; he only shows that he has no conception of the value of the rules of the game. Taken in light doses, the characters of Mr. Shaw transplanted into real life might act as a bit of caviar or a dash of tobacco. Alienists should be called in for anyone who makes a steady diet of either of these relishes.

*Conventional Virtue.* The attitude of George Bernard Shaw toward conventional virtue is best summarized in the following quotations:

If a young woman in a mood of strong reaction against the preaching of duty and self-sacrifice and the rest of it were to tell  
.....me that she was determined not to murder her own in-

<sup>9</sup>*You Never Can Tell.*

<sup>10</sup>*The Philanderer.*

<sup>11</sup>*Mrs. Warren's Profession.*



instincts and throw away her life in obedience to a mouthful of empty phrases, I should unhesitatingly say to the young woman: "By all means do as you propose. Try how wicked you can be; it is precisely the same experiment as trying how good you can be. At worst you will only find out the sort of person you really are. At best you will find that your passions, if you really and honestly let them loose impartially, will discipline you with a severity your conventional friends, abandoning themselves to the mechanical routine of fashion, could not stand for a day." As a matter of fact, I have seen over and over again, this comedy of the "emancipated" young enthusiast, flinging duty and religion, convention and parental authority to the winds, only to find herself becoming for the first time in her life, plunged into duties, responsibilities and sacrifices from which she is often glad to retreat after a few years' wearing down of her enthusiasm, into the comparatively loose life of an ordinarily respectable woman of fashion.

The "revolted daughter," exasperated at being systematically lied to by her parents on every subject of vital importance to an eager and intensely curious young student of life, allies herself with really vicious people, and with humorists who like to shock the pious with gay paradoxes in claiming an impossible license in personal conduct. No great harm is done beyond the inevitable and temporary excesses produced by all reaction; for the would-be-vicious ones find when they come to the point that the indispensable qualification for a wicked life is not freedom but wickedness.<sup>12</sup>

After reading such passages, one can only pray that George Bernard Shaw may be a master without disciples. In practise, we find Margaret Knox<sup>13</sup> flinging "duty and religion, convention and parental authority to the winds," engaging herself to a strange man, dancing in a low dive, arrested by the police, carrying away two of their teeth as trophies, cursing and swearing at her captors, locked in a cell where she becomes bosom friend of a woman of the streets, and gloriously unashamed because she "did it from the depths of her nature. She did it because she was that sort of a person. She did it in one of her fits of religion."

*Filial Devotion.* One does not have to advance far in the reading of Bernard Shaw to understand his attitude toward filial devotion. His dramatic children have all either contempt, or hatred, or the most flippant irreverence for their parents. Tanner,<sup>14</sup> Mr.

<sup>12</sup>G. B. S., 460, 461.

<sup>13</sup>*Fanny's First Play.*

<sup>14</sup>*Man and Superman.*

Shaw's nearest counterpart, remarks: "I suspect that the tables of consanguinity have a basis in natural repugnance." Take his plays in sequence and note the attitude of children toward their parents. Blanche Sartorius<sup>15</sup> is quite ready to hate her father on slight provocation; between Julia Craven<sup>16</sup> and her father there is nothing but the coldest indifference; Vivie Warren<sup>17</sup> defies her mother and mocks at her pleadings; the disgusting son of the Rev. Gardner makes sport of his father, twitting him shamelessly with the sins of his youth; when given an order by her mother or father, Raina<sup>18</sup> does just as she pleases; Phil and Dolly chaff their mother outrageously, while the cold contempt of Gloria<sup>19</sup> for her father almost makes one shudder; Ann uses her mother to suit her own sweet will, while Margaret Knox and Bobby Gilbey<sup>20</sup> and Hypatia Tarleton<sup>21</sup> in open rebellion against parental authority complete the most disgusting list of offspring in the whole of literature.

It may be dreadfully funny to see a son making an ass of his father and a daughter flaunting her ribbons in the face of her shocked mother, but it is an exhibition destructive of one of the sweetest instincts of the human heart. I scarcely dare wonder what the home life of Mr. Shaw must have been when I hear him say:

Until it is frankly recognized that children are nuisances to adults except at playful moments. . . . we shall have the present pretense of inexhaustible parental tenderness.<sup>22</sup>

And again:

I was an able-bodied and able-minded young man in the strength of my youth, and my family then heavily embarrassed needed my help urgently. That I should have chosen to be a burden to them instead was, according to all the conventions of pleasant fiction, monstrous. Well, without a blush, I embraced the monstrosity. I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it. I was not the staff of my father's old age; I hung on to his coat tails. . . . Callous as Comus to moral babble, I steadily wrote my five pages a day and made a man of myself (at my mother's expense) instead of a slave.

It is quite obvious that the waiter, William, with his son, the Queen's counsel, had a prototype in fact.

<sup>15</sup> *Widowers' Houses.*

<sup>18</sup> *Arms and the Man.*

<sup>21</sup> *Mésalliance.*

<sup>16</sup> *The Philanderer.*

<sup>19</sup> *You Never Can Tell.*

<sup>22</sup> *Does Modern Education Ennoble?* G. B. S.

<sup>17</sup> *Mrs. W. P.*

<sup>20</sup> *F. F. P.*

Logically enough, one who denies all authority should deny as well the authority of parents over their children. But it is hard to understand how he dares close his eyes to the love that binds mothers to their children with bonds stronger than steel. Yet so he does. The plays of Bernard Shaw are in large measure disgusting theses to prove that "parents and children detest one another."

Yet even as I write, my mind conjures up a woman who was, through childhood and youth and manhood, mother and guardian angel and chum, who in the midst of a thousand vexations, the dole of her two growing boys, was never impatient, never weary of their importunings, responding to any sign of love with a hundredfold of affection; who with ripening years cherished as her own their secrets, who laid cool hands on their spiritual bruises, who stood as the inspiration of their growing souls.

My mind reverts to another refutation of Mr. Shaw's blasphemy. She is very Victorian, I suppose, this mother whose sixth child lies in her arms; but I know she is very Catholic. Through sleepless nights and tireless days, she tends her flock, for she is mother enough to prefer to nurse her own children. At table she has eyes for all; at play she has interest for all; at all times she has love for all. To the Catholic hearts of mothers like these, children are not tiresome nuisances to be silenced with a "be quiet, Tommy, or I'll clout your head for you;" nor are they, like the children of Mr. Shaw's fancy, "embittered by the dislike of their mother and the ill-temper of their father." To such mothers, children are their life's work, their woman's sphere, their heaven-sent charge, soul of their souls, and flesh of their flesh.

And when I turn from mothers like these to the fantastic mothers begotten of the brain of Mr. Shaw, mothers whose interest in their children is that of a cat for her kittens three months old, and when I look upon the children with their utter contempt for the mothers who should be their highest ideal, I pity from my heart George Bernard Shaw.

*Modesty; Devotion to Women.* Woman has always been in Christian eyes a little less than the angels. And the virtues with which Christianity has endowed its ideal of womanhood have been singularly angelic. Like the seraphs, she was made for love; like the cherubs, for quiet and contemplation; like the archangels, she was quick to obey; like the guardian spirits, she was the self-

devoting protector of the helpless; like the whole angelic host, she was spotless.

Not one of these virtues has Bernard Shaw left to the women of his plays. Whisky-drinking, cigar-smoking Vivie Warren, has a heart harder than that of her prostitute mother, who after all her wanderings can still feel love for her offspring. Lady Cicely and Grace Tranfield are about as quiet as a fire cracker after the application of the spark. Candida scoffs at the very name of obedience, as do Julia Craven and her ridiculous young sister. I should as soon fancy Blanche Sartorius in a nursery or a sick room as I should Bluntschli in the trenches of France. While from Louka to Ann Whitefield, you may run the gamut for a single woman who does not hunt down her mate and entrap him with devices more than feline.

If modesty is the capital feminine sin, Mr. Shaw's heroines are quite ready for their aureola. If devotion for women is a capital masculine vice, Mr. Shaw's heroes are on the high road to canonization. The cruel warring of Julia and Grace over the philandering Chatteris is a sight so revolting as to explain in large measure that contemptible male's utter unfaithfulness toward women. The wiles of Ann Whitefield, the frank seductions of Hypatia Tarleton and Blanche Sartorius, the ultimate advances of Gloria Clandon succeed in landing their unwilling mates; but they are still more effectual in killing all respect for Bernard Shaw's ideal of womanhood.

The gay and hideous paradox of woman the pursuer, man the pursued, is one of the most topsy-turvy things in all the Shavian philosophy, a purposeful contradiction of the actual course of nature. Yet it is consistent with Mr. Shaw's theory of the ever active Life Force. Woman is the sanctuary of the world's future generations, and her one idea is the propagation of this spark of Life that has been trusted to her care. Man, in the Shavian idea, is never a companion, a protector, a lover; he is the physically necessary complement of her nature. Woman's quest for a mate, like the mating of beast with beast, has no other basis than the "biological imperative." Woman traps man because she needs him for her life's work. Man flies from woman because for him, as for Tanner and Chatteris and Bluntschli, marriage means slavery to the will of his mate. Even in the world beyond—whatever in the conception of Mr. Shaw that may be—woman cannot cease from labor. Ann, flying alike from heaven and hell, rushes forth in quest of a father for the *Superman*.

And since this propagation of the Life Force is the one important work of woman, Mr. Shaw repudiates the idea of binding any woman to a single man. She should be free to mate as her infallible instinct to procreate directs. Marriage he pronounces the most licentious of institutions, or, as Tanner puts it: "The maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity." Mr. Shaw cannot rest until it is abolished, and children so placed that there "will be some adequate defence of the comparative quiet and order of adult life against the comparative noise, racket, untidiness, inquisitiveness, restlessness, fretfulness, shiftlessness, dirt, destruction, and mischief which are healthy and normal for children." Farewell, then, to marriage and the home. This is Socialistic indeed.

*Sentiment.* I hold no brief for sentiment nor for the tawdry lovemaking that stultifies the fiction of the present, and makes possible the vast flux of erotic filth that besmirches youthful and, for that matter, mature minds. I loathe it, I flatter myself, even more than does Mr. Shaw. I loathe it not only because it offends my taste, but because it offends my God. But because "the Duchess" brand of sentiment disgusts me and the mad infatuations of licentious novelists and poets are hideously untrue, I do not blindly cry: "There is no such thing as love and devotion and romance." On the contrary, I know that there are.

I know that between men and women whose minds are clean and whose souls have learned love in that youthful school of affection, the home, which Mr. Shaw derides, there springs up a devotion and love deeper than ever poet's plummet sounded. God, our God, not the blind, unreasoning Life Force, wills that man and woman should coöperate with Him in the creation of future generations. But He has made sweet that labor not by any brutish "biological imperative," but by filling a father's heart with a masterful devotion for his wife, and by arousing in the mother's heart a love great enough to cover the frailties of her spouse, and unite her with all her heart to him as the father of her children. God never intended marriage to be so blissfully perfect that in the delights of connubial bliss man and woman should forget their state of probation. But the love of husband and wife He destined to last as long as nature's laws, which are His laws left intact.

And to enshrine that love, God made the home. The home has its defects; that is part of our heritage of sin. Yet it is as far above the universal asylum advocated by Mr. Shaw as a

mother's love is above the love of a prison warden for his charges. When Christ, our God, chose His earthly dwelling, He could find no better substitute for the heaven He had left behind than the holy home of Nazareth.

*Romance.* Since poets first sang, their lays, dedicated first to the praises of their God, have chanted a triple theme: the love of man for woman, the love of man for the hero of battles, and the love of man for his country. And men have always felt that the voice of the poet spoke from the common heart of mankind. Not so Mr. Shaw. Down with romance! cries he. Rhapsodist and troubadour, poet and dramatist, Homer and Petrarch were all wrong. The triple theme is a phantom of poetic fancy, bodied forth with an eye rolling in fine frenzy, but blind as a bat for all that.

This singular and incurable romanticism of poets the world over, from India to the lands farthest north, in centuries that wrote on clay cylinders and in centuries that write on Irish linen, Mr. Shaw has set himself to correct. The love of man for woman, he simply ignores, whenever his men and women woo and win. The love of man for the hero of battles he ridicules in *Arms and the Man*. The love of man for his country he has practically disproved in *John Bull's Other Island*, and recently in his utterances on the war.

The world-wide question of romanticism is not going to be settled in these few brief paragraphs. I only intend to show from the writings of Mr. Shaw himself, compared with the reality of life, that his absolute dogmatism has not come within a thousand miles or lines of settling the fate of romance. It is left for another writer in the dim and unlikely future to walk triumphantly over its prostrate corpse.

Mr. Shaw has been accused by those who slay with paradoxes of being incurably romantic. In a sense he is. No one but the most blissful romancer could accept for a moment that most absurd of all romances, Nietzsche's *Superman*. His Socialistic ideal is a dream not unlike in its unreality Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. Mr. Shaw prides himself on being a realist. In a sense he is. His stage settings are models of verisimilitude. But if the standpoint of character-drawing or the keen perception of motive is considered, Mr. Shaw is neither romanticist nor realist. He is merely an incorrigible unrealist.

When Stevenson, the beloved, read Mr. Shaw's first novel,

he was impressed with its literary promise. But his astonished cry to their mutual friend, Mr. Archer, was: "My God, Archer; what women!" Echoing the cry of Stevenson, the reader of Mr. Shaw cries: "And what lovers!" In their veins runs a mildly diluted carbohic acid; their hearts are the temperature of freshly-opened oysters. No lovers since Eden ever talked or acted as they. I frankly grant you that no youth and maiden in the throes of their first or last love ever talked as Romeo and Juliet talked. But if youths and maidens had Shakespeare's power of words they would.

Personally, I am firmly convinced that our modern tendency is vastly to overestimate the power of man's love for a woman. Fiction of a sort would have us fancy that there is no other spring of great deeds. Yet though love for a woman may make a besotted Antony throw away a world, and though great deeds have been done by men who carried a token on their arms, seldom indeed have the really tremendous issues of history been swayed by a man's love for a woman. Does that mean that the romance of love does not in fact exist? If there were no fiction in the world to tell us of it, if there were no poets to sing of it, we would still know that it is a fact as certain as dawn and dusk, harvest and summer storm. The passionate period of love may be brief; its effect may be largely personal and felt in but a circumscribed sphere, but it is certainly real, so real that for a time it befogs all other issues of life, makes the man see an angel where once walked a woman, and the woman see a demi-god in the flimsy disguise of mortal man.

To disprove a fact so palpably self-evident, Mr. Shaw has imported from the regions of the moon, or some land where the temperature is always below zero, a race of lovers who bandy frapped epigrams, who laugh at what is to lovers the most serious thing in the world, their own love, and who disprove the axiom that love is blind by picking flaws in the object of their own affection. Lovers like Valentine and Gloria, Trench and Blanche, Tanner and Ann are not lovers at all. They are chemical atoms combining in a strictly impersonal molecule. And they have really gone the atoms one better; for they show not the slightest signs of warmth or affinity.

The present terrible war has blasted in large measure the poetry of battle; but it has not obscured the poetry of personal heroism. "No more hoary superstition survives," says one of Mr.

Shaw's admirers, "than that the donning of a uniform changes the nature of a man." This thesis, *Arms and the Man* and *The Man of Destiny* strive to prove in truly comic opera style.

If donning a uniform were a simple process like changing a frock coat for evening dress, the commentator's remark would be absolutely correct. In the case of most mercenary soldiers, such as Bluntschli, it frequently means no more than what donning an apron means to a butcher or putting on overalls to a carpenter. Yet there are times when donning a uniform means the taking up of principles for which one is ready to die. It may mean entering the struggle to preserve home from ruins and loved ones from rape. It may mean the shedding of one's blood for personal liberty, or entering upon the road of military conquest. And in cases like these, while the uniform does not change the wearer's nature, it very considerably modifies, ennobles or, perhaps, debases it. This is the element of war which Mr. Shaw's dramatic thesis leaves untouched; and this is the very element which the real romancers of literature have found when they sang of the love of man for the hero of battles.

Tell me that "chocolate soldiers" fought in the trenches around Richmond for a cause that was already dead; that Andreas Hofer's soldiers, men of the same mountains from which Bluntschli comes, felt no heroic swelling of their hearts at their leader's call to battle; that Gordon's mad raid into Africa was a mere matter of business, and you must forgive my indignant denial. And I can recall as well a certain battalion of heroic mercenaries from Bluntschli's own nation who met death at the hands of a Paris mob defending a French king in his palace. There is the truth of romance in Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne.

Mr. Shaw's thesis is also too comprehensive. The calm, cool planning of staff-room and commissariat is vastly important, but not so important as to make the real student of humanity overlook man's willingness to die for his home and his country, and for a bit of metal shaped like a cross.

Mr. Shaw does not believe in patriotism. That is an accident of Mr. Shaw's birth. The small class of bitter Protestants from which Mr. Shaw comes, had, as he affirms, nothing but contempt and disdain for the Papists who make up the vast body of Irishmen. Irish Protestantism, he states frankly, is not a religious belief, but a side in a political faction. And that side is quite out of touch with all the traditions and aspirations of the largest part of



Ireland. For Catholicism is the glory of Ireland; and devotion to Catholicism is the cause of Ireland's misery. Mr. Shaw, growing up in such an atmosphere, learned to condemn the narrowness of his own sect, without learning to understand or appreciate the sacred traditions that are the heritage of Catholic Ireland. And be it said to Mr. Shaw's credit, that he never attempted the impossible feat of recasting his Irish nature into the English mold. Certainly no man with a genuine love for his country makes fun of its faults for the benefit of those who hate it. Yet, as one admirer of Mr. Shaw has put it, Bernard Shaw in *John Bull's Other Island* slaughtered Ireland to make a British holiday.

One need never have been in Ireland to know with *a priori* certainty that Mr. Shaw's characterization of Ireland is untrue and unjust. There is much, I suppose, that is sordid and cheap in Ireland. Centuries of oppression in the most crushing of forms that deprive a man of the right to education and to a voice in the disposal of his own home and hearth, does not make men delicate or over-nice in their social habits.

Yet granting all the ignorance and superstition and greedy craft that Mr. Shaw's picture of Ireland presents—as I emphatically do not—Mr. Shaw's picture is still false and misleading. For the very vices of Ireland are, in a sense, wounds of honor. Had Ireland thrown away loyalty to her Faith, the fine breeding and delicate manners and breadth of view could all have been hers in a preëminent degree. For no land so quickly assimilated culture as early Christian Ireland. But loyalty is part of the old morality which Mr. Shaw despises, and the Faith of Ireland Mr. Shaw does not even faintly comprehend. So when he pictures the qualities he sees in Ireland, base though they may be, he is painting a false picture if he forgets for a moment the loyalty to principle that is the chief characteristic of the race, and the grasp on the supernatural that made Ireland despise the proffered gifts of kings. And that is precisely what makes Mr. Shaw's picture of Ireland untrue.

And does Mr. Shaw fancy that he understands the Irish priest? George Borrow was under a similar delusion when he drew from the shadows of his prejudiced imagination the ridiculous Man in Black. If the visionary and bully of *John Bull's Other Island* were typical of the priesthood of Ireland, Ireland would not be Catholic to-day. Visionary and bully give not the slightest sign of belonging to that noble race of martyrs who for generations lived

in caves with a price on their heads, that they might save the Faith of Christ and Patrick to their people.

From definite purpose, all mention of the literary side of George Bernard Shaw has been neglected in this paper. Of the humorist, the critic, the dramatist, the phampleteer, nothing has been said, since I preferred to consider him as he himself would have chosen, as the moralist and philosopher. For I am not an "intellectual" who admires brilliancy of wit, and cleverness of phrasing, and power of dramatic situation, when divorced from truth. With all Catholic moralists, I maintain that the mind was made for truth and the heart for a love of the beautiful, and that the author of works, however attractive, is not worth the reading if his principles and his views of life are false and unsound. Such a man is building a house of iridescent bubbles. The bubbles he throws before the eyes may sparkle, but they are as worthless as the trinkets for which Indians bartered priceless territory. And since I find little truth and no beauty in the works of Mr. Shaw, the charm of his style and the sparkle of his wit are mere empty froth.

Worse than that, the philosophy of Mr. Shaw is unsafe as shifting quicksands. Through life this eager, ungrounded seeker for truth has been playing the peripatetic, trotting at the side of some new master, only to end as the Roman youth of long ago, by slaying his own teacher. Darwin won him for a moment; then he turned upon the scientist and rent him limb from limb. The workingman's Bible was once his Bible as well; but in time he came to declare Marx's theory of values as obsolete as Adam Smith's economics. A Socialist heart and soul, he does not hesitate to preach the philosophy of Nietzsche, who detested Socialism a little less than he detested Christianity. And strangest of all, a ruthless antagonist of marriage and domestic relations, he does not hesitate to marry and build up a home with the wealth he has won by his battles against matrimony.

Brilliant, versatile, he has grown up with a strongly developed æsthetic nature, devoid of any intellectual or moral principles that would stand a year's hard use. He learned early in youth to judge between good music and bad, but he cannot to this day give a rational reason to distinguish a good act from an evil one. He is as familiar with the canons of perspective and values as he is ignorant of the canons that distinguish a mere convention from a law of God and nature.

He has tried to find truth in philosophies as ephemeral as they are fantastic, and has ended by formulating from the broken fragments of each a still stranger philosophy of his own. Like Augustine, a man as brilliant as Shaw will never rest in half truths, and morbid musing, and scientific pessimism. Truth is the goal that through all his wanderings still beckons him on; but for the present he is as far away as the nearest fixed star.

Tolstoy is dead; Ibsen is dying, for the artistry of their works is founded on untruth. George Bernard Shaw to-day occupies the place they filled yesterday and the day before; but even in his lifetime his doom is fixed. When the glamor of novelty has completely worn off, his works, standing at the bar at which all literature is tested and tried, will be found devoid of that first of all necessary qualities, truth. And in that day, Bernard Shaw too, will die.

[THE END.]

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## THE RETURN.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I SAW them marching past,  
Proud battalions of the world;  
Their eyes were upward cast  
To the pride of flags unfurled.  
Their marching shook the sod  
As they ventured forth to win,  
Whose courage knew not God,  
And whose souls were dead from sin.

\* \* \*

I saw them marching back—  
But their tattered flags were furled.  
They trod the homeward track,  
Hurt battalions of the world.

They cried out for their dead;  
Yet their gain outweighed their loss.  
I saw the Man Who led. . . . .  
He was carrying their cross.

## CERVANTES, SHAKESPEARE AND SOME HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



ON April 23d of this year of grace, 1916, we will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the deaths of Shakespeare and Cervantes. A very curiously interesting fact, which that celebration will recall, is that though the two greatest writers of their time and probably of all modern time died on the same date, it was not the same day. That is one of the paradoxes of history, and by it hangs an interesting and significant tale, which means much for the history of religious opinions, and so deserves to be retold. Though both died on what was in their respective countries April 23, 1616, the deaths of Shakespeare and Cervantes was actually ten days apart. Cervantes died April 23d, New Style, that is, of our reckoning at the present time, while Shakespeare dying on his birthday, departed life April 23d, Old Style, which would be really April 13th of our mode of reckoning.

The reason for this discrepancy was that while Spain had formally accepted the correction of the Julian calendar which had been made by the great Jesuit mathematician, Father Clavius, and commended to the Christian world by Pope Gregory XIII., in 1583, England was at that time so obstinate in her bitter no-popery that she would not accept anything from the hands of the Pope, not even a correction of the calendar, known to be sadly needed, and made on strictly mathematical grounds. England continued to use the Old Style, as Russia has done until this day, for nearly a century after the proclamation of the New Style by the Pope, and so came eventually during the course of the following century to be actually eleven days wrong in her dates.<sup>1</sup> When the correction was finally made in England, a series of unfortunate

<sup>1</sup>Until long after Shakespeare's death the custom continued in England of having the year begin formally not on the first of January as now, but on March 25th, Annunciation Day. In old books March 20th and March 30th of the same months will usually be designated as in two different years. In referring to these old dates it has become the custom to bracket two years together for the days between January 1st and March 25th. In 1616, for instance, March 20th would be 1615-1616; the 1615 referring to the date as calculated at that time; the 1616 as calculated subsequently. In Shakespearean matters it is sometimes important to remember this fact, otherwise a confusion of dates may result.

incidents and accidents occurred in London during the same twelve months—an epidemic of the plague, a great fire and other catastrophes. As a consequence a mob went through the streets of London, clamoring loudly that the eleven days that had been taken away from them be given back, and emphatically proclaiming that the reason for these visitations of Providence on the English people was the presumptuous interference with the natural course of time by the government. They felt that the restoration of the Old Style would surely appease the wrath of the Almighty, which had been aroused by petty human tinkering with His concerns.

The refusal at first to accept the correction of the calendar and the ignorant action of the mob in London did not occur during the Middle Ages, though many people would apparently be inclined to think that such things were typically mediæval, but well on in the seventeenth century. They are not of the dim and distant past, but almost of our own time; and they affect not Spain, but England. The fact, therefore, that though Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same date it was not the same day, is a keynote to the history of these times which is sadly needed for English-speaking people generally, so as to enable them to counteract many of the false traditions that have crept into English history. For Protestant England's refusal to accept the Papal correction of the calendar is an index of her lack of interest in, and her aloofness from, the intellectual life of Europe. England is usually supposed to have been far ahead of Spain at this time in nearly everything that counts in the history of humanity. Such a supposition, however, could only be fostered in the minds of those who do not know the real history of English and Spanish achievement during the hundred years about the middle of which the deaths of Cervantes and Shakespeare occurred. During these two generations, before and after Shakespeare's death, English literature and history took on the intolerant Protestant tinge which still continues to taint it, and of which even English-speaking Catholics must beware.

One of the many like traditions launched at this time was that education had long been suppressed, and scientific progress condemned and made impossible by the Catholic Church. But the fact is that the grammar schools of England were suppressed by Henry VIII. precisely because they were attached to church foundations, and Henry VIII. wanted the money. They were re-founded by Edward VI., and were called Edward VI. Grammar Schools, but their endowments were much less than what had been. It was in

Stratford, at one of these schools, that Shakespeare was educated. As a consequence, some of the uninformed declared that there had been no education worthy of the name in England before the Protestant Reformation. As a matter of fact the Reformation ruined education in England; destroyed libraries; suppressed magnificent foundations for education and charity, and to paraphrase Erasmus' words, "wherever Lutheranism reigns there was an end of good letters." Rev. Augustus Jessop, himself an Anglican clergyman, has told that story in the book he has so strikingly entitled *Before the Great Pillage*.

It may be thought that Spanish literature at this time could not at all be compared with the wonderful Elizabethan and Jacobean literature which developed in England. As a matter of fact, however, Spain was then not only England's most serious rival in great literature, but in the eyes of most impartial critics who are neither of Spanish nor English origin, the Spanish writers left a deeper impress on world literature than even the great Elizabethans. For besides Cervantes within this century there were Lope de Vega, Calderón and St. Teresa, who have been the subject of earnest study on the part of serious students of literature ever since. With the single exception of Shakespeare, the works of all four of these are more alive in world literature to-day than of any of the other writers of Elizabeth's time. While Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Shirley and Massinger are well-known to English readers, they are very little known in foreign tongues. Of the four corresponding Spanish writers at least three, Cervantes, Calderón and St. Teresa, belong to the world rather than to Spain exclusively, and the fourth, Lope de Vega, has been consciously or unconsciously the source of more plots for plays in modern time than any other dramatic writer. French authors particularly have borrowed from him and in turn influenced the English and German dramatists.

Cervantes filled with his genius the first half of the century, between 1550 and 1650, which has well been called "Spain's Century" in the history of the world. About the beginning of the sixteenth century the Spanish Emperor, Charles V., ruled most of Europe and all of Spanish America, by far the greater part of the known world. During this hundred years the great painters, Velasquez, Murillo, Ribera, Zurbaran and "El Greco" illustrated Spanish art. Besides this, at this time, the magnificent structures of the Alcazar of Toledo and the Palace of Granada were rebuilt in the form in which we know them at the present time. The great beginnings had

been made under Charles V., but the architectural epoch was magnificently continued under Philip II. It has been well said that what Versailles is to France and to the history of French literature the Escorial is to Spain, and the great Spanish structure is, in the words of Fergusson (*History of Architecture*), "as nearly as may be a century older than its rival, having been commenced in 1563." Spain's ecclesiastical architecture reached its climax just at the beginning of this hundred years of which the tercentenaries of the deaths of Cervantes and Shakespeare are renewing the memory.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND CATHOLICISM.

In spite of the fact that at the time of Shakespeare's death, and practically during all his life, England was bitterly opposed to the Papacy, there are excellent critical authorities who insist that it was Catholicism and not Protestantism that nurtured Shakespeare's genius. Two such unsympathetic writers as Carlyle and Heine, who are usually at opposite poles of opinion on nearly every literary question, are agreed in declaring that the one thing that gave us Shakespeare was the fact that the old Catholic Faith had not yet died out in England.

In his lecture on "The Hero as Poet" in *Heroes and Hero Worship*, Carlyle wrote:

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and the flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced this practical life which Shakespeare was to sing. For religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of practice; the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King Henrys, Queen Elizabeths go their way; and nature, too, goes hers.

Heine in his *Shakespeare's Maidens and Women* said in the introduction:

It is lucky for us that Shakespeare came just at the right time, that he was a contemporary of Elizabeth and James, while

Protestantism, it is true, expressed itself in the unbridled freedom of thought which prevailed, but which had not yet entered into life or feeling, and the kingdom, lighted by the last rays of setting chivalry, still bloomed and gleamed in all the glory of poetry. True, the popular faith of the Middle Ages, or Catholicism, was gone as regarded doctrine, but it existed as yet with all its magic in men's hearts, and held its own in manners, customs and views. It was not till later that the Puritans succeeded in plucking away flower by flower, and utterly rooting up the religion of the past, and spreading over all the land, as with a gray canopy, that dreary sadness which since then dispirited and debilitated, has diluted itself to a lukewarm, whining, drowsy pietism.<sup>2</sup>

To my mind there is convincing evidence that Shakespeare himself was a Catholic and remained so all his life. This is evident not only because he wrote *Romeo and Juliet* at the beginning of his dramatic career, fresh from his Catholic mother's influence at Stratford—and changed it from a Protestant tract, bitterly condemning monks and nuns and auricular confession, to a great defence of these institutions—but also because in his last play, *Henry VIII.*, he told very frankly the story of how England was torn from the Church by a brutal king to satisfy his lust.

We have, also, the definite records of many other well-known Elizabethan writers who were Catholics. Ben Jonson, for instance, became a convert to the Church after witnessing, when he himself was imprisoned, how nobly many of the priests there bore their suffering, and were ready even to die for their faith. To become a Catholic then was to endanger one's life, but Jonson did not hesitate. When Jonson, a Catholic, was married, Shakespeare was his sponsor; and godfather also to Jonson's first child when it received Catholic baptism under the name of Mary. Later, when Jonson became Court poet, he abandoned his Catholic Faith, yet some of his best work was done when he was a faithful Catholic. Massinger, also, whose name is intimately associated with that of Shakespeare, was, according to Gifford, the well-known editor of

<sup>2</sup>The extent to which the suppression of all natural feelings of joy and happiness went, may be readily understood from the fact, that in contrast with the traditions of the hearty, joyous celebration of Christmas in the older time, the English House of Commons, about the middle of the seventeenth century, sat as usual on Christmas Day, and the Puritan government forbade any celebration of Christmas by private citizens, and proclaimed the abolition of all such "superstitious practices." Almost needless to say in a world in which such a suppression of the joy of life was possible, it would have been quite inconceivable that great poetry should rise and above all great dramatic poetry.



the English *Quarterly Review*, a Catholic. Thomas Lodge, Father Southwell and Edmund Campion were other distinguished Catholic writers of Shakespeare's own time. James Shirley, who was the greatest of the dramatists after the Elizabethans, was one of that group of literary men whom the Catholic reaction of the first half of the seventeenth century brought back to the old Church. Among them are included Kenelm Digby and William D'Avenant, the dramatist.

#### CERVANTES AND THE CHURCH.

While Shakespeare is thus emphatically pronounced by men of critical authority to have been deeply influenced by Catholic traditions, it is almost needless to say that Cervantes was profoundly influenced by the Catholic life around him. The details of our knowledge of the life of Cervantes were in many ways as shadowy and vague as those of Shakespeare until comparatively recent years. All of the biographies familiar a few years ago were founded on Navarrete, published in 1819, who made the first attempt to find the actual historical documents for the traditions that had gradually accumulated in Spanish literature and history with regard to Spain's greatest writer. It is easy to understand that many of these traditions were quite insubstantial. Less than twenty years ago Cristobal Perez Pastor published as the result of very careful researches some fifty-six documents contemporaneous with Cervantes' time, and furnishing details with regard to him. In 1912 the same writer published one hundred and five additional documents, and now we are in a position to discuss Cervantes' life with unquestioned authority.

One fact which these documents most plainly show is that the author of *Don Quixote* in the maturity of his powers was deeply religious. We have the record, for instance, that on April 19, 1609, he joined the then-recently established Confraternity of Slaves of the Most Blessed Sacrament. This confraternity corresponded in no slight degree to our Holy Name Societies of the present day. During this same year, 1609, the record tells us that his wife and his sister Andrea received the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis.

When he felt that his death was not far off, Cervantes himself asked to be received into the same Third Order of St. Francis, and so we have the record of his profession as a Franciscan Tertiary in his house in the Calle del Leon, which he was too ill to leave.

Subsequent documents show that on April 18th he received the last sacraments, including Extreme Unction. On April 19th he wrote the dedication of his last work, the *Persiles*, to his patron the Conde de Lemos. His cheerfulness abided till the end. Fitzmaurice Kelly tells in his *Spanish Literature*: "In the last grip of dropsy, Cervantes gaily quotes from a romance remembered from long ago 'one foot already in the stirrup,' and with these words he smilingly confronts fate and makes himself ready for the last post down the Valley of the Shadow." He died on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the Convent of the Barefooted Trinitarians in the Calle de Contarranas. The esteem in which he was held at the time of his death will perhaps be best appreciated from the fact that his grave was not far from that of the poet priest, so famous in that time, Lope de Vega.

The tradition of Catholicism among Shakespeare's Elizabethan contemporaries will doubtless be a surprise to a great many people, but it is as nothing compared to the relations of the great Spanish literary men of this century to the Church. As I have just said, Cervantes' greatest contemporary, the well-known dramatist Lope de Vega, was a priest. So, however, were many others, besides Lope de Vega, among the distinguished literary men of this period, priests. Calderón, Tirso de Molino and Antonio Mira de Amescua, chaplain to Philip IV., less known, but who, highly praised by their contemporaries, were all priests.

It is extremely interesting to trace Cervantes' relations to the Catholic clergy of his time, since this serves to show his own attitude toward the Church, and how much the Spanish clergy of this time were able and willing to do for struggling authors. The extremely vivid and yet thoroughly sympathetic picture of the lively parish priest in *Don Quixote* shows that Cervantes had close relations with these parish priests. It has even been suggested that his father being poor, Cervantes, in spite of the tradition of his matriculation at the University of Alcalá, could have had little, if any, formal schooling. There is no doubt, however, that he knew some Latin, and even from his earliest works it is clear that he was well acquainted with many of the chief contributions to Spanish literature. It has also been suggested then that he owed this to the parish priest of his native town, and found perhaps in him the basis for his parish priest in *Don Quixote*. Perhaps it was from this parish priest's library that he read the books of chivalry, which he must have perused with great care, for his writings show

an intimate knowledge of them. The books of chivalry corresponded exactly to the fiction of our time.

As a comparatively young man we find Cervantes acting as Chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva at Rome. At the end of his life he was largely dependent on the bounty of Bernardo de Sandoval, Archbishop of Toledo. During the intervening years there are records here and there of his rather close relations with the Church and its clergy. The parish priest of *Don Quixote*, when engaged in burning the library, is represented as sparing the *Galatea* of Michael de Cervantes, because "that Cervantes has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in poetry." It would seem as though the author were repaying many little kindnesses by the picture he thus gives of the genial kindly parish priest.

#### CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

It has been often suggested that Cervantes, in the words of Byron, "laughed Spain's chivalry away," and that he was really quite out of sympathy with the mediæval Christian knightliness which he satirized. Because of this impression he has sometimes been set down by English writers particularly as one who must be hailed as a product of the Reformation, and as ushering in the modern spirit with its contempt for so many mediæval mystical associations. So far, however, from Cervantes having laughed Spain's chivalry away, his own life was as chivalrous, as utterly self-forgetful as that of any knight errant of the olden time. All his life he was constantly getting into difficulties because of a knightly spirit that made him forget himself, and all risks and dangers to his own person for the sake of higher ideals which possessed him. As a young man he was in attendance at Court, a position which probably afforded him a much-needed means of livelihood. Once he was condemned to lose his right hand for wounding another Court attendant who had spoken lightly of a lady's reputation. This was the usual punishment for the use of weapons in the immediate neighborhood of the Court, and to escape it Cervantes fled to Italy, and seems to have found his safest refuge with a special legate of the Pope.

It was from this position that he went to join the forces of Don John of Austria, who was organizing a fleet to sweep the Turks from the sea. When the Battle of Lepanto broke out he was suffering from a tertian fever, and on the very morning of

the battle his physician forbade him to go on deck. When the fight was actually about to begin, Cervantes, though so weak that he could scarcely stand, insisted on going on deck. He preferred, he said, to be killed there rather than die below. Since he could not actually engage in the conflict, he helped to hold a Turkish galley close to the Christian galley, on which he was, until boarders could find their way over to it. As a result his left hand was maimed forever. But he was prouder of his subsequent nickname, "The Cripple of Lepanto," than of writing *Don Quixote*. Later he fought bravely in half a dozen succeeding engagements—Navarino, Tunis, Corfu, the Goletto. No wonder that he received special letters of commendation for his courage from Don John of Austria and from the Neapolitan Viceroy.

Cervantes was afterwards taken prisoner by the Moors, and for five years served as a slave in Algiers. In some way, however, he secured time for organizing entertainments and arranging spectacles for the governor there. He thus came to be very well thought of, but he used all the prestige so acquired in the interests of his fellow-prisoners. He strove at one time to organize a general uprising among the thousands of Christian slaves and prisoners. Over and over again he was discovered in plans for flight with other prisoners, and was looked upon as the ringleader in all the conspiracies that were hatched around Algiers. Once it is said that money to ransom him came, but that the Turks having learned to value Cervantes very highly, demanded a larger ransom. Since he himself could not be set free, he insisted that the money should be used to free another prisoner of less value in Turkish eyes, so that one more Christian slave might be set at liberty.

On account of his dangerous activities among the Christian prisoners, the Governor of Algiers determined to send Cervantes to Turkey. It is said that he was actually on his way to Constantinople when a large sum of money arrived for the ransom of a certain nobleman. The Governor did not think it large enough for the ransom of the nobleman, but remembering Cervantes' former generosity in sacrificing himself for another, he agreed to accept it for Cervantes' own release. This was accordingly done. The name of that nobleman was Jeronimo Palafox, and he owes his fame to the fact that he was esteemed by the Turks more valuable than Cervantes. But the whole story of Cervantes' imprisonment at Algiers shows how truly he was himself Don Quixote.

And many of the qualities of the sad, mad Don he retained to the very end of his life. Towards the end of his days Cervantes, with his whole household, was imprisoned as the result of an old Spanish law. A young man had been wounded in a duel in the street not far from where Cervantes lodged. He was dying, and Cervantes carried him into his own house, where in a few minutes he succumbed. The law was that all those who were in a house in which a man died by violence must be imprisoned, unless the actual murderer could be arrested. Accordingly for his act of charity, Cervantes and his household were thrown into prison. A number of relatives were staying with him at the time, and so this incident gives us the further opportunity of knowing that though he himself was in anything but good circumstances, and indeed at times almost in desperate straits, he was constantly ready to help others.

At the moment Cervantes' household consisted, according to the court records, of his wife, his daughter Isabel, his sisters Andrea and Magdalena, at least one of whom seems to have had several children with her, and his niece Constanza. They were all dwelling together in crowded quarters in a narrow street, the Calle del Rastro, in the heart of one of the poorest quarters of Valladolid.

Within the same fortnight, then, the two greatest of imaginative writers of modern time passed away, leaving to the world an insight into human nature such as has never been equaled since their time, and was never excelled before them. Of the two Cervantes was surely a Catholic; and Shakespeare probably one also; and surely the product of a time deeply Catholic in its influence. Shakespeare, the successful man, turned, as time went on, to write tragedies, and though he softened toward the end of his life and gave us melodramas, he seems to have found life none too happy. Cervantes, the typically unsuccessful genius, in debt nearly all his life, imprisoned for others, supporting, and at times being supported by, a group of his women folk, gave us what is perhaps the most optimistic book in the world. Of course, it is very sad, perhaps the saddest of all books if, inasmuch as men are *quixotic* and care more for others than themselves, they are not quite right in their minds. But one finds no hint of that in Cervantes. These two great poets saw as no others have ever done, the depths of the goodness and greatness of human life.

## THE VOICE ON THE MOUNT.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF RAMON PIMENTEL CORONEL.<sup>1</sup>)

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

DEAR sons of God—of Him Whom Sinai saw  
Mid rolling thunders trace the road of Right  
Clear carven on the tables of the Law,  
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,  
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye crave,  
To hear the pray'rs of those who grace implore,  
Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore,  
Yea, dying on the Cross the world to save.

Behold the King of Whom the Prophet told!  
The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me,  
I quench the flame and quiet down the sea,  
I guide the child and help the weak and old.

If to a stiffened corpse My cry "arise  
And live again" be spoken,  
Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,  
And death's cold seal upon the tomb is broken.

No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre bear;  
No haughty frontlet can My brows endure;  
Love and the lowly heart My treasures rare;  
My law, the law of all the good and pure.

Mine is the army of the worn and sad,  
Beaten by sun and wind;  
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,  
Yet thus I come to rule mankind.

<sup>1</sup>Ramon Pimentel Coronel was born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1872. On reaching manhood he entered political life, and held several offices under the government. At the time of his death, in his thirty-seventh year, he was Venezuelan consul at Hamburg, Germany. He succumbed to an attack of smallpox. His poetry, although uncollected, is well known through his native country. His writings and opinions gave little proof of any religious tendency, but rather the reverse. This poem, dictated to his faithful wife in his dying hours, has, therefore, a mournful significance.

The works that smile to God as things of worth  
Can lend no glow to the Satanic fires;  
Strike down the things of evil at their birth,  
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;  
Their snow-white innocence shall be  
The garb of those who mount to heav'n with Me.  
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;  
Vengeance is His Who rules the realms above,  
Give good for evil that your foe has wrought;  
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of Love.

Do good, do good but free of vaunt or boast,  
Without vainglorious show,  
So that of which your right hand knows the cost,  
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may open the door  
Of God's great temple in the heavenly mead;  
Yea I Who give ye precepts, go before  
To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungered, poor;  
The fishes have their homes beneath the waves,  
The bridling holds his downy nest secure,  
The wild things of the forest have their caves,  
The insect has its place of lure.....

Jesus alone  
Who comes from sin to bring release,  
And free man's life from dread,  
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace;  
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone  
Whereon to lay His head!

## LITTLE O KIKU SAN OF OLD JAPAN.

BY CATHERINE E. M. MURPHY.



LITTLE O Kiku San, seated on the matting covered floor of the tiny tea house that was situated in the middle of her father's beautiful garden, was about to pour a stream of amber-colored tea into a dainty miniature cup, intending it for the gorgeously gowned doll that sat propped up against a pile of gray, moss-covered stones that formed the base of an elevated basin from which a fountain sent its rainbow spray, when her attention was arrested by the sound of someone calling, "Maria!" She sat up suddenly alert.

"Chie! Where is he—where is the good Father?"

Close by her sat an elderly Japanese woman, clad in a plain dull-blue kimona. At the little girl's question, she tossed her work aside and was all attention.

It was at this instant that O Kiku San caught sight of a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty-five, garbed in a costume of a Japanese (yet somehow his appearance was not as one of those little people, instead he looked to be a Spaniard), standing in the arch of a pagoda, overhung by trailing purple *fugi* at the further end of the lovely garden. Immediately the little girl ran toward him and sank at his feet: "Oh, good Father, good Father!" she exclaimed, then begged his blessing.

After bestowing it, he took her by the hand and raised her to a standing posture.

"Ah! my little Maria has grown to be a big girl since I last saw her."

"Good Father, I was twelve years old two weeks ago."

"So—, and your mother?"

"Ah! good Father," wailed the old woman, who by this time had reached the priest and O Kiku San, "her mother is no longer with us—she has passed to the country of the Golden Souls!"

"What! God rest her soul! But when, good woman, all in the space of one short year?"

"It is already eight months since she 'departed from us,' and the O Tono Sama—"

"What of him?"



"Oh! good Father Carlos, 'tis a sad child you find me!" cried O Kiku San, "since my beloved mother's departure, my father—" She paused, her lips quivered, then forcing back the tears, she continued, "My father no longer believes!"

Father Carlos of the Annunciation needed no further explanation. It was plain to him that the O Tono Sama, O Kiku San's father, had turned apostate. But he realized that the girl still held the holy fire of faith burning in the sanctuary of her pure little heart.

"Good Father, if the O Tono Sama, my father, discovers your presence here, I fear he will be forced to surrender you to the Shogun, for the Emperor has issued an edict declaring that all who harbor a Christian priest will be punished severely and the Father condemned to death."<sup>1</sup>

"So—?" mused the priest, a sudden light illuminating his countenance as if that last word in O Kiku San's warning had opened to his view a vision of something holy, something glorious.

"'Tis late, the sun will soon die, and you cannot leave the city without being recognized. Accept my invitation and spend the night with us. Chie and I will conceal you from my father."

Father Carlos thought for a moment and then accepted.

Soon after, O Kiku San led the way toward the house; this gave the priest an opportunity to question Chie about the apostasy of O Kiku San's father. It was as he expected; the King of Omura, who had at first welcomed the missionaries to his kingdom and even embraced the faith himself, had, on receiving word from the Emperor that all missionaries hereafter found in the Empire were to be put to death, grew afraid, and after a conference with the *bonzes*, or heathen priests, finally abandoned his adopted creed. The O Tono Sama, who was a high Court official and more in-

<sup>1</sup>Public notice boards were displayed at the entrance to every village, town and city throughout the Empire, proclaiming the penalties and pains for those believing in, or in anyway connected with, Christian teaching. A translation of an edict runs as follows:

Ordinance. Item: The Christian sect has been prohibited for successive years, and if a suspicious person be found it should be reported. The following are the rewards:

The informer of a "Father," five hundred pieces of silver; the informer of a "Brother," three hundred pieces of silver; the informer of one gone back to the sect, three hundred pieces of silver; the informer of one concealing a believer, one hundred pieces of silver.

The above will be given even though the informer is of the same sect, according to the matter reported, five hundred pieces of silver. When anyone has concealed suspicious persons, upon information received, the headman, together with the whole "company of five" (*i. e.*, his nearest neighbors), will be condemned with them.

5th month, 1st year of Shotoku (1710).

THE GOVERNOR.

terested in saving his position than his soul, followed his King's example.

Little O Kiku San had never ceased praying that he would once again turn to the faith that she held so dear, and now the coming of Father Carlos, after a year's absence in Manila from his missionary field, seemed the answer to her prayers.

The next morning O Kiku San was up early, and through much manœuvring had succeeded in obtaining a small flask of wine to enable Father Carlos to celebrate Mass, as he had entirely exhausted the supply he had gotten at Nagasaki.

O Kiku San, or rather Maria, as she was known to the Christian Japanese, was walking happily along one of the outer verandas of her home when she unexpectedly met her father, who, upon seeing the wine, questioned her as to its intended use. O Kiku San stammered and became very confused, not knowing what to say. Finally, impatient at her inability to answer him, he strode off. Not far, however, for after a few steps had brought him to a tall sun screen, he quietly stepped behind it and saw his little daughter stealthily draw back the *shoji*, or paper door, of a room seldom used and quickly enter.

Now, with the wine and the manner in which O Kiku San acted when he questioned her, and her stealthy entrance into a rarely used room—all these things served to arouse his suspicions, and so very cautiously he passed down the veranda and entered the apartment. Great was his amazement indeed when he beheld his daughter kneeling at the feet of a Christian priest, and, likewise, great was his anger.

O Kiku San rushed to his side, begged him with all the power of her youth to spare her "good Father Carlos," but angry and ashamed, the O Tono Sama called his servants, and the priest was bound tightly and led before the judges, who immediately committed him to a foul prison.

Two days passed. Little O Kiku San was heartbroken, yet never once did she give up praying. Finally on the evening of the second day her father arrived home, accompanied by several gentlemen; O Kiku San was called to preside at the serving of the tea, and it was with a heavy heart that she entered the reception hall. She acknowledged the guests' greetings by sinking to her knees and touching her head on the matting covered floor, then prepared to serve the tea.

She took no part in the conversation and only half listened,

for it was about intricate state matters that did not interest her. After a pause in these discussions, one of the guests remarked that "the Christian Father was to be brought before the King on the morrow;" then O Kiku San listened very intently, and finally at the end of the conversation, she had succeeded in discovering that on the next morning her dear Father Carlos was to be brought to trial, and, she knew, eventually condemned. Immediately she formed a resolution in her mind, and as soon as she was able, without casting suspicion upon herself, departed to ponder over her plan.

The next morning dawned, a truly Japanese morning, all sun and dew, and the brilliantly colored butterflies fluttered among the glorious pink of the cherry blossoms that covered the trees, for spring had come and all nature rejoiced. Little O Kiku San had arisen early, and impatiently awaited her father's departure for the royal palace. At length, after she had seen him disappear down the pathway in his elaborate lacquer and gold *kago* surrounded by his attendants, she hurried to her room, and with the assistance of old Chie arrayed herself in her most beautiful kimona. It was a pure white silk brocade, with a heavy gold and white *obi*. The little girl looked unusually pretty, the purity of the costume emphasizing the olive of her complexion and the blackness of her hair and eyes.

State prisoners appeared before the King at eleven o'clock in the morning, so O Kiku San timed her arrival accordingly. She found no difficulty in securing entrance to the palace, for she was well known to all the guards as the O Tono Sama's daughter.

After reaching the long reception hall and having yet a few minutes to wait, she and Chie retired behind a huge crimson and gold screen so as not to be observed. The remaining ten or twelve minutes were passed in breathless silence by the little girl, and only when she heard the sonorous notes of a bell ring, announcing the coming of the King, did she fully realize the position she was in.

The first prisoner to be brought before the King was a man who had been accused of treason. His trial was brief and ended with his being condemned to the flames. The next was Father Carlos of the Annunciation.

From her hiding place, O Kiku San could see him walk forward and stand before the King, who was reclining amidst all his regal splendor. Her father was sitting directly below him, looking sullenly at the floor as if ashamed of his dastardly act. Father

Carlos offered no defence, admitting that he was a Christian and a priest, whereupon the King declared sentence—that he should be beheaded on the morrow.

O Kiku San waited no longer, but rushed forward and fell at the feet of the King, imploring, beseeching him to pardon the good Father.

“Oh! most excellent Shogun, if you require a sacrifice, let it be me, not the good Father who has done such noble things for your people—here—I willingly, gladly, offer myself in his stead!”

At this tearful and pathetic appeal, O Kiku San’s father sprang to his feet, and when about to grasp his little daughter, suddenly recoiled as if he were an unclean thing, and would soil the beautiful little white creature. Then it was that O Tono Sama turned toward the good priest, his face raised to heaven, his lips moving in prayer, and the tears streaming down his face.

Again O Kiku San’s thrilling appeal arose to the King. He was deeply moved and about to relent, when one of the *bonzes* who stood near quietly but meaningly remarked: “Remember, sire, the Emperor’s edict, all those harboring and—!” The King needed no more, but with one word sealed the doom of both priest and child.

The O Tono Sama, upon hearing the sentence, fell at the feet of the captive priest, imploring forgiveness for casting his faith and spiritual life aside for mere temporal gain; then turning to the King said with great dignity:

“Sire, I have loved and served my country and my Emperor, but I cannot forsake the Christ—therefore, one more have you to condemn to the sword!”

With an inarticulate cry the King leaned forward; gazed at the erect form of the noble before him, then at the little girl clinging to her father’s hand, gazing up into his face in an ecstasy of joy; the King was about to speak when one of the *bonzes* who had been standing directly behind the throne pressed forward. Sire—the edict—your Emperor!”

The King visibly cowered, and with his hand before his face, shutting from his vision the little group awaiting his judgment, murmured one word, and the three Christians filed slowly out of the hall; and there was a curiously bright light shining from their faces that made many a heathen guard fall back and bow as they passed, for they went forth not as malefactors with revilings upon their lips, but as victors with prayers for the King and country: “Alleluia! Alleluia!”

## THE MASTER DRAMATIST.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.)

BY BROTHER LEO.



THE third centenary of Shakespeare's death finds no diminution of the universal reverence paid to the Swan of Avon. Recognized by his contemporaries as the foremost dramatic craftsman of the spacious days of "Eliza and our James," Shakespeare gained rather than lost prestige under the dictatorship of John Dryden, and even during the much misunderstood "classical" dominance of the eighteenth century was held in higher honor than is commonly supposed. The nineteenth century marked his world-wide acceptance. In France the enthusiastic appreciation of Hugo and Chateaubriand more than offset Voltaire's earlier strictures; and in Germany the ardent devotion of Goethe, the Schlegel brothers and Freytag gave him undisputed vogue. And now, with the twentieth century well on its way, his supreme place with Homer and Dante seems assured. Tolstoy may rage and Mr. Bernard Shaw devise vain things and the practitioners of free verse sadly wag their heads, but naught can now rob Shakespeare of the quality of permanence. His plays are read in every language, acted in every tongue; from all parts of the world issue discussions of his art and commentaries on his text; Polonius, Romeo, Dogberry, Falstaff and Iago are as well known in Japan and in Russia as in Norway and in Wales, and shreds of his wisdom, in the form of familiar proverbs, have sifted into the speech of the masses in all countries and climes. Ample fulfillment is accorded the prophecy of Cassius:

How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

And yet this universal recognition of Shakespeare's surpassing genius tends to obscure the perception of his claims to greatness, and of the quality and extent of his contribution to the literature

of the world. The rising generation is taught to read Shakespeare as a matter of course, and as a matter of course it does so, often without asking why. The theatre-going public regards an occasional revival of his plays as an eminently proper and dignified event, without concerning itself with the secret of the abiding charm and undying youth of *Twelfth Night* and *Richard III.* and *Lear*. We are all prone to take Shakespeare for granted, somewhat as we take sunshine or matrimony or mutton chops for granted. He is so obvious that we do not see him.

On the other hand, we have, in Europe as in America, the painstaking efforts of scholars, sages and savants to throw more and yet more light on everything that Shakespeare was and wrote and did. Libraries have been written upon his plays, volumes upon his characters, doctoral dissertations upon his punctuation. His handwriting—or what we think is his handwriting—has been expertly analyzed; his personal appearance has been copiously discussed; surmises of impressive solemnity and length and still more impressive vagueness and variety have been indulged in anent his domestic relations; that unfortunate sea of troubles in Hamlet's soliloquy has swollen into oceans of ink; that necessary seacoast of Bohemia in *A Winter's Tale* has become a barren plain of pedantry; and Shakespearean criticism has to a great extent come to mean more or less idle and irrelevant reflections on such topics as the influence of Montaigne and the influence of scholastic philosophy, the Baconian theory, the Rutland theory, the "Great Unknown" theory, and the Drayton-Dekker-Heywood-Webster-Middleton-Porter theory, Shakespeare's employment of legal terminology, and the identity of the dark lady of the *Sonnets*. We have specialized in Shakespeare to such a pass that we cannot see the forest for the trees. The trail of the scholar is over him all.

In view of these facts—the perfunctory and indiscriminating acceptance of Shakespeare by the ordinary man and the microscopic study of Shakespeare's poaching escapades and feminine verse endings by the scholar—we may be justified, at least on this three hundredth anniversary of his death, in considering broadly and briefly some of the reasons of his greatness. We take as necessary postulates—necessary, if not in themselves, at least in so far as this discussion is concerned—that William Shakespeare really existed, that he wrote substantially all of the plays commonly attributed to him, and that those plays have come down to us in their

essential aspects and attributes practically unimpaired. We are now in a position to seek for the surpassing excellence of Shakespeare in (1) his artistry, (2) his catholicity and (3) his truth to life.

## I.

The prime evidence of the artist's competency is his mastery of his materials. Shakespeare wrought in words, and one reason of his greatness lies in the fact that he wrought exceeding well. His vocabulary was vast in extent, wide in scope; and though, as the French critics used to point out, he was often heedless in its use, he could, when occasion needed, draw aptly and accurately on its resources. Though not endowed with the tender literary conscience of Flaubert, Shakespeare could none the less always find the one noun needed, the one adjective to color it, the one verb to animate it. He was able to practise his own preachment: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

Shakespeare's use of words is suggestive and interpretative, that is, he is able to reveal, by means of the words he selects, the inner nature of the scene he is describing or the character he is portraying. Some dozen lines in *Julius Cæsar* serve to give a comprehensive and realistic impression of the prodigies that occurred on the night before Cæsar's assassination when

there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

The mentality of Claudius in *Hamlet* is admirably suggested in every speech put into his mouth—a character sensual, mediocre and weak, finding a natural outlet in language pompous, conciliatory and prolix. Shakespeare differentiates Prince Hal from the other frequenters of Eastcheap, not so much by what the heir apparent says as by how he says it; his manner of speech is delicate and refined in comparison with the coarse sallies of Falstaff and the vapid blusterings of Pistol.

A vicarious quality exists in many passages in Shakespeare; his words perform the office of music, sculpture and painting. The fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice* is a veritable picture—we see

the white columns of Portia's house gleaming in the moonlight, and the softened shadows of the trees falling athwart the green-sward. A carven bust of a sorrow-bowed old man is this couplet from the *Comedy of Errors*:

Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow.

And not only in the matchless songs scattered throughout the plays do we find in Shakespeare's use of words that concourse of sweet sounds that makes for harmony; *Romeo and Juliet* lives less on account of the story it tells than because that story stands enshrined in everlasting music.

Shakespeare, furthermore, possesses the art of saying much in little, of cramming a word or a phrase with meaning, thus manifesting his working knowledge of what writers on esthetics designate economy of material. Lear presses a life history of error and woe into his heartbroken wail:

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.

And a world of significance attaches to Lady Macbeth's remorseful utterance: "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand."

An obvious proof of Shakespeare's mastery of words is the fact that so many of his phrases have imbedded themselves in his own and in alien tongues. It is possible for a man to refuse to read Shakespeare; but a man cannot talk without quoting Shakespeare. "More sinned against than sinning;" "to the manner born;" "the most unkindest cut;" "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee;" "proud man, dressed in some brief authority;" "the course of true love never did run smooth;" "past our dancing days"—these and scores like them are contributions to universal human speech.

Artistic superiority reveals itself in other ways than in mastery of formal material. That mastery is essential to all good work, but of itself it is no sufficient indication of preëminence. We applaud the writer's skill in the use of words as we applaud the painter's command of color, but the appreciation that begins and ends there is inadequate and superficial; to eulogize a writer as a stylist



or a painter as a colorist is sometimes to damn him with faint praise, to imply that he is only that and nothing more.

Shakespeare's artistry is yet more strikingly and triumphantly manifested in his ability to delineate human nature. All the prominent characters in his plays and most of the secondary characters are drawn with sympathy, skill and insight. Like Balzac and Dickens, he has given the world a large number of distinct characters; some of them typical of many living men, others *sui generis*, but all of them convincingly human. He has the knack—or rather the heaven-given talent—of making his language the language of the human nature he is seeking for the moment to depict, of sinking his personal penchants and prejudices and giving expression to the thoughts and feelings and impulses of the men and women whose fictional destiny he unfolds. No two of his characters—unless they be Rosencrantz and Guildenstern who are purposely made Siamese twins—say or do quite the same things in quite the same way. Other dramatists possess this individualizing power, but not to the same extent. Calderón has it in slightest measure among the writers of plays really great. Sophocles reveals more of it than Calderón, but his theme, his motivation, his environment are more impressive than his character drawing. Molière has achieved excellent results with such clearly drawn characters as Monsieur Jourdain and Tartufe, but all his successes are within the narrow frame of social satire. Shakespeare is not alone in his ability to depict human character, but he is alone in his success in painting it from so varied an array of models and with such broad, sure, truthful strokes.

The artistic facility for expression which Shakespeare evinces in his rare mastery of words and in his peerless skill in delineating character, he further displays in his intuitive and perhaps subconscious perception of the nature and requirements of the specific literary form which he adopted as his medium of communication. The drama, in his native England, still uncouth and uncertain and undeveloped, Shakespeare found ready to hand, with a few traditions of its own and with but slight affinity for the so-called classical unities in vogue in Italy and France. Theories of the drama, dating from Aristotle to Gerdani Cinthio, Shakespeare brushed aside; he introduced sub-plots, he reveled in anachronisms, he changed the locality of his action half a dozen times in the one play; he did many things that would have wounded the spirit of Boileau and that palpably grieved the flesh of rare Ben Jonson. But he never

lost sight of what is the one essential characteristic of the dramatic—contrast.

Shakespeare probably knew as little of the existing dramatic theories of Aristotle and Castelvetro as he knew of the potential theories of Freytag and Brunetière; it is safe to assume, indeed, that he was not much concerned with any theories at all. But in his working hypothesis of dramatic craftsmanship he invariably insisted, not on the unities, not on passion leading to action, not on a conflict of wills, but on the presentation of the contrasts existing in his plots, his characters and his settings. An analysis of his plays in the light of the theory of contrast results in the conviction that a clear, thorough and consistent, if unconscious, perception of its bearings was Shakespeare's guiding principle in selecting, arranging and modifying his material. He never invented when he could avoid doing so; but he never left any bit of borrowed material unchanged. When he took an old Italian tale or one of Plutarch's *Lives* or a chapter from the chronicles of Holinshed or Hall, he followed one invariable procedure: he pointed and furbished the contrasts of life and character which his sources had suggested or implied. It is due to his insistence on contrast that his works live to-day, not merely as character studies or as literature or as expressions of universal truth, but distinctively as plays. Shakespeare is a master writer; he is *the* master dramatist.

## II.

A second reason of Shakespeare's exalted rank among world writers is the breadth of his vision. Of Homer, Matthew Arnold has finely said that he saw life steadily and saw it whole. The eulogium applies, and with a closer approximation to truth, to Shakespeare. The range of his genius is as wide and as sweeping as life itself; only the portals of the world beyond the grave mark the limits of his emprise. He is the most Catholic of poets. Homer, for all his knowledge of the primal springs of conduct, for all his contagious zest in love and adventure and war, is a voice from another, an earlier world; he necessarily knows naught of the complexities of later civilization. Dante's vision is deep and high—as high as heaven and as deep as hell; but its range is perforce straitened, its interest focused on but a few closely-knitted phases of human life. Shakespeare alone roams unfettered through

the world, unconfined alike as to time and place, studying all manner of human relationships, human actions, human conditions.

The world of the Homeric songs Shakespeare explores and makes it his own; Cressida will live as long as Helen as a type of unworthy womanhood. Imperial Rome, beneath his magic wand, springs to a second and undying life from Plutarch's prosy page; and Marc Antony, he follows along the primrose path that leadeth to destruction within the sinuous coils of the Serpent of the Nile. In Italy, the cradle of modern romance, long and lovingly he lingers. Denmark furnishes him inspiration for the deepest and most complex and withal most fascinating character study that literature knows. To prehistoric Britain he turns for his superb delineation of the tragedy of old age, and to neighboring Scotland for the immortal story of vaulting ambition and unavailing remorse. Three centuries of English history, from John to Henry VIII., he studies and interprets in its tragedy and its comedy, its civil feuds and foreign wars, its knaves and its heroes, its glories and its shames. Another Thomas the Rhymer, he is whisked away to fairyland in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and in *As You Like It* and *The Tempest*, with the winsome lightheartedness of Rosalind and the deep-browed majesty of Prospero, he guides our feet through an idealized Forest of Arden and along the coral strand of a magic island where fact is naught and truth is everything.

Men and women who strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage of history, live again in the plays of Shakespeare—"and all their passionate hearts are dust." The glory of his genius falls upon the just and the unjust. Cleopatra and the mother of St. Louis, Cardinal Beaufort and Marcus Brutus, Edward the Confessor and Jack Cade, Thomas Cromwell and Ajax, Cæsar's wife and Margaret of Anjou—all pass in the variegated procession of his characters, and their passing never fails to impart a deeper understanding of the times and peoples whence they come.

Once a student, possessed of that uninspired curiosity that frequently passes for literary appreciation, made a canvass of Shakespeare's plays, and found that the only human relationship not depicted therein is that of mother and daughter. That student merits our gratitude, for he has unwittingly furnished another evidence of the comprehensiveness and sympathy of Shakespeare's vision. Nothing human is foreign to the cosmopolitan Bard of Avon. He is interested alike in the noble English king soothing his heavy heart with earnest prayer on the eve of Agincourt and the rustic

Bottom scratching his elongated ears and sighing for a handful of hay. He understands the false pride of Coriolanus and the false humility of Shylock. He recognizes feminine charm alike in the ingenuous Miranda and in Portia, the woman of the world. Corruption in high places he marks in Angelo and Richard III. Villainy in all its guises and disguises he probes, from Proteus to Edmund and Iago. He paints the tragedy of youth in *Romeo and Juliet*, the tragedy of the age of disillusion in *Hamlet*, the tragedy of maturity in *Othello*, the tragedy of the "dangerous age" in *Macbeth*, and in *Lear* the tragedy of declining years. There is sanity in his madmen, wisdom in his fools. Humor, too, he understands, whether it be the empty clownishness of Launcelot or the playful profundity of Rosalind. And the master passion of love, in all its varied manifestations, he impartially records.

A remarkable, though by no means solitary, instance of Shakespeare's marvelous insight into the complexities and convolutions of human nature is afforded in *Othello*. In the foreground stand three types as varied as the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. On the one hand we have Desdemona, childlike, ingenuous, beautiful and pure, her heart troubled by the nearness of a horrible suspicion she is too white to understand, her mind sadly strained to devise some means of appeasing the manifest agony of her lord. On the other hand we have the arch-villain Iago, diabolical yet human, working upon the feelings of the husband with the subtle and trebly effective weapon of indirect suggestion and bringing closer and closer, the while he smiles and smiles, the inevitable catastrophe upon the sinless, stainless wife. And between the two stands Othello the Moor, his active mind seeking in vain to unfathom the seeming mystery, his open, guileless nature an easy prey to the sinister hints of the tempter and the voice of a thousand nameless ancestors pounding in his blood to avenge their outraged honor. Meanwhile, in the background stand two commonplace mortals, Cassio and Emilia, little conscious of the direful tragedy being enacted before their eyes, least of all suspecting that they have been in some measure active agents in bringing it about. In each of these five diverse souls Shakespeare for the moment lives, with each he thinks and sympathizes, yet preserves due proportion and order and relation among them all. Rightly has he been called the myriad-minded Shakespeare.

## III.

The literary artist of the first rank, be his form of expression verse or prose, lyric or play, must have something more than artistry and something more than catholicity of taste and treatment. Ibsen has rare technical skill; but even if his range of vision were larger he would still be debarred from the company of the truly great. Balzac has a wide outlook on life; but even if his selective principle were more discriminating and therefore more artistic, he could not be judiciously mentioned in the same breath with the masters of literature. Ibsen and Balzac, though the one is conspicuous for artistry and the other is conspicuous for catholicity, both suffer from the fundamental lack of fidelity to the human nature which they tacitly profess to depict. As a consequence we are able to recognize in the prestige of Balzac a steady and even fairly rapid decline, and it is safe to predict that in the year of grace two thousand and six the world will not make much ado about the centenary of Ibsen's death.

Not the least reason for the undying permanence of Shakespeare's plays is their essential and uncompromising truth to life. The Elizabethan looks upon the world with kindly but unbiased eyes. Unlike Corneille, he is not concerned with life as it ought to be; unlike Leopardi, his song is unembittered. Never, by any stretch of post-impressionistic imagination, could the author of *Othello* be forced into the company of Mr. Huneker's iconoclasts. His plays are not purpose plays. He has no special theory of life to champion, no distorted view of life to body forth. He is, like the great Florentine, no timid friend to truth. And verily the truth has made him free.

Shakespeare's unswerving loyalty to the truth of life has sometimes led to a misconception of him on the part of critics whose sense of veracity is less rigorous than his. Thus, not so long ago, a writer in *The Lantern* condemned as unlikeliest the entire gallery of Shakespeare's heroines. We can go over the complete list, this writer in substance said, from Rosalind and Julia to Miranda and Imogen, and nowhere do we meet a woman whom, in all calmness and reasonableness, we should think of choosing for a wife. Accepting, for the sake of argument, both the soundness of the viewpoint and the validity of the finding, is not this really a striking proof of the true womanliness of Shakespeare's heroines? Of all

the women who pass a given point on Fifth Avenue on a Saturday afternoon, how many would even the most persuadable and well-intentioned wooer choose for a wife? Indeed, there is a grain of truth in Strindberg's diseased contention that marriage is the result of mutual repulsion. Men do not marry perfect women, and they know it; or, at least, they find it out. We can find flaws and shortcomings in the Rosalinds, Portias and Violas of Shakespeare, but so can we find flaws and shortcomings in the Paulas, Isabellas and Moll Pitchers of history, and in the Susans, Janes and Marias of everyday life. Not without a realization of her human infirmities—to say nothing of his own—does your Benedick wed his Beatrice; and with all her faults he loves her still. Shakespeare's devotion to truth was too wholehearted to permit of his painting women, even very good women, as ideal creatures utterly unspoiled by the sad consequences of Eve's transgression. He had an intuitive perception of the luminous if unromantic truth implied in Balmes' epigram: "Original sin is a mystery, but it explains the universe"—and woman.

In a mood somewhat similar to that of the writer in *The Lantern*, Ruskin pointed out that, so far as mere man goes, Shakespeare has no real heroes at all. He meant, of course, not that Shakespeare's protagonists do not at times think heroic thought and do heroic deeds, but that not one of them is prevailingly and consistently heroic. Is not this but another tribute to Shakespeare's heroic fidelity to fact? What man, indeed—save the Man Who was more than man—ever was prevailingly and consistently heroic? Is it not a familiar truth that no man is a hero to his valet—to say nothing of other members of his household?

In Shakespeare's attitude to the sweetly impossible perfect woman and to the preposterously impossible perfect man we have an instance of the sense of proportion, at once fine and rugged, that guided him in his perception and expression of the fundamental truth of life. He could conceive of a Puck and of a Caliban; but he had no Nietzschean delusion anent a superman. He recognized in the drama of life a mingled yarn of good and ill together. And he could have given hearty assent to Browning's provokingly disguised expression of virile optimism: "There may be heaven, there must be hell."

As a consequence, it is impossible to tuck away the plays of Shakespeare in any one of the symmetrical and mutually exclusive pigeonholes devised by fussy schoolmasters who are wont to

discuss life and literature in terms of formal logic. Is Shakespeare a realist or a romanticist or an idealist? He is each of the three and all of the three and none of the three. He is so faithful to life that he defies classification. He is consistently human; and therefore a mass of inconsistencies. He can be quoted to reinforce any opinion; even the devil can cite him—with Scripture—for his purpose. In Shakespeare we find that pessimistic gloss on the seven ages of man falling from the scorn-curved lips of the misanthropic Jaques; and in Shakespeare we find that optimistic trumpet-call to glorious achievement which, speeding from the undaunted heart of King Henry V., swept an army of sick and decimated scarecrows to a brilliant and decisive victory.

Antiquarians and scientific historians, worshippers at the shrine of the literal, and scholars blinded with the dust of pedantry, may find, it is true, numerous inaccuracies in Shakespeare; that clock striking three in the times of Julius Cæsar and that billiard table in Cleopatra's palace have been sufficiently bewailed. Let it be once and for all freely granted that Shakespeare committed anachronisms. Perhaps he knew no better; perhaps he cared to know no better, for he was neither a scientist nor an historian, and from his point of view there were vastly more important things than literal accuracy. Let it be granted that he is sometimes false to fact; but let it be admitted that he is always true to truth.

The truth that is the breath and finer spirit of knowledge he never fails to recognize and express. He has Hector quoting Aristotle, and therein mixes his dates; but in his exploitation of the character and motives of the hero of Troy there is no confusion of data. He sends Hamlet to the University of Wittenberg centuries before its foundation; but he gives a convincing presentation of the effects of academic life and associations on the mind and temperament of the Prince of Denmark. He manifests ignorance when he pictures the conspirators in Brutus' garden wearing hats; but he shows knowledge when he describes what is going on inside their heads. He is sometimes false to the letter; he is always true to the spirit.

Some such conviction lay behind the avowal of that eminent statesman who declared that he had learned English history from Shakespeare. The English historical plays are not promising material from the viewpoint of the fact-grubbing historian. They juggle dates and invent episodes, they attribute speeches to characters, who in reality said nothing of the sort, and they suffer

cannon to roar a hundred and fifty years before cannon were cast; they betray an uncritical attitude toward legendary lore and a melancholy ignorance regarding the manipulation of documentary evidence. But they do interpret the spirit of the times. They do give an insight into the life of the nation. They do shed light upon the relations of Church and State. They do make some of the most astonishing events in English history not merely possible, but inevitable. They do lay bare the souls of men and movements and conditions.

And, finally, Shakespeare is ever clear-sighted enough and brave enough to tell the truth concerning sin and the wages thereof. He pictures no holy anger, no innocent adultery, no righteous homicide. He has no nebulous notions anent right and wrong. If, as occasionally happens, he utilizes some of the material that Zola, Dostoevski and Mr. Dreiser have found so much to their liking, he avoids both their excesses and their inferences: he is reserved in his presentation of evil, because he is an artist; and he never disguises it in the garb of goodness, because he is a lover of the truth. In Shakespeare, as in life, there is no sin but has its corresponding punishment. His evildoers come to grief, not as exemplifications of poetic justice, but as vindications of the Divine justice. His moral teaching, indeed, is prevailing and insistent; and it is so, not because he has a gospel to preach, a philosophy to expound or an ethical code to promulgate, but simply because he sees the truth and tells the truth about the life of man.

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## GROWTH.

(THE LIFE OF MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON BY C. C.  
MARTINDALE, S.J.<sup>1</sup>)

BY MAY BATEMAN.



NOT easy was the task that faced the late Monsignor Benson's biographer. To write the life of him who has achieved material fame, say a great soldier, is relatively easy to the task of writing the life of "one who never did anything externally massive or officially important.....and whose influence flowed chiefly from his vivid but elusive personality and magnetism.....As mere annals, a list of things done, or as a mere study of a *littérateur's* output" the task, in Father Martindale's view, was "inconceivable." The result is that he has given us a psychological study for all time; something of value to the "outside" student of character who never knew Monsignor Benson personally, nor came in contact with his spoken or written words, as well as for the many who, but for him, would never voluntarily have crossed the threshold of a Catholic church, whose hostility was changed therefrom to tolerance if not to admiration; to say nothing of the great body of his individual converts who owe directly to him the joy of entering in the fullest sense "into their own."

These last, then, felt the need of securing a permanent record of a man of parts whom one saw from this aspect, and another from that—yet who, all agreed, possessed a quality which would not die with death. *Hugh*, Mr. A. C. Benson's tender study, was accessible, it is true, but it did not even attempt to cover all the ground of his brother's activities or more significant work. Something more was wanted if the "whole" Monsignor Benson was to be given to the world.

To do this successfully, without jarring the sensitive feelings not only of Monsignor Benson's mother and family, but those of the vast public, some of whom demanded "the life of a saint;" others, "anything but an elaborate hymn of unmeasured eulogy;" some, a *vie de sacristie*; others a portrait of "the man—so

<sup>1</sup>New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. \$5.00 net.

infinitely human"—demanded very definite qualities. The task was all the harder because he of whom they were demanded, shrank, almost abnormally, from any public invasion of the sanctity of a human soul. Yet this very unwillingness but helps to show the biographer's greater fitness, and gives actual fineness as well as truth and sincerity to Father Martindale's work. "The little more and how much it is— The little less, and what worlds away!" It would have been incredibly easy to spoil on the one hand the sincerity, on the other hand, the artistry, of this work, but it is not spoiled by one wrong word.

"I have tried hard to say what I saw, including his faults," writes Father Martindale, simply, in his dedication to "Hugh's mother" without whose help and intuition it is scarcely possible to conceive that this book should have been written; "though not as faults (even if so they seemed) but as facts; nor even to endear him . . . . .but to offer him to anyone who reads this, just as he was, in his tremendous effort to realize in himself that which he believed God wanted him to be."

Temperamentally Monsignor Benson was an individualist. In the early stages of his career there was actually discernible "a certain hardness, irascibility, *noisiness*" in him, later to be drilled into line until finally the fierce outbursts<sup>2</sup> into which he broke, were occasioned either by some act of flagrant injustice or the intention to make forever vivid some point for lack of seeing which a human soul actually stood in grave peril. For example, having urged a penitent not to abandon the nobler, difficult course:

I ask you [he wrote] as strongly as I can, not to snatch the sacrifice from the Altar just because the fire that God has sent down on it burns!

And again:

I notice that you threaten in a veiled way all through your letter to become a Christian Scientist. But you don't quite realize that to a Catholic that sort of threat is simply contemptible. The Church, really, will survive. The only question is, whether you will. Please don't go back to that old bit of rubbish about "Christians." Christians won't stand everything, any more than Almighty God will. They are

<sup>2</sup>When the claims of Catholicism sounding clearer and clearer in his ears had driven him to the extreme point of tension, he sought a temporary refuge at Tremans, where he found his two brothers, and then complained that he was being drawn by them into controversial disputes. "But to be quite honest," Mr. A. C. Benson wrote, delightfully, "you have of late become so silent on other topics that it is difficult to know what to talk about—and as a family we must talk, or, like the lady in Tennyson, *we shall die!*"

not weak-minded sentimentalists and don't even want to be.....Your news as to not going to Mass because you "felt it would not help you" is exactly the kind of thing which retards progress indefinitely. Surely you see by now that what is wrong with you *all round* is your allowing feeling to dictate to the will! Every single time you do that, in any shape or form, you are hindering your own victory.....The Catholic Church.....is, at the lowest estimate, the greatest Mother and Physician of souls in existence. The very centre and heart of her Life is the Mass; she says that all her strength and her Divinity are hidden there. All this you know, explicitly, at least. And yet because one morning you, Miss X. Y., don't feel that it will help you, you don't go. Good God!.....Don't you see that down in your heart there's a hard bit of pavement, unbroken?

"It would be a grave injustice," according to Father Martindale, "to paint any conventionalized portrait" of such a man. His life "was one of ceaseless activity on behalf of others," but he was heard to say again and again that he had "no pastoral soul." If by that we mean the temperament which makes a man happy when he is tending some designated flock within frontiers, on a diet not as a rule of his own invention, Father Benson certainly had not that. Never in his life was he tempted to see in the parish clergy anything but what was noble and normal.....but, at the same time.....he personally "sought to respect the type which God sought to realize in him, and he knew that only by whirlwind and alternating silence could he so fulfill himself."

For Catholics, naturally, the chief interest of the book will be to trace the "growth" of Monsignor Benson, interiorly and outwardly, towards that ultimate fulfillment in expression and achievement which he would not have attained had he remained an Anglican. This may sound harsh and at variance with advice actually given to Monsignor Benson himself on one occasion, "Let patronizing airs be left to non-Catholics; for Catholics, gentleness of judgment, sympathy of mental difficulties, tolerance of intolerance." But almost any convert Catholic capable of creating, however meanly, book, painting, or sculpture or the like, knows how until it crystallizes into fact his motive in creation changes. At the outset it matters to him, because of his intensely personal view, that his artistic horizon should reach so far that from hills and valleys alike men should throng to look upon it. It is "his" horizon; and then after awhile illumination comes; "his" work has value, he sees now, not because it is "his" work at all, but because, however falteringly, it is an expression working from within without, of the unseen force which moves him, which, thus

diffused, must out. The act of creation is altered and made holy; there is in it something more than the desire to be heard or seen.

I need therefore say [writes Father Martindale] in answer to a singular question I saw somewhere asked, how it was that Hugh was given such scope for his various talents and tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church, no more than it was there and there only that his talents and tendencies would ever have come to all that they did. That his ecclesiastical superiors might have been expected to interfere with them is a suggestion that need detain no one; that he himself, elsewhere, would not have felt sure how to deal with them, and therefore would have proceeded with uncertain step and worked with faltering touch, and seen with clouded eye, is perfectly beyond dispute.

With growth, taken as a tangible clue to the construction of the book, the chapter-headings even take additional meaning. *Initiation*, chap. v., vol. ii., is not merely a critique of Monsignor Benson's novel, but it shows how the author was spiritually initiated by the deep ways of pain, of fear, of loneliness. "Within the soul of every individual who strives in his measure to develop his Master's life within himself, the hours of the Passion precede the dawn of Easter." "Not indiscriminately will God grant His privilege of suffering. . . . But granted a soul of royal quality, pain. . . . all but infallibly must perfect it." The chapter precedes *None Other Gods*, and is followed by *In Loco Pascuæ*.

Stage by stage then from boyhood to manhood the reader treads with him the fearless way on "the ascending path," "to a higher state of being. . . . in which nothing is lost, nothing merely replaced, but everything transfigured, perfected and harmonized." In boyhood, Hugh Benson shows himself extraordinarily sensitive to impressions and environment; alert, given to moods; with a keen sense of the dramatic and strong desire himself to be the central figure on the stage; dreamy, imaginative; self-willed; independent; "fiercely" inclined to throw himself now into this interest and now that; with no bent to study, or natural gift of concentration; disciplined rather, one would gather, by the veiled humor of his mother's little comments on his performances than by his father's heavier strictures on his conduct, inspired though these two were by "love not only profound, but passionate."

You and your Ambulances! [wrote Mrs. Benson on one occasion]. It will be a great assistance in the holidays to have so experienced a surgeon at hand in case of accidents. I hope we shall always wound ourselves or break our bones, in exact correspondence with what you

have learnt—and having such strong family feeling, I have no doubt we shall.....(I have only one fear connected with it.....I am always anxious when I hear of your taking up new things.....)

This is precisely the way, of course, to appeal to one so quick to appreciate wit, so responsive as Hugh Benson remained. The Archbishop's "heavier artillery" of words, however, did their work also. "The alternate stimulus and check of so remarkable a father and an incomparable mother made the boy grow up neither repressed nor dissolute; daring, yet not extravagant." Here and elsewhere Father Martindale's book is actually a better guide to Monsignor Benson's development than even the latter's own *Confessions*.

But since the story of these early days has been told elsewhere, the Catholic reader will eagerly make for the chapters that deal with Monsignor Benson's life after "Conversion." The convert—broadly divided—falls into two types. On the one hand is he who feels himself to have been until now in an enchanted forest; held rooted there under a spell. At intervals light filtered through the trees; air from outside blew in upon him, warm and clear; when the spell which held him bound to the one spot finally broke, and he emerged into the fuller world beyond, it was to him a mere transition from light he always knew was there, into a richer, mellower light; baldly, Catholicism but gives him more, he feels, of that which he always had had. And then again there is the convert whose very being is torn in a disruptive process as by some mighty projectile that has struck home. Not only in him, but all about him are the marks of a great bombardment, which left nothing as it was. The city that was his home lies waste; it is there in ruins before him. And he himself must go through agony and numbness, and agony again, before the wound wrought by God's shrapnel heals. It is with him as with Elias of old. "Behold the Lord passeth, and a great and strong wind before the Lord overthrowing the mountains, and breaking the rocks in pieces; the Lord is not in the wind, and after the wind an earthquake: the Lord is not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire: the Lord is not in the fire; and after the fire a whistling of a gentle air," the voice at last of God Himself.

If you take "pivotal points" in the process—very easily worked out by the help of this book—to Monsignor Benson's conversion you will find yourself tracing a route to Rome quite as definite and clear as that shown by rivers and towns in map-making.

Monsignor Benson himself thought that the death of his elder sister, Nellie, first turned his thoughts towards ordination, or "work somewhere within the spacious vineyards which the Archbishop ruled." Such a step showed favorably enough. The father had always singled "Hugh" out as "the son on whom he was fain to lavish all that was most tender and intimate in his 'love.'" On the other hand, the son greatly desired to please this father of whom he stood not a little in awe; if he did not "calculate on the help his father's position would be to him in a clerical career," he was at least not averse to trying to win the Archbishop's "highly prized approval to a degree most pleasant to his soul" by taking Orders in the Church of England.

Before this, when his intention was to go into the Indian Civil Service, in the unwelcoming atmosphere of a London crammer, he had come upon *John Inglesant*. The book for the time at least affected him deeply.

The revelation of the Personality of Jesus Christ came to him literally like the tearing of veils and the call of a loud trumpet and a leaning forth of the Son of God to touch him. The veils swung back again, and silence was once more to swaddle his soul into inertia; but virtue had gone forth and without his realizing it, his life would appear to have been poised round a new axis; its centre of gravity was shifted, or if you will, the notion of the dominancy of Jesus, having sunk into his sub-consciousness, worked there in silence until in due time it revealed its adult significance.

He read assiduously *The Little Hours* (in English), and now became anxious to controvert the claims of Rome. He studied Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*, which later on at Mirfield was to harass him continually, as he found with his Anglican penitents that "it struck not only at the special position of Rome, but at all they themselves were determined to continue believing and practising, as well as at Dr. Littledale's own creed and method." Father Maturin, then a Cowley Father, preaching Christian Doctrine in a new light, evincing some of the orderliness, the completeness, the "security" for which Benson was beginning so to long; his father's death and his travel in other countries where he was to see Anglicanism revealed in a new—a singularly local—light; the news of Father Maturin's change of faith; talks with and lectures from the present Bishop of Oxford on the subject of "Higher Criticism;" Mirfield, which for a time completely satisfied him, "giving him much, revealing him and his

talents yet further to himself," yet failing to give him all—these all took part in the mental process which led inevitably to one end.

"A living voice in a modern world" was what Benson's very inmost soul began now to demand. To stay in the Church of England, feeling as he felt, would be to compromise.

To veil your language, to utter discourses fully intelligible to a select few, might amuse a naughty boy, still at the age of plots and codes and ciphers.....To preach a few great truths such as the Fatherhood of God or the all-importance of the Person of Christ, trusting that "*these would find their normal outcome in doctrines which Christ, the Father's Utterance, meant to be taught, but His official representatives dare not teach,*" was torture to one whose whole Christian position, collegiate and personal, implied that Christ spoke through a Church, and the Church through her priest.

[For] all his life by now was inspired by religion: to lose that soul of it would mean death. To preserve that most intimate self, he fled to identify it with the greater Self of Christ in His Church.....Benson became a Catholic, not only because he believed Anglicanism to be false, but because he believed Catholicism to be true; and this he did, passionately, and would have done, even if there had been (as there so well might be) no Anglicanism in existence.

There comes a point beyond resistance in physical or mental conflict. That point Benson ultimately reached. He made his submission. His mother and Father Frere of Mirfield had known throughout of his struggle. Quite apart from his absolutely clear perception of the ultimate skepticism implied in much of the cult of "moderation," Hugh felt that any creed that was true demanded tremendous self-surrender. "I believe," one wrote timidly to him, in later years, "that if only I could find myself in Catholicism, I could swim." "Then for God's sake," he answered, "jump!"

"You are now," wrote Mrs. Benson, with exquisite abnegation, "where your heart feels it can be truly loyal, where it finds its home, where you deeply feel God has led you. We trust you to Him in utter love and boundless hope.....*Let us in*, always, wherever you rightly can."

In faëry lore we read of magic wands which have but to touch this man or that woman wholly to transform them. Upon certain of us, Catholicism acts as with a faëry wand. Natures alter; qualities, dull and drab before, take rainbow light, take color, become ethereal. The same yet not the same, because the grace of God, made visible at times even to our darkened eyes, destroys and re-creates simultaneously. So you may see in others—alas! that it is not in oneself!—"cocksureness" turned, say, to conviction on

essential points; arrogance to rightful dignity; self-seeking to selflessness; "slap-dash" methods to scrupulous care in trifles; impatience to control, as the Diviner magic works. With Monsignor Benson, the childish love of "dressing-up"—("I looked perfectly charming in a little purple c-cassock and a little purple c-cap!")—was to fix, later on, into the determination "not even to be black, but to blaze in purple," because he felt he had "to be in the open air, recognized, welcomed from the outset," rather courting than evading notice rightly to fulfill God's purpose for him.<sup>3</sup> His opinion was that "as a representative of the Catholic Church, he ought to be everywhere. Explicitly, he said, he courted advertisement and publicity, and plainly rebuked a friend who expressed his preference for retirement."<sup>4</sup> He "believed in two seemingly incompatible duties; one, that he must be absolutely accessible to everyone, and must communicate all that he possessed to as wide a circle as possible; and yet, that he must preserve utterly inviolate the inner places and the precious things of his own soul."

The following is part of his self-imposed rule: To guard against: slackness in rising, slackness in office, slackness in mental prayer; pride in speaking of self, pride in judging others; dramatic arrangement in thought; irritation in judging, irritation in speaking. (Look out for symptoms.)

"Virtues he dealt with" showed invariably in a positive light. A stranger once said of him, "There is nothing knock-kneed or anæmic in Robert Hugh Benson's Christianity!" "Chastity," for example, in his view, "had nothing primarily to do with abstinence; that might be, and must be, of course, when God's law so decreed or counseled, a consequence." But—emphatically—"the virtue in itself meant not that you loved so little, that you led a life of bachelorhood or spinsterhood—celibacy was strictly not chastity—but that you loved God so ardently that the squandering of self in passions became unthinkable. Purity as he conceived it was white indeed, but not snow-white so truly as white-hot."

In youth, it was said of him:

What he liked, what he felt, what he decided was the important thing to him, and so long as he got his way, I do not think that he troubled his head much about what other people might think or wish . . . . . He had "an entire disregard of other people's opinion. . . ."

<sup>3</sup>He wrote from Rome: "We look pretty startling in huge furry hats and ferridas and buckles, and we go swelling and bulging about as if we had done it for years!"

<sup>4</sup>He urged upon the present writer the duty of publicity. "Take—(this public office or that) *because you are a Catholic.*"



Later, this is what he urged, again speaking of controversy:

I believe that the secret of peace is to refuse to attack.....To expound one's own principles, when asked, is a very different thing, and causes no irritation.....(By controversy, I mean not the exposition of principles, which I both like and believe in doing, but the kind of thrust and parry that it is so easy to slip into.....)

Convinced as he was "beyond all else, that most people did not even begin to suspect what essential Catholicism meant and claimed to do," he spent himself in every possible direction in making that fact clear, whatever else was missed. "Seriously did he envisage the business of self-discipline. Don't mistake 'God is Love,' for 'God is Good Nature.' Love is terrible and stern." His modern novels were framed to that end; he "wanted to reveal modern men and women to themselves, to show them the meaning of their soul *naturaliter Catholica*." "In his literary work, you everywhere see purpose." He does, indeed, reveal himself to an exceptional degree in fiction; you cannot rightly "get at" what he was, even with Father Martindale's help, unless you have read and seen for yourself how through all his work the shining thread of a purpose very far from that of the ordinary mere "writer of a good story" lies. Every novel is conceived with the intention of driving home some salient point: "This is what it is to be a real Catholic"—such as Algy who found the way "damnable hard;" Frank Guisely, "the Failure;" Mr. Main, another "failure;" Mary, in a *Winnowing*, "the prey of temperament," according to her friends, and so forth.

"Failure? There is no failure!" he himself once flung, triumphantly, as the epitome of his own gospel. How can one talk of failure if it leads to God? Look at our maimed, our blind, our broken in the World War, with "vision," and ask ourselves if that shining sacrifice is "waste." "*Blow out, your bugles, over the rich dead.*" Though men walk on ploughshares in the red way of blood, towards God, and fall on the way, "there is no failure." Not at least for those who believe with Hugh Benson, that "there is a life in essence more real and more alive than that of common sense or intellect, even of religious virtue; and that though ideally, within the supernaturalized man there should exist a perfect harmony of all his parts, yet even if, in the creation of that harmony . . . . . inferior parts are for the time to be immolated, that matters not one whit." And again: "Better the rack, the gallows, the disemboweled body, still horribly alive, and with the soul still cog-

nizant in limbs and brain, better the fire and the cauldron than the disregarding of one syllable even of the imperial call of Christ."

Space forbids giving more than a mere outline of the scope of this fine book which takes you "to far country" from which at times, like Moses, you "glimpse" the Promised Land. You can read no such human document without a deepening sense of mystery and awe. Father Martindale feels to the full the dignity of his subject; the dissection, the analysis, of a soul can never be trusted save to reverent hands.

Two more examples will show, I think, how closely, how penetratingly he has fulfilled his mission. He speaks thus of characteristics which might well be misinterpreted:

There was in Monsignor Benson an instinct which made him "regard even religion somehow as a game, a sport.....Outrageous as this may sound, I am sure of it.".....But "he who has found sweetness and truth in the formulæ he uses about God, and the symbols of the high sacraments of God, and suddenly catches sight of the splendors for which they stand,.....may burst into joyous laugh—a laugh, for he sees how enormously inadequate they are.....a joyous laugh because they already are so good, and promise what is so much better. In moments of this abrupt realization that "God's in His Heaven!" .....Hugh would literally break into a laugh and hug himself, and cry out to friends: "Oh, my dear; isn't it all tremendous? Isn't it sport? Isn't it all huge fun?"

But again:

All his life Hugh Benson was followed continuously, in his mind, by the awareness of a Fear.....Fear, *as such*, and not fear of this or that: Fear which is essentially "the denying of the succours of thought".....Now Greek.....tragedies were described by Aristotle .....as a Purge of Fear and Pity. Some at least have held that the philosopher believed all human creatures to be the better for periodical explosions of the two passions. They are to be conceived almost, as swelling within the soul, until they need an outburst, else they will fester and slay the soul, or break forth harmfully. A harmless occasion for their externalizing was therefore engineered for them. I would suggest that Benson, probably quite unconsciously, provided himself with all sorts of strange opportunities for fear, that his *fear-ing faculty*, so to say, might have sufficient exercise, and leave him in regard to all that mattered more at peace.....

It will be seen, even from these brief extracts, that Father Martindale takes the fragments of a vital personality which came in contact with no life without leaving a distinct trace of its passage, and connects them into a definite whole. He has revealed and explained certain phases in Monsignor Benson which before

were obscure to those who (through intimacy or intuition) knew him well. He has reconciled apparently conflicting qualities; he has made many who always loved Monsignor Benson, like him infinitely more than before. (For unswerving truth has in it, strange to say, a shining particle of Divine tenderness.) Sanelly, without false sentiment, he portrays a man "who gradually learnt to keep his soul independent yet without pride; without illusions, yet not morose; concentrated, yet self-spending.....The construction and preservation of so secret a shrine are not achieved save at a terrible expense".....The writer remembers with what deep meaning in the Carmelite pulpit Monsignor Benson once quoted, lines well-known, yet destined to take from that moment a new and deep significance: "He who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one must die."

Which is the real reality—life here or life hereafter? The two worlds, to some at least, in moments, are very near. "No Christian," says Father Martindale, "will experience even the temptation to feel that" Monsignor Benson's "activities is finished or his living reality put away and done with. He hurried away with the paradox, which he loved to say his life was, still startling: a hundred promises unfulfilled. "Trust death, nor be afraid." We in our fashion have the right to speak as if a future were yet all before him; he, in his spiritual mode of consciousness and action, is a more present force in the series of our days than even when he was visible amongst us, playing with life's manifold gifts; catching hold of hand after hand and passing each on to God, if he would but go, and himself hastening toward God."

Hugh Benson from the time True "vision" dawned, "flung himself passionately on God," and God uplifted him.

## THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



It is not often in the history of our self-centred world, busy with its beeves and its fatlings, its marrying and giving in marriage, that the clock of civilization stops suddenly—premeditatedly—to do honor to a poet. Yet this year it will so stop; because, forsooth, the twenty-third day of the fair month of April is just the three hundredth anniversary of Master William Shakespeare's "birth-day into eternity." There had been brave doings in old Stratford this spring, but for this and that—a Shakespeare festival to make glad the children of men from every clime! There had been something brave in Germany, too; where a few years back at Frankfort-on-the-Main the present writer gazed (with eyes not too sanely dry!) upon a huge wreath sent in friendship "from the Shakespeare house to the Goethe house." We have changed all that, to our very bitter loss. This year the Old World, staggering under its weight of war, can do little for the praise of art.

For lo, the thunder hushing all the grove,  
And did love live, not even Love could sing!

And so with beautiful fitness the New World takes up this duty of honoring Shakespeare, and from New York to California the tercentenary plans stretch out like a carpet of gold or a canopy of sunshine.

It is not as though we turned, in duty bound, to honor a stranger. It is not even as though we honored Cervantes, that high-spirited Spaniard who upon the same day and same year went out to God. Shakespeare is *our own*, the high-water mark of English drama and English poetry—but more still than this. It is merely a truism—that is, a truth which has grown tiresome because no one any longer cares to challenge it!—to say that he is for all people as "for all time:" one of that small Uranian group of *universals*, the supreme poets who have been both popular and profound, who have loved and belonged to life as passionately as to literature—or rather, who belong to literature because their great

art had first so passionately loved and belonged to life! This, surely, is the truth of Pater's much misinterpreted mandate to crowd "as many pulsations as possible into the given time"—those *great passions* which give us a "quickened sense of life." It is not to play at life that he is counseling, to experiment heedlessly with the good and the evil. But—"not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us. . . . is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

Not so did William Shakespeare sleep. In scarcely more than half a century of remarkably sane, remarkably industrious and none too wildly adventurous a life, he seems to have run the gamut of human experience. As all the world knows he was the son of a burgess (later high-bailiff) of Stratford—a prosperous farmer and glover by trade. His mother, Mary Arden, was of gentler birth and of no small inheritance: a daughter of those Warwickshire Ardens whose gentility was older than the Normans, and whose Catholic faith proved, in most instances, stronger than Elizabethan tyranny. The poet had that rural youth which most of us would love to look back upon—youth in the rich, sweet Stratford country. He had the usual grammar school instruction of his day; the usual amusements of hunting (not to say poaching!) pageant-seeing, even play-acting, when visiting companies of actors came to the Guild hall. And when he was something past eighteen years, he married Mistress Ann Hathaway, a widow eight years his senior, of the neighboring town of Shottery. Shottery was very "papistical" in those days; it had an upper room where Mass was celebrated from time to time, and where, according to an interesting tradition, Shakespeare's first religious marriage (not of course, a legal one) was performed.<sup>1</sup> Their first child was born the following May; and twins in the year 1585. Much bootless writing has been expended to prove that the marriage was happy, or again, unhappy: bootless first of all because most human relationships are both happy and unhappy, but doubly bootless in the artist's story! It is enough that Shakespeare had his care-free youth and his young romance. When, in 1587, his father's fortunes made hopeless shipwreck, he was ready to set out for the new life of London—to repair the fortunes alike of the elder people and of the young family he had founded. Very possibly he had already some relations with Lord Strange's (later known as the Lord Chamberlain's) Company,

<sup>1</sup>For the discussion of this point and many kindred ones, see Dr. James J. Walsh's valuable pamphlet *Was Shakespeare a Catholic?* in the *Catholic Mind Series*.

which had played in Stratford during that same year. At any rate men turn to their own without over-much pushing. A Shakespeare will find his theatre whether or not fate bids him for awhile hold horses at its entrance!

The chronology of Shakespeare's dramas is exceedingly difficult to ascertain. *Love's Labour's Lost* is usually conceded as his first play; but there seems little doubt that during those early years in London he was kept busy revising or else collaborating upon those chronicle histories for which the London stage was avid toward the end of the sixteenth century. It is just a little startling for us, who see modern drama fighting for its life against the inroads of the motion picture, to remember that Elizabethan London—a town of not more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand people—supported *five theatres*, and this when the attendance of *women* was only under sufferance! A score of eager dramatists were at work—Lodge, Green, Kyd, Marlowe—later the learned and dear Ben Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, Middleton! In the new, vibrant national sense which had come to England, drama was in the very breath and life of the people. Noble and common alike thronged to the play houses, until the Queen forbade performances on Thursdays, lest the ancient and honorable amusement of bear-baiting should perish from neglect!

*Romeo and Juliet* was the first of Shakespeare's immortal tragedies; it was printed in 1597, with *Richard III.* and *Richard II.* Then followed more histories, later comedies such as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. From the very beginning of the seventeenth century, our "sweetest Shakespeare" reveals himself as dominated by a high and profound seriousness: the seriousness of *Measure for Measure*, of *All's Well That Ends Well*, and of that tragic series which began with *Julius Cæsar*, and—including *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*—ended with *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Timon of Athens*. After 1608 the poet, or perhaps his London, appears to have craved some lightening of the burden; and Shakespeare, the ever-variable, before retiring to Stratford, gave the world those gracious and elusive romances (as Professor Dowden calls them) of *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. His final work was, of course, in 1613, upon *Henry VIII.*—a particularly noble drama marred by Fletcher's particularly incoherent last act.

William Shakespeare was a large shareholder in the company

which produced his plays. He was a somewhat smaller actor, tradition identifying him with the rôles of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. With his sublime poetic insight and superhuman sympathy, he carried the treasure of a practically balanced mind. It was not by accident that Master William Shakespeare, gentleman and landowner, was able to return to Stratford some five years before his death with a liberal competency, to live gently and leisurely amongst his own family and his own well-ordered farms!

There is something enormously winsome about this rounded personality—this poet who contrived to be so unconscious a genius and so conscious a fellow-mortal at the same time. He has endeared himself to all sorts of people: to scholars and to children, to actors and practical politicians, to esthetes and ascetics. There are particular reasons why he is dear to Catholics. In the first place, there are excellent credibilities for believing him to have been one of us. A thousand circumstances of his life—the avoidance of Anglican worship, his consorting with Catholics in London, his abstention from any tribute at the time of Elizabeth's death, the phrasing of his Will, and the Stratford tradition, persistent from the seventeenth century, that he "dyed a Papist"—all carry weight. All are, of course, inconclusive. There is scarcely a time in history when it is more difficult to ascertain a man's exact religion—unless that man be a martyr or a high noble—than this turbulent reign of Elizabeth. The outward legal "conformity" must have seemed, *at first*, to matter so little! Henry had worked and Mary had counter-worked, until the "Established" Church seemed very much a matter of royal whim. Little by little men realized that an Act of Parliament had stolen their sacraments—that a cataclysm had come in supernatural things. Then sprang up the bitterness of attack and defence: then, indeed, whoso was not against repudiated Catholicism was to be counted with her! In this unparalleled bitterness Shakespeare had no part; or, rather, he had the part of allaying it in the artist's potent yet impersonal way. He was writing histories: there was a way. He was dealing with problems of Catholic conscience in his plays: there was another way. Many of the other dramatists delighted in scenes attacking the old Church and defaming her religious. But Shakespeare gave us Friar Lawrence; his monks move through the plays as figures of mercy; and this is how he speaks of the orisons of Isabel's convent:





entered into life or feeling, and the kingdom lighted by the last rays of setting chivalry still bloomed and gleamed in all the glory of poetry. True, the popular faith of the Middle Ages, or Catholicism, was gone as regarded doctrine, but it existed as yet with all its magic in men's hearts, and held its own in manners, customs and views.....

These are the particular reasons (if such be needed) why Catholics are most warmly concerned in the right celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary. His drama, *in the large*, is at one with our ethics and our affections.

Of course, it would be absurd to deny that there are minor objections, even upon moral grounds, to some few Shakespearean passages. Every once in awhile some new critic discovers these, and is as scandalously horrified as good Lamartine. But the fact is that these are really objections to Elizabethan habits of speech and manners, and that they apply far more strongly to Shakespeare's contemporaries than to the poet himself. The language of his day was plain, speaking of gross things grossly and light things lightly. Modern ears are offended by all this. Moreover we love—in spite of the newspapers!—to believe that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than both! We believe that we are a little more decent and a little more humane than our forefathers. Now whether this is a matter of manners or of morals—a deeper stratum of Christianity or merely another layer of civilization—Time and the Wise Men must determine. Meanwhile (and rightly), we cut short the garrulities of Juliet's nurse, we edit Hamlet's words to Ophelia, and we, who find no fault with Sardou's *Tosca*, wince at the plain, bitter words of *Measure for Measure*. It is all very good: the clock hands do not turn backward. Still, it remained for our own sophisticated nineteenth century to present such a theme as *Monna Vanna*—surely one of the ugliest in modern dramatic literature—in the perfect verbal chastity of Maeterlinck. Shakespeare would have been far more brutal and far more true!

There are two sentences from Aristotle which Shakespeare's plays are always bringing to one's mind. The first is that "a work of art must be full of beauty, agreeable, desirable, and morally worthy." What more perfect summing up of *Much Ado*, or *The Winter's Tale* or *Julius Caesar* or *The Tempest*? Then there is that immortal dictum that tragedy "purifies the mind by terror and pity." *Terror and Pity!* What words could more perfectly concentrate

the message of *Lear*, of *Othello*, of *Hamlet*, of *Macbeth*? Scarcely in all history have a man's vices and virtues been more pitilessly catalogued than Cardinal Wolsey's: what with his own words, and the King's, and Katharine's and Griffith's, we have little left to learn of him who found worldly honors

a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Yet who is not purified by the confession of this great one fallen low?—

I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me  
Wearied and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me. . . . .  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell:  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;  
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. . . . .  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:

. . . . .be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's. . . . .

. . . . .O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies. . . . .

Shakespeare does not compromise with the eternal verities. His enormous moral rightness is always shining out of the stories; the fact that, for all his impassioned love of men, his sympathy was fundamentally "on the side of the angels." He does not let sin triumph save in its own deluge of death and disenchantment. He is ingenious to bring good out of evil. Something of this large and serene view is lost when modern managers omit the last scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, or ring down the curtain before the young king,

who is to right old wrongs in Denmark, draws near the dead and heart-broken Hamlet. But it was not lost in the dramatist's conception. To hate the sin yet love the sinner was his achievement: how difficult a one we know not merely from the modern novel and drama, but from our own lives as well!

Only supreme *love* could have seen men and women as Shakespeare saw them: as only supreme *genius* could so have painted them! He has no types, no caricatures: even his *fools* are human beings, at once pitiable and variable and glad! Consider the comic pathos of Malvolio! Consider the *humanness* of his so different *kings* on their march toward death! And then, the vivid vitality of his *women*, tragic or merry or mighty or frail—the women who have filled volumes of criticism, for Shakespeare was the greatest feminist of them all. What wizard was this Master William of Stratford to pierce the heart of a Portia and a Juliet, a Cleopatra and a Miranda? How should he sound the depths and heights, registering every half-tone of the feminine music? For a lesser man it would have been so easy to portray Isabel as a mere symbol or type of chastity! But Shakespeare shows her, when her hour strikes, rich in that other great virtue which is not always the companion of chastity: forgiving Angelo, and begging his life from the avenging duke.

A charming interpreter of Shakespeare<sup>2</sup> has recently commented upon the astonishing freshness and modernity of Shakespeare's women—the fact that they are so much nearer to us than the women of early nineteenth century literature. But are not his men, in perhaps a lesser sense, also our contemporaries? What more modern than the blasé and cynical Jaques? What more modern than the problems of Hamlet, eternal tragedy of the subjective soul brought face to face with objective wrong—image, as he might be, of many a harassed ruler of the world to-day? All these complex subtleties of life were clear to Shakespeare: the provocation as well as the cruelty of Shylock, the nobility and the madness of Othello, the infinite, hopeless pity of the stricken Macbeth—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.....

<sup>2</sup>Miss Viola Allen in the *New York Times*.

*God, God forgive us all!* might almost be taken as the keynote of Shakespeare's drama: not the laxity of Beaumont and Fletcher's easy tolerance; not the modern spirit, curious and indefinite, which withholds judgment because it is frankly uncertain by what canons to judge, but a very different thing. George Meredith's summing up of Shakespeare was eternally right:

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsour'd  
He knew thy sons. He prob'd from hell to hell  
Of human passions, but of love deflower'd  
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.

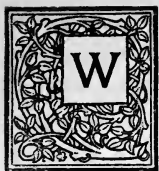
Love does not tolerate; love is not blind; love understands.

Genius alone can achieve much in this world; it may even attain to a centenary of greatness. But when men are coerced into a tercentenary celebration, we may be sure that genius has not stood alone, but has mated him with love. Only from such parenthood are the sons of the morning, the supreme artists born: *genius*, which Hugo's fine words have described as "a promontory jutting out into the infinite;" and love, which so far as human speech may define her at all, is just a spark thrown out from the living forge of God!

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## THE CHARITIES INVESTIGATION.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, M.A.



WITHIN the past month serious charges have been brought against the private charitable institutions of New York City. The Strong Commission, appointed for the purpose of investigating the work done by these institutions, has heard evidence which tended to show that conditions in the various homes and asylums caring for dependent children are discreditable and reprehensible. It has been declared that gross carelessness and culpable mismanagement mark the administration of these places. The asseverations of witnesses before Commissioner Strong have been of the gravest character, and because of their sensational nature have received wide publication by the metropolitan press. These charges have been made against institutions which, up to this time, enjoyed fair names and favorable reputations. In particular they have been brought against establishments under Roman Catholic auspices.

The investigation that has brought out these indictments has been conducted in such a way as to arouse bitter feeling and re-crimination. Eminently unfair and seemingly prejudiced, the persons furthering the work of the investigating committee have brought upon themselves a well-deserved suspicion that their present activities arise from unworthy motives. But to the citizen interested in the proper expenditure of his city's funds and to the Catholic jealous of the good name of the men and women who have consecrated their lives to the care of the poor, the point at issue is not the motives actuating those responsible for the charges that are made. It would be interesting and enlightening to know those motives. But it would be most futile to impugn their motives and not be able to refute their statements. The real issue is: Are the charges brought against the Catholic institutions true? Is it true, as affirmed, that the characteristics of our Catholic orphanages are uncleanness, carelessness and other marks of gross mismanagement? Can we assert with truth that the conditions described by the Kingsbury investigators as prevailing in Catholic establishments do not exist in fact? These are the points at issue. Personal

recrimination cannot prove that the testimony given by the investigators is false, unwarranted and unjust. This can be done only by presenting facts. What are they?

It is necessary, before considering the specific charges brought against our institutions, to outline briefly the history of the present investigation. When Mayor Mitchel entered office he appointed John A. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities. Mr. Kingsbury had had wide experience in professional charitable work, and had acted for some time as Secretary to the State Charities Aid Association. This is a private organization which has a membership roll of over fourteen hundred. It has no official power, but performs work of general charity. In addition it takes upon itself the task of seeing that private charitable organizations of quasi-public character comply with the various State and municipal laws. In the execution of its purpose it expends over one hundred thousand dollars annually. The leader of the association which wields tremendous influence is Homer Folks.

All charitable institutions in New York State which receive public moneys are under the supervision of the State Board of Charities. This commission inspects and supervises the various institutions, and determines the standard of efficiency thought necessary for the proper care of dependent children. If this standard is met by an institution, the State Board issues a certificate stating that conditions there are satisfactory, and that the State or city may commit children to that place. Up to the present time the local Department of Charities acted upon these certificates. When the city commits a child to one of these approved institutions, it pays the proper authorities two dollars and fifty cents a week for the child's maintenance, and seven cents a day for its education, with an additional seven cents allowance if the child also receives vocational training.

Not long after Mr. Kingsbury had begun active work as Commissioner of Charities, there developed a well-defined struggle between the New York City Department of Charities and the State Board. The object of the struggle was, on the part of the State Board, to retain its power of control and supervision over the private charitable institutions and, on the part of Mr. Kingsbury, to wrest this control from the State Board. The members of the State Board held that this authority was theirs by the right vested in them by the Constitution. Mr. Kingsbury claimed that as it was the city's money that was spent and not the State's, this control

should rest with the municipal authorities. The present Strong investigation is a direct outcome of this struggle, and a means used by Mr. Kingsbury to attain his purpose. Since 1914 the fight has taken on a serious aspect.

It was at this time that Mr. Kingsbury declared, in a report to the Mayor of New York, that the State Board showed laxity in the performance of its duty. He stated that it inspected private institutions "with both eyes closed or with one suspicious and one drooping eye." He affirmed that conditions were such as "to warrant a special inquiry into this branch of the State government by the Governor or the Legislature."

This report was submitted to Mr. George McAneny, then Acting Mayor, who forwarded it to Governor Whitman. While the Governor was considering Mr. Kingsbury's petition for an investigation of the State Board, Mr. Folks, head of the State Charities Aid Association, threw the weight of his influence on the side of the City Commissioner of Charities, and urged Governor Whitman to appoint a commissioner to hear charges against the State Board. This Mr. Whitman did. He appointed Charles A. Strong to sit as commissioner to hear evidence in support of the charges made by Mr. Kingsbury.

In order to substantiate the charges which he made in his report, Mr. Kingsbury began a secret investigation of all private institutions receiving moneys from New York City. To conduct this investigation, he appointed a committee consisting of Second Deputy Commissioner of Charities, William J. Doherty, Dr. Ludwig B. Bernstein and Mr. R. R. Reeder. The work of this committee was not to study conditions prevailing in the various institutions, with the idea of remedying the defects that might be found. It was not its purpose to offer any suggestions to the institutions for their betterment, nor even to consider the question of improvement at all. Its work was solely to gather evidence to show that the conditions were not as they should be, because of the laxity of the State Board of Charities in its supervision and control of these places. Mr. Kingsbury had charged that the State Board inspected institutions "with both eyes closed or with one suspicious and one drooping eye." He had to have supporting evidence, and he commissioned Mr. Doherty and his associates to get it.

This is the history of the investigation. The whole controversy has been a struggle between the State Board of Charities and Mr. Kingsbury for control of the charities situation in New York

City. Once freed of the restraint placed upon his activities by the State Board, Mr. Kingsbury would be absolute master over all institutions receiving moneys from New York City. His control would be unlimited. He could dictate conditions to all quasi-public charitable establishments regarding the management of the institutions and the care of the children, and force them to comply with whatever regulations he might will to impose upon them.

So long as this struggle between the State Board of Charities and Mr. Kingsbury and his supporters remained a purely political one, the whole question deserved only the same degree of attention demanded by other phases of home rule government for New York City. But when Mr. Kingsbury, for the purpose of destroying a political foe, assails the character of respectable men and women, the matter can no longer remain merely political. When he stoops to unfairness, misrepresentation and untruth to worst his opponents, and to further his plans makes the innocent seem guilty, the question becomes one of justice. When for the purpose of proving a cause, he mis-states effects and creates false impressions, the whole thing becomes universal and insistent in its appeal to right thinking men. No person with a love for justice can stand aside and see innocent, defenceless men and women, who by the very sanctity of their lives are incapacitated to fight back, misrepresented by political Machiavellis.

It is on this ground, the broad ground of truth and justice, that the issue of the present investigation must be met. And it can be met in this way squarely and without equivocation. An unbiased examination of the charges made against our Catholic institutions, and an unprejudiced inspection of these same establishments, will show that the charges are unfair in statement and untrue in fact.

In 1914, Mr. Doherty's committee, whose purpose was then unknown, visited the private charitable institutions which received financial assistance from New York City. When the present hearings were in progress, the members of this committee came forward with evidence based upon their visits in 1914 to support Mr. Kingsbury's contention that the State Board inspected private institutions "with both eyes closed or with one suspicious and one drooping eye." The investigators charged that conditions in the private institutions they reported on were "shocking," "filthy," "cruel," and "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*." The evidence tended to show that uncleanness, carelessness and culpable neglect marked



the management of these institutions, among which were placed a number of Roman Catholic establishments.

This evidence, that conditions were "shocking," "filthy," "cruel," and "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*," is not supported by facts. Of all the institutions mentioned, the one most discredibly spoken of was the orphan asylum of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Since the gravest charges have been made against this institution, a just consideration of conditions there will adequately show the falsity of the evidence given at the investigation, and will be a useful means of judging the truth and fairness of the whole proceedings.

The country home of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin is situated at Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, and consists of an orphanage for boys and girls. The tract of land upon which the buildings are situated is about one mile square and is ideally located. It has a splendid view of the lower New York bay, and is one of the most healthful spots in New York. The buildings for the boys consists of one large main building and six cottages, housing one hundred boys each. The girls' division has its own buildings, with a special home for the smaller children.

Armed with pencil and notebook and giving no warning of my coming, I visited Mt. Loretto one day and inspected, as far as was humanly possible, every part and division of that institution. No effort was made to restrain me; I was helped in every way to see things as they are in the daily life of the place. And what is more significant, I saw them exactly as did the Kingsbury investigators.

As the present investigation was unexpected, it could not have induced the Sisters to make any special improvements before the present hearings. The time that has elapsed since then has been too short to allow any change from the "filthy" conditions seen by the investigators to that of the wholesome cleanliness which I saw, without a revolution that would have left unmistakable traces on the premises and the inmates. Such evidence was totally absent. From questions put to the boys I learned that no "cleaning up" had been made nor any other parade measures taken to vitiate the evidence given at the investigation. From a number of the lay hired help, I received the information that conditions on that day were typical in every respect of the institution as viewed by the investigators.

These investigators stated on the witness stand that conditions

in the dining-rooms and kitchens were unclean. They affirmed that the boys were badly nourished, unkempt and offensive in their conduct at table. I entered the dining-room when the boys were at dinner, sat down with them, ate and enjoyed the meal that was served. It consisted of corn beef and cabbage, tea and bread and butter. The food was wholesome, clean, well-served and abundant. The boys seemed to relish it. If the boys acted like "pigs," as stated, I saw no evidence of it, and anyone who knows boys can be sure that they do not change their habits on short notice. I have had long experience with boys, and I can unqualifiedly say that the poor streetlings of Mt. Loretto, who are there because nobody else wants them, compare favorably in dress, nourishment and conduct with the majority of boys attending the public schools of New York City.

After dinner I visited the kitchens at a moment most unfavorable for pleasing impressions—when the dish washing was going on and the after meal effects were at their height. The work was in charge of cleanly dressed women, assisted by boys assigned to these tasks. The cement floors were clean, the tables were tidy, and the implements used in sanitary condition. As a whole the kitchens resembled those of a well-kept hotel. Up-to-date machinery is in use wherever possible. A Vortex Dish Washer is used for cleaning the dishes, and all milk, coffee, tea, soup and other foodstuffs are prepared in copper boilers installed by the Duparquet, Huot and Moneuse Company. These implements were not new and had been in use previous to the Strong investigation. I examined everyone of these utensils and found them to be absolutely clean. The tables were scrubbed clean, down to the fibre.

From the kitchen I went to the bakery, where over eight hundred loaves of bread are baked daily. There everything was spotless. They have eight ovens, the dough being mixed by electricity, the J. H. Day Bread Mixer being used. The butcher shop was sanitary and clean in every detail. Besides these places I visited the ice plant, the power house, the electrical plant and the plumbing and steam-fitting shops. They were clean, well-kept and modern in every way. Not a single place showed evidence of new paint, additions or any other signs of "house-cleaning."

The Kingsbury investigators offered evidence to show a carelessness in the physical care of the boys. The charge was made that there was only one toothbrush for over one hundred and twenty boys, and that there was other laxity in the supervision of sanitary

work. I visited the wash-rooms and found the arrangements adequate for the proper care of the boys. There are basins to accommodate ninety-six boys at a time. Each boy has, within a private numbered compartment, an individual comb, brush, toothbrush and towel. Each article is numbered. A book containing the names of the boys and their official number hangs on the wall close by. I examined this book and then examined the different compartments, and in every instance found them to contain the proper articles correctly marked. This arrangement was in effect when the investigators visited the place; the compartments showed that they had been in use for a long period of time. A prefect sees to it that no boy leaves the wash-room until he has washed himself properly. Every Friday each boy in the institution must go under the shower. After a sound scrubbing he passes into another room, where he receives clean, fresh garments. As he goes out he is checked up to see that he has made the proper changes. If, as the investigators declared, the boys suffered from vermin, the cases were not typical ones. Every Friday the Sisters in charge take the boys, class by class, and use individually numbered fine combs. If conditions are unsanitary after these honest and efficient efforts, the fault cannot be laid to those in charge.

The statement that there was only one toothbrush for over one hundred and twenty boys was a most unfair one. It is the custom of the Sisters to collect the children's brushes for sterilization. It so happened at the time of this particular investigation that all the brushes had been collected, except one. An inquiry would have disclosed the reason for the absence of the other brushes, but none was made. This is the truth of the matter. Yet the investigator under oath declared that there was only one toothbrush for over one hundred and twenty boys. Such a charge was unwarranted, unjust and cruel to the Sisters who are giving up their lives for the welfare of the waifs who come to them.

The Kingsbury investigators endeavored to bring out on the stand that the dental records had been changed and, in some instances, not kept at all. I saw Dr. Bedell, the dentist, who visits Mt. Loretto once a week to take care of the children's teeth. He has been attending the institution for years. He is not a Catholic. He declared that the charges made by the investigators were unfair and untruthful. He personally had kept a proper record of all work done. As we stood talking, he lined up the boys who chanced to be passing and we examined their teeth. In every instance the

boys' teeth were clean and sound—a condition that could result only from constant and painstaking care. It must be remembered, too, that these boys are the outcasts of society, who up to this time have received no proper care. When they come to the asylum they are in the worst possible physical condition. Dr. Bedell told me of a case in point. He asked a boy if he had ever had a toothbrush and if he used it. "Yes," the lad replied, "I shined my shoes with it." When I think back on the conditions at Mt. Loretto and think of the homes of many of our city boys, I feel thankful that there are so many under the splendid care of the Sisters.

I visited all the dormitories, and personally took down a number of beds which were then made up. I found them clean and inviting. The conditions enumerated in the Board of Health permit posted in every room were met in every particular.

With regard to the good physical condition of the boys I found irrefutable evidence in a visit to the infirmary. There are over one thousand boys at Mt. Loretto. In the infirmary I found only three who were ill. One had a stomachache, the other was convalescing from pneumonia and the third had a cold. The records show that the average number of children sick is only five a day! When we consider that there are one thousand and nine boys to be taken care of, we can be sure that on this basis there can be no just complaint regarding the zeal of the Sisters to safeguard their charges.

The education of the children was criticized by one investigator as "bookish and inhibitive." Yet the whole course of study pursued at Mt. Loretto is identical with the work done in the public schools, and the curriculum is based upon the New York City Syllabus. The Sisters in charge of the boys' education have taken the two years' course given for teachers at the College of the City of New York, in order to equip themselves adequately for their work. The boys in these institutions are for most part children of the streets, of low mentality, and, at the time of reception, backward in schooling. Most of them, eleven, twelve and thirteen years of age, on entering report they were still in 3A and 3B in the public school. (A grade for a normal child of eight.) Yet with this fearful material the Sisters are doing marvelous things and getting wonderful results. In the Regents' Examinations the Sisters sent up one hundred and forty-five candidates, and had only twenty-nine fail. This is an average of eighty per cent success. The pupils of the public elementary schools are not required to pass the Regents' tests, and therefore no compari-

son can be made. I think there are about three city High Schools that average much over eighty per cent in these examinations.

Besides class-room work the boys receive vocational training in carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, knitting, printing, dairying and farming. The boys have commission government with student officers. They publish a magazine, participate in clubs, enjoy the benefits of a well equipped library, gymnasium and recreation-room.

These are the facts just as I found them. Who, therefore, in the face of this evidence, can hold that conditions are "shocking," "cruel," "filthy," and "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*?" The more I saw at Loretto the more I marveled at the testimony given at the Strong investigation.

Yet for all the care and attention which the Sisters give the poor boys committed to their care, the city pays two dollars and fifty cents a week for maintenance. When we consider the high cost of foodstuffs, of clothing and other necessities, we can see that little can be saved from the allowance. A mother or father with growing boys will appreciate how insignificant this allowance is. For the child's education the city pays seven cents a day, with an additional allowance of seven cents if the child also receives vocational training. The child's education in one of these institutions, therefore, costs the city seven dollars a year. In the public school the cost of educating the same child would be over thirty-five dollars.

From the foregoing facts we can see the unfairness and injustice of the charges made against that institution. And the conditions at Mt. Loretto are the same as are to be found in all our Catholic institutions. I chose Mt. Loretto because it seemed especially to be under fire. But I know the state of conditions in the Protectorsy, in St. John's Home in Brooklyn, and in the other asylums in and about New York City, and I can say that they are managed with the best interest of the children always first in the hearts and minds of those in charge. Dr. George A. Leitner, a man of high standing in his profession, is the visiting physician at Sparkill and Blauvelt. He testifies that the conditions there are as good as can be found in most homes. He found these institutions clean, sanitary and well-kept. Sparkill uses four hundred quarts of milk daily, and its monthly meat bill amounts to over one thousand dollars. Again we have actual facts with which to refute the false impressions given at the investigation.

At the present moment, New York City has no facilities for taking care of its dependent children. Consequently no comparison can be made regarding the comparative cost of maintenance. The Catholic Church has fifteen institutions supporting about twenty-five thousand children. Over four hundred Sisters are devoting their lives without salary to the care of these children. When we think of the splendid work they are doing, the moral influence for good they are exerting and the *actual value* in services they are gratuitously giving the city, we cannot help but feel the injustice of Dr. Reeder's testimony when he said, "Yes, sir, there is a scramble to get children because public funds help to build up their plants. Such funds might also be used to help build up religious orders."

We Catholics know why our Sisters are anxious to get children and willing to accept even those others reject. It is not because of financial reasons. An examination of the records shows the falsity of any statement to the contrary. In 1913 the Catholic Church received \$2,717,691.67 from the city and expended \$4,544,564.00. It is because these holy women have heard the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." They know that when they are helping these poor motherless children, they are doing the work of Christ. When we consider the holy lives these Sisters live, when we contemplate the sacrifices they make in order to perform their tasks of love for which they do not receive or look for any material reward, we find it hard to believe that they would allow cruelty, filth, carelessness and laxity to mark the places they have made sacred by their presence. But even though we were willing to believe, we could not, in justice, admit the truth of these charges in the face of facts that are patent and incontrovertible.

The cause that led to the Strong investigation was a political one. In Mr. Kingsbury's eyes the State Board of Charities has exercised a power which he deems should be concentrated in the local Department of Charities. He wished that power taken away, and he has used his own methods to accomplish his end. To show the inutility of the State Board, he had to show a deplorable state of affairs in the institutions under the supervision of that body. His assistants have tried to serve him well, but in that service they were unfair, unjust and, it would appear, untruthful. As a result men and women of blameless character and sterling worth are made to suffer.

But back of this political contest there seems to be a deeper purpose. There are influences at work, powerful financial influences, which seem to be striving to accomplish some definite aim. Is it possible that these agencies are working to take all our charities from those now administering them and place them in the hands of "professional" charity workers? Is it possible that these agencies would be willing to see our Sisters excluded from their present fields of labor, so as to provide work for members of their own organizations? Is it possible that these agencies are even working toward this under the guise of other interests? These are no idle questions! The answers? We must watch and watch vigilantly.

It is difficult to determine the outcome of the Strong investigation. We cannot know what will be the consequences, immediate or remote. But this we do know: that facts have been misrepresented, unjust impressions given and unfair reputations foisted upon institutions accomplishing great good for the poor children of our city. And against this unjust treatment, against this unwarranted attack, we must protest and protest most vigorously.

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## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER VII.



UT on the evening of the twenty-seventh Walcott found that he was not so unwilling to accept Mrs. Bolivar's invitation as he had been when the suggestion was first made to him. Polly would be there. As a child she had always held a tender place in his affections, and now the admission of her into his new life had been like the turning on of a half light in a darkened room. Memories leaped from the shadows, familiar faces haunted him, little episodes, that he had counted mere erasures, claimed an indelible character in the warmth of Polly's presence. Since the first shock of meeting her was over he could question her diplomatically; that first day at the Capitol he had made many blunders. Life seemed full of rehabilitated interests as he approached the stately old-fashioned house that the Bolivars had been fortunate enough to find after weeks of impatient hunting. The Senator, in the first joy of relief and possession, had given Walcott a latch key to the front door, begging him to come and go as a member of the family. One room would always be reserved for him.

To-night he entered without ceremony, but, in his new rôle of formal dinner guest, he was a little uncertain as to what was expected of him, and as he stood in the full glare of the chandelier he heard an appealing voice calling cautiously over the banisters: "Wally, Wally, is it you?"

He looked up smiling. Bobby, one of the twins, was seated in the gloom of the landing; he was dressed for bed in long night-drawers, his straight hair, trimmed "Dutch cut" after the fashion of the times, shone like a nimbus about his rosy cherubic face.

"Hello," said Walcott ignoring the new butler who came stiffly from the pantry to inspect the intruding guest; "what are you doing up there?"

"I—I'm just lookin'. Come up; it's a fine place to see."

The invitation was irresistible. With four strides Walcott cleared the flight of steps and joined his young godson upon the landing.

"You are going to catch your death of cold," he said with forced severity, and he took the child in his arms and wrapped his long overcoat around him.



"No, I won't" declared the small culprit; "these nighties have feet; and he held out his toes for inspection. Have you come to the party?"

"Yes, I believe it is a plot of your mother's, but I seem to have missed my destination."

Bobby liked high-sounding words, and usually interpreted them correctly. "Don't you like parties?" he hesitatingly inquired.

"No, I *hate* 'em."

"Do you s'pose she likes parties?"

"Who is she?"

"The new lady—Miss Polly. She's come to stay with us, but I guess she won't like us."

"Why, Bobs?"

"Well, most people don't," he said resignedly with a shake of his yellow hair.

"Don't I like you?"

"Yes, but you're a man."

"Doesn't your mother like you? She's not a man."

"But she's a mother. Mothers like everybody."

"Oh, do they? I'm glad to hear it—that let's me in you see."

"Yes," agreed Bobby without much interest, struggling to rid himself of the engulfing coat. "You've got a hole in your pocket lining. I thought it was a pocket with chewing gum, but it's a hole. Why don't your wife sew it up?"

"I haven't got a wife."

"Then why don't you get one?"

Walcott laughed and snuggled the child closer in his arms. "Any advice to offer, Bobs? How do you go about it?"

"Why—why—you just get married."

"Oh, you do, do you? And what do you know about it?"

Bobby lay quiet for a moment lost in reflection. "The cook's going to," he said at last. "She's going to marry the policeman on the beat—the fat one without any neck."

"A policeman without a neck! I never heard of one. What does he do with his head?"

Bobby was silent a moment. "Well you see he has a chin, and that sort of fits in his collar."

"But what does he do in the back?"

Bobby was at loss for a moment, then he added triumphantly: "I guess his collar sort of hangs to his hair."

Walcott laughed. "Bobs, you're a wonder. I wish I could take you to the party."

"There isn't any use wishing," responded his small godson. "I've been wishing too. One of them came true."

"Which one?"

"Well, I was wishing you would come upstairs and then—then I was wishing you would bring me your ice cream—it's the pink kind—the cook told me so. If you would bring it up, just your dish full and put in two spoons, I'd give Jack half. He's asleep, but I'll wake him. If you can't find two spoons, don't mind, I can eat mine with a stick."

"A stick!"

"Well, I've got one and it's fine to eat with. It looks like the top of piano keys. It was a part of mother's fan—we broke it yesterday; Jack broke most. It's white, so it won't have germs."

"Germs! Bobby, what do you know about germs?"

"Well, I hear mother talking about them. I think—I think they're bugs, but I've never seen 'em. I don't see why it matters eatin' bugs you can't see. I ate a worm once in a chestnut and it didn't do nothin'. I think that was worse than a germ."

"You'll have brain fever, Bobs, and that's far worse than any germs or worms. Come on, now, I'm going to put you to bed. I don't care whether your nighties have feet or claws; it makes no difference to me. Stop kicking; I'm dressed up for a party, and you'll split my coat down the back. Stop kicking and I'll bring you my whole saucer of ice cream and I won't even take a taste on the way upstairs. Stop kicking, Bobs, or you won't get a stick full."

Holding tight his remonstrating burden, Walcott passed along the familiar hallway to the big nursery, where Jack was already fast asleep. Putting Bobby down in the little white iron bed, he pulled up the covers and carefully tucked him in. "Now go to sleep and I'll promise to wake you when the ice cream comes."

"But my stick," said Bobby sitting up and pulling all the carefully arranged blankets awry, "I've forgotten my stick, it's under the bed. Please get it, Wally."

"But suppose I can find the spoons?"

"But I want the stick—it's more 'citing to eat with a stick."

Walcott obediently got down upon his knees. "I'm an old fool and no mistake, Bobs, an old fool."

Bobby was thinking of other things, so this act of humility made little impression.

"You'll have to crawl," he said relentlessly. "It's close to the wall on the other side. Lie down and crawl."

So Walcott, knowing from past experience that these requests demanded unconditional surrender, got down on his hands and crawled. A moment more and he reappeared triumphant with the ivory stick in his hand.

"Now look at me, Bobs, I'm all mussed up, and these clothes not a day old, and I'm late. Good-night. I'm late; what will your mother say to me?"

He kissed the child and started a second time to leave, but Bobby clung to him desperately. "Wally," he whispered, "if—if—it's a very little saucer I—I won't wake up Jack."

"Yes you will," said Walcott with all the severity he could muster, a bargain is a bargain, Bobsy. Now let me go or your mother will surely scold me."

He unloosened the child's arms and hurried away, chuckling to himself. He had been the twin's willing slave ever since they could stand alone, and now that their views of life were expanding, the boldness of their tyranny was limitless. Out in their Western home he used to plan picnics on the prairie, carrying them off for whole days at a time, patiently leading their little burros when they preferred that trying style of locomotion, or putting them in front of one of the Senator's saddle horses, and galloping away with them to the more distant woods and mountains. If he had been honestly introspective, instead of forcing the thought from him as too trifling and personal for consideration, he would have had to acknowledge that the twins weighed heavily in the balance when he agreed to accept the nomination that brought him to Congress.

He was afraid of Washington. He had had many friends here in the old days. Perhaps he had relied too much upon the long disfiguring scar and the other changes the years had made.

But fears after fifteen years were foolish he told himself, and forced a smile at his own forebodings. Had he not read his own obituary in one of the Southern papers? The paper had come to him by the merest chance, packed in among some American goods that he had unloaded as a dock hand.

Why, Jim Thompson had been dead fifteen years—his world had forgotten him. If anyone should notice a resemblance it would be but a fleeting fancy—he was safe in his new position. Why he had even left his own individuality behind. He was not the same; he could not go back even if he would. After all what did a name amount to—a name imposed in unprotesting infancy? Why thousands of men change their names yearly by some short process of law; children, adopted into homes, change theirs without formality, the neighbors naturally forcing the name of their foster parents upon them. Why should he fear detection after all these years? Polly had been only twelve when he went away, and a child's memory is always indefinite. Surely he had nothing to fear from Polly. Reasoning thus he had reassured himself by the time he reached the drawing-room. Mrs. Bolivar stood just inside the doorway. She looked very

handsome in a gown of black velvet, which reduced the stoutness of her figure. She greeted Walcott gaily.

"You seem really cheerful for a man who comes to play the victim," she said in an undertone. "How well you look in your new clothes. Alexander has a real talent for finding good tailors."

"I'm sure Bolivar did his part," said Walcott smiling, "and I'm sure the tailor did his best, but Bobby has done his *worst*. I've been under the bed and I feel a bit disheveled."

There was a soft peal of laughter from the girl who stood by Mrs. Bolivar's side.

"Here's our *cousin*, Miss Polly Maxen," said Mrs. Bolivar. "Polly, you remember Mr. Walcott?" There was an accent on the "cousin" that made Walcott suddenly remember and regret the remark that he had made about social distinctions the week before. "Now tell us why Bobby sent you under the bed, or tell me later; I haven't time for domestic disclosures just now. Here are some more of my belated guests."

Walcott had fixed his eyes upon Polly with a look of unconcealed amazement, she seemed so transformed from the shabbiness of a week ago, for Polly applying nervously to a stranger for work was altogether a different person from Polly Maxen placed in the position of a new-found relative sharing gracefully the responsibilities of hostess. Her color was bright, her eyes shining with the pleasure and excitement of the Southern woman who fortunately inherits the social instinct with her traditions of hospitality.

"I suppose it can't be bad form to admire clothes since Mrs. Bolivar admired mine," Walcott began. "How pretty you look in that silvery sort of silk."

"Oh, do you think so?" she questioned with pleased simplicity. "I don't mind telling you it's very old; it belonged to my grandmother or great-grandmother, I don't know which, and Romney was supposed to have painted her portrait in it. I feel—well, rather—*egg shelly*."

"How's that?"

"Well, I may *crack* any minute. Silk this old is rather dangerous, don't you think? You see I didn't have anything new, so this is just a made-over and the lace—well, of course, it's quite the thing to have antique lace, but I was doubtful about the dress. To tell the truth I was actually afraid of it when I heard that Mrs. Van Brune was to be here. There's a spot on the front and I believe she will see it through the drapery."

"Does the lady wear glasses? What an advertisement for her oculist she must be."

"Glasses! Why she would faint at the suggestion."

"Why?" he asked with masculine bewilderment.

"Because they are not becoming."

"Oh, I didn't think of that phase of the situation. You see I'm naturally stupid about ladies. It always seemed to me there was something beatific about glasses. I remember the old Italian doctor who was kind to me when my mother died, he wore them; and the professor I liked best at college wore round ones that made him look like a good-natured owl; and there was the old priest I knew in England, the best man I ever met, he wore steel-rimmed ones that didn't suit his eyes. I remember I gave him a new pair, and he was so grateful he kissed me on both cheeks."

"I—I thought you didn't like gratitude."

"I don't—now you will acknowledge that such effusiveness was embarrassing. I didn't know what to say, and I didn't know what to do until my old friend laughed and said, 'God bless me, Walcott, you look as solemn as a deacon, and I was but giving you the kiss of peace which I thought you needed sorely.'"

"And did you?" the girl's face was full of interest.

"God knows I did; I was down and out and as lonely as Robinson Crusoe."

He was blundering again and he knew it. If he was to keep up the deception with clear-eyed Polly, he must avoid all allusions to his past.

"If we could escape before this Mrs. Van Brune gets here," he said lightly, "we might be safe from inspection. I notice that I have four finger prints on my shirt front—left by Bobby's chubby fingers. Do you suppose an ink eraser would rub them out?"

"I don't know," she laughed. "I don't believe they show, besides Mrs. Van Brune won't see them because you're a man."

"That's too cryptic for me to follow."

"She likes men."

"And that means?"

"That she doesn't care for women."

"I believe you have a grudge against her."

"I have."

"How interesting," the Senator suggested, "that we might gather a few enemies together in our ignorance."

Polly smiled. "Oh, I'm not an enemy; we're—we're just so different, and I hate myself for minding her unspoken criticisms."

"But as long as they are unspoken?" he suggested.

"But one can feel them just the same."

"I give it up," he said with humorous resignation. "I suppose feelings ought to be caged."

"That wouldn't do any good either," she laughed, "they would still prowling around restlessly inside."

"Then suppose we cage the critical lady."

"Oh, I'm sorry I said anything about her," said Polly remorsefully; "that's the trouble with me, I'm too frank. When people ask me questions I always answer them."

"That's worth remembering; frankness is a rare virtue nowadays."

"That depends upon how you look at it. With some people it would be considered an unforgivable sin."

"What would be Mrs. Van Brune's point of view?"

"Do you know her?"

"I never heard of her until a moment ago."

"Then why should you care?"

"I don't."

Polly laughed gaily. "Then we are just making conversation," she said.

"Are we? I thought we were getting acquainted."

"And now we are going to be interrupted by dinner," she said regretfully. "We have been waiting for Mrs. Van Brune and she is coming in the doorway now."

Walcott turned indifferently to see the late arrival and then—the smile faded from his lips; his knees seemed to be seized with a strange tremulousness; he reached out to the marble mantel seeking physical support. Anne stood before him in all her old radiant loveliness, the slight marks of her maturity artfully concealed. She was dressed in some strange woven net, spangled with gold that seemed to flash color in the shaded lights of the room, and standing beside her was a tall man whose pale emaciated face seemed vaguely familiar.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

"There's Ted," said Polly starting joyfully forward. "Ted Hargrove, I didn't know that Mrs. Bolivar knew him."

Walcott laid a detaining hand upon her arm, "Is—is he married to her?"

"Mrs. Van Brune!" She failed to notice the ashen color of his face. "Why, no, she's years older than Ted."

"Of course—years older—and her husband?"

"Dead years ago. Poor Anne."

He was gaining control of his voice now. After all there was no escape, and the inevitableness of the situation brought a certain

steading calm. If he were recognized—that was the worst that could happen—he was no fugitive from justice; he would only be the hero of a melodramatic story. He would lose out no doubt, politically, for his constituents would not place their confidence in a man living under an assumed name. All his effort for reform legislation would crumble before the knowledge of his own duplicity. Even the good-natured Bolivars would resent the deception. And then the abuse that had been heaped upon Jim Thompson came sweeping back upon him. He had not wanted to live under it—he had freed himself from it like a man emerging from the miasmas of a mine. Was he going to be forced back through his own foolhardiness—back to a repellant past, a name disgraced? Was there no escape? For one distracted instant he looked towards the window, but such an exit he knew was impossible, and the door was barred—barred by Anne whose presence had once brought him intoxicating joy. Now he was again her prisoner in another way; she guarded the door as effectually as any warden of a prison gate. There was no escape. He was vaguely aware that Mrs. Bolivar was introducing them, and for one mad moment he fancied a look of recognition in Anne's eyes, but he must have been mistaken, for she turned to him and said with conventional ease:

"A stranger in Washington, Mr. Walcott?"

"Yes," he managed to answer, "the regulation Western Congressman stuffed into a dinner coat for the sole purpose of balancing Mrs. Bolivar's dinner table."

It was an ungracious reply, and he hoped that his hostess did not hear him; his mind was too disordered to choose his words. His desire to tell them that he came from the West outweighed every other consideration.

"I approve of Western men," said Ted with his old ingratiating smile. "Things are made too easy for us in the East—we are growing spineless."

"Don't suggest such creepiness," said Anne with a shiver of her white shoulders.

"He means *jelly fishy*," laughed Polly. "There is something translucent about you, Ted."

"Perhaps," agreed Ted indifferently, "I'm so confoundedly egotistical that if my friends don't see through me I'm sure it is not my fault."

And here the conversation had ended, for dinner was announced. Walcott had to stoop to offer his arm to Polly and the pressure of her thin white hand on his coat sleeve was strangely reassuring; he felt her undoubting loyalty; it was something real to cling to in a dissolving world.

As Anne passed through the luxurious library to the brilliantly lighted dining-room beyond, she turned to Ted and said in a fretful tone:

"Look at those lights. Nobody but a Western woman would have overhead lights like those. They accentuate every wrinkle."

Ted touched her gloved hand lightly as they stood for a moment in the shadow of the heavy portière. "If you had wrinkles, Anne, you might so far forget yourself as to criticize your hostess."

"How good and conventional you are to-night. I knew Fanny Bolivar when I was ten years old; we were at a convent school together. I'm in a bad humor, Ted, she's only two years older than I am and—and—"

"She looks fat, and ten years older. Is that what you want me to say?"

"I don't want you to say anything."

"Hm—this is a nice beginning for a dinner party. You will have to sit next to me for two hours at least. Here is your place, cheer up. You look as though you had seen a ghost, cheer up for both of us. I've been in a blue funk all day. Polly is on the other side of me. Bolivar has given her some sort of a job in the house. Glad they didn't relegate her to the nursery with the kids."

The guests were seating themselves, and Ted could talk with that privileged sense of privacy that a large dinner party gives.

"She's their cousin," said Anne taking up her oyster fork, "and I'm sure Polly's an aristocrat to her finger tips."

"It does us all precious little good," he answered. "What's the use of dating back to some swashbuckling crusader who killed a few old Turks in the Holy Land?"

"Don't you believe in inheritance?"

"What's the use of inheriting an ability to swing a battle-axe when we fight with rapid firing guns?"

"But we do inherit things," persisted Anne vaguely. "The Canfields were always Catholics ever since the beginning. I've always thought Catholicism was picturesque—rosaries and shrines and incense and such magnificent vestments. Why the laces they used on the altars in Rome were priceless. I've never seen anything like them."

Ted laughed. "I'm afraid Anne your prayers were very distracted."

"Oh, well, I was only a sight-seer with Badaecker as a prayer book, and I may be a pagan, for I inherit no religious traditions, while you, Mrs. Maxen, have always contended that your grandmother was a saint."

"My grandmother! Well, it seems to me *that* effectually dis-



proves everything you have said about inheritance. What do you think about it, Pollykins?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Polly turning quickly.

"If my grandmother was a saint and all virtues are inherited, how do you account for me?"

Walcott heard the question and resented it. They were talking of *his* mother. The light words sounded like a profanation and yet—Ted meant no disrespect he knew—he was calling her a saint. Surely there was no disrespect in that, and yet the words sounded like an irreverence.

"She was," said Polly loyally, "and I believe if your uncle had lived, Ted, you would have been different."

There was no lightness in Polly's tone; she had never outlived her artless attitude towards Ted.

"Miss Polly is my conscience," said Ted good-humoredly, talking across her to Walcott. "You see we grew up together. She's always candid."

"And candor isn't always desirable?" asked Walcott, forcing the words from a throat that seemed parched and hoarse.

"Well, at times it rouses unhappy recollections. She spoke of my uncle just now. Do you know there is something about you that reminds me of him. Of course he was a very young man when he died and I was only a boy. I believe some man has tried to prove that we all have doubles, and really it's not astonishing when one considers the multitude of men in the world."

Walcott dropped a spoon, but it made no sound upon the heavily padded table. "No," he said with an effort.

"And when one considers that we all have eyes and noses," Ted continued, "it seems very wonderful that they are not made all the same size and shape—cut after the same pattern, like paper soldiers. I've often thought it would be desirable to be a paper soldier."

Polly laughed tolerantly. "Why not a tin soldier, Ted? They can at least stand up."

"I don't know that I want to stand up; I've always found lying down more desirable."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that—it's all too true."

"Don't vilify me before Mr. Walcott," interrupted Ted good-naturedly. "You will at least acknowledge, Polly, that I am free from self-conceit. There's something of the Puritan about *you* Polly. You're relentless in your judgments. Your religion should make you more tolerant."

"Does a creed make a person more tolerant?" asked Walcott feeling that he must make some sort of reply. His mind was in a tumult. Ted's confessions worried him. What was the boy doing with his

life? Polly's attitude of gentle severity must have developed from some cause.

"Why of course," Polly was saying. "Aren't we taught to forgive our enemies, to pray for them, minister to them?"

"Stop, stop, Pollykins, or I'll become an enemy at once. You are too serious for a dinner party." And then he asked her some frivolous question which claimed her amused consideration. For the moment, Walcott enjoyed a slight reprieve; the dowager on his right was busily gossiping with her neighbor. He had a chance to glance at Anne. She was listening to the army officer who occupied the place on her left. Walcott remembered with a new sense of surprise that Anne had always had a talent for listening. She was not clever enough to make a success as a conversationalist, but the efficacy of her silences seemed to disprove the limitations of her intelligence. Her great beauty and her carefully-trained attention and sympathy made men lose sight of her lack of vivacity. She had always commanded admiration. She was not popular with women—they fathomed her methods, partly because she took little pains to please them.

As Polly turned away from him, Walcott gave an involuntary gasp of relief. The worst was over. He felt that he was safe. The ghosts of his past had closed about him and passed him by with no sight of recognition. And though he had not wanted to return to his old identity it was good to be back, back among his own, even if they gave him only the welcome of a stranger. Like a strong swimmer coming at last to the surface, he breathed freely once again, and he looked around him with that common ageless wonder, common to most men when they realize that the life of the world is unchanged by the joys or tragedies of their own souls.

Mrs. Bolivar was smiling at him from across the great width of damask, silver and flowers, her merry eyes glowing with the light of successful effort, for the "experimental dinner" seemed to be all that a hostess could desire. The French Ambassador, who had the place of honor at her right, had just paid her a pretty compliment with a courtly graciousness that seemed to preclude flattery; the old jurist, who had been recently appointed to the Supreme Bench, was in the midst of one of his best stories, and for the time all other table talk was silenced for the Justice's voice was deep and sonorous and he was used to commanding an audience. Then the conversation became general, a famous Socialist, to whom the Senator had taken a sudden fancy, exploited some of his radical views; the Justice took exception, and a good-natured argument was begun. The talk drifted from labor unions and the rights of man to the rights of woman. The glow deepened in Mrs. Bolivar's eyes, she was enjoying the brilliancy of the group around her. She had not lived in Washington

long enough to realize that in such a cosmopolitan city of achievement a gathering of this kind is not unusual. She could see that even Walcott had roused a degree of interest, for there was a slight lull in the animated talk and she heard him say:

"You have all been arguing the rights of a man and the possibility of increasing his possessions political and otherwise. What of the liberty of spirit that is born of self-denial?" The words were spoken half-humorously, thrown out at random as a philosophic suggestion more than a religious idea.

Senator Bolivar, who was used to his friend's blunt manner, grinned broadly and said, "Walcott talks like a mendicant monk."

"Perhaps," agreed Walcott, "but a monk would do something more than talk. What I meant to say was that we are all chasing a hundred things that we consider essential for our happiness. If we would drop half of our desires, how much leisure we would have to enjoy ourselves."

"If we had the money—perhaps," said the wife of the Socialist parenthetically.

"If we had no desires we wouldn't need any money," laughed the Senator.

"It's a complex question," ventured Ted, "trying to decide what particular desire to drop."

"Well, I'll be honest," announced the Senator, "I don't want to drop any of mine. I don't want to go live like a cow in a pasture lot."

"You're wrong again," said Walcott. "Cows have very definite desires."

Mrs. Bolivar turned appealingly to the Justice. "We will leave the decision to the Supreme Court of the United States."

"And I'll agree with Mr. Walcott," answered the old gentleman gravely, "but the trouble is most of us don't know what to do with our leisure when we get it. It takes a humorous man to enjoy his own society, a cultured man to enjoy books, and an idealist to enjoy nature, and the combination is rarer than we like to believe."

"The trouble is," said the Socialist, "that we have all been brought up wrong."

"By our mothers?" added Mrs. Bolivar gaily. "Poor women, they have been blamed for everything ever since the beginning."

"Well, we'll say the fathers are responsible," answered the Socialist gallantly. "We are not brought up in the old rigorous school of our ancestors. Few of us deny ourselves anything we can get."

"Well, there are a few who believe in fasting and prayer," said Polly brightly.

"And I'll prove it," said Walcott. The pink ice cream had been placed before him, and he lifted it like a magician so that all the

audience might see. "This ice is pink, the most alluring of colors, it is very tempting, I'm sure you will all agree, but I promised to bring mine to Bobby, so if you will excuse me, Mrs. Bolivar, I'll practise self-denial at once."

"Bobby," protested Mrs. Bolivar.

And then Walcott standing up with the small plate in his hands repeated his conversation with Bobby on the stairs. To be the centre of attention was the least of his desires, but he saw a chance of escape, and he welcomed it desperately. With a calm that amazed himself he told the whole story most appealingly, and it was greeted with much laughter. The old Justice sputtered over his Maderia, declaring that he would send his ice to Jack. But Walcott objected.

"I'm under contract to produce only one."

"Then take my spoon," begged the Justice.

"Bobby prefers the stick, and after all, why not?"

"Spoons are an unnecessary desire," mocked the Senator, "and so perhaps are sticks. The process of elimination brings us where?"

"I'll ask Bobby," said Walcott, and balancing the ice carefully to keep it from slipping off the plate he quickly left the room.

Another hostess might have objected to this unconventional leave-taking, but Mrs. Bolivar was clever enough to realize that the affair had added a human touch to the formality of the occasion.

As Walcott passed out of hearing the Senator turned to the Socialist and said: "You would be interested in Walcott. Sane-minded social worker; lived in the London slums like a pauper; all that sort of thing. Gone into Congress to reform all the rest of us; elected by a tremendous majority though he never played politics in his life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## New Books.

**A MEDIÆVAL ANTHOLOGY.** Being Lyrics and other Short Poems Chiefly Religious. Collected and Modernized by Mary G. Segar. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.

In a small volume, Mary Segar has presented us with a popular introduction to the literary treasures of pre-Reformation English literature, contained in such collections as those of the Early English Text Society and the Percy Society. Wherever necessary, for the sake of the general reader, the poems have been translated or modernized.

The collector's work has been done in a manner both sensible and scholarly. These pages give the reader a pleasing picture of mediæval England, and reveal, at times in a most touching manner, the depth and the reality of the popular sentiment of that Catholic age. Charming, tender, devout, the songs evidently spring straight from the depths of a people's heart; and they fill us with something of wonder at their sublime, simple beauty, and then with something of holy envy of the men and women who were privileged to breathe such an air as is wafted through these pages. A mother who united great faith to discreet intelligence, could find much inspiration for the training of her little ones in the lyrics and the lullabies which are here brought together.

**IS SCHISM LAWFUL?** By Rev. Edward Maguire. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80 net.

This study in primitive ecclesiology, with special reference to the question of schism, was presented to the theological faculty of Maynooth as a thesis for the doctorate. It proves, as the author states in his general summary at the close, that "Christianity is *de facto* and *de jure* a visible organic unit. And as such is the Body of Christ. Baptism incorporates us in an Organism which is at once visible and invisible. As invisible, its animating principle is grace—the life of the Spirit. As visible, it is an external society, having as unifying principle the central ecclesiastical government established by Christ. To divide the Church—whatever be the form of its government—is to divide the Body of Christ. Schism is never lawful."

The volume is a scholarly, well-defined and detailed discussion of the nature of the Catholic Church as set forth in the teaching of the New Testament, the Apostolic Fathers, St. Justin, St. Irenæus, St. Cyprian, and St. Augustine. The author ably refutes the rationalistic theories of Sohm and Harnack, who maintain that primitive Christianity was either a charismatic anarchy which gradually developed into a stable hierarchy, or that the historical Church was organic *de facto* and not *de jure*. Against Gore, Dale, and Lindsay he shows the falsity of the Anglican, Congregationalist and Presbyterian principles of church unity. He criticizes Father Tanqueray for his non-committal attitude on the entire question of church membership, finds fault with modern theologians for their illogical use of the distinction between the body and soul of the Church, and disagrees with Suarez, who declares that heretics are subject to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, although they are not members of the Church.

**MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.** By H. W. C. Davis, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

This handbook is No. 13 in the series entitled *The Home University Library* of modern knowledge. Of modest size, yet covering a great span of history, the treatment of events is necessarily brief. It stretches from the fall of the Roman empire to the rise of the free towns of Europe, and stops at the discovery of America. But few if any matters of importance have failed to be set down in proper perspective. In two chapters, "The Papacy before Gregory VII." and "The Hildebrandine Church," there are many appreciations that would be challenged by Catholic historians. Yet there is no indication of intentional unfairness or strong prejudice. And the following passage compensates for some insufficiently founded criticisms:

If the Church as a scheme of government was a doubtful blessing to those who gave her their allegiance, the Church as a home of spiritual life was invested with a grandeur and a charm which were and are apparent, even to spectators standing at the outer verge of her domain. We may compare the Middle Ages to an Alpine range, on the lower slopes of which the explorer finds himself entangled in the mire and undergrowth of pathless thickets oppressed by a still and stifling atmosphere, shut off from any view of the sky above or the pleasant plains

beneath. Ascending through this ignoble wilderness, he comes to free and windswept pastures, to the white solitude of virgin snowfields, to brooding glens and soaring peaks robed in the light or darkness which he is as little able to define or resist. . . . . On such heights of moral exaltation the mediæval mystics built their tabernacle and sang their *Benedicite*, calling all nature to bear witness with them that God in His heaven was very near, and all well with a universe which existed only to fulfill His word. It was a noble optimism and those who embraced it are the truest poets of the Middle Ages, none the less poets because they expressed their high imaginings in life instead of language.

Though, as has been already remarked, the history is brief, it will serve as a valuable compendium to the student; as it traces clearly the connection between successive phases, epochs and institutions of the period; and it will prove instructive to the reader who has neither time nor inclination to study works which present the field on a larger scale.

**THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** By Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80 net.

Father Stebbing tells us in his preface that this volume "is an attempt to give within a limited compass the main outlines of the events which make up the story of the Catholic Church."

While the author does not claim to have written a work of original research, he has succeeded in the most difficult task of writing a detailed summary of Church history in less than seven hundred pages. Most of the manuals of Church history that we possess—in German, French or English—have been written for the ecclesiastical student, and are too diffuse and too technical for the average layman to read or consult with profit.

The volume before us is the result of much thought and labor. Though the author disclaims any intention of writing a controversial manual, the objective story he sets forth in excellent perspective—the history of the Catholic Church—is in itself the best proof of Her divine mission.

**MYSTERIES OF THE MASS IN REASONED PRAYERS.** By Father W. Roche, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents net.

The title of Father Roche's book by no means does justice to the contents, for the volume is really one of the most practical

aids to devotion which exist in print. The author has brought into order and brief compass the master thoughts expressed in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and has grouped them in a series of prayers that lend themselves wonderfully well to a sympathetic following of the liturgy. The prayers are for the most part only interpretations of the words of the Missal; and they bring out the richness of the Church's message in a way that will surely be of help to the devout soul. Although not written in metre, they are printed in broken lines, a device which will remind and assist the reader to go slowly and meditatively. In the large array of volumes which have been published with a view to assist devotion at the Holy Sacrifice, this little book takes a unique place. It is the fruit of an original inspiration, cultivated with great care. Those who learn to use it will be well repaid.

**ONE YEAR WITH GOD.** By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. Boston: The Angel Guardian Press. \$2.00.

Father McDonough has written an excellent series of sermons and meditations on the Sunday Gospels and the various feasts of the liturgical year. They are devout, practical, common-sense talks to the men and women of to-day. The spirit that prompted the writer may be seen in his opening words: "The author aims at extreme simplicity, not hoping to attain so sublime a mark, yet trusting that even his vain endeavor may strike nearer than any lower aim would."

The book is sold for the benefit of the Poor Clares of Boston.

**THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.** By Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.

These lectures on the foundation and constitution of the Catholic Church were delivered in the Dublin College of the National University of Ireland. They popularize in a clear and convincing manner the classical argument of the textbooks on the claims of the Church to be the kingdom of God founded by the Saviour. The author first proves the authenticity and genuineness of the New Testament, and then from its pages deduces the Divinity of Christ, the unity and perpetuity of the Church, its infallible teaching authority, the authority of the Pope and the bishops. It is a book to put in the hands not only of the educated Catholic layman, but of the non-Catholic who is anxious to study Catholic claims.



**THE ETHIOPIC LITURGY.** By Rev. Samuel A. Mercer, Ph.D.  
Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. \$1.50.

The aim of these lectures delivered a year ago at the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago is to discuss the sources, development and present form of the Ethiopic liturgy, and to compare it from stage to stage with its sister liturgies and with other related rites. The chief originality of the present work is the author's translation into a modern language for the first time of the Ethiopic liturgy used to-day in the churches of Abyssinia. The author has carefully examined scores of manuscripts in all the museums and libraries of Europe, with the exception of those in France which on account of the war were inaccessible.

None of the manuscripts examined gave the present form of the Ethiopic liturgy, so Dr. Mercer wrote to the British Charge d'Affaires at Addis Abbeba for a manuscript copy of the form now in use. This is the basis of the present study.

We recommend this volume highly to all theological students, who will soon discover that Dr. Mercer has performed his task in a thorough and scholarly manner, and brought to their attention a great deal of material not hitherto published. The volume concludes with a facsimile of the text, a good index, and a number of scholarly notes of great interest to the Orientalist.

**COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS.** By Aloysius Sabetti, S.J. Edited by A. T. Barrett, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. \$3.50 net.

There is little need for us to recommend the well-known moral theology of Father Gury, which Father Sabetti of Woodstock adapted for the use of American seminarians. This twenty-first edition has been revised and brought up to date by Father Barrett, who has paid special attention to the legislation of late years on marriage, the Sacred Congregations, and the recitation of the Divine Office. The publishers are to be congratulated on the new make-up of this valuable work, which will be well received by the clergy of the United States.

**A STUDY IN SOCIALISM.** By Benedict Elder. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Elder tells us that this volume is the first of a contemplated series which will treat of modern social evils and their correction. He divides his treatise into three parts: the principles

of Socialism—economic, philosophic, religious, moral, political and social; the history of Socialism—the idea, the sentiment and the movement; and the aims of Socialism—as a thought movement, a political movement, and an economic movement.

While the student will find little in this volume which he has not read before in the pages of Catholic authors, the man in the street will find it an excellent book to consult for arguments wherewith to meet the Socialist propagandist of the day.

**OTHELLO: AN HISTORICAL AND COMPARATIVE STUDY.**

By Elmer E. Stoll, Ph.D. Minneapolis: Bulletin of the University of Minnesota. 50 cents.

Dr. Stoll, Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, has just published an historical and comparative study of the tragedy of Othello. Most of this interesting treatise is written to prove that whereas Shakespeare has imaginative sympathy, "he employs it by fits and starts, often neglecting motivation and analysis. . . . As a whole, the psychology of Othello is false, or might be said to be non-existent, just as it is non-existent in the whole convention of Iago's impenetrable hypocrisy and his bamboozling of all the cleverest people in the play."

All the critics have tried to explain the extraordinary quickness with which Othello's faith in Desdemona yields to Iago's insinuations. Professor Stoll sets aside the theories of Rose, Raleigh, Brooks, Schlegel and others, and declares that it is a mistake to try to find every perfection in Shakespeare. Why not admit at once that his psychology was unreal, and that, as Goethe says, Shakespeare was only concerned with the effect of the moment? Writing of the Elizabethans generally, our author states: "Dramatic art had not yet heard so clear a call as it has since, to approximate to the modesty of nature." The plot which develops austere out of the characters, without conspiracy or deliberate contriving, whether of the characters or of the presiding poet, would have seemed, even had Elizabethans known such a plot, a tame, unexpedient affair. It would not have permitted them to tell out the story on the stage, as was their wont and delight, from beginning to end.

**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE.** By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

In speaking of the laws of friendship, Mr. Griggs rightly

emphasizes the likeness of personality, community of experience, loyalty and independence of personality; but when he speaks of marriage, we find him falsely declaring that the Catholic prohibition of divorce is an old superstition, inadequate to meet the needs of life to-day. With many a modern he maintains that society must not force two people to remain together, "under a galling and moral bond," once love parts them. Marriage is altogether a private matter, and "all ecclesiastical propaganda and interference with marriage and divorce is deplorable." We are not astonished, therefore, to find this pagan philosopher advocating a legislation, "which will stop the reproduction of those who, physically and morally, are hopelessly diseased."

**THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE.** By Horace Holley. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.

What does our vague and wordy philosopher mean by the social principle? He answers us himself: "The fact that society is composed of recurrent types, a man of action, the executive, the artist, the philosopher, the mystic and the prophet—and that each type has a function which combines individual freedom and happiness with increased social control." With amusing cocksureness, he tells us "that the Christian era has come to its appointed end. Protestantism has proved a failure because the Protestant "sows his seed in a garden so confined as to exclude the sun; Catholicism is a failure because "the Catholic sows his seed in the unfertile winter of the world!" Will anyone dare defend Christianity against this prophet of the new religion? He answers again: "Argument is the first thing I have learned to put aside." We believe him.

**NOTES ON RELIGION.** By John Jay Chapman. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.

A better title for this book would have been: *Evidences of my Ignorance about Religion, especially Catholicism*. The author tells us on one page that he is not defaming the Catholic Church, but we think he does not know the meaning of the word defame. For example he tells us that the Catholic Church "is hostile to education, the individual and science; that it always uses methods which a little shock the world's conscience; that its piety is nothing but emotionalism and sensationalism; its Mass a short-cut to an irrational religious experience; its monasticism a shallow conceit;

its bishops arrogant and insolent; its whole system one social tyranny." As usual the Jesuits incur the displeasure of this anti-Catholic bigot. He says of them: "Loyola's invention is undoubtedly the most evil thought in history; to kill the individual soul was his aim; the Jesuits have made the condoning of sin as an engine of government a regular science; to help the Church they call good evil, and evil good; they are remarkable chiefly for the desire of domination and of money and for vulgarity of aim."

We are not astonished, therefore, to find this arrogant author talking about "a Christ without theology," and urging a father to teach his child religion by "committing the babe to the influence of Apollo and asking the moon to reveal God unto him."

**INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF ETHICS.** By Theodore de Laguna, Professor of Philosophy in Bryn Mawr College. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

As the author announces, this work, intended as a textbook on the subject, treats the science of ethics with as little reference as possible to metaphysics; though he does recognize that the topic of the freedom of the will cannot be passed over in silence. It consists of three parts: Part I. exposes, with some current criticism, the scope of ethical science; the facts which it has to deal with and explain; and a survey of various standards of conduct which have been proposed by moralists, or accepted in practice by men. Part II. reviews what the author calls the classical schools. The first four chapters treat of Greek philosophy; after which we are introduced to "Modern Ethics," beginning with Hobbes, who is followed by the eighteenth century English moralists, the German schools, and, finally the later Utilitarians and Hedonists. Part III. is taken up with the evolutionary theory of moral values. For a writer who follows the historical path, it is a long stride from the Stoics to Hobbes. The author's apology to the omitted centuries is that although much may be learned from them, yet "in the modern development of the science, and especially in the controversies of the great English schools, we shall find ample material for our instruction."

As we read the author's discussions upon freedom, motive, act of the will, the relation between the internal act and its internal action, our responsibility for results which we foresee and will, our responsibility for effects which we do not foresee, the measure in which responsibility is to be assigned respectively to character

and to free choice, and several other cognate topics, we cannot help forming the opinion that if the author had given some attention to the ethics of St. Thomas, even though he should not have agreed with the scholastic views in every case, he would have acquired a good deal of information that would have assisted him in handling with greater precision and more decision many of his topics. Part III. is entitled "The Evolution of Moral Standards." In it the author exposes the system which has his own preference. It may be as a whole ranked among the types which make morality conditioned on experience. "The virtues owe their whole content to men's experience of duty and self-sacrifice." Nevertheless the writer seems to admit that there is a given functional moral element in human nature which adjusting itself to the shifting and changing environment in the conditions of life, gives rise to variations in codes, and to progress in moral ideals. If this element had received its full value in his analysis he would have come closer to the schools of ethics which fix the basis of morality, of the norm of right and wrong in the rational demands of human nature itself—demands that are satisfied by adjustments which over a large area of human life vary not because human nature essentially changes, but because the conditions of life change.

As it contains much solid criticism on many of the theories examined, the book will be of service to students who have at hand the correctives for these elements in it with which Catholic philosophy does not agree.

**CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.** By William Cunningham,  
D.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

These lectures were delivered two years ago at Harvard University. They aim to set forth historically the manner in which different bodies of Christians have brought Christianity to bear upon political life. Like many English Protestants the author gives way to bitterness and prejudice, whenever he mentions the Catholic Church or the Papal claims. He speaks of the Popes maintaining their power by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; he loves to dilate upon the false claims of "a secularized church" (Catholicism) to exercise spiritual power over the civil authority; and tells us that the Kulturkampf resulted in the "lowering the respect for civil authority, and diminishing the sentiment of loyalty." Patronizingly the author further declares the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. "exceedingly interesting and

excellent ethically, but their social doctrine is unconvincing and uninspiring;" and seems to regard the Catholic Church with suspicion because he "believes that Catholics have a sense of duty to look primarily at the possibility of fostering the Roman Church, and only secondarily at the good of the community as a whole."

**BIBLE STORIES AND POEMS.** Edited by Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. Washington, D. C.: The Illustrated Bible Selections Commission. \$1.00.

This book is intended as an introduction to the Bible for college students and high school pupils. The editor in his introduction speaks of the ludicrous ignorance that is shown to-day wherever college Freshmen are examined on the Bible as a test of their preparation to study literature, law, art and ethics. When college men name "Æsop" as the brother of Jacob, inform us that "the head of John the Baptist was brought to Heroditus on a charger" and describe "Apollon" as a heathen deity, it is high time to write textbooks that will bring to their minds the chief passages and facts of Bible history.

**THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.** By Robinson Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

To Cervantes' admirers and enthusiasts, this *Life* will prove a mine of interest and pleasure. The author, who has previously translated *Don Quixote*, devotes himself to the most minute and loving study of what he deems one of the glories of Cervantes, namely, the marvelous skill and art with which he deftly intertwines his conceits—the absurdities of those whom he ridicules with his own narrative. But the book must be read in order to follow out this interesting and fascinating parallel.

**JOURNEYS WITH JERRY THE JARVEY.** By Alexis Roche. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Every traveler in Ireland knows the proverbial wit and humor of the average Irish jarvey. Mr. Roche's "Jerry" is the Irish jarvey at his best. In this entertaining volume Jerry tells us many an interesting story of funerals, wakes, weddings, ghosts, horse-races, society life and modern Irish politics, interspersed with shrewd bits of wisdom and droll comment. The book is well written, though at times the humor is a bit broad. The reader will not find a dull line from the first page to the last.

**WHAT NIETZSCHE TAUGHT.** By Willard Huntington Wright.

New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00 net.

Since the beginning of the war, in the innumerable discussions, charges, apologies, explanations, defences, and general polemics that have appeared around the term *Kultur*, its origin, ethos and value, no name has been more frequently invoked by defenders and assailants than that of Nietzsche, the philosopher of the *Superman*, who wrote of himself: "I am writing for a race of men which does not yet exist;" for "the lords of the earth." In consequence, one hears frequently the question: "What was Nietzsche's philosophy? What did he write?" His works are many; and owing to his aphoristic style, they are not easy reading. It is frequently difficult to reach his exact thought, and still more difficult to follow the sequence of his ideas. To anybody desirous of gaining a knowledge of the philosopher's teachings, the author of this work is a benefactor. Thoroughly versed in his Nietzsche, he has produced an excellent survey of the doctrine, as it is exposed in the writings which he expounds synthetically and sympathetically; through the medium of abundant verbal quotation, and, where he does not present the master's own words, concise summary. He is interested in showing that contrary to the opinion of some critics, Nietzsche is not merely a destroyer, he is also constructive. The destructive philosopher sets himself the task of sweeping away all traditional morality, all prepossessions as to the existence of free-will, of any distinction between right and wrong, all religion, especially Christianity, which works against the higher development of the individual, and being a religion of weakness, fails to meet the requirements of the modern man. The following passage is a brief statement of a view which finds repeated expression everywhere in the philosophy:

Experience teaches us that, in every case in which a man has elevated himself above his fellows, every high degree of *power* always involves a corresponding degree of *freedom* from good and evil as also from "true and false," and cannot take into account what goodness dictates. . . . . What is Christian "virtue" and "love of men" if not precisely this mutual assistance with a view to survival, this solidarity of the weak, this thwarting of selection? . . . . . He who does not consider this attitude of mind as immoral, as a crime against life, himself belongs to the sickly crowd and also shares their instincts.

The ideal of Nietzsche's constructive philosophy is the *Super-*

*man*, entirely liberated from all moral bonds, finding his satisfaction in the possession and exercise of power; endowed with resolute faith in himself, the power of affirmation, initiative and pride: "The revolution, confusion and distress of whole peoples is, in my opinion, of less importance than the misfortunes which attend great individuals in their development. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived; the many misfortunes of these small folk do not together constitute a sum-total, except in the *feelings* of mighty men." Briefly, the philosophy of Nietzsche may be summarized in saying that it is the direct contradiction of the Gospel; a statement with which the author of this work would surely agree, since he calls his master "the most effective critic who ever waged war against Christianity."

**THE SECOND EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.** By Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

Catholics will read with interest this critical and exegetical commentary on the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians which forms part of the International Critical Commentary, written by Protestant scholars of Great Britain and the United States. An introduction of sixty pages treats of the authenticity of the Epistle, its occasion and problems, its place, date and contents, its integrity, its characteristics, style and language, its text, and its commentaries.

The chief interest of this letter, as the author points out, is a personal one, namely, the vindication of the Apostle's authority and character. For that reason there is but little discussion of controversial points in Dr. Plummer's commentary.

We do not agree with our author's statement that the sinner mentioned in 2 Cor. ii. 5-10 and vii. 12 is different from the sinner mentioned in 1 Cor. v. 1. The author's exegesis is most likely prompted by his denial of the doctrine of indulgences, for we find him quoting that bitter non-Catholic, Mr. H. C. Lea, who declares the ordinary Catholic exegesis on these texts dishonest. Again we fail to see any contradiction between 1 Cor. xv. and 2 Cor. v., although our author declares that in the first instance St. Paul thought that the spiritual body was received at the resurrection, and in the second that it was received at death. Catholics, of course, cannot admit that St. Paul "does not stop to think whether what he says in one passage is logically coherent with what he



may have said elsewhere." Nor can they admit that he had "no clearly defined theory respecting the Resurrection, the Parousia, and the Judgment."

**HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.** By Charles Henry Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Dr. Robinson is the editorial secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The volume forms part of the International Theological Library, and is written as a textbook to encourage and facilitate the study of foreign missions. Its title is misleading, for in reality it is an unfair panegyric of Protestant missions, which utterly fails to mention the meagre results attained in view of the great financial outlay. Or as the Protestant organ, *The Living Church*, lately expressed it, when speaking of this Protestant missionary work, "the appalling discrepancy between lavish expenditure and paucity of results in Latin American missions." No one, therefore, can accept at their face value the statistics published by unscrupulous and high-priced missionaries. One's righteous anger is aroused when reading the groundless accusations made in this book against the missions and missionaries of California who, in their seventy-five years of unselfish labor and untold sacrifice, achieved results which have affected all subsequent history.

**THE INVASION OF AMERICA.** By Julius W. Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

This story about the invasion of America and the capture of New England, New York and New Jersey is written to further the policy of preparedness, which is now being discussed all over the United States in view of the Great War in Europe. Its imaginary happenings are based upon what might occur in view of the country's failure to train its militia, properly equip its army and navy, and lay up a sufficient supply of arms and ammunition to meet a foreign foe. The book is valuable from the fact that it calls attention to the utter folly of the pacifists, who confound preparedness with jingoism. The book is well written and well illustrated.

**GERMANY EMBATTLED.** By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

While supposedly written from a neutral point of view, this book is essentially an attack on German militarism and Govern-

mental autocracy. For the first few pages one does not perceive clearly whither the trend of thought is leading, but this uncertainty fades away before the end of the first chapter. At best it is a mediocre production, one of the many war books piling up around us these days. Parts are interesting: for instance, the chapters on "The Two Germanies" and "The Kaiser and the War." But there is a strong Socialist ring about the chapter on "Imperialism and the German Parties," and a certain amount of anti-Catholic prejudice. All in all it is not a striking production, which a book on this subject must be to-day if it is to be singled out from the mass of its rivals.

**THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET.** By Lillian D. Wald. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00 net.

This book, largely a reprint of matter already published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is well calculated to arouse and sustain interest in the work of bettering the conditions of young lives. The author gives easily and gracefully an account of the beginnings and growth of the movement, by what measures it was established, and what have been its results. Statistics and dry details are sparsely used: emphasis is given by descriptions of the people among whom and for whom the work has been carried on. Miss Wald maintains the work has advanced so far as to demand new terms for the full expression of its many-sided activities.

The book is well and sympathetically written. It is of an attractive appearance, with many illustrations and decorations in drawing.

**WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?** By John Walker Powell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

Part of the author's answer to his own question is a statement that "no man . . . . is entitled to be called a Christian who does not offer to Jesus Christ the most heartfelt loyalty;" and again, he says: "He is the unfailing fountain of spiritual power." Unfortunately he does not clearly insist upon belief in the Divinity of Christ as essential to the title of Christian, but he declares the necessity of a conscious adherence to the teaching of Our Lord more close and constant than would be likely to be practised by any except a believer in Him as our Divine Saviour.

It is a thoughtful book; within the limitations of thought that is non-Catholic; and it is definitely spiritual-minded. Mr.

Powell expresses himself clearly and well, and in the chapter headed "The Christian and War," his penetrating good sense refutes the extravagances uttered by the advocates of peace at any cost.

**PHONETIC METHOD OF HEARING CONFESSIONS OF THE SLAVIC PEOPLES IN CASES OF EMERGENCY.** St.

Louis: B. Herder. 20 cents net.

This valuable little volume will by easy method quickly enable a priest unacquainted with the Slavic tongues, to hear confessions in Polish, Bohemian, Slovak, Slovenian, Croatian, Russian, Lithuanian, Bulgarian, and Hungarian.

**A SYNOPSIS OF DEVAS' POLITICAL ECONOMY.** Edited by

Rev. C. D. Hugo, O.P. London: R. & T. Washbourne. 20 cents.

Father Hugo of the English Dominican Province has just published a clear and detailed synopsis of Mr. Devas' well-known Political Economy, which will be most helpful to students preparing for an examination in this difficult study.

**FITS AND STARTS.** By Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. St.

Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

These stories are rather uneven both in style and interest. Some ask too much of the imagination and others are full of true Irish humor and pathos. The author has often a good story to tell; sometimes he tells it admirably.

**MARY.** By Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny. St. Louis: B. Herder.

75 cents net.

The tone of this story for girls is most earnest and devout, but its difficult theme—that of a father's unnatural dislike of his child—is treated in a forced and artificial manner. The characters, therefore, fail in effective appeal, for the reader can hardly imagine them to be real. In theme and style the book does not reach the standard of this author's previous work.

**BURKESES AMY.** By Julia M. Lippmann. New York: Henry

Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Amy, the spoiled pet of a doting millionaire grandfather, gives up the prospect of a trip to Europe with him to devote her life to social work with her father. Selfish, lazy and heartless, she develops by contact with the poor of an East-side tenement district

into a strong, self-reliant and energetic young woman. Of course her hero of the slums turns out to be a nobleman's son in disguise, and he and the heroine marry and are happy ever afterwards. It is a good clean story by the well-known author of the "Martha" books.

**AMERICA AND THE NEW WORLD STATE.** By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

This book is a plea for an organized society of nations which will make war impossible, and a call upon the United States to play the leader in this New World State. Mr. Angell argues that whereas we, as a nation, have a very real dependence, moral, intellectual and economic, upon the nations of Europe, we are detached by our position and history from the traditions and quarrels which have brought about the present European war. He hopes that when the settlement comes, the old ideal of a nation imposing its will by force will be done away with forever, and a better state of things be brought about, in which public right shall replace the rule of force, and the peaceful development of civilization be exempt from the burden of armanent, competition and the dislocation caused by war.

**MICHAEL FREEBERN GAVIN.** A Biography. Edited by His Son. Cambridge, Mass.: Privately printed at the Riverside Press.

This well-written volume tells in simple but eloquent language the story of Dr. Gavin's life. A rather uneventful life, the casual reader might remark, and hardly worthy of a special biography. But the life of a man so thoroughly good cannot fail to be an inspiration to the Catholic layman of the present generation. It reveals to us a true, courteous, genial, sincere and deeply religious man—esteemed highly by his confrères, loved by his friends and kinsfolk, and honored by the public he served so well. His many friends in Boston will be pleased to read this earnest and loving tribute to his memory.

**BETWEEN THE LINES.** By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Cable's volume describes most vividly and graphically the horrors of trench warfare on the Western front during the present European War. We can well believe him when he tells us that these stirring tales were all written "within sound of the German guns."

## PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press sends us four pamphlets of the Catholic Mind: *Catholics and Frank Statement*, a reprint from the *Bombay Examiner* on the writing of history by Father Hull, S.J., and a brief sketch of John Huss by Father Murphy, S.J.; *The Church and Civilization*, by Father Hull, S.J.; *Faith and Reason*, by Father Finlay, S.J.; and the *Ethics of Journalism*, by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne, Australia, has just published the *Drink Evil in Australia*, by Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J.; *Will They Never Come?* a plea for conversions by Constance Clyde and three short stories—*Noël*, by Christian Reid; *A Boy's Prayer*, by T. Lloyd; and *A Little Child Shall Lead Them*, by Josie Moy.

The Catholic Truth Society of Dublin has just issued an excellent life of Monsignor Eugene de Mazenod, the founder of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

The World Peace Foundation sends us a pamphlet on *Preparedness*, by Charles H. Levermore. The writer neither advises disarmament nor favors a frenzied haste to arms, believing that the former policy is still impracticable, and the latter unnecessary and irrational.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has published a booklet styled *The Colorado Industrial Plan*. It contains a copy of the plan of employees' representation, and the agreement between the company and its employees, adopted at the coal and iron mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. To bring out the scope of the plan more fully, the writer includes an article on *Labor and Capital-Partners*, a reprint from the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1916.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Bloud et Gay of Paris continue to publish their interesting series of *Pages Actuelles*. We have just received *Heroic Serbia*, by Henry Lorin, Professor of Literature at Bordeaux; *The Soldier of 1914*, a glowing tribute to the bravery of the French army by René Doumic; a sketch of *King Albert of Belgium*, by Pierre Nothomb; a brief life of *General Maunoury*, by an anonymous writer; and three biographies of *General Joffre*, *General Pau* and *General Galliëni*, by G. Blanchon.

Justina Leavitt Wilson sends us a brochure on *Woman's Suffrage*. It contains a brief bibliography of the most important books on the subject, a chapter on the progress of the movement, and suggestions to the suffragist who wishes to prepare campaign speeches.

P. S. King & Son, of London, has just published a booklet of a hundred pages by Margaret Fletcher on *Christian Feminism*. It forms one of the series of manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild of England. Its various chapters discuss the Catholic teaching on celibacy, marriage, liberty, and the Church's attitude toward women; law and its limitations; laws affecting the personal and private lives of women; woman in industrial legislation, and internationalized feminism.

The writer concludes: "Christian feminism seeks to build upon Christian principles, and to discover for women a wider scope for the development and exercise of their powers in conformity with these, and thus to procure for them a greater share of justice and social life. Revolutionary feminism is seeking to make a new path, and is convinced that whatever seems to obstruct complete self-realization for the individual is condemned, whether it be revealed religion or traditional morality."

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

The offensive in the West for which the **Progress of the War.** Allies were preparing, has been anticipated by the Germans making their attack on Verdun, which has been unsuccessfully carried on for so long a time. During January and February at several points along the four-hundred mile line efforts in considerable force had been made to feel the strength of both British and French. Possibly Verdun may have been chosen as the place most likely to give way. The French lines round the fortress formed a great salient, or projection, so that the Germans could attack on three sides. If they could have driven in the base of the salient, they would have effected what they tried so often in the Russian campaign last year. Then Verdun lies near the frontier, and is only forty miles from Metz. Its close connection with the German railways and military depots, make it easy both to bring up forces for attack, and to withdraw them in case of defeat. Dynastic motives may have had some influence.

The Allies cannot help being gratified that the Germans have themselves undertaken offensive operations, as these are much more costly than defensive. That the enemy should fling themselves upon lines which the Allies believe to have been made impregnable is a pleasing development of the method of attrition which General Joffre has adopted for so long. The truth is Germany cannot wait. She has reached, if she has not already passed, the limits of her strength, while the Allies are still far from having developed all their reserves. Every student of the war whose opinion carries weight, is agreed that Germany cannot keep her armies in the field up to the present strength beyond this year. The Allies, on the other hand, have practically inexhaustible resources. Hence the Germans being at the top of their strength feel that now is the time for the decisive conflict.

The internal situation in Germany furnishes a new motive. Accounts of privations and growing discontent increase day by day. To obtain subscriptions for the loan which is on the point of being issued, is another reason for the effort that is now being made.

It is impossible to narrate in detail the course of the battle. At the time these lines are being written it seems certain that the German attempt has failed, so far, that is, as anything in war can be certain. Even Verdun's fall would be but an episode, although a serious one. Lines upon lines of defence behind Verdun would remain still to be conquered. Its fall would be but a preliminary to an attempt to reach Paris probably from some other point. In view of the enormous losses which the Germans have met with, such an attempt although possible seems unlikely.

On the Eastern front the only change to be recorded is a slight advance of the Russians, by which they have secured a foothold on the Western bank of the Dniester. By the victories in Armenia and by their advance through Persia, the Russians have made a great change in the prospects of the war. The Turks are now upon the defensive, and there is now little likelihood of an attack upon Egypt. The Russians are now said to be within striking distance of Bagdad, and to be on the point of uniting with the British at Kut-el-Amara. To the north they are said to be well on the way to Trebizond. No attack has been made upon the Allied forces at Saloniki. The German "Army of Egypt" is serving partly in France and partly on the borders of Rumania, a state which is said to be wavering, and on the point of joining the Allies. So far from being attacked at Saloniki there is talk of an advance in order to cut the German communications with Constantinople and to win back the territory of Serbia. As Italy has at Avlona two hundred and fifty thousand men, while on the island of Corfu there are seventy-five thousand Serbians, these with the forces of France and Great Britain at Saloniki would have little difficulty in accomplishing such a task. In the meantime, however, Serbia and a large part of Albania, as well as the whole of Montenegro, are in the hands of Austria and the Bulgar-Germans. In the French Republic the Governments of Serbia and Montenegro have found a refuge. No change of importance has taken place in the line held by the Italians. Out of Cameroon the Germans have at last been driven, while in East Africa, where the forces are under the command of a Boer general, that operation is still in progress.

Portugal's involvement in the war increases the list to thirteen, and has an important bearing on the supply of ships.

**Germany.**

The difficulty of learning with any approach to certainty the real state of things in Germany, does not grow less. This is not felt, of course, by those who place their faith in the official statements of the German Government, but so many have been the disappointments of those who were once thus trustful that their number must now be very limited. Various and numerous indications show waning strength and confidence. The terms of peace of which there have been reports, all of which undoubtedly emanated from German sources, have been gradually becoming more and more lenient to the Allies, although even in the latest version the demands made on German behalf are preposterously exorbitant. Renouncing the occupation of Paris, Petrograd and London, as well as the huge indemnity to be paid by Great Britain, and her exclusion from the command of the sea, Germany in her latest mood is said to be willing to restore Belgium and the occupied districts of France, to divide the Balkans between Austria-Hungary, Greece and Bulgaria, to give to Poland a distinct position, whether within the German Empire or under the tutelage of Austria-Hungary is not yet determined, and to leave Russia intact with the exception of Courland. Great Britain is neither to gain nor to suffer loss, except that the German Colonies of which she has taken possession during the course of the war are to be restored. On the other hand, although the Allies are not boasting as they did at the beginning of the war about marching into Berlin, the terms upon which they are willing to make peace have neither increased nor diminished, except that Servia and Montenegro are now included with Belgium among the small nations to whom their rights are to be restored. France demands the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine; Russia will not make peace until the last German has been driven out of her borders; Italy's boundaries must be extended to the districts of which Italians are the inhabitants. While Great Britain makes no claim to possessions on the continent, she will not give up to Germany any part of the many colonies which she has conquered. Still less will she yield in any degree the possession of the sea. On the contrary, if the war ends without the annihilation of the German navy, in such a sea battle as is now being talked about, demands may be enforced on Germany for the limi-



tation of the German navy, as this forms a part of that Prussian militarism which it is the chief and supreme object of the Allies to bring to so complete an end that it will be no cause of anxiety in the future.

The fall of the mark is another thing that speaks louder than words about the unsatisfactory state of things inside the German Empire. Within the last few days the exchange on Germany in New York broke through seventy-two and one-fourth cents for four marks, a discount of some twenty-four per cent from the ninety-five and two-tenths cents at which German gold coin here exchanges for ours. In January the same low rate was reached—a thing which made the Berlin authorities in their alarm take extraordinary measures to control the rate. The fact that notwithstanding these efforts the mark has again fallen to its previous lowest record, shows the estimate which the financial world places upon German capabilities to maintain its credit. Notwithstanding the vast sums which Great Britain has had to spend upon imports, she has been able to restore to an almost normal level her own rate of exchange. The reason for the fall of the mark is that those best able to judge have lost confidence in the rehabilitation within a reasonable time of the German financial position. As the Germans profess a belief in their ability to carry on a war of exhaustion, this belief must be added to the long list of the German misconceptions which first led them into the conflict and has since made them continue it. The unfavorable judgment of financiers is based upon the fact that German currency has for a long time not been redeemable in gold, and the volume of paper money has been immensely increased. If German exchange is bought, what is bought is not the right to gold in Berlin or Hamburg, but only to paper currency which has an altogether uncertain value. Gold cannot be purchased in Berlin by any amount of paper currency, a thing which was always possible during our Civil War at a premium which could always be estimated. The German Government allows no such estimate to be made.

The last speech of the German Minister of Finance announced a great change in the arrangements which were to be made for the rest of the war—a change so disappointing that it was doubtless the cause of the fall in the Bourse which followed immediately upon its delivery. The loans which, theretofore, had been issued owed their success in large degree to the promise that there would be no taxation, and that the main burden of the war would be thrown upon the foes of Germany. Dr. Helfferich found it neces-

sary to withdraw this promise, and so the present generation of Germans will be called upon to spend not merely blood, but treasure. Full details of the new taxation have not yet been announced; it is understood, however, that a tax will be levied upon war profits.

From a German source it is learned that the loan debt of the Empire before the war amounted to five millards of marks (\$1,250,000,000). Before the end of the year the total war credits amounted to forty millards (\$10,000,000,000). These credits represent only the immediate cost of the war, and do not comprise the gigantic sums that will have to be found for pensions, for dependents of dead soldiers and invalids, and for replacing of army materials (if the terms of peace allow this to be done) and other such needs. The mere payment of the interest on the forty millards at five per cent without the obviously requisite amortization will entail a yearly expenditure of \$500,000,000. The increase of expenditure in individual States and districts must be added to that of the Empire as a whole. This shows how deceptive was the statement of the Minister of Finance that the last year had ended with a surplus, and that he hoped the current year would end with a balance of revenue and expenditure. This was, indeed, accomplished, but by the simple procedure of withdrawing the war expenditure on the army and navy from the Budget, and meeting it by the war loans. In fact even the interest on the war loans has been met not out of the ordinary revenue, but from the proceeds of the loans themselves.

The visits of neutral observers afford yet another means of discovering the realities behind the scenes—means, too, which while they do not compel belief, still deserve attention. A Swede who passed a month in Germany and Austria towards the end of last year, found that the war had caused very little change in the appearance of Berlin, and in fact of any of the large towns. Only as a result of minute inquiry, and that in the smaller towns and villages, could the change which has in reality taken place be ascertained. These inquiries resulted in the conviction that while there was no justification for the extreme views as to shortages and sufferings which were held in France and England about the state of things in Germany, there were many inconveniences which might easily become grave difficulties, and which no other people than the Germans, accustomed to a submissive life, would suffer. The following is a specimen of the life of submission under which sixty millions of Germans are now living. On two days in

each week no fat substances of any kind, no butter or salad oil can be sold in shops or served in restaurants. On two other days no meats can be sold. Wednesdays and Fridays are meatless days; Tuesdays and Thursdays are fatless days. Each household is provided by the police with weekly bread tickets. These are a few of the many instances of the effects of the war which are being felt by the Germans—effects which would produce revolution in countries in the enjoyment of the freedom to which we are accustomed, and which have in fact caused an open agitation in almost every German town, although means of suppression have been found. To these accounts of the privations from which the Germans are suffering, must be added what another relates about the dwindling of many industries. The textile industry is almost at a standstill. Hat-making and the boot and shoe trade have suffered for various reasons. A new sort of wooden shoe has taken the place in several localities of those made of leather.

Since the day on which the Kaiser promised his soldiers that they would keep the Christmas Day of 1914 in their homes, many dates have been fixed in Germany for the end of the war. During the visit of the neutral to which reference has been made, "two or three months more" was almost the invariable reply which he received to the question when the war would end. This expectation of a speedy termination doubtless contributes largely to the maintenance of a firm front; but as each date has come and gone, it may be assumed that this confidence is not now so strong, and that the reports of growing discontent, owing to oft-repeated disappointments which from time to time appear, are not without that foundation which is denied to them by official statements. The perception, too, of the fact that no success on land can be decisive, is becoming more widespread. Even Count Reventlow recognizes that the British possession of sea-power nullifies, so long as it is maintained, all the successes which Germany has secured at such an enormous sacrifice. The efficiency of the British fleet is rendered all the greater by the geographical situation of Germany. She is surrounded by neutral States on the Baltic and the North Sea. These States possess great ports, which normally carry on an extensive trade of their own. The British problem in the effort to cut off German trade is complicated by the fear lest she should unduly interfere with the legitimate trade of Germany's neighbors. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the results achieved have been remarkable. The export trade with this country has diminished

by ninety-two per cent. Of the import trade into Germany it is impossible to give exact statistics, nor does the British Foreign Office believe that it has been stopped or can be wholly stopped. In fact, a widespread belief exists in England that the Foreign Office has been too tender in its treatment of the German import trade. A strong demand arose for a change of system, the substitution of the old-fashioned blockade for the Orders in Council, in virtue of which action is now being taken. Sir Edward Grey refused, indeed, to accede to this demand, but promised a tightening up of the hitherto existing method—a promise which has been redeemed. In fact, a new minister has been appointed to be placed in sole charge of the effort which Great Britain is now making complete to isolate Germany from the world of commerce.

Efforts have been made by experts to form a more or less accurate estimate of Germany's resources in men of military age. The mobilizable total at the beginning of the war is placed at nine millions. Probably 3,500,000 have been lost, killed, badly wounded and sick, being an average loss of nearly 200,000 a month. There are approximately 3,000,000 on her two fronts, two-thirds of which are in the West. On her lines of communication, in garrisons, on the coast, and in the interior, some place 2,500,000, others no more than one million. Based on these estimates and on the supposition that the war preserves in the future its past character, at some date between May and October, Germany will find herself unable to maintain her effectives at the front with men of military age, and will, therefore, before that date, force a decision at one front or another. This estimate seems to have erred, if at all, on the side favorable to Germany. Germany has already attempted to force a decision at Verdun, and among the prisoners that have been taken by the French, the large number of ineffectives was most striking. This is not the first time that this has been noticed, and seems to indicate that the supply of men of military age is already being exhausted, and that the pick of the German population has been to a large extent destroyed. A neutral who has recently paid a visit to Münster noted the enormous change which the corps of officers has undergone. "Very few of the professional officers are left; their places have been taken by civilians in uniform." The reliance placed on mechanical aids strengthens this conclusion that less is being placed on the human element.

That these notes may not be thought pessimistically exaggerated, a few extracts from a semi-official paper—the *Cologne Gazette*—

may be given: "Never shall we be able to forget the seriousness of these times. The effects of the war will not be wiped out with the conclusion of peace. In all circumstances, as the Secretary of State for the Imperial Treasury said in the Reichstag, we shall have to bear a colossal burden of taxes after the war. It is useless to make guesses about the extent of the coming taxes.....A far higher percentage of our income [must be placed] at the disposal of the State in the shape of taxes and customs [amounting possibly to thirty per cent].....in addition to these great sacrifices, smaller sacrifices are required, and the future as well as the present demands privations.....Let us not forget that many German women are to-day walking a road suffering, and that there is much need among the families of the lower middle classes which is not yet allayed in spite of all readiness to help.....[In spite of all difficulties] the German people as a whole will continue to hold out in this war for years to come."

#### Italy.

The slight opposition offered by Italy to the overrunning by Austria first of Montenegro and then of the Albanian Coast far on the way to Avlona, has caused something more than disappointment, and the fact that she is nominally still at peace with Germany, and has declined to declare war on the ally of Austria-Hungary, has made many doubt the whole-heartedness of her coöperation with France and Great Britain. Possibly to remove these doubts the French Premier went upon a mission to Rome, accompanied by M. Bourgeois and members of the war staff. This visit was the first paid by any French Minister to Italy for twelve years, and has resulted in the renewal of the bonds which naturally exist between the two Latin races. The mission received an ovation upon its arrival in Rome, and is believed to have resulted in clearing up any misunderstandings which may have arisen, and in bringing about closer coöperation in the conduct of the war. In addition to these more immediate results, the visit is hailed as a sign of the reunion of peoples whose ideals are opposed in every respect to those of the Powers that are making a supreme effort to dominate the rest of Europe. Since the visit the Italian Government has taken possession of the German and Austrian ships which were interned at the beginning of the war, and has forbidden the importation under any guise into Italy or her colonies of products of German origin. She has, however, re-

frained from declaring war on that country, nor has the latter treated Italy in the same way as she has treated Portugal, although the latter did no more than Italy.

Some little degree of unrest exists in political circles in Italy: the conduct of the war is being criticized, and the refusal of Signor Salandra to admit into his Cabinet a representative of the Interventionist groups of the extreme Left is the cause of the discontent of members of these groups. A certain amount of ill-feeling towards Great Britain has been shown on account of the enormous rise in coal freights which was laid to her door, and which was producing a shortage of the coal necessary for Italian industries. Arrangements have been made to remedy this cause of complaint. Nothing, however, has weakened the resolve of the Italian people. On the contrary, Italy is declared to be "more than ever unanimous in the determination to continue the struggle not only until the downfall of the secular enemy, but also until the defeat of the whole *bloc* of which Austria forms a part, and against which our Allies are fighting on other fronts. We have signed the Pact of London and we shall honor our signature."

#### Russia.

The acute tension which has existed behind the scenes in Russia, has been relieved by the resignation of M. Goremykin. During the retreat from Poland and Galicia a widespread movement began for internal reform. The War Minister was superseded; but M. Goremykin remained as a barrier to the aims of the progressive *bloc*. No little satisfaction, therefore, was felt when he resigned, but this was speedily dissipated when M. Sturmer, a member of the Council of the Empire, was appointed as his successor. The new Premier is not only a friend of his predecessor, whose views he is understood to share, but was in close collaboration with M. Plehve, whose name is held in execration by all who aim at the political improvement of Russia. Happily these fears also have to some extent been dissipated, for M. Sturmer not only at once announced that he was in sympathy with the Government coöperating with the Duma, but proceeded at once to summon a meeting of the Russian Parliament. He is not, however, in favor of any attempt during the course of the war to settle the numerous and complicated domestic problems which existed before the war broke out. The prosecution of the war to a successful issue should, he holds, be the sole pre-occupation of the Government. No proposal for a separate peace

would be entertained. His confidence is indicated by his declaration: "Those who speak of the financial and economic exhaustion of Russia appear ludicrous to me, for Russia and the Russian people cannot be exhausted or conquered." At the opening of the Duma the Tsar for the first time was present in person, and welcomed the representatives of the people cordially. The promise is bright for a closer coöperation between the Government and the elected House. The fact that no period is fixed for the length of the session, and no definite scope for its labors, is considered a token of the Government's wish to establish relations of mutual confidence.

The great and important victories of the Russian armies in Armenia have greatly changed the outlook. This change is due not merely to the victories themselves, but to the proof which they afford that the cause of former defeats has been removed. Last year's defeat, the War Minister declares, was due solely to the lack of shells. "The position was the more poignant because from the point of view both of the bravery of the men and the methods of fighting, everything was in favor of the Russians winning. To-day I tell you categorically that the munitions crisis no longer exists. It is a thing of the past, a sinister memory, but only a memory . . . . . It has been an absolute revolution: an absolute transformation of our industrial activity and almost of our customs. We have now a permanent reserve of a million and a half of young recruits, which will enable us to feed the various units without sending to the front men with insufficient military training. Behind the four Allies there are the natural resources of the whole universe. Behind the armies of the Central Powers are exhaustion and shakiness. There is only one way to express our final success and that is in the words—the war will continue to the end."

The scale on which things are done in Russia may be illustrated by the gigantic proportions of the celebration at Petrograd of St. George's Day last December. Several buildings, including one palace, were filled with guests for whom tables three miles in length were loaded with bread and meat and drink. Nine tons of beef, eight thousand fowl and thirty-two thousand bottles of liquor were supplied for the occasion. As the liquor was wine and mead, this was not considered to be a violation of the temperance *régime*.

## With Our Readers.

THE reports of the proceedings of the Protestant Congress on Christian Work in Latin America are as yet too meagre to permit of extensive comment. The purpose of the Congress is to antagonize the Catholic Church in South America. Catholics were forbidden by the Archbishop of Panama to participate in any way. The Protestant organs that support the work of the Congress have since claimed that prominent Catholics were present, and the New York dailies stated that the President of Panama delivered an address before the Congress. The President of Panama did not appear at any session of the Congress; nor did he even send an address to it. And *The Churchman*, for example, stated that a Catholic Judge, Emilio del Toro, from Porto Rico, addressed the Congress; but this same Judge stated expressly in his address: "I come from a family Catholic in origin, but for a long time past I have not personally been a member of any Church." The only Catholic who attended was the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and he was not permitted even to welcome the members of the Congress in the name of the President of Panama. He seems to have been present through legal necessity, and he expressly told the Congress that he was a "sincere and devout Catholic."

Though the more moderate members seem to have prevailed in the resolutions accepted by the Congress, their moderation was not of an extraordinary kind, and the purpose of the Congress remains as positive as it was when the Congress was called. A "Continuation Committee" was established, and one of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Brown, accepted the office of vice-president. As a consequence, *The Living Church*, the organ of the High Episcopalians who protested so vigorously against their Church taking any part in the Congress, renews its protests.

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THE Protestant motive of the Congress, namely, opposition to the Catholic Church and a determination to undermine Catholic faith in Catholic countries, is beyond question. Bishop Oldham's address, moderate and conciliatory as some Protestant journals term it, spoke of the Catholic Church as a "persecuting" Church; of its "ceaseless itch for political meddling;" of the "worship" by its members of the Virgin Mary; of how the Protestant campaign in South America was to "recover" for Catholics "their loving Lord." Bishop Brown also stated that one of the primary purposes of the "campaign" in



South America was to remove those things which in the name of religion stand between God and the individual worshipper; "to give its people" the gospel of an open Bible; further, that the religious leaders in these Catholic countries had put "institutions, ceremonies and many mediators between the soul and God, each one serving to hide the Father and to obscure His love."

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THESE and many other statements that it would take too much space to reprint, such as "there are but five messengers in the whole of Venezuela declaring that Jesus is ready to save all who come to Him, without money and without price," make it very difficult to give credit for honesty to the Episcopal Bishop of Porto Rico when he said: "The Church's presence in Latin America is due solely to her desire to coöperate with the existing forces in these countries in the common work of subduing the powers of evil, and of bringing all men into the faith and obedience of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic Church of God," or the New York *Churchman*, when it states "the Roman Church was not assailed."

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THE main purpose of the Congress was to show (we adopt the words of *The Congregationalist*) "that the Evangelical Church is the real depository of the pure, apostolic faith and the only hope of civil, religious and intellectual liberty for Latin America."

There is no warrant, therefore, to speak of its spirit as tolerant towards Catholics.

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THE *Month* points out in its March issue that the book of United States Military Instructions gives the following direction: "Men who take up arms against one another in public warfare do not cease on this account to be moral beings responsible to one another and to God." Of all "modern codes, war books, law books and what not," this is the only instance *The Month* finds where "reference is made to God the source and standard of all morality."

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IN answer to a note of inquiry concerning a review in our February issue, we have received the following from the reviewer:

"The attention of the writer responsible for the review that appeared in the February number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD of Professor Jastrow's *The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria*, has been courteously called to some passages in that work which consist of conjectures upon the origin of the Book of Genesis. Exception was

taken to the favorable estimate given of a book which contained passages inconsistent with Catholic faith. This favorable estimate is compendiously stated in the first paragraph of the notice: 'He has sifted carefully and grouped together the immense amount of information which the monuments of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley have yielded to science, and has covered within the compass of eight chapters the whole range of Babylonian and Assyrian civilization.' That is to say, Professor Jastrow, within his own scientific field, has done his work and given us a book useful to students.

"But science is one thing, and speculation another. When he, as so many other scientists do, quits his proper field of facts to indulge in his own theories and conjectures his views are of no importance. Catholic scholars and students who, as part of their purgatory, are doomed to devote themselves to Assyriology, are obliged to seek their data in works that emanate, for the most part, from men who do not believe in the supernatural character of the Bible, and give formal, or informal, expression to their opinion when they are treating their proper subject. When we detect this note in their texts, we value it as everybody of good sense values, let us say, the special authority of Mr. Edison, the wizard of electricity, when delivering his judgment on the immortality of the soul. It never occurred to the reviewer to accord Professor Jastrow's opinions regarding the book of Genesis the importance that would be implied in a contradiction of them. Likewise, forgetting that the academic atmosphere is not that of the Agora, he assumed, too rashly, it seems, that for Catholics who are sufficiently interested in learning to buy a work on this subject, no warning was required to put them on their guard against Professor Jastrow's conjectures regarding the origin of Genesis. We listen to Professor Jastrow when he is compendiously and lucidly presenting the definite, positive results of archaeological research, but we do not go to Professor Jastrow for his opinion regarding the inspiration of the Scriptures—for instruction on that subject we go to the Catholic Church."

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THE question of Washington's Catholic ancestors was widely discussed by our Catholic weekly press last month. We have received the following contribution on the subject from Mabel T. R. Washburn, which we are pleased to give to our readers:

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON, DESCENDANT OF THE SAINTS.

The kingliest man that ever conquered kings, sincerest of all scorers of a throne's vainglory, founder of the greatest democracy the world has known, George Washington was himself literally

"an inheritor of the Saints in light," for in his veins flowed the blood of great Servants of God.

So long as America endures will Americans revere the name of Washington, and his example will be an inspiration to lovers of freedom in every land. Philosophers, knowing the forces concerned in the mysteries of heredity, have marveled that this simple Virginian gentleman, heir of several generations of unimportant, moderately lettered, country squires of an English colony, was able to step instantly into place as a leader of men, a nation's designer, thrilled with the glory of genius in war and in peace. A study of his ancestry, through the centuries before Virginia became the family home, throws light on the heritage for government that was his by right of blood, and has deeper significance to the Catholic who traces the greatness of Washington back to great and holy rulers of men—St. Louis and St. Ferdinand.

George Washington was unaware of his own pedigree prior to the coming to Virginia of his first American ancestor, John Washington, but he was sufficiently interested in the subject to correspond concerning it with Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, who, in 1791, asked the President for data on his lineage. This official of the Heralds' College, then as now a department of the British government, was convinced that John Washington, the Virginia colonist, with his brother, Lawrence, were scions of the Northamptonshire Washingtons; but he erroneously identified them with a John and Lawrence Washington who were recorded in the Heralds' Visitation of Northamptonshire made in 1618.

It was not until the year 1863 that this error was challenged, when Isaac J. Greenwood, Junior, noted in an article in *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* that the brothers mentioned in the Heralds' Visitation were over sixty years old in 1657, the date of the Virginia Washingtons' immigration, the latter being at that time young men. Colonel Joseph L. Chester, in *The Herald and Genealogist*, an English magazine, three years later proved that the John Washington of the Heralds' Visitation was identical with Sir John Washington of Thrapston, and that the latter could not have been the Virginia John Washington.

The first genealogist to offer another theory of ancestry, however, for our first President was Henry F. Waters, in 1889, when he set forth a pedigree for Washington in *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, offering a well-worked-out chain of the strongest possible circumstantial evidence to substantiate his theory. The documentary proof of this pedigree was obtained in 1892 by Worthington Ford, who discovered the will of Mrs. Martha Hayward, which was probated in 1697. The statements made in this will by Mrs.

Hayward, whose maiden name was Martha Washington, concerning not only her Virginia relatives, for she was the sister of the immigrant brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, but also about the family in England, conclusively show, when taken together with the genealogical discoveries made in England by Mr. Waters and the family tree as given in the Heralds' Visitation of Northamptonshire of 1618, that George Washington descended from one John Washington of Tuwhitfield, in Lancashire, England, who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century.

A complete statement of all the links in the chain was first made by the present writer in 1912, in *The Journal of American History*.

Lawrence Washington, great-grandson of John of Tuwhitfield, removed to Northamptonshire. The Virginia colonists, John and Lawrence, were the great-great-grandsons of the Lawrence Washington who settled in Northamptonshire.

The ancestor of the third generation in the latter county, also Lawrence Washington, this being a family name, married, August 3, 1588, Margaret Butler, and it was through this marriage that the blood of many of the royal dynasties of mediæval Europe, of most of the great baronial families of England, and of St. Louis and St. Ferdinand, flowed down through the centuries to pass into the veins of George Washington, first President of the United States.

Margaret (Butler) Washington was the daughter of John Butler and his wife, Margaret Sutton. The latter descended from Edmund de Sutton who married Joyce Tiptoft, whose mother, Joyce de Charlton, was born in 1403. Her ancestral line goes back to John de Charlton, who married Joan, the daughter of Ralph, Lord Stafford, and his wife, Margaret Audley. The latter's mother, Margaret de Clare, was the daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Hertford and Gloucester, and the Princess Jane, daughter of King Edward I. of England.

King Edward's wife was Eleanor of Castile, daughter of St. Ferdinand, King of Spain, descendant of Sancho III., of Navarre, "Emperor of Spain" about the year 1000.

Washington, through his descent from King Edward's first wife, Eleanor, thus might have claimed St. Ferdinand for ancestor; but through another strain of blood royal, he was also a descendant of St. Louis, King of France.

Edward I., George Washington's ancestor, as has been shown, married, second, Margaret, daughter of Philip III. of France, and thus granddaughter of Louis IX., St. Louis, King and Confessor.

Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I. and Margaret, was father of Joan, "The Fair Maid of Kent," whose first husband was Sir Thomas de Holland. Their son, Thomas de Hol-

land, married Alice, daughter of Richard, Earl of Arundel, of that historic house the antiquity of whose nobility gave rise to the ancient distich:

Since William rose and Harold fell  
There have been Earls of Arundel.

Eleanor, daughter of Alice of Arundel and Thomas de Holland, died in 1405. She married Edward de Charlton, Baron of Powys, descended from John de Charlton whose wife, Hawys, traced her ancestry to Cadwan, King of the Britons in 635.

This Edward de Charlton was the son of the John de Charlton who married Joan de Stafford, the latter being, as noted above, a descendant of Edward I. and his first wife, Eleanor of Castile, daughter of St. Ferdinand.

James Bryce has said of Washington that he "stands alone, unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of the morning, with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations."

May not Catholics believe it possible that the special character of Washington's greatness, that which Hawthorne described as "the faculty of bringing order out of confusion.....like light gleaming through an unshaped world," was in some sense derived through his blood-heritage from St. Louis and St. Ferdinand, two of God's servants whose royalty of the spirit glowed so splendidly in kingly service to their people that men saw "their good works and glorified their Father?"

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:  
*Journeys with Jerry the Jarvey.* By Alexis Roche. \$1.35 net. *Home to Him's Muvver.* By M. P. Montague. 25 cents net. *Eleftherios Venizelos; His Life and Work.* By Dr. C. Kerofilas. \$1.25 net.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:  
*Wreckage.* By J. Hartley Manners. \$1.00.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:  
*The Insulted and Injured.* By Fyodor Dostoevsky. \$1.50. *Six French Poets.* By A. Lowell. \$2.50. *The Shepherd of the North.* By R. A. Maher. \$1.35.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:  
*The Fringes of the Fleet.* By Rudyard Kipling. 50 cents net.
- FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:  
*The Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.* Prepared for the Daily Use of School Children.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:  
*The Oakleyites.* By E. F. Benson. \$1.35 net. *Fear God and Take Your Own Part.* By Theodore Roosevelt. \$1.00 net.
- FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:  
*Mrs. Balfame.* By Gertrude Atherton. \$1.35 net.
- JOHN LANE Co., New York:  
*The Crimes of England.* By Gilbert K. Chesterton. \$1.00 net.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:  
*The Ethics of Journalism. The Church and Child Welfare.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:  
*The Life and Times of Tennyson.* By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D. \$2.50 net.
- P. F. VOLLAND & Co., New York:  
*Mother Goose.* Arranged and edited by Eulalie O. Grover. \$2.00 net.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:  
*Letters from America.* By Rupert Brooke. \$1.25 net.
- SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:  
*Cardinal Newman's Dream of Gerontius.* By Julius Gliebe, O.F.M. 30 cents.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:  
*The World Decision.* By Robert Herrick. \$1.25 net. *India and Its Faiths.* By James B. Pratt, Ph.D. \$4.00 net.
- RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston:  
*Clouded Amber.* By Patience Warren. \$1.35 net.
- CHARLES R. SCHMIDT, Baltimore, Md.:  
*Make Wars Impossible.* By Charles R. Schmidt. Pamphlet.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:  
*Monthly Review of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.* Pamphlet.
- THE QUEEN'S WORK PRESS, St. Louis:  
*Talks to Boys.* By Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. 56 cents.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:  
*The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries.* From the French of Rev. Jean Rivière. 50 cents net. *Catholic Studies in Social Reform: VIII. Christian Feminism.* By Margaret Fletcher. *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth.* By A. O. Meyer. \$3.60 net. *The New Psalter of the Roman Breviary.* By Rev. L. C. Fillion, S.S. \$1.50 net.
- WANDERER PRINTING Co., St. Paul, Minn.:  
*The German War and Catholicism.* Pamphlet.
- KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka, Kansas:  
*Report of the State Board of Agriculture for the Quarter ending December, 1915.*
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:  
*Clerical Colloquies.* By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C. \$1.00.
- SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD, SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION, Nashville, Tenn.:  
*Infant Baptism Historically Considered.* By W. J. McGlothlin, LL.D. 50 cents.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Dublin:  
*The Founder of the Oblates.* By R. F. O'Connor. Pamphlet.
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:  
*Du XIIIe Siècle à l'Année Sublime.* Par E. Laury. *Contre l'Esprit Allemand de Kant à Krupp.* Par L. Daudet. *La France de demain.* Par H. de Villeneuve. 0.60 each.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:  
*Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* Fascicule XII. Prepared under the direction of A. d'Ales. 3 frs.- *Le Jésus des Enfants.* Par Abbé H. Lesêtre. 1 fr. 50. *Jeanne la Libératrice 1429-1915.* Par Monsignor Baudrillart. *Patroisme, Impérialisme, Militarisme.* Par L. Roure. 0.50. *Une Ame Vaillante et Rayonnante.* Par M. Lambert. 5 frs.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:  
*La Jeune Génération en Alsace-Lorraine.* Par Abbé Wetterlé.

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## THE SECURITY OF DEMOCRACY.

BY THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.



OME years ago Mr. H. G. Wells became a convert—or thought he did—to Socialism, and wrote *New Worlds for Old* as his *apologia*. It is true that he never professed the orthodox Marxian faith. He did not subscribe to the creed of social salvation by the Hegelian dialectic through economic determinism, the class struggle and surplus value. Nothing of this is to be found in his book. He was merely one of the despised “Utopian” Socialists, but he did believe in the “Coöperative Commonwealth” as something quite practicable and most desirable.

*New Worlds for Old* has an importance quite unique for students of Socialist literature. It has the double merit of making the best possible case for Utopia—and of demonstrating its utter impracticability. Mr. Wells is a much misunderstood man among contemporary writers. He is gravely read and discussed as a man who thinks, a philosopher, a seer, a prophet, a scientist, and so forth; whereas he is really a most accurate reporter of phenomena, with a genuine gift of artistic expression which is at its best in types of lower British middle-class life. *Kipps*, *Mr. Polly* and *Love and Mr. Lewisham*—with passages in *Ann Veronica*, *Bealby* and *The New Machiavelli*—are his really important contributions to the literature of his day. There is absolutely no significance in the rest of his works from the point of view of art or science, much less philosophy, except for such parts of them as are of the “reporting” order.

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In his reporting he is strictly honest with himself and his readers, and he has a gift of exposition. Being, so far as one may judge, unhampered by any particular *weltanschauung* of his own, embraced as a philosophy of life after long and careful inquiry, there is nothing to prevent him from stating things if not exactly as they *are*, at least as they do really *seem* to him.

Looking over the world and viewing the shocking inequalities that exist, Mr. Wells saw the vision of the Coöperative Commonwealth and decided that it was good. He analyzed it into its fundamentals and accepted those fundamentals. He tested its practicability and honestly stated the difficulties. He looked for the means by which to surmount these difficulties and thought he found them. He thought he had solved the problem, and went on his way rejoicing; whereas the truth is that he only *stated* the problem, and that analysis carried a little deeper than the skin, quickly shows the problem, as he states it, to be insoluble. It is precisely in his statement of the problem that the great value of his book consists. It is necessary—although Socialism is not the main business in hand so far as this article is concerned—to make a short summary of Wells' argument.

The foundations of the Coöperative Commonwealth, as Wells sees it, rest upon two principles, which he states as the two "main generalizations" of Socialism. The *first* of these contains the following as its essential paragraph:

The Socialist holds that the community as a whole should be responsible, and every individual in the community, married or single, parent or childless, should be responsible for the welfare and upbringing of every child born into that community. This responsibility may be intrusted in whole or in part to parent, teacher or other guardian—but it is not simply the right but the duty of the State—that is to say of the organized power and intelligence of the community—to direct, to inquire and to intervene in any default for the child's welfare.<sup>1</sup>

Wells is acute enough to see and honest enough to say what most Socialist writers have failed to say, or if they have said it at all have done so with quibble and compromise, namely, that the *home* must be socialized before *property* can be socialized. Socialize the child first and the rest will be easy. Remove from the

<sup>1</sup>*New Worlds for Old*, by H. G. Wells, p. 54. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908. \$1.50.



shoulders of the breadwinner the care for those of his flesh and blood who shall live after him, and where will be his need to accumulate and hold? The *second* main generalization follows inevitably from the *first* as follows:

The Socialist holds that the community as a whole should be inalienably the owner and administrator of the land, of raw materials, of values and resources accumulated from the past, and that private property must be of a terminable nature, reverting to the community and subject to the general welfare.<sup>2</sup>

The heart of Socialism is included in these two principles. But it must be remembered that an equally fundamental axiom of Socialism is *democracy*; the Coöperative Commonwealth must be absolutely democratic in character. Democracy, indeed, is the very soul of Socialism, and is implied in all plans of the "holy city" by whomsoever drawn.

Now in considering the practicability of the Socialist dream, Wells discusses the various objections commonly urged against it, and does so with much fairness. Finally he comes to the one fatal objection:

*Socialism is against Human Nature.* This objection I have left until last, because, firstly, it is absolutely true, and, secondly, it leads naturally to the newer ideas that have already peeped out once or twice in my earlier chapters, and which will now ride up to a predominance in what follows, and particularly the idea that an educational process and a moral discipline are not only a necessary part, but the most fundamental part of any complete Socialist scheme. Socialism is against human nature. That is true, and it is equally true of everything else; capitalism is against human nature, cruelty, kindness, religion, and doubt, monogamy, polygamy, celibacy, decency, indecency, piety and sin are all against human nature. The present system in particular is against human nature, or what is the policeman for, the soldier, the debt collector, the judge, the hangman? What means the glass upon my neighbor's wall? Human nature is against human nature. For human nature is in a perpetual conflict; it is the Ishmael of the universe, against everything and with everything against it and within no more and no less than a perpetual battleground of passion, desire, cowardice,

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 88.

insolence and good will. So that our initial proposition as it stands at the head of this section is as an argument against Socialism just worth nothing at all.<sup>3</sup>

'Assuredly, logic never engaged much of Mr. Wells' time or thought! Starting with the frank admission that Socialism is incompatible with Human Nature, and that an "educational process and a moral discipline" are a "necessary" and a "fundamental part of any complete Socialist scheme," he calmly proceeds to weave a web of meaningless rhetoric which involves the argument in a hopeless absurdity. As usual it is a case of failure to distinguish. It was not for nothing that the Scholastic maxim ran: *Concede raro, nega frequenter, distingue semper*. One would have thought that even an Englishman of the Victorian age might have suspected that there was some confusion somewhere and that careful consideration and prolonged thought *might* have disclosed the terminological flaw in the uses of the word "against!" Especially as in a following passage, to be quoted presently, he throws away the supposed fruits of his rhetoric and its triumphant conclusion that the argument is worth "just nothing at all!"

Logic apart, however, let us note the important admission made in the opening sentences of the paragraph, namely, that Socialism is against human nature, and let us further note the even more important admission made by Mr. Wells in his concept of human nature itself in the sentence which I reprint in italics: "*For human nature is in a perpetual conflict; it is the Ishmael of the universe, against everything and with everything against it, and within no more and no less than a perpetual battleground of passion, desire, cowardice, indolence and good will.*"

One might well suppose, looking at those words as they might stand apart from context and unsigned, that they were the utterance of some mediæval preacher! It must be credited to Mr. Wells as a supreme distinction among Socialist writers, that he alone had the wit to discern and the honesty to declare the effects upon the world of original sin. "The Ishmael of the universe" could hardly be bettered as a description of man's nature since the Fall. Lest it may be thought that I am drawing too wide an inference from his language, I append the sentences which follow immediately on the words, "just nothing at all:"

None the less valuable is it as a reminder of the essential

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 288 *et seq.*

constructive task of which the two primary generalizations of Socialism we have so far been developing are but the outward and visible forms. There is no untutored naturalness in Socialism, no uneducated blind force on our side. Socialism is made out of struggling Good Will, made out of a conflict of wills. I have tried to let it become apparent that while I do firmly believe not only in the splendor and nobility of the Socialist dream, but in its ultimate practicality I do also recognize quite clearly that with people just as they are now, with their prejudices, their ignorances, their misapprehensions, their unchecked vanities and greeds and jealousies, their crude and misguided instincts, their irrational traditions, no Socialist State can exist, no better State can exist than the one we have now with all its squalor and cruelty. Every change in human institutions must happen concurrently with a change of ideas. Upon this plastic, uncertain, teachable thing Human Nature, within us and without, we have, if we really contemplate Socialism as our achievement, to impose guiding ideas and guiding habits, to coördinate all the Good Will that is active or latent in our world in one constructive plan. To-day the spirit of humanity is lost to itself, divided, dispersed and hidden in narrow distorted circles of thought. These divided, misshapen circles of thought are not "human nature," but human nature has fallen into these forms and has to be released.\*

"Human nature has fallen!" Whence and how, one may wonder, according to Mr. Wells' philosophy, has this fall taken place? Here we can invoke to our aid no blessed word *evolution* to help us, for in the bright lexicon of evolution there is no such word as "fall" in such a sense. Fall, however, there has been as he sees it, and it is the effects of this fall, reflected in the "prejudices," "ignorances," "misapprehensions," "unchecked vanities," and so forth of people as they are, which convince him that while this condition lasts "no Socialist State can exist." What remains now of that burst of rhetoric which finished in the words "just worth nothing at all?" Just "nothing at all!"

We may note, in passing, that Mr. Wells specifically disowns the "scientific" Socialism of Marx and the party where he denies the existence of any "untutored naturalism," any "uneducated blind force" working to bring about the Socialist State, and plainly ranks himself with the despised "Utopians." Are there really any true Marxians left in the world nowadays?

\**Ibid.*, pp. 289, 290.

Now in the argument thus far Mr. Wells is in entire agreement with the position of the Catholic Church on the whole matter. She says, as Wells does, that the notion of property rests on the home, and is indissolubly united therewith. She says that in the present state of human nature Socialism is impossible and so does Wells. She says that the present state of human nature is a "fallen" state and so does Wells. So far so good. Mr. Wells, of course, is blissfully unconscious of this agreement, for he does not understand the full significance of the facts which he has, up to a point, accurately observed and honestly recorded. But the agreement does not stop here. In his solution of the difficulty he apprehends the phenomena in their relations with a superficial correctness, and the phenomena recorded by him, properly interpreted, furnish the answer to the question.

There is no *inherent* impracticability, no *necessary* unworkableness, in the notion of Socialism; its impracticability is *contingent*, and arises from its conflict with the *ordinary* motives of human nature. Mr. Wells understands this, and sees clearly that the success of Socialism depends upon discovery of a motive strong enough to overcome these ordinary motives. As he has said, "Socialism is made out of struggling good will; made out of a conflict of wills." Let us see what he has to tell us about this "good will." He has found such a thing in the world it seems:

And it needs but a cursory view of history to realize—though all knowledge of history confirms the generalization—that this arena is not a confused and aimless conflict of individuals. Looked at too closely it may seem to be that, a formless web of individual hates and loves; but detach one's self a little and the broader forms appear. One perceives something that goes on, that is constantly working to make order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion, justice, kindness, mercy out of cruelty and inconsiderate pressure. For our present purposes it will be sufficient to speak of this force that struggles and tends to make and do as Good Will. More and more evident it is, as one reviews the ages, that there is this as well as lust, hunger, avarice, vanity and more or less intelligent fear to be counted among the motives of mankind. This Good Will of our race, however arising, however trivial, however subordinated to individual ends, however comically inadequate a thing it may be in this individual case or that, is in the aggregate an operating will. In spite of all the confusions and thwartings of life, the halts and resiliences and the counter strokes of fate, it is manifest that in

the long run human life becomes broader than it was, gentler than it was, finer and deeper. On the whole—and nowadays almost steadily—*things get better*. There is a secular amelioration of life, and it is brought about by Good Will working through the efforts of men.<sup>5</sup>

(I hasten to remind the reader that this was written about ten years ago!)

"Good Will" it seems is the motive; how convenient upper-case type is in matters of this kind! Mr. Wells does not tell us whence and how it came into the world nor of what order is this motive—it is his own word—which he has discerned among the motives of poor human nature wandering an exile in the deserts without water. "However arising," he says of it; perhaps these words betray, on his part, a latent suspicion that its origin may not be the same as that of "lust, hunger, avarice, vanity and more or less intelligent fear." There it is, however, and he knows it by its effects in the shape of "a secular amelioration." Ishmael carries with him, in the wilderness, the means of his redemption.

It would be too much to expect of Mr. Wells that he should be ready to recognize and to admit the supernatural in the affairs of men. The heavy inheritance of scientific and naturalistic superstition bequeathed from the generation of the seventies to the modern Anglo-Saxon mind, has been far too much of a burden for that organ's very moderate powers in the domain of metaphysical considerations. Therefore, it need not be accounted matter of great shame to Mr. Wells, that seeing Christianity at work in the hearts of men he called it "Good Will." The important thing is that he did see *something* which seemed to him to hold out the hope he sought. That he misapprehended and miscalled it is of no consequence for our purposes. He saw—or thought he saw—in the world a force which ran counter to the passions and the desires of human nature, and that in this force lay the hopes of the world for social justice. Again he is in agreement with the Church. Not merely does she admit that Socialism is practicable if a sufficient motive be present; she shows the world Socialism in operation under the influence of that motive, and has shown it for fully fifteen hundred years—in her religious orders. All that is needed to make Socialism work the world over is a motive strong enough to induce a man willingly to surrender his possessions and his will. There is nothing more complex in it than that. With divine grace

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 4, 5.

completely victorious in the hearts of men, social justice would inevitably follow.

The great value of Mr. Wells' book is consequently apparent, for it constitutes a most important piece of independent testimony to the absolute soundness of the Catholic Church's teaching on the whole subject. Wells has accurately recorded the phenomena, and has accurately interpreted their relations. All that is necessary is to give the phenomena their right names, and our case is proven for us by a witness not of our fold. But it is not Socialism that is our present business, and it is not because Mr. Wells' book hammers another nail in the coffin of an already mouldering cadaver, that I have devoted so much space to its consideration. Socialism of the orthodox type is dead enough, but there is more concerned in Mr. Wells' study of the facts than Socialism. There is the question of democracy. I have already said that democracy is the soul of Socialism, and so it surely is, for it is as a revolt against and a remedy for the inequalities in the world that Socialism arose. Democracy in politics came first, and Socialism is only an extension of democracy into economics. It is noteworthy that in these days when it has finally become apparent that Socialism is an iridescent dream, the notion of "industrial democracy" is making so much headway in radical circles of economic thought.

If we analyze the reason why Mr. Wells found Socialism impracticable in the present state of human nature, we find that it lies in the unwillingness of men to accept the sacrifices and accommodations necessary to make the Socialist scheme work. Voluntary co-operation is the essence of Socialism—and it is also the essence of democracy. The sacrifices and accommodations imposed by Socialism are more numerous and more varied—they are also more intimate—than those imposed by democracy; nevertheless, democracy demands much. In its simplest political form it requires sacrifice of the will; if it spreads into industry it will demand sacrifice, at least partially of possessions. In any form it will exact a high degree of mutual confidence and mutual forbearance from those who live under it as a principle of organization. All these things are indispensable to its success and its continuance as a form of human society. Can democracy exist continuously upon the earth, can it extend itself so as to embrace all civilized society, at least in a political sense; can it, in short, establish itself as the one true principle of human dealings in the activities of life and justify itself by its deeds—with human nature as Mr. Wells finds human nature

to be in these days? Or is his "Good Will"—is Christianity as a living force in the hearts of men—necessary to make it work?

It is easier to pose the question than it is to answer it, and I have no intention of doing more than pose it as fairly as I can, suggesting one or two lines of thought that may lead toward an answer.

Democracy is an axiom in modern thought. The essential equality of men under the law is no more firmly held as truth than is the essential equality of men in the making and unmaking of the law. And yet what warrant have we for the axiom? In what does this equality of man reside? We know that it does *not* reside in his powers, either mental or physical; science on this point is clear, and the Mendelian discoveries have excluded the Marxian concept of equalization by environment from further serious consideration by intelligent men. Inequality is the *fact* in human society however regarded. Nevertheless, there is the doctrine of the "Rights of Man" staring us in the face. Can these "rights" be defended on grounds wholly in the natural order? Can "science" support them? Can they be deduced from the nature of man as Wells sees man? I do not see how they can be so defended, so supported or so deduced. But I do see how they can be securely founded in the *supernatural* order, and how they follow irresistibly upon the Christian teaching. I do see how democracy as a political theory grows naturally enough out of Christianity, wherein, as Chesterton says, men are united in a democracy of eternal danger, or words like it. In the Christian system the inequalities are in the things that do not matter; the equalities are in the essentials. A common humanity as a basis of equality in human activities is possible only on the ground of the extraordinary destiny of men, and in view of that as an end. Prescinding from that, it is hard to see any reason for supposing that any way can be found in the natural order for democratically composing the differences that exist in that order.

The admitted "inefficiency" of democratic societies, as contrasted with societies oligarchically or monarchically organized, is due more than anything else to the fact that democratic governments are shaped in the main on a system of checks and counter-checks, which are eloquent testimony to the lack of confidence reposed by men in each other. This system generates *inertia* instead of *initiative*. Of course no one is willing to purchase "efficiency" at the cost of liberty; that is not the point. The point is that democ-

racy based on mutual distrust functions badly, that whatever functions badly holds its existence upon uncertain tenure, and that democracy, if it is to establish itself as an inheritor of the earth must justify itself by its works. It is customary to profess a blind faith in the future of democracy. This faith is often expressed in the saying that "the cure for inefficient democracy is more democracy." This *may* be true, but there is assuredly no reason in the natural order for assuming it as an axiom. Moreover, all that can be said on this score applies with force tenfold to "industrial democracy," for in industry the penalty of "inefficiency" is swift and inexorable, whereas in politics it may be long delayed. Besides, even if it be accepted that a "common humanity" in the natural order is foundation enough for political democracy, the inference from the political order to the economic order is wholly invalid.

Let it be remembered that I am not questioning the *desirability* of democracy as a principle of social organization, but only its *practicability* as a *continuing* principle with human nature as it is. What I am suggesting is that the obstacle which Mr. Wells found to lie in the path of the Socialist principle may also block the way of democracy, unless the redeeming principle discerned by Mr. Wells, and by him labeled "Good Will," shall grow and extend itself in men's hearts. Translating this into our language, and stating it in the fewest possible words, my thought is that if democracy is to live upon the earth and become the soul of human society, it is difficult now to see any force working to that end in human affairs other than Christianity. That seems to be the only force strong enough to dominate the "lust, hunger, avarice, vanity and more or less intelligent fear" of men, and subject them to such a discipline of mutual tolerance, mutual trust, and mutual affection as will make possible the high degree of coöperation that democracy demands for the successful performance of its functions amid the intimate intricacies of modern life.



## THE TRADITIONAL IDEA OF GOD AND ITS MODERN SUBSTITUTES.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



THE philosophical atmosphere underwent a decided change towards the middle of the seventeenth century. Descartes introduced a method of philosophizing which, whatever else may be argued in its favor, had the fatal defect of divorcing speculation from history. The question of God's knowableness had up to that time been studied as an historical problem, with such means as lay to hand. But this ceased with the advent of the new method. Facile proofs, short intuitive ways of establishing God's existence and nature won favor with philosophers, and the result was an excessive form of intellectualism, an uncontrolled manner of speculating, which went far beyond the traditional Christian position, occupying a ground that could not successfully be defended later against attack. Intuitionists, then as since, failed to realize that all our intuitions have a history, and that their so-called flashes are the result of long previous preparation and unconsciously acquired knowledge, not the unbidden bolts from the blue they are commonly supposed to be. A Christian thinking is apt to mistake an analysis of his own *special* consciousness for an insight into the mind of the race *at large*, and this was the fallacy into which Descartes tumbled headlong, because he was professedly an unhistorical thinker who did not look before he leaped.

The French mathematician contended that a clear idea of the Infinite exists in all minds, and that this particular idea is the historical source of religion, its connatural object and intellectual base. He identified the cause of religion with the establishment of this particular overclaim, which was a wrong and compromising thing to do, the idea of the Infinite being so high and hard a notion to conceive clearly, in the Cartesian sense of the latter much-abused term, that historically it came late, and psychologically it could not have come early, into the minds of men. It was a preposterous thesis—in the native meaning of this adjective—which Descartes proposed; a *hysteron proteron*, verily. He had made the last first, and offered a shining mark for reprisal when Kant undertook to show what the human mind, in its own native right, is capable of

accomplishing. Excessive intellectualism was thus among the causes of religious agnosticism. Religion might well pray at times to be spared the blandishments of the injudicious.

Descartes was not the sole offender. Leibnitz and Wolff drew the world and all its laws out of a few analytical principles. The mathematical ideal entertained of human reason led these over-driving analysts to extreme length. Catholic theology did not wholly escape from the spirit of the times—it had its immediatists, too. Pallavicini, Perez, Juvenalis, Esparza, Semery, Sylvester Maurus—theologians who wrote between 1652 and 1670, not to forget Eusebius Amort, whose writings in the same vein appeared as late as 1730—all set themselves to the task of proving that we have an immediate knowledge of God, in the acquisition of which no reasoning process figures. They analyzed “mystic love,” the notion of “possibility,” the nature of “ideas,” the drift of the “affections,” and in every way they could sought to prove the Cartesian thesis that an intuitive, unreasoned knowledge of God is to be found among the contents of every consciousness by the simple method of analysis. Without denying the reasoned character of theistic knowledge in general, they pressed immediacy so far as actually to claim that the predicates of the reality known to us in our ordinary mundane experience are convertible into the predicates of the Divine Existence itself.

It was in this atmosphere of overwrought intellectualism that Kant lived and wrote. He quite naturally thought that the question of knowing God was essentially bound up with the particular form of intellectualism then rife and rampant—what other impression could he gather? Catholic and Protestant intellectualists alike were bending their efforts towards proving that a clear immediate knowledge of the Infinite in itself is within the reach of all. Kant was not the man to let any such overstatement go unchallenged and he rebuked it with his critical reflections until it hung in shreds. He laid bare the hollowness of the whole claim, not knowing, it would seem, that his victory was as hollow as the pretenders over whom he won it. These were not representative opponents, and they carried no one down with them but themselves. The traditional intellectualism was quite other than that which Descartes, Leibnitz, Wolff, and a certain number of Catholic theologians, imbued with the new spirit, insisted on defending. It kept well within the bounds of history and experience, accepting the control of these, and not speculating at random or at will. It was modest and moderate in its attitude, so much so that had Kant known it and

kept it well within his line of vision while writing, he never would have said the things he did.

Nothing is ever refuted until it is refuted at its best, and intellectualism was far from being at its best when Kant undertook its demolition. He forgot to inquire into the representative character of his contemporaries, taking too seriously a school of thought, a group of thinkers anything but typical in their utterances. So let us turn away from the extravagant intellectualists whom Kant so easily overthrew, to the clearer-minded, more restrained philosophers of times previous, despised scholastics though they be. These truer representatives of intellectualism Kant never had fully or fairly in view—he was not noted for his knowledge of history. There was a long and carefully pondered Christian tradition concerning the nature and extent of man's knowledge of the Divine, with which Kant was but ill acquainted, if at all. Modern philosophy might not have had so large an agnostic insert in its pages, had the father of philosophical criticism known the past history of intellectualism and grasped the moderate form of it for which the Christian tradition stood, instead of having a wide departure from that tradition as the object of his shafts. The minority group of thinkers whom he slew with his trenchant pen did not involve the larger and more sane majority in their ruin. It is the tale of these latter we wish to tell, their chapter of achievement which we are here endeavoring to restore. An alternative to agnosticism existed and the purpose of all that follows is to show what that alternative was. Let history speak.

The Christian tradition concerning man's ability to know God built itself up out of recorded facts and accepted these as the measure of its claims. When men like St. Anselm turned aside from this tradition to compose new and facile modes of theistic proof that had no history at their back, they were promptly reminded of the unhistorical character of their innovations and they founded no school. How our knowledge of God was originally acquired could not be determined, they were told, by a study of the mature Christian spirit, but rather by a painstaking analysis of the mentality of paganism. The literature of the heathen nations, the prechristian evidences of religion were the proper test. Human thought would here reveal its natural level and lend itself to dispassionate appraisal. What heights the spirit of man is capable of reaching, what knowledge of the Divine it may actually acquire without the aid of Revelation, would here become apparent, as also what pits of folly it might dig for its own undoing.

The Stoics proved a helpful means to the determining of this average level. They were the first to propose and develop what is called the argument from universal consent, drawing attention to the fact that no nation is without its idea of a Superior Being, no people wholly bereft of an innermost sense of the Divine. *Natura duce, eo vehimur deos esse*, says Cicero, in this as in so many other respects the cultured voice of antiquity. The Christian writers were naturally impressed by the universal testimony to the existence of a Superior Being, adduced by the Stoics. Nor were they without the means of controlling and confirming it, within the limits of their own personal range of experience and observation, though there was then no science of anthropology to acquaint them minutely with the world-wide existence of religion. Their use of the testimony available was not servile. First-hand reporters were they of the facts to which they bore such ample witness—no idle echoes of the Academy or the Porch. Distinguished converts from paganism themselves in many instances, and no strangers to the religious psychology of the heathen mind, their own souls, when searched, added their quota of approval to the Stoic claim that the Divine is everywhere recognized. It was precious to them and very noble, too, the thought that Christianity, while never for a moment relinquishing its claim to be the only true and right religion, had a heart for the broken lights of heathendom and saw some stars that were not altogether errant, in the darkness of the pagan night; some good to recognize, some nobility to discover and commend.

The interpretation which the Stoics put on man's universal belief in the existence of a Superior Being did not rise much above the level of instinct and was lost to a large extent in the imagery of the "pure Fire." St. Paul struck a newer and higher note. In his solemn indictment of the nations for their immoral and idolatrous practices, "the least of the Apostles" based his charge on the fact that pagan and Christian mind alike possessed a *common concept* of God. He declared the heathen world inexcusable for having perverted and debased this concept, instead of analyzing it out distinctly and recognizing its claims on their minds and wills. The natural knowledge of God existing in all minds was sufficiently clear, he said, to furnish the beginnings of true religion and morality, had it been properly reflected upon and diligently studied out. The law was written in the hearts of men on tablets of flesh. The Author of that law had made His power and divinity discoverable through the things and selves that are. He had not left Himself without a witness in the inner mirror of conscience, in the outer

glass of Nature, or the moving field of history itself, all of which disclosed Him to His offspring, far from none of whom He was, if haply by groping they might find Him and be converted and live.

When the early converts read the challenging texts of St. Paul, and learned from his pages that their previous concept of God differed from the Christian in no other wise than that it had not been sufficiently cleared up, but allowed to become degraded and demeaned, the truth of the statement and the pertinency of the charge so appealed to their sense of actuality and fairness that they made it the inspiration and plan of their catechetical campaigns. And the more they pondered the thought, the more its glorious resplendence grew—a common streak of dawn that should have developed into the fullness of day for the pagan world, but through cloudiness of intellect and perversity of will was not suffered to attain this maturity of development. Had not the literature of paganism, they asked themselves, abounded in references to the “Cause of causes,” the “Being of beings,” the “Author of the moral law,” the “Most Excellent Nature,” the “Sovereign Good?” Was it not to this popular belief in the essential goodness of the Divine that the Son of Man had alluded, when He counseled His young Pharisee questioner to call no one good but God? Had it not been the pagan practice to invoke God daily? Was there not in every mind an undeveloped concept of the Divine, capable of far more determination and distinctness than it had ever received? Did not they of Athens, in erecting an altar to the unknown God, lest perchance there might be some Divinity slighted for lack of mention in their lists, rightfully invite the taunting comment of St. Paul—that if they had cultivated their own poet, Aratus, or kept themselves abreast of their own national literature, they would have known that He Whom they sought to worship was not a graven image of gold or silver, but a living Person, whose veritable offspring we are, with all the obligations entailed upon us, which that filial relation establishes and makes clear? And could St. Paul have made his point with the novelty-seekers of the Grecian capital, unless a common knowledge, undeveloped but capable of development, bridged the chasm between his mind and theirs?

Convinced that such an embryonic knowledge existed—their own experience plainly attesting its presence—the idea became a pedagogical principle with them in the instruction of converts. They asked the candidate, first of all, if he believed in a “certain excellent nature of the gods;” and upon his answering in the affirmative, they prodded his reflective powers with query after query, all

designed to render explicit and detailed that undeveloped knowledge which his admission showed he had. No wonder the Fathers all wrote so graphically of the idea of God as "innate," "untaught," "ensculptured," "a ray of the Divine Light," "a spark of the Divine Fire." These expressive figures of speech must, of course, not be pressed beyond the spirit and bounds of their original utterance, as they have been by many most unfairly. The spirit governing their employment was religious, not philosophical. What mattered supremely with the Fathers was the fact that a spontaneous, distinctive, implicit idea of God, capable of being made more explicit and detailed, exists in all minds. How it came there was a school point they never meant to thresh. Whether it is innate in the strict sense of the term—existing, that is, before all exercise of reason, or whether it is rationally acquired, did not enter into their calculations, received no answer in their pages. Their vivid phrases resulted from their religious theory of knowledge—illumination: "Our minds are but broken lights of Thee." St. Thomas interprets the drift of the patristic texts as implying that the constitutional power to know God is innate, not the idea itself; an interpretation in which Illingworth concurs. What a grievous mischance, therefore, that Descartes should have tried to write history by analyzing his own seventeenth-century consciousness, and that Kant should have thought the Christian theologian committed to the view that a knowledge of the Infinite in itself is directly within our reach and capable of demonstration!

When the Christian tradition concerning man's knowledge of his Maker was made the subject of reflective inquiry in the Middle Ages, the thoughtful ones of those deep-delving days saw almost at a glance that the idea of God as it appears in history is an externally descriptive idea. Such names as Author, Cause, Source, End; and such others as Lord, Creator, Governor, Highest Good, and Most Excellent Nature, described God's outward relations rather than His innermost self and essence. They were relative, not absolute terms, and there was more of time about them than eternity. The schoolmen pondered this fact profoundly. If God had never created the vast worlds that swim in space, but continued dwelling in His own inner boundlessness of perfection, He would not be, as now we designate Him, the *relatively* best of beings, the actual cause of the universe, the author of the moral law, the object of affection, the summit and goal of aspiration and desire.<sup>1</sup> All the

<sup>1</sup>*Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*. By A. Vacant. Art. Dieu (Son Existence), II., 4. Fasc. 28, 1909.

things we affirm of Him so stammeringly from our present lowly plane of creaturehood would, on the supposition of His not having created, lack foundation in fact and be palpably untrue. Take them all away, these time-born titles which His creatures give Him; blot out the whole course of history, make the existent worlds a blank, and God would be in Himself the same—absolutely immutable, eternal, independent, infinite—while none of the relations that now constitute our means of knowing Him would exist.

The conclusions which the schoolmen drew from this searching reflection saved their speculation from the excesses into which less self-criticizing philosophers fell. Our manner of knowing God, they said, our way of acquiring knowledge of Him, is relative. *Directly and explicitly* we do not conceive any of the intrinsic constituents of the Divine. It is as a relative Superlative that God is known to us at first. No absolute Superlative, no Infinite in itself, no unconditioned, unrelated Being is or ever could be the immediate object of our knowing or burden of our proving. An *explicit* idea of the Infinite is not the one from which religion starts. The theistic arguments advanced in the course of history do not, therefore, essay the impossible task of demonstrating the Infinite directly. God's existence in Himself is not their end or aim—far from it. Conceiving God, as we do, through the dependent relation of things to their Author, and through the subjective and moral tendencies that course within our being, we approach Him through His works without pronouncing any determinate judgment on His nature considered in itself. "The attributes of God contingently relative to creatures," says St. Thomas, "*express nothing real in God*, when we consider them formally; although materially and fundamentally considered, they designate the divine substance itself."<sup>2</sup>

Cardinal Cajetan in his commentary on the traditional theistic proofs is even more explicit. Their aim he says, is not to prove the existence of God considered in itself, but as having the predicates—efficiency, necessity, intelligence, perfection—which a study of the nature of things forces us to think of as among the attributes of the Divine. The conclusion to which they lead is that God, not as God, but as having the attributes aforesaid, exists. God, *as God*, is not the immediate object of the proofs at all, but a consequence contained in them and drawn forth from them later by reflection. He declares the proofs "admittedly open to much dispute if we regard them as concluding directly to the existence of that eternal,

<sup>2</sup>*Sum. Theol.*, I., q. xiii., a 2; 7 ad 1.

immutable, first, and most perfect Being, which God is in Himself; but they offer scarcely any difficulty," he says, "when taken as entitling us to conclude that certain attributes found in Nature are proper to God in very truth." And he goes on to say that it is the latter point, not the former, which they aim at establishing.<sup>3</sup> They represent no ambitious attempt to carry us at a leap into the bosom of the Infinite. God's existence in Himself as the Unconditioned, we do not see; only the logical, rational necessity therefor. "God, not as God, but as having this and that *condition*"—notice the qualification which Cajetan adds—is the Being Whose existence man has sought to prove in the history of philosophy, to whom he has poured out his soul in prayer, and his heart in longing. We know God's existence relatively, not absolutely; and through knowing and proving it relatively, we come to a knowledge of what it really is in itself. But that is later, it is not the first step, but the last.

The reader who has caught the drift of the preceding paragraphs and seen the luminous pathway up which they lead, will at once be made aware, when pondering the subjoined passages from Kant, that the father of modern criticism was not so fortunately favored. He did not have this history before him when he wrote, and his thoughts went far afield in consequence. "How can any experience, he asks, be adequate with an idea? The very essence of an idea consists in the fact that no experience can be discovered congruent or adequate with it.<sup>4</sup> The transcendental idea of a necessary and all-sufficient Being is so immeasurably great, so high above all that is empirical, which is always *conditioned*, that we hope in vain to find materials in the sphere of experience sufficiently ample for our conception, and in vain *seek the unconditioned among things that are conditioned*, while examples, nay, even guidance is denied us by the laws of empirical synthesis."<sup>5</sup>

Evidently Kant labored under the impression that the traditional arguments for the existence of God directly sought to demonstrate that existence as it is in itself. Fully ninety per cent of his criticism is based on this misapprehension of their scope and represents so much labor lost in consequence. He imagined a vain thing, a mode of reasoning full of gaps, through which he easily drove the proverbial coach and four. When he proved that religion was irrational, because it could not and did not know its object, he

<sup>3</sup>*Sancti Thomae Aquinatis Opera Omnia*, IV., p. 32, III. Rome, 1888.

<sup>4</sup>For a criticism of this question-begging principle by which Kant non-suits all the theistic proofs before examining them, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1916, *The Genesis of Kant's Criticism*, especially p. 455.

<sup>5</sup>Kant's *Sämmtliche Werke*, Hartenstein's Edition (1867), III., p. 422, par. 2.



only proved that it could not and did not know that object in the manner he alleged. His poor acquaintance with the previous history of the subject led him laboriously to disprove a point long since granted and conceded. His criticism was anticipated and discounted, three centuries previous, by Cardinal Cajetan; nay, as early as the middle of the thirteenth century by St. Thomas himself. Kant accordingly offers the spectacle of a man refuting his own misconceptions and imagining all the while that he was putting the whole brood of intellectualists to the blush for their thin and tangled sophistries. He was flushed with his unreal victory—to him a triumph over adversaries unnumbered. He thought great good would come of it to morality and religion—a prophecy that fell as wide of the mark as his criticism did of the situation it took to task. “Nor can it injure the cause of morality”—we are quoting his own words—“to endeavor to lower the tone of the arrogant sophist, and to teach him modesty and moderation—the distinguishing marks of a belief that brings calm and content into the mind, without enjoining any unworthy subjection. I maintain, therefore, that the physico-teleological argument is insufficient of itself to prove the existence of a Supreme Being, that it must intrust this to the ontological argument—to which it serves merely as an introduction, and that, consequently, this argument contains the *only possible ground* of proof (possessed by the speculative reason) for the existence of this being.”<sup>6</sup>

A more accusing statement, proving that he missed the point from beginning to end, and that he had a wrong idea of the nature, scope, and purpose of the theistic proofs, could not be found than in these carefully chosen words. He did not realize that he was actually stating the position he imagined himself to be refuting. The sophists to whom he would teach “modesty and moderation,” “calm and content,” free from all “unworthy subjection,” were not creatures of flesh and blood, they were made of pen and ink, unless Descartes should be regarded as the typical Christian theologian, and Kant as the first philosopher, in the long line of such, who managed to do his thinking critically. Nothing proves more clearly the extent of Kant’s misunderstanding than his having believed and stated that the ontological argument—the leap from possibility to existence—was at the bottom of all the theistic proofs, their central supposition, their necessary prop of reliance. He had got it into his mind that the object of the theistic proofs was to establish the Divine existence in itself, and this false clue as to their nature and func-

<sup>6</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 424, par. 2.

tion led him to criticize them for what they never pretended to accomplish, save with a few intuitionists, like Descartes, who did their thinking at their writing-tables, unannoyed by the history of the subject with which they were dealing, and not at all familiar with the preciseness of treatment which that subject had received from previous thinkers, who knew the ways and limitations of the mind human quite as well as its later methodical reformer and its still later self-appointed critic.

The mediæval chapter of history is judicious and enlightening. Its central position might be summarized in the statement that directly and explicitly we do not conceive any of the intrinsic attributes of the Divine, not even that of existence. But this is only half the story. While freely granting the relative character of our knowledge of God, and the impossibility of its being otherwise, since it is the condition of all knowing that the knower and the known be in relation, the mediæval theologians did not turn back disappointed, or pass on unenlightened, like the superficial observer to whom

A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

They examined this externally descriptive knowledge, analyzed it out into distinctness, stated the positive amount of intrinsic information which it hid under its external form. And so must all men fair-minded, who would not hood their eyes with prejudice when they may open them and see. For, be our knowledge as relative as it may, its relativity is no disabling limitation, but an enabling means. It is a channel, not a wall; a clearing, not a barrier. Sir William Hamilton turned this fact of relativity into a limitation of our powers of knowing grossly converting the proposition, We can know the *related* only, into that proposition quite other and not at all implied, We can only know *relations*. The mediæval theologians converted their propositions more carefully than Sir William, and for not having been guilty of so unwarranted a conversion as was he, and those who follow in his steps, they might be studied with profit by their philosophic brethren of the nineteenth century and after. The Hamiltons, the Mansels, the Spencers, and the Huxleys of our own more immediate times had their agnostic proxies in the thirteenth century and before, who said pretty much the same things and drew pretty much the same conclusions as men do now. So that the theologians of Latin Europe, what time the universities were rising and the arts beginning to flourish, had

conditions of thought to battle with, not dissimilar to ours. A few words to describe the resemblances between the two environments.

Some centuries before the schoolmen began their systematic study of man's knowledge of God, the Arab and Jewish philosophers—Avicenna and Maimonides—had pursued the same line of inquiry, each in the interest of his respective sacred books or in criticism of their contents. They had come into full cognizance of the fact that our knowledge of God, on the face of it, is externally descriptive, and from this had drawn the conclusion that God's existence was known to us, but of His nature not a whit—exactly the position of the modern Hamiltonian, Spencerian school. The scholastic theologians conceded the fact, but demurred sharply to the conclusion drawn from it. Aquinas combated this agnostic inference of Jew and Arab with his customary calm incisiveness. It is impossible, he declared, that one should know the existence of a thing and still remain in complete ignorance of its nature. Nature and existence are not such disparate things as will suffer complete disjoining. Existence is always the existence of this or that—it is never existence merely. And since it is a particular existent something that we always know, a glimmering of what that something is by nature must accompany all our knowledge and be found wrapped up in it, as pollen in a pod.

He who knows God as *Source*, indistinctly and confusedly knows Him as somehow precontaining the perfections dimly reflected in the outer and inner mirror of Nature. His knowledge is a blank, only on the supposition that he refuses to analyze it out distinctly, and that is his own fault personally, not a defect inherent in his powers of knowing, for he can exercise these still further if he will. He can turn back and reexamine the reasons that led him to entertain the idea of a Source of All, and when he does so, he will find his knowledge growing into distinctness with every reason reexamined. Much concerning the inner constitution and nature of this Source, which at first sight escaped his observation and remained in a sort of penumbral haze, will now define itself and come clearly out to view. Power, goodness, personality, intelligence will reveal themselves as undeniable belongings. The relative Superlative will shed its relative aspect and become distinctly absolute. The relations which manifested its existence outwardly, will be found, on reexamination, to disclose some precious knowledge also of what it really is, within. The relatedly known Divine Existence will be seen as Self-Existence to which no bounds of being or per-

fection can be set, and lo! we have the notion of the Infinite, which is none other than that of the All-Perfect—not an intuition, nor an idea gained by the crude process of adding perfection to perfection, as Kant thought it was, but a concept which reflection constructs out of the objective evidence furnished, after purifying this latter of its human and creaturely associations.

A *proportional* concept! Say that, and you have said its nature. What is true of the qualities and perfections revealed in the universe of selves and things will be seen to be true of Him Who made them, not specifically true, of course—it were folly to imagine God as man magnified!—but true *proportionally*, in the sense that a proportional relation of similitude exists between the Originating Source and its effects or manifestations, this relation being sufficient to make considerable knowledge of the former possible of attainment through a studious contemplation of the latter. The inquirer will thus discover that his relative, externally descriptive idea enwrapped more positive knowledge than he suspected, until he broke its seal. We prove the existence of a Necessary Being, not knowing what it is, the while we do so. We peer into all the evidences supporting this rational conclusion, converging towards it, focussing themselves upon it, as it were, and behold! we have a knowledge of its nature. Not so much, perhaps, as in our pride we think should have been vouchsafed us, but enough to fill the intellect with the presence of the Father of all light, and the heart with an incipient love of Love's own spring unending. Not all the knowledge *we* are capable of acquiring—no, not that!—but the knowledge *all* are capable of acquiring, and to be supplemented by faith and hope, the outpourings of the affections, the consecrations of the will. Nowhere hath He left Himself without this witness. The world is desolate only when in the words of the prophet there is no one who reflecteth in his heart. Such—anachronisms, of course, apart—was the scholastic answer to Jew and Arab. It is six hundred years old, yet it might have been of yesterday for its timeliness.

Unfortunately the idea of God which most moderns have in mind when thinking or writing upon the subject is of a different kind altogether from the one whose history we have just finished tracing. The Reformation kindled many strange fires in philosophy. The distaste for theology, the distrust of reason, and the love of intuition which it fostered, led to the adoption of an idea quite other than the traditional conception of God. A word or two about this modern substitute notion, and we are done.

There is a knowledge of a swift immediate kind that rises from the affections and the will, almost with the first exercise of the mind's activity. Scarcely has the dawn begun to break on consciousness, when we find ourselves filled with "an obscure and vague *ideal* of the good, the true, the beautiful, and the one." It is a tenuous presence of which we would fain know more, but never do. Unreasoned, uninferred, unlabored this knowledge comes to us, rising like an aura or halo above the field of consciousness and lingering long upon its farthest horizon, wraith-fashion, and with pleadings that stir our depths. It is what the ancients meant when they said that if we listened intently, we could hear the music of the spheres. The schoolmen were well acquainted with this vague and undefinable knowledge engendered by the affections and the will. They called it the *obscure* idea of God, to distinguish it from that other—the distinctive idea—which has been the previous burden of these pages. This obscure idea, they said, is the beginning of our knowledge of the Divine. It is the *common* concept of God as distinct from the *proper*, and so vague that nothing can be got out of it worthy the name of knowledge—for its nature is to be obscure, and without specific content. It is the beginning of our knowledge, and not the end, because scarcely has this vague, unreasoned intuition risen above the surface of consciousness when you find in conjunction with it, supervening, as it were upon it, another and more fruitful idea—the idea of a Superior Being. This second idea is distinctive, proper, analyzable, enlightening. The first has none of these four redeeming qualities, and so may be combined with monism, pluralism, pantheism, polytheism or any particular "ism," you will, because it does not, like the second, clearly distinguish God from every being other and represent Him as superior, but degrades Him to the level of the One-in-the-many, instead of portraying Him clearly as the One distinct from all.

The idea of God which the scholastics designated as obscure, unhistorical, unfruitful, and neither proper nor distinctive nor enlightening, is the modern idea of God. It is a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stops she please, all the way from monism to Christian Science, and from Emerson to Rabindranath Tagore. It is the brackish fount of religious indifference, ever since Theodore Parker "proved" to New England's satisfaction that one religion is as good as another, since they are all concerned with an object or ideal which none of them can ever know. Feuerbach and

Spencer won their reputation with the unwary by the same mistaken notion, not to mention the host of the ill-informed who followed them down the same unwinding road to nescience and night. The late Professor James was no better in his allegiance. Taking the idea of a Superior Being which anthropology has shown to be universal, and failing to note the development of which this idea is inherently capable and has actually received in history, he could disembosom himself of the following utterance at variance alike with the Christian tradition and the noble loftiness of what was best in paganism. It betrays a reversion to primitive types, a preference for undeveloped knowledge, a lack of acquaintance with the higher history of religion, surprising in a modern scholar. "The practical needs and experiences of religion seem to me sufficiently met by the belief that beyond each man and in a fashion continuous with him there exists a larger power which is friendly to him and his ideals. All that the facts require is that the power should be both other and larger than our conscious selves. Anything larger will do, if it only be large enough to trust for the next step. It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary. It might conceivably even be only a larger and more godlike self, of which the present self would then be but the mutilated expression, and the universe might conceivably be a collection of such selves, of different degrees of inclusiveness, with no absolute unity recognized at all."<sup>7</sup>

A returning schoolman would be surprised to find, in this as in other utterances of like tenor, that the obscure idea of God, which in his day did but represent the beginnings of theistic knowledge, had now been dogmatically proclaimed its very end and close. He would behold intuitionists exploiting it, agnostics battering it, absolutists saying of it what they would, and historians of religion reading it back into his own and far more distant times. And should he ask how the vision of men had become so foreshortened, how it was that they took the obscure idea of God and left the clear, how all this accepting without proving, all this recourse to lower levels of thought, was deemed possible of reconciliation with the rational, growing dignity of the human spirit—someone probably would tell him the last few paragraphs of the present story, and he would discover, with sad surprise, still not without a pardonable feeling of satisfaction, that in some respects he was six hundred years ahead of the times to which he had been privileged to return.

<sup>7</sup>*Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 525.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER AND LITERATURE.

BY BROTHER LEO.



WHAT is it that makes a book literature? To answer would involve the necessity of framing a definition of literature, a task difficult always and at best meagre in adequate results. Several things contribute to the making of a great book—artistry, largeness of vision, sureness of touch, the faculty of saying much in little, the Homeric gift of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole; but the great essential of genuine literature is that it see life, or some phase of life, precisely as it is, that it probe beneath the appearances and concern itself mainly with the underlying realities, and that it interpret the truth thus clearly visioned with insight, with sympathy, with impartiality.

It is not easy, as the world goes, to see the truth; and to tell the truth, to interpret the truth, is difficult in the extreme. Yet this task, baffling in any case, would seem to present its minimum difficulty to the objective writer, to the man who concerns himself with reading aright the lives of men and women around him. He needs sharp eyes and sympathy and fearlessness, he must dispense with colored spectacles and prepossessions and a weakness for his friends; but he can, provided he is big enough and broad enough and keen enough, paint a portrait of life. So did Schiller in *Maria Stuart*, Browning in *The Ring and the Book*, Manzoni in *I Promessi Sposi*.

The difficulty is at its maximum, however, when a man attempts to see the truth and interpret the truth of his own life and character. Few men—owing possibly to a merciful dispensation of Providence—are able to see themselves as they are; most of us stroll blissfully beneath the shading branches of a fool's paradise tuneless with the song birds of our reveries and golden with the mock-oranges of our own conceits, and we prostrate ourselves before a niche wherein stands a statue of the I-I-think-I-am. Once in a while we come across a saint—not always canonized—who possesses a specific and comprehensive knowledge of himself as he is.

A glance at the great books of the world will suffice to show that in all countries and at all times the great writers have been objective writers. We could not well afford to miss our lyric poets, our young men of vague emotions who look into their own hearts and write; but not one of them, solely on his merits as a subjective writer, has reached the supreme plane in letters. Nay, more; a stressing of the lyric note, an intrusion of the ego, would, we feel safe in maintaining, lessen existing reputations. Make Theocritus more subjective, and you rob him of his subtlest charm; insist that Horace sing only of Horace and not of the decay of pulchritude nor about the Sabine farm, and you give us an attenuated Horace; demand that Keats, even, confine himself to a strictly lyrical theme and a rigidly subjective treatment, and you force us to share the sentiments of the rude *Blackwood's* reviewer who sent the young man back to his "plasters, pills and ointment boxes."

The reason for this is not hard to find. The subjective writer so seldom becomes a world writer, not necessarily because his vision of life is straitened, but essentially because his estimate of himself is untrue. He may not, probably does not, know himself as he is; that seems to be the difficulty with even unliterary men—Benvenuto Cellini, for instance, and Sir Hiram Maxim—when they try to tell the story of their lives. But even should he succeed in the rare achievement of knowing himself, he still faces—and ultimately falls before—the more difficult necessity of telling what he knows. Hence, we have so very few autobiographies that rank as literature, and even those, few and great, have pages that strike a false note, passages that savor of affectation, lack of proportion, unconscious insincerity. How our estimate of the *Decline and Fall* dwindles when we read Gibbon's *Autobiography*! And how the *Memoires d'outré-tombe* disclose Chateaubriand's feet of clay!

It is, perhaps, an unlooked for fact that one of the surpassing autobiographies of the world was written by a Carmelite nun, by the greatest woman writer the world has known, St. Teresa. And it is a delightful coincidence that the most remarkable and most truly and deeply literary autobiography of our own day should be written by another Carmelite nun, Sister Thérèse, fondly known throughout the Catholic world as "The Little Flower of Jesus."

Quite properly, most of the absorbed and edified readers of the Little Flower's *Histoire d'une Ame* have paid no heed to its literary character at all; and quite possibly a few of them, possessed of a vague idea that literature has something to do with fustian



and figures of speech, might even resent having so devotional a book discussed from the literary point of view. They are wont to see no common ground in books they label "sacred" and "profane," and writers must be either white sheep or black goats. But not even devout readers can well alter facts; and the fact here is that when little Sister Thérèse, in conformity with the will of her superiors, told the story of her life, she wrote not only a singularly winsome devotional volume, but likewise made a genuine contribution to the literature of France and of the world.

The *Histoire d'une Ame* is set off from most other spiritual autobiographies by its refreshing absence of self-consciousness. There is in it no pose, not even the possibly pardonable pose of reluctance to talk about one's self. Little Sister Thérèse knows that she is a sinner, that she is far from corresponding with all the graces of God and responding to all the kindnesses of men; but so well does she know it that she accepts it as a matter of course and takes up very little space to tell us about it. She is very unlike those good religious who make a sanctimonious fuss when obedience sends them to the photographer. She is told to draw her own picture, and smilingly and unresistingly she complies. She stands off from herself and marks her significant features; these she records simply and directly; then she looks up, for all the world like a little child at a drawing lesson, and sweetly asks: "Is that what you wanted me to draw?" Her concern was, not her own feelings and inclinations, but the will of her superiors; her aim was to abandon her own point of view and adopt the point of view of those who rightfully commanded her. This, truly, is the perfection of religious obedience; and it is likewise the perfection of literary self-analysis.

But that alone does not suffice to account for the literary value of the Little Flower's book. In the complete and hearty identification of her own will with that of her superior, Sister Thérèse is not alone. Many a religious has reached that degree of detachment and active zeal. But many a religious, charged with a similar task, would follow a different selective principle. Many a religious would resolutely repel the recollections of a beautiful and innocent childhood as condemnable worldly thoughts. Many a religious would crush the memories of fond relatives and familiar playmates as human attachments. Many a religious would suppress all mention of the humors of convent life, for are not humors essentially trivial and conducive to evil?

The advent of divine love did not drive human love from the heart of little Sister Thérèse. And so it is that she never tires of telling us of her dear mother and of her wise and saintly father—truly one of the noblest portraits ever painted. And so it is that she recounts with obvious relish numerous seemingly trivial incidents in her family life and in her school career. And how she revels, as girl like she should, in that pilgrimage to Rome! Nor does she omit to mention that, when seeking the bishop's permission to enter Carmel, she put up her hair for the first time in her life in order to impress his lordship with a sense of her maturity. She does not even overlook the narration—which surely must have irritated some members of her community—of her trials with the cranky old nun who couldn't do anything without assistance, and who never failed to complain of the assistance rendered.

Such things indicate that the Little Flower possessed the rare literary gift of recognizing the drama—now comedy, now tragedy, now even boisterous farce—that is forever being played on the stage of life. A primrose by the river's brim was more than a simple primrose to her; it was, as in truth it is, a microcosm. She was able to recognize the deep significances of even the seemingly inconsequential events of workaday life, and she was able, in spite of—or because of—her childlike simplicity, to estimate them at their true value. Progress in spirituality did not dull her perception of the incongruities of men and things; rather it seemed to broaden her horizon and sharpen her vision.

Her brief narrations, her passing comments, her vivid and pointed descriptions serve to give to her autobiography, considered from the literary point of view, the valuable qualities of symmetry and proportion. She looks upon what life she sees with eyes unprejudiced and unafraid. She has no special pleading to indulge in, she has no foul and barren spots to hide. Her little book gives the reader an impression of completeness; and the æsthetic not less than the spiritual effect is satisfying. Because she was so delightfully free from self-consciousness, the Little Flower succeeded in writing an autobiography at once true, candid and technically complete.

The *Histoire d'une Âme* has a wide and ever-increasing circle of readers. Why? We should, naturally enough, expect the followers of a devout life to take to the volume for the all-sufficient reason that it is the life story of a servant of God. The devout, in many cases at least, are not wont to worry themselves over anything

in a book except its spiritual pabulum and its incentives to edification; a book may be very bad indeed from an æsthetic viewpoint and yet be a truly good book to them; and even those who possess some degree of literary appreciation have schooled themselves by long practice—may I venture to say, also, through dire necessity?—to follow the advice of Thomas à Kempis and regard not so much the manner as the matter of what they read. Since, even did the Little Flower's autobiography possess but negligible literary merit, devout readers would give it their attention, it is certainly not surprising that they should turn to it as it stands. Artistry, save when it grows obtrusive, most of them simply ignore; the number of devout readers who consider literary merit in a spiritual book as a scandal, a distraction, an affectation or a crime is happily small.

But devout readers are not the only readers of the *Histoire d'une Ame*. Men and women who sweepingly and illogically condemn the lives of the saints as dry, dismal, brain-fagging stuff, have confessed themselves enchanted with the beautiful soul revelations of little Sister Thérèse. There is no need to dwell on the fact; but there is need to explain it. What is in this book to attract readers whom its purely devotional flavor would fail to attract?

Plainly, I think, the human personality that stands out so gloriously from its pages. Sister Thérèse is a consecrated spirit, a saintly Carmelite nun; but she is also a conceivable, an actual human being. Her holiness, as we see it in her story, has not the unconvincing proportions of a stained-glass saint. We recognize her as sweetly and winsomely human—more than human, if you will; yet with human nature not barbarously crushed and strangled, but, in the light of God's all-pervading, gracious influence, sweetly elevated, purified, ennobled.

Now that human touch, which makes the whole world kin, which makes for sympathy and unselfishness and even sacrifice, is invariably found in literature. It is, indeed, an essential—should we not say *the* essential?—of every book truly great. It is the soul of art. And this it is which comes to us with little Sister Thérèse's story of her life, making her spiritual message all the clearer and her shining example all the more persuasive.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN POLAND?

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S.T.L.



IT is now almost two decades more than a century since the last partition of Poland, which at one time reached within eighty miles of Berlin. There is still a Polish question to be reckoned with. There is not a meeting of the Reichstag in which the subject does not arise in some form."<sup>1</sup>

These words were written over a year before the outbreak of the present war; they were written by a student of Polish history and Polish conditions; and they testify to the belief that one of the multitudinous questions that will arise for both the victor and the vanquished after the present conflict will be the solution of the Polish problem. What and why there is such a problem; as well as both the expediency and the difficulty of its solution, are questions that worry European statesmen to-day, even in the midst of their many other cares; and, while the mastery of Europe is being contended for by the opposing hosts, it may be of interest to turn aside for a moment and get at least the main outlines of the problem.

The first point to be determined is where is Poland; or rather how much do you include under the name? This may seem easy to answer, but, in reality, it is one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in the solution of the Polish question. For in drawing your lines you are sure to be halted by one or the other of the great powers among which ancient Poland is now partitioned. We can best understand this by a brief historical summary. If you go back about seventy years you will find that a portion of the once powerful kingdom of Poland still existed, namely, "the free, independent and neutral city of Cracow," under the protection of Russia, Austria and Prussia. It was, however, incorporated with Austria in 1846; and thus disappeared the last vestige of the very much partitioned kingdom of Poland. Go back to 1795 and you will find the operation of partition continuing on a larger scale. In that year Russia appropriated 45,000 square miles with 1,200,000 inhabitants; Prussia 21,000 square miles with 1,000,000 inhabitants; and Austria 18,000 square miles with 1,000,000 inhabitants.

Go back two years earlier, and you will find the carving

<sup>1</sup>*Poland of To-Day and Yesterday.* By Nevin O. Winter. Chap. xiii.

knife in Poland again. This time Russia helped herself to 96,000 square miles, with 3,000,000 inhabitants; and Prussia took 22,000 square miles with 1,100,000 inhabitants. This time we miss Austria from the feast. Take a further step backwards, and you come to what is known as the First Partition of Poland. Russia is there, represented by Catherine the Great; she takes 42,000 square miles with 1,800,000 inhabitants. Austria is represented by Maria Theresa; she grabs 27,000 square miles with 2,700,000 inhabitants; while Frederick the Great acts in behalf of Prussia, and bites off 13,000 square miles with 415,000 inhabitants. Thus partitioning Poland became quite a passion while it lasted. The dish tasted so well that the intervals between the acts were very brief; the moment the gong sounded, the exponents of benevolent assimilation sat down to the love feast. The table manners were not always what might have been expected from royalty. It was "me first;" just as at an orphan school picnic. And the company were seldom the better friends for having broken bread at the same table. Anyway, the three servings taken together make the very respectable dish of 284,000 square miles, and over 12,000,000 inhabitants; that is to say, a territory larger than the State of Texas, and with a population larger than the States of New York and Massachusetts combined. Nay, Poland was at one time larger even than that. From Riga to the Black Sea, and from the confines of Berlin to the confines of Moscow; all that—an expanse of 400,000 square miles—was once Polish territory. Hence the very obvious question: if Poland is to be reconstituted either as an independent or subordinate power, what are to be its confines? Will they be those previous to the third, or the second, or the first partition? Or rather will they be those mentioned above; those of the days of Sigismund II.? The Poles would say yes. But Russia, Germany and Austria would have to be consulted; and I am sure that even the most sanguine Pole could hardly expect such generosity, especially on the part of Russia, by far the most extensive spoiler of the three. Hence, the satisfaction of the Polish idea will probably still leave large Polish element and territory under foreign domination; in other words, there will still be a Polish question. That is why we emphasized above the importance of the question, "Where is Poland and what are its confines?"

Leaving the question of confines, and coming down to the Poles themselves, we next ask what is it in Polish life and history that makes the Polish question so persistent and so intense? Why is it that they have resisted assimilation for over a century, and have

clung with such fierce determination to their national ideals and aspirations? The question would probably be an insult to a Pole. He would reply: "Not to know me argues yourself unknown." We have but to consider Poland and her history for a moment for the answer to our question.

Polish history divides itself into two well-defined periods: the period preceding and the period following her dissolution as a nation. Each of those periods has contributed to the making of the Polish question. Previous to her disappearance from the map, Poland was a kingdom. It dates back to the ninth century, and came into prominence under the Piast dynasty. Situated in the great central plain of Europe, she has ever been the battleground of two great worlds. To the west of her was a line of long-established and well-organized nations which resisted Polish expansion in that direction, and were always on the wait themselves to push forward their power and their colonies towards the rising sun. To the East were the great plains of Russia, the home of the great Slavic race, and the highway for those semi-barbaric hordes which moved on at regular intervals from the ever-productive Orient. Thus, Poland had plenty of exercise in attack and defence; and both in attack and defence she performed most of those great deeds that are to-day the inspiration and glory of Polish nationality. She can point to battlefields where she humbled the pride of the Prussians, the Slavs, the Mongols and the Turks. She can truthfully say that, with her back to the Christian civilization of Europe, she repelled the onslaughts of the Pagans and Mohammedans. "But for Polish valor," says Louis E. Van Norman, "Western civilization would have been blighted; Christianity itself, perhaps, engulfed. Poland was the sentinel who kept watch on the Eastern gate of Europe, while Latin civilization, in the person of France, flowered and taught the world." "While my own dear France was the missionary of civilization," said Victor Hugo, "Poland was its knight."

A great history implies great rulers, and great heroes. Poland had both. Boleslaw the Bold, Wladislaw the Short, Casimir the Great, Sigismund the Great and John Sobieski—a people that can look back to rulers like these will always find it hard to bear a foreign yoke. She had many such. Their tombs are in her cities and cathedrals and are potent influences in rousing the stones of Poland to rise and mutiny. It is useless to suppress the language of a conquered people unless you can also obliterate their history and their monuments. History speaks to the heart and monu-

ments speak to the eye; and the hearts and eyes of a nation are beyond the reach of statutes and coercion acts. The citizens of Warsaw and Cracow can never get away from the thundering eloquence of their ancient monuments, and their ancient glories.

Of course, her kings did not save Poland; but then it was not the fault of the kings. It was the fault of the system; and systems are usually misfortunes rather than faults. Poland's kings were usually figureheads among her nobles; each one of whom imagined he was as good as the king, and did all in his power to retard the centralization of authority. She had a Parliament where absolute unanimity was required for legislation; and where, therefore, any individual noble—be he a fool or a knave or a Hampden—could by his single veto absolutely paralyze legislation. Nobles with such absolute power in Parliament naturally, in the course of time, came to have an equally absolute power out of it. They became rural tyrants and rural burdens, gradually erecting impossible barriers between themselves and their suffering serfs; extorting life-destroying taxes to maintain their pomp and their power, and jealously watching lest there should develop among them a king in reality as well as in name. Indeed, the history of the kings of Poland shows how little they cared for their job. Henry of Anjou, whom they brought from France to rule over them, quietly stole away at night, and never came back. John Casimir abdicated, and went back to his monastery, foretelling the dismemberment of the country. And John Sobieski, even after his great victory over the Turk, contemplated resigning, so much was he disgusted with the disputes in the Diet, and his own impotency to heal them. Still Poland had great kings and royal achievements; and although there were evils and miseries innumerable, the glory that emanates from royalty, and the fact that it was ended from without and not from within, make her idealize those ancient days, and think only of the splendors, forgetting the hard truths of history. It is ever thus. We are always willing to part with a king provided he leaves us the kingdom; but if the kingdom is also taken away, then we make our misery greater by exaggerating the virtues of both the king and the kingdom. So was it with the Israelites. Their history tells of many bad kings, and of many evils during their reigns; but when Israel passed under a foreign yoke all these things were forgotten, and the last question asked of the Messiah was: "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel." So

it is to-day with the Irish. The rule of their native princes was supplanted by the rule of a foreign king; and neither persecution nor blandishments have ever been able to reconcile the nation to the change. And so will it be with the Poles, so long as Petrograd or Berlin or Vienna tries to hold the place of Cracow or Warsaw. What is Berlin to the Pole, or the Pole to Berlin? Absolutely nothing, so long as the memory and the monuments of the pre-partition days survive, and that will be always.

When we come down to the post-partition days, we have to deal with more than a century of time. That is a long period for a problem to continue; yet the Polish problem has continued during that period, and is as acute to-day as ever. If we ask have there been any attempts to solve it, we can answer that the attempts are as old as the problem, and may be summed up under four headings: Russianization, Prussianization, Austrianization and Polandization. The first three are the same in principle, differing only in the place of origin, and have been applied with more or less sternness, according to moods of rulers and the exigencies of politics. The last mentioned is but the manifestation of a national spirit, formed as I have indicated, claiming to be but the expression of a creed, namely, that Poland must and will be Polish, and believing that it has within itself the promise and potency of ultimate success. The history of Poland for the past century has been the history of the conflict of this creed against the triangle of opposing forces composed of Austria, Prussia (or Germany) and Russia. It is one of the longest maintained, most memorable, and most inspiring conflicts of history.

When the conflict began after the third partition the odds were against Poland. Weakened by centuries of misrule and previous partitions; portioned out between what were then, and what have continued to be since, three of the great powers of Europe; with no free Polish city where she might devise her policy and carry on her campaign unmolested, it would seem that the only sensible policy would have been to sing the requiem of her former self and become Russian, Prussian or Austrian, according to the lines of the partition. At least one would have said that to keep up such a conflict for a hundred years would end in nothing but annihilation, not only of the Polish nation but of the individual Poles. There were, however, several things in her favor also. First of all there was the will and determination to survive; then there were the traditions of the great kings and great achievements mentioned above. There were also the still greater bonds



of unity in language and unity in religion, two of the greatest safeguards and bulwarks of national life. With such assets and against such odds Poland entered the arena. She is in the arena still; the fight still continues; and the other parties in the conflict have to admit that she shows no signs either of surrender or exhaustion.

Nay, even the Poland of the partition is greater than the Poland of the kings; greater in men of genius, greater in worldly power, greater in achievement, and greater in her devotion to her own ideals. "In industry, in agriculture, in the arts and sciences, in education, in wealth and numbers the Poles are progressive."<sup>2</sup> The Poles in the dominions of Austria, Russia and Prussia number about twenty millions, with about three millions in this country. Notwithstanding suppression and hostile legislation, they not only have held their own in the conquered territory, but are more than a match for the favored children of these three great powers. Persecution and discrimination, instead of breaking their power, have brought them together in a brotherhood of the spirit, and have made them all the more determined to realize their national ideals. The occasional fruitless attempts at insurrection have given the ever potent baptism of blood, and added to their litany of kings a litany of martyrs and heroes. The cause for which a Kosciusko lived and suffered cannot easily be forgotten; the country that produced Sienkiewicz, Chopin, Modjeska and Paderewski is yet very much alive, and until her ideals are achieved, there will always be a Polish problem.

When we turn to the three sharers in Polish territory, we come to three national mistakes, if not to three national crimes; and the bigger the crime the less satisfactory the results. Austria has been the least foolish of the three. There are reasons for this. She is a mosaic of nations, and has by this time learned the wisdom of tolerance towards diversity of language, religion and ideals. Hence, she has not interfered with the ways of the Poles; the result being that "a real affection has grown up among the Poles for the aged Franz Joseph." Russia and Germany, however, began with the principle: "Let us make Poland to our own image and likeness," and only now are they in a mood to confess their folly. Poland is yet neither German nor Russian, and both Czar and Kaiser are outdoing each other in promises of what each will do for downtrodden Poland when he has properly punished the other for his crime against civilization. Whichever of the two

<sup>2</sup>*Poland.* By L. E. Van Norman. Page 27.

wins, he will probably try to convince Poland that "Codlin's your friend," and that he has rescued a great nation for all time from the domination of a hated tyrant.

Such is a brief outline of Poland's present condition and previous history. Without such knowledge we can understand neither the reason for, nor the nature of, the Polish question. But when we come to ask ourselves, "What will happen to Poland after the war?" our prophecies must be negative rather than positive. Of this we may be sure that a victorious Germany or a victorious Russia is not going to do anything for Poland unless as a good investment, redounding to the advantage of the victor. There have already been so many sacrifices for necessity during the present war that even the winning side is not going to add to the number by making a sacrifice for sentiment. Germany would be very glad to deprive Russia of further slices of Poland; but she did not enter this war for the liberation of Poland, but for the expansion of Germany. The same is true of Russia. If the war is a draw, they may all, either in a moment of magnanimity or of repentance or of state policy, agree to put Poland in business for herself again, either to get rid of their Polish problems, or as a means to avoid further trouble by keeping at a respectful distance from one another.

Anyhow there will be difficulties innumerable. How much should be included in a restored Poland? Should it be absolutely independent or subject to the suzerainty of one or of the three great neighboring powers? If of one, which one is it to be? If of the three, how long will the harmony last? In a reconstituted Poland will there be guarantees for the fair treatment of the German, Russian and Austrian subjects now dwelling in Polish territory? Will the Jews be put on the same legal footing as the Christians? These, and a host of other preliminary questions will have to be adjusted before (if ever) Poland can say: "All is mine beneath the Polish sky."

There is no good in prophesying. Poland has to wait until the war is over before she can begin to make demands or suggestions. There is this, however, to be said: The Allies declare they are fighting for the destruction of German militarism, and the independence of the small nations; the Germans say they are fighting to stem the ever-advancing Slav menace. Whichever side wins, it would seem that for their honor as well as for their interest they ought to consider the claims of Poland.

## "LIBERTY" IN MEXICO.

(A STORY.)

BY ROBERT H. GROSS.

### I.



HIGH LOW JACKSON halted his flea-bitten roan with a scarcely perceptible tightening of the bridle-rein.

"If we was camels," he remarked, "I'd vote for leavin' San Agueda off of our visitin' list."

"There's quite a bunch of them," observed Tom Hewston, reining up his big bay beside Jackson. "Wonder whose men they are?"

"That's what I'm sayin'," High Low answered. "Got them various passports handy-like?"

"Devil of it is, High Low, that might be a fresh spawn—some new Don wanting something. Viva!" he cried, "Viva! Viva—most anybody!"

They were gazing down a narrow, yellow valley, flanked by jagged brown hills. Beyond the hard hills, soft purple mountains loomed into the steel-blue sky. Straight before them, a mile away, in a green oasis of cottonwoods, lay the village of San Agueda, its church and its gray-brown adobe huts shining a brilliant white in the noon sun. Just entering the village, and spread out in a shiftless, straggling pattern, was a column of horsemen, whose discovery had halted the two travelers, and evoked their rather anxious comment.

"Well," said Jackson, "whoever them gents is, we ain't no ships of the desert; so I reckon we just takes a blind chance that we're friends."

"That's all we can do," assented Hewston. "Anyway," he went on, his pleasant, sun-browned face setting quickly into rugged lines, "we're not relying entirely on a bunch of letters."

"Well, now, that's right," High Low Jackson seconded cheerfully. "Let's amble in there, an' look 'em over."

He yelped at the two pack-burros, who had been nosing hopefully along the barren trail, and the little cavalcade fell into line, moving off slowly toward the shining village.

Tom Hewston, bringing up the rear, studied High Low Jackson's faded, blue shoulders, as he had studied them many times before during the five-day journey from the Esperanza del Norte mine. High Low's rather slouchy, but deceptive, shoulders had been a convenient focus for Tom's thought processes, which were not pleasant exercises. For Tom had believed himself the owner of an incomparable copper vein, and through the long year since his discovery had clung grimly to his treasure, despite the shifting chaos of the times. In the end, his laborers vanished, his titles smashed, his glittering dreams broken into a thousand gilded particles, he had listened to the earnest appeal High Low Jackson had brought down from Dick Garrett. Now, paralleling the railroad, but avoiding it by many miles, they were traveling north through the State of Sonora toward Garrett's ranch near the border.

It was proving a difficult task for Tom to overcome the passionate storm of helplessness and disappointment that had rushed over him when he realized that Garrett was right, and that he must leave the Esperanza. Little by little, he was succeeding. What, after all, were his selfish ambitions set over against this bigger, nobler thing; this anguished labor that was to bring forth another fair babe of Liberty? But, invariably, when he thought of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the answering chords rang false. Somehow, perhaps because it was so long ago, that other revolution was different, was cleaner and higher and more noble; yet he stubbornly insisted that the principle must be the same, and he clung to the comforting argument that his loss was only a tiny part of a nation's gain.

Two hundred yards from the first of the squat adobes, reaching out from San Agueda, the trail crossed the dry bed of the Rio la Casa by the simple expedient of dropping down one steep bank and up the other.

High Low's roan had just extended one gingerly forefoot to descend into the rock-strewn bed of the absent stream, when a shrill babble of cheers and a rattling volley of rifle fire burst out of San Agueda. A quick dig of the spurs sent the gaunt roan in awkward, stiff-legged haste to the bottom of the ravine. Just behind, in a smother of dust, came the two astonished burros, with Tom's bay nipping savagely at their rumps.

"Right pleasant welcome, ain't it?" said High Low, mopping his face with a huge bandana. "I wonder if that's a fight or a *fiesta*?"

"Details later. Just now, this ravine looks pretty good. I can't see a soul," Tom continued, stretching up in his stirrups. "The rumpus must be in on the plaza."

The firing had now become a continuous crackling of shots—one, three, five at a time, and the cries, coming at longer intervals, were now not cheers, but single, sinister yelps. Then, suddenly, the stillness of the valley swooped back. The two in the river bed strained their ears and stretched their necks; but sounds had ceased, and San Agueda lay there before them, peaceful and sleepy in the sun. A quarter of an hour they waited; then Tom shook an impatient rein.

"Come on, High Low. The celebration seems to be over. Let's get in."

The narrow street leading into the valley was strangely quiet, even for the siesta hour. Doors and shutters were inhospitably tight. Black-shawled women, tumbling, bead-eyed children, the usual torrent of fierce-voiced dogs, all were hidden. Tom caught a glimpse of one brown, anxious face peeping from a house near the square, and behind the next hut the shaggy, gray head of a dog discreetly peered. Then, the road led past the church, fronting on the plaza, and, as High Low turned the corner, he called sharply to Hewston and slid instantly from his saddle. When Tom gained his side, Jackson was kneeling by a bruised, bleeding wreck of a man, huddled horribly in the dust.

"He's alive," muttered High Low; "but that's about all. Gimme my flask—left saddle pocket."

Skillfully and tenderly, the rough-handed Jackson lifted the torn face and dropped the warm liquor into the distorted mouth. A weak groan rewarded him. Suddenly, Tom's rapid fingers ceased their searching over the limp form.

"My God!" he whispered. "This man's a padre, High Low—a priest!"

"Huh?"

"See? The collar, the cassock?"

"Well, I'm danged!" murmured High Low, staring amazedly, but keeping the bloody head in the crook of his arm.

Another groan from the wreck, and the right hand lifted to the forehead, then, painfully, completed a ragged Sign of the Cross. The eyes fluttered open; lips that were bulged and blue tried vainly to speak; then the body sagged down.

"Is he gone?" whispered Hewston.

"Not yet."

"Dirty, dirty work," breathed Tom, anger flashing in his gray eyes. "Somebody's going to pay for this."

"The señores are interfering with justice," spoke a smooth voice behind them.

Startled violently, Hewston swung around. But even at that moment one word had burned its way to his brain.

"Justice!" he cried. "Justice!"

Before him stood a slim, undersized man, half soldier, half cowhead. Stuffed into high-heeled, cruel-spurred boots were blue denim overalls; above them a brown, military blouse and a huge, be-silvered sombrero. Tom noted, too, the side arms and collar ornaments, and he looked into a pair of evil, little eyes.

"You said justice, Captain," Tom repeated, still on his knees. "But this man is a padre. I—"

"A padre, surely!" and the little captain grimaced and spread his hands. "He refuses to obey orders; he is taught a little lesson. The señores are not to interfere with the lesson."

"But—" hot words leaped into Hewston's mouth.

Coldly they ran back again; for the form on the ground let forth a ghastly gurgle, stiffened convulsively, then relaxed gently in High Low Jackson's arms.

"Interference is ended, Captain," said Jackson, without turning. "He is dead."

"Pizst! The soft fool!" the captain said, snapping his fingers. He stepped to the body and pushed it with his foot.

With a catlike spring, Tom Hewston leaped at the Mexican. The palm of his hand struck the captain's brown jaw, and the little man spun backward against the church wall.

"There's justice in that, too, you devil!"

"You dare to strike me!" shrilled the officer, struggling in a grotesque mixture of pain, astonishment and dignity. "Me? El Captain José Sandoval y Ribera? You American dogs! You have seen how one lesson is taught; you shall see another. *Hola! Hola!*" he squawked. "Gallegos! Rojas! Here, quickly!"

Out of a newly whitewashed house, across the little square, appeared two men. They glanced in the direction of the gesticulating Captain, then dodged back to reappear quickly, bearing their rifles, and followed by half a dozen others, the whole party advancing toward the church at a trot.

"That little gun of yours, Tommy," began High Low Jackson.

But Tom's automatic was already in use. Against the brown-coated ribs of the captain it pressed familiarly.

"Stop them, Sandoval," commanded Tom, quietly. "Stop them, quickly!"

The little man hesitated a fraction of a second. The pistol dug sharply into him.

"Halt!" he ordered; then: "You will wait there for my commands."

The motley squad obeyed, shuffling into a scrawly line.

"Very good," murmured Hewston.

"Very good?" sneered the other. "We shall see! We shall see if Captain Sandoval y Ribera can be defied!"

"I want the name of that padre, and I want to know why you killed him," Hewston said, the soft Spanish words taking on the terseness of English as they snapped from his lips. "Come, his name?"

"How can I tell you his name?" squealed Sandoval, in high-pitched wrath. "How do I know the dog's name? He is a padre, that is sufficient!"

"Why did you kill him?"

"We kill all enemies of the Republic; we—"

"Stop!" thundered Hewston. "That is enough. What crime had he committed?"

"They are traitors, I tell you—all of them—enemies of Liberty!"

Tom snarled his disgust.

"Watch our little friend a minute, will you, High Low?" he said, turning to Jackson. "I'm going to find somebody who'll tell me something."

"Make it quick, Tommy," urged his lean friend; "somethin's liable to bust."

Tom strode rapidly through the arched door into the church. An instant's soothing touch came to him in the cool atmosphere. Then his eyes gauged the subdued light, and he reached out quickly into the empty air for support against the shocking sight that met him. Over the flagged floor were scattered remnants of what had been the painted Stations of the Cross. Littered among them were broken bits of pottery, and tossed about were the gaily-colored paper flowers that had decorated the altar. A little unsteadily he advanced over the wreckage, his pounding anger finding vent in low mutterings. Satan himself had passed this way, it seemed, his fawning

courtiers strewing his path with the rarest of blossoms for his cloven feet. At the altar rail he stopped. The floor of the sanctuary was piled up with broken statues and twisted candlesticks. The sanctuary lamp had been smashed, and the oil still dripped down, drop by drop, on the green carpet. Then he saw that the tabernacle door had been shot into bits!

With a gasp, he entered the sanctuary, and, with awe in his heart, searched keenly for what he prayed he might not find. Sighing his relief, for nowhere to be seen was ciborium or Sacred Host, he stepped toward an open door, which led out of the sacristy on the right to a small *patio*. As he swung down the single step into the bright sunshine, he heard a low exclamation, and, turning, beheld a young woman cowering against the wall. Thrown over the girl's head was a filmy, black mantilla, and, as she shrank back, she held the soft, graceful folds across her face. Only her eyes were uncovered, great, black eyes that just now glittered with terror.

"I mean no harm, señorita," said Hewston, quickly. "I am sorry I frightened you."

Strangely, at the words, Tom saw a new light in the depths of the dark eyes. Their hard brilliance faded and a soft radiance shone forth. The girl released the ends of her mantilla, and thrust out her arms in an appealing gesture.

"You—you are an American, señor?" she questioned timidly.

A warm glow of pride surged up in Tom's breast at the eager hope that trembled on the words.

"Yes, señorita."

"Not of the—the army?" with a quick return of fear.

"No, no, señorita. I'm on my way to the States."

The sweet face flushed in swift indignation, and the soft eyes flashed. To Tom's wonder she dropped the Spanish and spoke in rapid English.

"You have seen, then? Oh, you have seen what they have done? Tell me," she whispered, "the priest, Father Pouget, is he—is he—dead?"

Tom bowed his head.

"He is dead, señorita."

Silently sobbing, the girl sank to her knees.

"I came in here to learn something of Father Pouget," Hewston said, leaning over the grief-stricken girl. "But there is little we can do for him now. Tell me, señorita, is there something we can do for you?"



Gently he urged her to rise.

"For me, there is nothing," she answered, amid her tears. "Oh, but there are others you can help—others who need it sorely. Listen, señor—señor—"

"Hewston—Thomas Hewston."

"Señor Hewston, you can do a noble deed," she went on in a low voice. "This morning at dawn, Filipo came in with the warning that the soldiers were coming. My father had sent him from Magdalena. There were two nuns who had sought refuge here in Agueda a few days ago. When Filipo brought his news, Father Pouget refused to leave his church; but he made the Sisters go. They have set out on foot for the Hacienda de las Manzanas. It is fifteen miles east of here, the trail branches off the Camino Norte two miles beyond San Agueda. O Señor Hewston," she whispered brokenly, "they are in peril, these good women. There is a way to the border from Las Manzanas. Will you help them? Will you go North that way, and—and take them with you?"

"But you, señorita?"

"I? They dare not molest me!" she declared proudly. "But the others! They are hunted like wild things. Already the soldiers have ridden out to seek them—you saw? Only a few are left here."

Tom looked into the beautiful, imploring eyes. He saw the long lashes wet with tender tears; saw the slender hands clasped in supplication.

"Señorita," he said softly, "we will help them all we can."

"God will bless you, Señor Hewston," she exclaimed, and she grasped his arm impulsively. "Go quickly," she urged. "You cannot miss the way; perhaps—perhaps the soldiers have gone on. They may not think of Las Manzanas."

"If I should, if we go through safely, señorita, I should want you to know it."

A sweet confusion mantled her soft cheeks.

"I—I am Inés de Cenriquez," she said. "But go, señor. I shall know if you succeed. Good-by, Señor Hewston, God will surely bless you."

Tom stood irresolutely and watched her cross the *patio*. She turned once and looked at him. He doffed his wide felt hat and bowed low.

"Good-bye, señorita," he called, then turning on his heel he walked back through the church, crushing the bright paper flowers

and crunching the poor broken vases as he went. At the church door he perceived High Low Jackson and Captain Sandoval y Ribera sitting side by side on the steps. Jackson turned his head slightly at Tom's approach.

"The Captain agrees with me, Señor Hewston," he said, "that a slight show of temper might be excused if one is plainly ignorant, and, especially, if he carries a pass from General Villa." High Low's dignified Spanish hardly squared with the twinkle in his pale, blue eyes; but he went on gravely enough: "The Captain will go with us to the well there, where he will examine our letter, and he will remain with us while we water and feed. We agree then to go on without further interference. As a mark of favor, he will accompany us a mile or two alone. Then he will return to San Agueda. You agree to this, Señor Hewston; no?"

One wrinkled eyelid descended slowly, and High Low's remaining eye stared solemnly at Tom. Hewston might have chuckled at the diplomatic Texan; but a glance at the dusty form lying just beyond jerked him up. So he merely grunted an affirmative.

"And you, Captain? This plan is agreeable; no?"

Sandoval looked at the long-barrelled Colt in High Low's hand.

"It is the duty of an officer to respect his superior's orders, even at the loss of his own dignity," he said, sullenly. "I am willing to let you go, if you carry my General's pass, as you say."

An hour later they sat in their saddles, watching the outraged Captain cantering back to San Agueda. They were at the summit of a long slope, two miles from the village. Just beyond their position, a faint trail, scarcely more than a shallow gully, led off to the right from their own northward road.

"It sure was correct for you to smack his face," High Low was saying; "but, while you was sashayin' around in the church, it come to me that if the rest of that outfit showed up before we could git out, it'd be no more Stars an' Stripes for us."

"It was smart. The only thing to do," Tom assured him. "But you should have seen that church, High Low. To think that a gang of dirty murderers like that should be allowed to masquerade as patriots! And the women—" Tom checked his outburst. "High Low," he said then, evenly, "there are women in danger from that outfit; two poor nuns. They are somewhere over there, and I have promised to help them. It may be a dangerous job, and I have no right to ask you to mix in. It'll be all right with me, old boy, if you'd rather head on north. As for me—"

"Mr. Tom Hewston," drawled High Low Jackson, with dignity, "I reckon I ain't no shinin' church member; but I'm a he-man from Texas. How're we goin' to find them ladies?"

"Good old High Low," grinned Tom. "Did you think I didn't know you were coming along?"

## II.

The shadows of the burros' ears waved over the rocky trail like yardarms, and the cool evening air was breathing up refreshingly, when the two travelers reached the cactus-dotted hill overlooking the clustered buildings of the Hacienda de las Manzanas. There had been no sight of exhausted, frightened women, nor any sign of their swift-riding hunters. Stretching vastly before them lay a great plain, glimmering with the iridescent hues of a mountain sunset. Delicate smoke-plumes lifted up, peacefully, above the *hacienda* buildings, signaling warmth and inner comfort for weary bodies.

"They've made it, all right, High Low," Tom said. "Poor things, they must be half dead. Looks like the enemy is clear off the scent, too."

"I ain't predictin'," returned Jackson, his gaze searching the darkening, northern horizon.

"We can give them a good night's rest," Tom went on, disregarding High Low's pessimism, "and get an early start in the morning."

"I calculate it twenty mile to the border, air-line," said Jackson. "An' I ain't in favor of givin' them coyotes no wide-open invitations. If them ladies kin wiggle a finger, they'd ought to keep right on a-goin'."

"Maybe you're right," Tom agreed, catching the anxious note in the other's slow voice.

He turned in his saddle and faced the huge, red sun, which hung in a haze at the sharp back of a steep hill, two miles behind. At the moment Hewston turned there crept into the burnished ball at the hilltop a number of tiny, black objects.

"Look, High Low," he cried. "What do you make of it?"

Jackson squinted carefully into the sun.

"Hell!" he answered, eloquently.

A grizzled old man, herding a flock of goats into an adobe corral, at the edge of the *hacienda*, looked up in mild astonishment at the hurrying horsemen, lashing at the two pack-burros.

"Where is the master?" called Tom.

"He is away—there," pointing with lifted chin to the west.

"Well, who is in charge?"

As if in answer, around the corner of the corral trotted a magnificent black horse, his rider swinging gracefully in at the turn.

"There he is, señor—Pablo Baca."

The black horse reared, snorting extravagantly at the burros and the goats.

"Good evening, señores," greeted Baca, politely.

"You are in charge here?" asked Tom.

"Yes, señor."

"Then the two Sisters, the nuns, they have come in safely?"

"Sisters? No, señor," came the prompt and astounding reply.

"There are no Sisters here."

Hewston looked at his companion in bewilderment. Then he turned to Baca.

"Listen, señor, carefully. Behind us, just over the hill, is a troop of mounted soldiers. They are seeking these nuns. We are trying to protect them. Surely they have come in; they started for this place from San Agueda at dawn; the Señorita Inés de Cenriquez told me so."

"The señorita!" cried Baca, and stopped. Then he continued, rapidly: "They are here, señor. The soldiers are coming, you say? *Madre de Dios!* Come quickly! The burros—take them in," he commanded the old man at the corral-gate. "Come, señores!"

The fiery, black stallion whirled and dashed off down the road, Tom and High Low at his heels. Tom caught a rushing view of clustered, adobe huts and of well-stocked corrals crowded up about the main building. Through these Baca spurred, dismounting in a small and empty yard immediately behind the big, thick-walled house. A single door in the blank wall led through a dark hallway to a spacious *patio*, lying cool and beautiful in the gathering shadows. Hastening down the gallery, Baca opened a wide, glass door. Instantly all sense of the crude life just outside vanished; for they had entered an exquisite apartment, where the failing light caressed dark leather and mahogany, and glinted on silver and glass.

"The Sisters are there," said Pablo, pointing to a deep-set door. "What is to be done, señores, do you think?"

The man was nervous. He even trembled slightly; but his

eyes were calmly courageous and his voice was firm. Tom looked about, a little dazed at the exotic elegance of his surroundings, and finding it difficult to entertain the insistent sense of savage, impending danger. Quickly, though, he decided.

"They must leave this place," he said. "They must gain the United States line. Can you furnish horses? And is there someone, señor, who knows the way—someone whom you can trust?"

"But you, señores?"

"We must remain to delay the soldiers; someone else must go."

Baca hesitated a moment; then drew himself up with a smothered sigh.

"The señorita would have it so," he said. "My son, my little son will go."

"Quick then, señor!"

Bowing, the Mexican crossed the room and tapped on the little door. A wizened woman peeped out suspiciously. In one sharp sentence Baca bade her tell the nuns they must go on. Then he hastened from the room.

"An hour will do it, High Low," said Tom. "They must ride fast; maybe half an hour will do. Get your thinking-cap on, old boy; we'll sure need it."

"Some ranch!" murmured the Texan, in irrelevant ecstasy. "I'm sure right pleased with it!"

He went poking about the big room, awkwardly examining the walls, the pictures and the ornaments. A French clock on the high mantel ticked off the seconds softly, and Tom Hewston paced back and forth before the dark fireplace, his curly, brown head bent forward in rapid speculations. Behind them, then, on the gallery, came Pablo's quick step.

"They can go at once," he said as he entered.

Again, at the little door he tapped.

"Ready!" he called sharply.

At the summons the old woman opened the door and stood aside as the two nuns came forth. Haggard-eyed they were, in the dim light, their every silent movement shouting their physical distress; but their brave souls shone out, serene and undismayed. As Hewston bowed before them, the rushing jumble of half-formed plans with which he had been wrestling passed curiously from him. In their place came quickly, and burned steadily, a simple, joyful ease; the way would show itself; now it sufficed that he was here to help.

"There is no time," he said. "You must go at once, and ride—ride fast. Do not fear. You will reach the border safely—to-night."

"May God protect you, señores," a gentle voice replied.

The dark habits rustled in the quiet room, and Pablo led them into the *patio*. Fifteen minutes passed. The two Americans exchanged no words. Jackson opened the wide door across the room, and looked into the dark interior. Then he walked to the little door in the corner and passed into the room beyond. Returning after a minute he dropped into a soft chair. Tom glanced at him keenly; then the two sat waiting and alertly listening. The clock on the mantel struck musically. At its last mellow tap, the wizened little woman came in with a burning wax taper in her claw-like hands. The chimneys clinked nervously as she lighted the two brass lamps. Suddenly she started, stood rigid for an instant, then, hissing her alarm, scurried with the pitiful haste of the aged from the room.

A muffled hammering was sounding. They heard pattering feet passing swiftly. A draft of air stirred the draperies. A loud voice came to them, speaking fast. The next moment the door opposite swung open, and three men, dragging with them a woman, hurriedly entered. Tom felt his nerves, his sinews, his very being, flex in momentary preparation. Then he stepped forward.

"Hello, Sandoval," he said, quietly, though his heart sank at sight of the captive.

"The American señores," greeted the officer with mock ceremony. He jerked the woman roughly forward. "This young devil is your friend, I believe?"

Tom stared in cold amazement at the beautiful, pale face of Inés de Cenriquez.

"Señorita!" he cried, stepping toward her.

"Careful, Señor Hewston," she warned. "The Captain is brave now as a lion. He has forty men outside."

"You see, gentlemen," said Sandoval to his companions, ignoring the scornful girl, "our information is confirmed. Señores," addressing the Americans, "this afternoon you were pardoned. The offence was, we shall say, personal. But to-night, it is different—you have struck at the Republic!"

Tom was thinking fast. What had happened at San Agueda? Sandoval evidently had expected to find them at Las Manzanas. Under what pretext had the little fiend dragged off this defenceless

girl?—Muddying his mind and tangling his thoughts was the unbelievable malice against the Church and her people which so unmistakably was driving on this pseudo-soldier. Wounded pride he could understand, and revenge; the physical danger the little man threatened he could meet calmly. But twisted in and about it all, uncannily, was a deeper and more evil spirit. Tom shuddered a little as the swift impression crossed him. Satan was here in this room! He was leering there in the eyes of Captain Sandoval y Ribera!

"If we have struck at Mexico, Captain," he said in a moment, his words slow and careful, as befitting this newly-discovered enemy of worth, "we have done so only in defence of those whom in my country we cherish and protect. I had believed until to-day that Mexico, too, honored God and His people. Now, it seems, I was mistaken."

"You are a fool," sneered Sandoval. "Find the women," he ordered.

The two lieutenants made one step toward the deep-set door in the corner, and then, in flashing inspiration, Tom Hewston leaped to the little door and barred the way.

"One moment, gentlemen," he said. "Captain, I appeal to your manhood. I ask you to consider what you are doing. Let us discuss this matter before you decide."

"Enough," Sandoval flared. "Stand aside!"

"You do not know us, Sandoval," said Hewston, and in his hand gleamed again the ugly little automatic. "They shall not enter this door until I say so. You have your men outside, you can kill us, I suppose; but I demand to know more about this before you touch these poor women."

Pulsing seconds passed, while the trio at the doorway stood tensely, and Sandoval's shifting eyes shot here and there, seeking an opening for his baffled venom. With one slender hand half-lifted, the other pressing at her breast, Inés stared at Hewston. Across the table from her, High Low Jackson also stared; but, slowly, his puzzled look changed to an expression of twinkling admiration.

Then the captain shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"You are making it very hard for me to remember that you are an American," he said. "Put up your pistol and stand aside."

"Forget I'm an American, Sandoval, when you get ready."

Sandoval's thin lips curled in a cruel snarl.

"A call from me will bring my men, Hewston. I need not tell you what that means. This is my last warning. Stand aside!"

"Thomas," came High Low's slow voice, "it looks to me like we lose. Better let 'em pass. We done our best."

Hewston looked searchingly at the Texan, who was leaning forward, a little anxiously.

"You mean that, High Low?" he demanded.

"Your friend is wise," cut in Sandoval.

"You bet I mean it, Thomas. We done our damndest; let 'em through."

"All right then," Hewston cried, pulling open the door.

Like hungry hounds, the two lieutenants dashed through. Sandoval called out an urging word, and stepped, himself, toward the door. Instantly, a long arm wrapped itself around his thin body, and a rough hand clapped over his mouth.

"Lock it!" commanded High Low Jackson, holding Sandoval tightly. "Lock it, Tommy! Good boy! I never seen a nicer little pen! That's the only door!"

As Hewston turned with the key in his hand, he faced Inés.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Oh, what are you doing?"

Flushing suddenly, he grasped the girl by the shoulders.

"They're not in there," he said, and a smile flickered on his lips. "They've gone on ahead."

"Gone!" she exclaimed. "I—oh—oh—señor!"

The words reached the struggling Sandoval. With convulsive desperation, he jerked his head free from Jackson's smothering hand.

"Gallegos!" he screamed. "Help! The men—bring—"

Springing to Jackson's side, Tom shut off the squealing; but the cry had carried. They heard the swift thud of running feet, a stifled cry, quick steps. Then at the door stood Pablo Baca!

"Pablo!" exclaimed Tom.

"There is no alarm," said Pablo, and Tom caught the flash of steel, quickly hidden. "The sentinel who ran will be quiet now."

Muffled shouts and a dull pounding sounded at the deep-set little door in the corner. Pablo shot a questioning glance at Hewston.

"The two lieutenants," explained Tom. "Locked in."

The other shrugged calmly.

"No one can hear," he said, "the walls are thick."



"If you gents 'll fetch some twine, I'd like for to tie this up," said High Low Jackson, breathing a little fast.

At the words Baca went out, returning in a moment with a coiled lariat. Working silently, he trussed the helpless captain and gagged him with a brilliant-hued silk handkerchief.

"You're sure an artist, Pablo," declared High Low, depositing Sandoval in a chair and gazing at his bonds admiringly.

But the tall Mexican was talking rapidly to the girl.

"Ah, señorita, I feared this would be the end," he said. "The master knows I warned him he could not help these poor priests and nuns. Now, they will take this house—destroy all, perhaps. But you—you must go—now, before it is too late."

"*Santa Maria*, my home!" the girl sobbed. "My home, my father!"

"Señores," said Pablo, "your horses and another are in a place I shall show you. You can overtake my little Pablo and the Sisters."

"Señorita Inés," Tom said very gently, "we will carry you safely. I promise you that."

Inés looked at him with tender, tear-dimmed eyes.

"God has not forsaken me, señor," she said simply.

The fragrance of the *patio* stole in through the open door. Indistinct sounds, as of revelry and fitful flares of light came to them from the huts beyond.

Silently they slipped out into the night—the reddened, weasel eyes of Captain Sandoval y Ribera watched them go.

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## CATHOLIC UNITY AND PROTESTANT DISUNION.

BY F. A. PALMIERI, O.S.A.



THE most pressing problem of the Church in our day is that of Christian unity; beside it all others fade into insignificance. The energies of Christendom are being frittered away in the competitions, controversies, jealousies and frictions engendered by its unhappy divisions, and this in the face of such demands upon the Church and such opportunities for service as have never been presented before in its history. This era, that might be most glorious in the career of the Church, may be compelled to record the story of its degeneration and defeat. The loss of influence that institutional Christianity is suffering to-day may be ascribed to many causes, but to none is it due in so large a measure as to disunion. There is no task confronting it anywhere in the world which the Church might not accomplish, if it could approach that task with a united front; and there is none to which it is fully equal so long as its forces are divided and its energies dissipated."

Thus writes in a recent book<sup>1</sup> Robert A. Ashworth, a pastor of the First Baptist Church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The book won the prize of one thousand dollars offered by the American Sunday-school Union, and it may be considered as a representative exposition of the aims of Protestant denominations for healing the wounds inflicted upon the mystical Body of Christ by schisms and heresies, or, to use a milder expression, by the divergencies of creeds. From a Catholic point of view, the above-quoted words of pastor Ashworth deserve to be appreciated as a justified complaint of an unhappy state of things which paralyzes the most powerful energies of Christianity, and greatly endangers its future mission in a society dissolved by the corrosive acids of materialism and skepticism. The Catholic Church is aware of the repeated failures of Christianity in its attempts to enlarge the frontiers of the kingdom of Christ upon earth, and over and over again, as a loving mother, she invites her dispersed sons to reënter the fold of the divine Shepherd. There has been no Pope in the

<sup>1</sup>*Union of Christian Forces in America*, p. 3.

chair of Peter who did not devote a considerable part of his apostolic cares and of his unselfish desires to the great and exceedingly difficult task of restoring the unity of Christianity, of making up the differences which have introduced a principle of dissolution into the amorphous bodies separated from the true Church of Christ. It is, then, with a joyful feeling of Christian brotherhood that we meet Protestant aspirations towards unity, that we greet the yearnings of wandering members of the Christian family to turn back again to the deserted paternal house.

But what are the secret motives of this Christian homesickness which is apparently affecting Protestant denominations? What kind of unity are they longing for in their passionate pleas for Christian unity? Is the Catholic Church able to give her support to those aspirations without drying up the sources of her supernatural life, without betraying the mission intrusted to her by her invisible Head? An answer to these questions is the subject we propose to approach in the present article.

An appeal to unity, in our opinion, and from a Catholic point of view, ought to be the product of the spirit of love which permeates the mystical Body of Christ. As Christians, we are to be united not for the sake of human advantages, or of social welfare. Christ alone is, and He must always be, the unitive force of the Christian family, the bond of union amongst His followers. The unity of the Church is the visible manifestation of the will of Christ, and the will of Christ does not take heed of human interests or of material benefits. The divine Teacher orders His disciples to be united, because He preaches to us the supreme law of love, and the logical and natural inference of love is unity.

Now it seems to us that Protestant yearnings for unity start from human points of view, rather than from the impulse and love of the spirit of Christ. They are afraid of the progressive division of their *dissecta membra*; they repine at being classified, as one of them humorously said, into sects and insects. But in their laments they lay a great stress upon the material losses produced by the ceaseless scattering of their believers. The divisions and subdivisions of Protestantism threaten a bankruptcy of its economical resources. To them they are indebted for the distress of ministers, whose wages are far below the average paid to mechanics. It will be enough to say that the average yearly wages paid to ministers of the Southern Baptist Convention are three hundred and thirty-four dollars. "The evils of overchurching, the

loss of spiritual fellowship between the various bodies of Christians who are forced into competition with one another, together with the waste of equipment and unnecessary expense of Church maintenance, and the handicapping of ministers through the payment of inadequate salaries, are a part of the price that Protestantism is paying for the luxury of its divisions. Add to this an incalculable loss in national and local prestige and leadership.”<sup>2</sup>

It cannot be denied that the aims of the Church of England, and of its daughter, the American Episcopal Church, for the reunion of Christianity are higher. Divines of both communions recognize that the unity of the Church is the earnest wish of the Saviour, and that the spiritual action of the Christian apostleship is greatly hampered by the unhappy divisions of Protestantism. “At home, Christianity is faced on the one side with materialism, and on the other side with apathy and indifference, and the witness of our religion is seriously weakened. Abroad the active work of Christianity in casting down strongholds, and in attacking heathenism is similarly impaired by the various and often rival manners in which the Christian religion is presented to the heathen for their acceptance.”<sup>3</sup>

But what kind of unity is proposed to Catholics by Protestant denominations? Generally, Protestants boldly deny the institutional character of the Church of Christ. “Jesus dealt in principles,” says pastor Ashworth, “not programmes; in ideals, not institutions. We shall be disappointed if we approach the teachings of Jesus with the hope of finding there a specific plan for the attainment of the unity of the Church. He has nothing to say of comity or coöperation, or federation, or organic unity. When Jesus prayed for His disciples that they might be one, He was thinking, not of organic church union, nor of any formal unity expressed in organization, but of a vital unity springing from the possession of a common spirit and of a common purpose. He was not thinking of the Church, nor of Sacraments, nor of ecclesiastical polities, nor of creeds. Jesus never thought out a system of theology, nor ordained a priesthood, nor even an official ministry, nor organized a church. The purpose of Jesus was to propagate a spirit, not to establish an institution.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Ashworth, p. 34.

<sup>3</sup>Rev. H. J. Clayton, *Studies in the Roman Controversy*, Milwaukee, 1914, pp. 1, 2. The conception of the reunion of Christendom by higher motives than those of the Protestant denominations is to be found in many pamphlets of the so-called “World Conference,” to which I shall have occasion to refer again in detail.

<sup>4</sup>Ashworth, pp. 40, 41.

But what are the characteristic features of the ecclesiastical unity, which is claimed by the preachers of the above-described religious nihilism, by the forgers of a Christianity divorced from Christ, and resting upon individual vagaries? "The unity set forth by Christ was the unity of the spirit of love. It was a moral unity cemented by the possession in common of a single moral ideal; a vital unity, springing from the possession of a common spiritual experience. The unity of the Apostolic Church was one of spirit and not of organization. The scattered Christian communities were held together, not by any scheme of organization, or governmental authority exercised from without, nor by subscription to a single creedal statement, but by possession, in common, of the ideal of a united Church. There was no central government, no ecclesiastical hierarchy, no compulsion but the compulsion of love."<sup>5</sup>

How can, then, the unity of the Church be preserved, if the Church is a heaping up of *disjecta membra*, isolated in their own spiritual life, in their own intellectual vision of Christian truth, in their own outward manifestation of their allegiance to Christ? The unity of the Church, it is answered by Protestant dreamers of reunion, is to be found not in the field of doctrine, government or ordinances, but in the field of spiritual experiences, in a living experience of God, in Christ, in the heart of the believer.<sup>6</sup> Creed must be reduced to the irreducible minimum as a requirement for membership in the universal Church.<sup>7</sup> Hence it follows that neither the Roman ideal of formal unity under the absolute authority of the Pope and the Roman Curia, nor what may be called the Greek ideal, based upon a rigid orthodoxy, goes deep enough to serve as the foundation of a unity that shall be spiritual and vital.<sup>8</sup>

Even Anglican theologians look upon Rome as the stone of stumbling and the rock of offence which the builders of the new ecclesiastical unity ought to reject. "In our attempts towards unity," writes Rev. H. J. Clayton, "one religious organization cuts across the path, the Church of Rome. Rome, indeed, is just as keen as others for reunion, but, for her, reunion and submission are synonymous terms. She refuses to regard any other religious organization as a sister Church, but treats its members as rebels, whose duty it is to return to the one fold, the Holy Catholic

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 48.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 259.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 257.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 240.

Church, which, she asserts, consists of those alone who are in communion with the Bishop of the See of Rome."<sup>9</sup>

Things being so, the future of Christian unity and of the revival of Christianity depends upon the strategy of Protestantism. The chief mission of Protestantism is to be found in the practical superseding of doctrinal theology to the profit of the inner life, for where theology divides, religion, the life which theology often vainly seeks to describe, unites. The reunion of Protestant denominations is the preliminary step to the largest reunion of Christianity. Protestantism must first unite upon a platform so broad that all can stand upon it, and then a united Protestantism must meet a united Catholicism upon the level of equality.<sup>10</sup> The meeting without fusion of the two rival hosts of Christianity will realize the catholic unity, that unity which historically may be synthesized in the lapidary motto of a Congregationalist theologian, Dr. Newman Smyth: *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism*.

Such is, as we have drawn from authentic sources, the plan of restoring Church unity traced out by Protestants. Needless to say that as Catholics, and Catholicism, I say in passing, is the logic of Christianity, we cannot give our adhesion to that plan, we cannot make our own such Protestant schemes of unity. The reason of our refusal lies in the strikingly manifest discrepancy between the Catholic and the Protestant conceptions of the Church of Christ. Catholics are in the Christian world as the Church of Christ, a visible and organized Church; Protestants, on the contrary, to quote a saying of Alexis Khomiakov, are wandering in the Christian world as a crowd of scattered soldiers without a meeting place and without a Church. And we are right to infer that as long as Protestants will have no Church (the institutional Church here is alluded to) they will not be able to advance the cause of the reunion of Christianity, or to boast of being its warm supporters.

For me it is hard to understand how theologians drilled in the spirit of the Reformation, which is said to be a spirit of Biblical criticism, I repeat, how "Reformed" theologians dare to deny the institutional character of the Church of Christ. We are not in need of quoting and exploiting the golden lode of Christian tradition to assert that historically a society called the Church of Christ was instituted by the Saviour. Moreover, if

<sup>9</sup> *Studies in the Roman Controversy*, pp. 3, 4.

<sup>10</sup> Ashworth, p. 255.

the Bible claims to be considered by Protestantism as the unique source of the Christian faith, if the Records of the New Testament are truly inspired by God, if Jesus Christ is really the Son of God, and all these tenets lie at the very foundations of Protestant theology, the authority and the testimony of the above-quoted documents cannot be denied without a flagrant violation of the laws ruling human thought.

A unity like that patronized by some theologians of modern Protestantism could never be a real one, could never be the solution of the problem of Christian brotherhood. The Church, and following this, the unity of the Church, are to be conceived and looked upon in the light of evangelical truth, not in the shadows of our own prejudgments and fancies. The Church of Christ is not a kind of metaphysical being, the wavering image of a visionary mind, which shapes her with its own spiritual garb and paints her face with its favorite colors. In the light of the Gospels, the Church reveals herself as the masterpiece of Christ, His royal dwelling-house, His eternal Kingdom. Christ Himself drew its main architectural lines and laid down its unshakable foundations. His descent upon earth, His cruel sufferings and ignominious death, His life-giving words, the mission given to His Apostles, and the spiritual power intrusted to their successors, would have been a waste of moral energy and a nugatory undertaking, if Jesus Christ had trodden the scene of the world as the teacher of a boundless individualism and of a religious confusionism. The Church sketched by the sacred writers is a society vested with a perfectly organized authority, a school of doctrines, a tribunal passing judgment upon its subjects, a body struggling for its own existence, and ceaselessly eliminating from the stream of its purest blood and from its vigorous tissues the deadly elements of sin, or the putrid cells.

As an institution, the Church was built up by Christ, Who vindicates to Himself the glory of being her builder. "I will build My Church."<sup>11</sup> These words and their meaning are so plain, so luminous, as to leave no doubt concerning the purposes of Christ. They show in Him the most decided will to plant in the world a new kind of society, a society divinely set up, admirably organized, wonderfully equipped with the necessary means for its growth and its preservation. As in a great building there are stones of different size and weight; as the stones supporting its foundations

<sup>11</sup>Matt. xvi. 18.

are of greater compactness and of larger dimensions, in a similar manner the Church is composed of spiritual stones, that is, of men invested with various offices, according to the mission they are called upon to exercise in their society, both human and divine. Besides having traced out the main lines of His magnificent edifice, the Divine Builder appointed Himself to be the spiritual stone of its foundations, "and He gave some to be Apostles, and some prophets; and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the Body of Christ."<sup>12</sup>

No wonder then that the sacred writers describe the Church as a household built upon the foundations of the Apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone.<sup>13</sup> Individuals in the Church are not as cells separated from a living body. They are parts of a whole, they participate in the circulation of the life of the one body, they are members of the same huge organism, they are, in a few words, the "living stones to build up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ."<sup>14</sup> No wonder then that Jesus Christ is extolled as the Ruler of a Kingdom, which has no end,<sup>15</sup> as a good Shepherd Who brings all the scattered sheep into one fold, that they become one flock,<sup>16</sup> as a Householder Who plants a vineyard.<sup>17</sup> No wonder then that in the East as well as in the West, apostolic men, who drank at the purest wells of Christian teaching, who reflect as a most clear mirror the thought of Christ and of His co-workers, as Clement of Rome and Ignatius of Antioch, throw full light upon the institutional character of the Church, set up by Christ as a perfect society, as an organized body.

"It behooves us," writes St. Clement of Rome, "to do all things in order, which the Lord has commanded us to perform at stated times. He has enjoined offerings and services to be performed, and that not thoughtlessly or irregularly, but at the appointed times and hours. Where and by whom He desires these things to be done, He himself has fixed by His own supreme will in order that all things, being piously done according to His good pleasure, may be acceptable unto Him. For His own peculiar services are assigned to the high priests, and their own proper place is prescribed to the priests, and their own special ministrations

<sup>12</sup>Eph. iv. 11, 12. (R. V.)<sup>13</sup>Eph. ii. 20.<sup>14</sup>1 Peter ii. 5.<sup>15</sup>Luke i. 33.<sup>16</sup>John x. 16.<sup>17</sup>Matt. xxi. 33.



devolve on the levites. The layman is bound by the laws that pertain to laymen."<sup>18</sup>

And St. Ignatius of Antioch in all his letters points out the institutional character of the Church and of her divinely-appointed hierarchy: "See that ye all follow the bishops, even as Jesus Christ does the Father, and the presbytery as ye would the Apostles: and reverence the deacons, as being the institution of God. Let no man do anything connected with the Church without the bishop. Let that be deemed a proper Eucharist, which is administered either by the bishop, or by one to whom he has intrusted it."<sup>19</sup>

The Church therefore of the apostolic age, of the golden age of Christianity, as Protestant theologians say, is a Church possessed of a visible unity, which arises from the identity of organization, of hierarchy, of creeds, of Sacraments, and the earliest witnesses of Christian literature all agree in declaring that the foundations of the institutional unity were laid down by Christ Himself.

The unity of the Church is assumed as a moral one. Evangelical and apostolical sources, however, represent the Church as the body of the disciples of Christ, who cull from His mouth the words of divine wisdom. The followers of Jesus are free neither intellectually nor morally. They have received a legacy of doctrine, a deposit of truths, which are to be preserved faithfully by their holders and handed down to coming generations till the end of the world. In whatever sense one may take the saying of St. Paul, "One Lord, one faith, one calling,"<sup>20</sup> it is beyond all doubt that the Evangelical and Apostolic Church was united by the bond of a common faith, and of a common belief. They have no doubt the same love, but they are also of the same mind, and of one accord.<sup>21</sup> The Gospel of Christ, that is the doctrine it contains, is one, and if any other, even an angel from heaven, should preach to the faithful any Gospel except that which has been preached by the Apostles, the falsifier of the Gospel of Christ lies under anathema.<sup>22</sup> From its earliest origin, the Church of Christ has been intolerant as concerns the doctrine bequeathed by Christ. The Word of God cannot be altered, or perverted by the sowers of tares. St. Paul adjures his brethren to turn away from those who are causing the divisions and occasions of stumbling contrary to the doctrine which they have learned, and by their smooth and fair speech beguiling the hearts of the innocent.<sup>23</sup> He

<sup>18</sup>First Epistle to the Corinthians,      <sup>19</sup>Epistle to the Smyrnaeans, viii.

<sup>20</sup>Eph. iv. 5.    <sup>21</sup>Phil. ii. 2; Rom. xii. 16.    <sup>22</sup>Gal. i. 7, 8.    <sup>23</sup>Rom. xvi. 17, 18.

insists upon the avoiding of dissensions in the realm of faith, that Christians may all speak the same thing, that there be no divisions among them, and that they be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment.<sup>24</sup> Having attained the unity of faith, the followers of Christ are no longer children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine.<sup>25</sup> The wind of doctrine is the outcome of the licentiousness of individualism, and Jesus Christ and His Apostles advise the Christian flock to take care not to be deceived by the lovers of novelties.

Certainly the doctrine of Christ is rather moral and practical than speculative and theoretical. It aims rather at restoring the moral perfection of souls, than at enlightening minds with the pale beams of human knowledge. It must be remembered, however, that theoretical principles are the foundations of morals, and if the doctrine of Jesus is the expression of a created mind, the teaching of a faddist, His moral system, the moral bond which unites His followers, has not the authority of law, and consequently the yearnings for unity ought to be considered not as a divine precept, but as a noble human ideal of a handful of dreamers.

We are willing to recognize the necessity for the Church of a vital unity, but not in the meaning understood by Protestant divines. The vitality, so to speak, of the Church's unity does not consist in the deathlike life of single cells separated from the tissues of a living body. It is the unity of a complete, vigorous and vigorously-acting organism which we are striving for. The principle of life in a healthy organism does not hamper in any way the individual life of the single cells, which, however, needs to be subordinated to the nobler life of the whole organic structure. As in the organism the life of a single cell, so in the Church of Christ the spiritual life of a single faithful one is but a breath of a powerful breath, a channel deriving its streamlet of living water springing up unto eternal life.<sup>26</sup> An agglomeration of individual religious experiences, which do not refer to each other, cannot impersonate the unity of the mystical life of the Church. Thus, a juxtaposition of conflicting opinions, of divergent yearnings, of contradictory tenets, of antagonistic beliefs, of negations and affirmations of the same fundamental dogmas, cannot embody the life-giving doctrine of the Church of Christ, the treasures of the divine wisdom revealed to men. As the divine nature is not divided into

<sup>24</sup> 1 Cor. i. 10.<sup>25</sup> Eph. iv. 12, 14.<sup>26</sup> John iv. 14.

various beings opposite to each other, so the divine wisdom does not utter truths which involve the negation of the principle of contradiction.

Certainly it would be unjust to strip every good from each individual experience in the realm of religious life, or to plunge into darkness and the shadow of death all the communions which outside the pale of the Catholic Church boast of being the true interpreters of the divine Word. But it cannot also be denied that quite discordant experiences of religious life and jarring creeds and beliefs have no ground to meet together, to blend harmoniously with each other, to constitute the unity of the mutually connected members of a living body. They lack a vital inner unity, and they bear a resemblance to an uncouth amalgamation of disparate substances. The individual experiences of Shakers or of the Non-Hookers, or of the Holy Rollers, include perhaps some glimpses of the light of Christ, some atoms of the truth of Christ. But they are so widely different from each other, and from the experiences of other religious denominations, that the spirit of love is unable to give them any shape of religious unity.

The unity of the Church is an organic one, and the denial of that statement, the lowering of that organic unity to a spiritual and intellectual confusionism, the apotheosis of religious individualism as the final outcome of the teaching of Christ, leads to the subversion of Christianity as a religion born of Christ, reflecting the spirit, and perpetuating in the world the life of Christ. The spirit of man with its errors, its weaknesses, its dark heavens, its failures, would take the place of the spirit of Christ. The daily changing waves of human oddities would supersede the unchangeable truth revealed by God. We would have not only a Christianity divorced from Christ, but a Christianity that vaporizes in the mists of an intellectual egotism or of vague and dull mysticism.

Our pessimistic forebodings are not groundless. They are being realized in the life of American Protestantism. The rapid growth of the so-called *New Thought*, *Higher Thought*, *Divine Science*, *Unity*, *New Way*, which has gained five millions of followers in the Central States and Far West, according to a Protestant writer, "will produce types of purest spirituality, and will set free the imprisoned powers of countless individuals. Who can set the limit to the growth of a religious movement *without creed*, which welcomes all who feel at home with the rest of the family.

On the other hand, it will be totally lacking in unity; it will split up as indefinitely as the *amoeba*, and each offshoot will consider itself the true and only creature. It will be individualistic to the point of social selfishness, and as a body will be totally lacking in the powers which come from coöperation. In its protest against the over-organization of the Church, as it conceives it, it has gone to the opposite extreme, and shows what individualism run wild will lead to."<sup>27</sup>

Such being the conception of Protestant religious unity, at the close of this paper we can maintain that a unity which fosters the spirit of individualism, which affords new aliments to the flames of religious dissensions, which culminates in confusion of thoughts and tongues among Christians, such unity the Catholic Church is not longing or searching for. She clings firmly to her own unity, a unity inherited from an unbroken line of witnesses to Christ. Certainly, she does not interrupt her prayers that all "may be one." She will follow with her warmest wishes and love the separated flocks of Protestant denominations, which are painfully toiling to windwards into the wake of Christian unity. She will wait even for centuries till she presses to her bosom her prodigal sons with a greater joy than her faithful ones. And in waiting for the restoration of Christian unity, she will repeat to her united flock the beautiful words of St. John Chrysostom: "The Church of Christ is not wall and roof, but faith and life. Talk not to me of walls and arms: for walls wax old with time, but the Church has no old age. Walls are shattered by barbarians, but over the Church even demons do not prevail. How many have assailed the Church, and yet the assailants have perished, while the Church herself has soared beyond the sky? Such might hath the Church. When she is assailed she conquers; when snares are laid for her she prevails; when she is insulted, her prosperity increases; she is wounded, yet sinks not under her wounds; tossed by waves, yet not submerged; vexed by storms, yet suffers no shipwreck; she wrestles and is not worsted; fights, but is not vanquished, that she might make more manifest the splendor of her triumph."<sup>28</sup>

<sup>27</sup>Edith A. Talbot, *The New American Religion, The Biblical World*, 1916, II., page 101.

<sup>28</sup>Homily 2 on Eutropius.

## THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



THE book of the year in science, or let us say the best seller of the year among scientific books, is *Men of the Old Stone Age, Their Environment, Life and Art*,<sup>1</sup> by Henry Fairfield Osborn, Research Professor of Zoölogy at Columbia University, New York City. It was first published in November, 1915, and has, I believe, already reached its fourth edition. It has been reviewed very favorably by ex-President Roosevelt in a long article in *The National Geographic Magazine*.

It is quite evident from the book's extended sale that many who do not ordinarily read scientific books are reading this one. They feel that it is a contribution to the history of man rather than a purely scientific book; and, as a matter of fact, it was confessedly written as a popular exposition of the details of the story of human development, rather than as an attempt to present to scientists the results of original research in science. The author frankly acknowledges that he is giving scarcely more than a popular account of things seen and heard in an archæological excursion which he took through Western France and Northern Spain in company with the distinguished guides to whom he dedicates the book, Emile Cartailhac, Henri Breuil, the well-known French priest archæologist, and Hugo Obermaier.

The book is, then, a popularization of present-day knowledge of palæontology, archæology, anthropology, and probably also, we should add, ethnology, as these sciences have been enriched by material drawn from the caves and the cave men of the Pyrenees, the Dordogne in France and the Cantabrian Mountains in Spain, with some other remains from neighboring portions of Europe.

Experience has justified an attitude of suspicion and of questioning towards scientific books of popular character written to appeal to a large circle of non-scientific readers. Even the serious professor of science at a university, just as soon as he is freed from the conservative trammels of his colleagues' criticism, is surprisingly and unfortunately very prone to flights of fancy and

<sup>1</sup>New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

hasty journeyings to conclusions, to give the appearance of a "complete case" when he aims to write a popular book. Moreover, it is easy to yield to sensationalism when we think buyers will look for it.

Such yielding to less worthy motives, it is expected, will find no place in a book authenticated by a professor of zoölogy at a great American University, a professor who has held many distinguished scientific posts. A book so fathered and presented to the public must, it seems, be accepted at its face value, and receive full credit from the general reader. Our preliminary remarks are made in order to call attention to the fact that popular books of science are no more to be trusted on *prima facie* evidence than other methods of popular scientific publicity which usually abound in absurd sensationalism.

The first part of Professor Osborn's book is concerned with the evolution of man. Advertisements of the book proclaim it to be "The most important and complete work on human evolution since Darwin's *Descent of Man*." "This is the first full and authoritative presentation of what has been actually discovered up to the present time in regard to human prehistory. All the known prehuman and human stages of development for the last five hundred thousand years are described as fully and fairly as the material allows." Professor Osborn presents the evidence which, he declares, makes it very clear to him that man is descended from the animals, and that the missing links between man and the animal have been found. It is now nearly forty years since Darwin's books on the *Descent of Man* has been published, and a good deal of water has flowed through the biological mill since then and has turned many wheels. But many serious scientists declare that the fuss of the grinding mill has been the main thing, and that very little meal has been turned out.

Professor Moore, of the Zoölogical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, beginning a public lecture at that University two years ago, said: "One of the minor landmarks of the village of Woods Hole, Mass., is a weather vane upon which an ingeniously fashioned little wooden man waves his arms frantically as the wind blows. A few years ago a distinguished American zoölogist, watching this figure from one of the windows of the Marine Biological Laboratory, remarked, 'I often think that I am like that little man; I spend much time waving my arms about my head, but seem to remain standing in one place.'" Professor

Moore did not hesitate to add that some critics would have us believe that this figure might apply to the case of biology as a whole. But now a professor of Columbia University has collected the definite evidence, and presented it to the public so that there may be no further doubt on the matter, and the absolute position of science on this all-important question should be perfectly clear. Let us see how far he has really done so.

The first portion of Professor Osborn's book is occupied entirely with the discussion of remains found at various times, and supposed, at least by some anthropologists, to be human, which provide, it is said, evidence for man's evolution from the animal. Professor Osborn's own conclusion is that the "missing links" between man and the animal have been found, and that now there is good scientific reason for proclaiming the descent of man. He says at the beginning of *The Men of the Old Stone Age*: "Between 1848 and 1914 successive discoveries have been made of a series of human fossils belonging to intermediate races: some of these are now recognized as missing links between the existing human species *Homo sapiens* and the anthropoid apes; and others as the earliest known forms of *Homo sapiens*." He then gives a list of the finds, beginning with the Neanderthal skull in 1856, and others of more or less the same type through the Cro-Magnon skeletons of the Dordogne in France, the Spy man of Belgium, the *Pithecanthropus* of Java and the Heidelberg man to the Piltdown type or *Eoanthropus*, the "Dawn Man" found at Piltdown in Sussex in England.

The whole question of missing links has been before the public now for over half a century. Some hold the opinion that there are the missing links already at hand between all the other species, except those between man and the animals. If we accept Professor Osborn's declarations these last have been found, and the whole problem of evolution is solved. As a matter of fact there are no missing links anywhere between the species, or at least so very few and inadequate that it is absurd to offer them as evidence for the theory of descent. It is often supposed in like fashion that the theory of descent in general is now demonstrated except that some doubts are still left regarding the descent of man. Darwinism and the Natural Selection theory and the other selection theories are supposed to have provided absolutely overwhelming evidence. As a matter of fact, all theories of evolution rest almost entirely on merely subjective, not objective evidence. Scientists *feel* that evolution must be true, because no

other theory will explain the facts. I need scarcely say that in the history of science any number of things that seemed as though they *must* be so, have been subsequently proved not to *be* so. To quote Professor Osborn himself, speaking in another book, we are only on the threshold of any knowledge of evolution.

Professor Vernon Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University, who I think would describe himself as a Darwinian, in his book on *Darwinism To-day*, emphasized the "nearly completely subjective character of the evidence for both the theory of descent and Natural Selection," and did not hesitate to add, "speaking by and large we only tell the general truth when we declare that no indubitable cases of species forming or transforming, that is of descent, have been observed; and that no recognized case of Natural Selection really selecting has been observed." The few cases that are adduced in books on biology are "ludicrous as objective proof of that descent and selection under whose domination the forming of millions of species is supposed to have occurred."

In spite of this fact that the "missing links" between the other and simpler species are still true to their name *missing*, we are now asked to believe that the evidence for the "missing links" between man and the beast are at hand, and can be actually presented in pictures which make their value as evidence indisputable. Some scientific opinions with regard to the evidence are, however, rather in startling disagreement with such a declaration.

To begin with the most recent discovery in Professor Osborn's list, the Piltdown skull, which has now been before the public for the past five years, and scientific opinion after the preliminary commotion has decided upon its real significance. Professor Osborn makes much of this specimen, and the restoration, so-called, of the Piltdown man figures largely in his book. He is considered to be a representative of "a side branch of the human family which has left no descendants at all," but which serves the very useful purpose of showing the relationship between man and the animals. All the evidence, that is the opinions of all the scientific authorities who consider that there was found at Piltdown a sort of ape man with an ape jaw and human cranium, are cited. Very little is made of the emphatically contradictory opinions of distinguished scientists who insist that there is no warrant for any such idea.

The story of this now much-disputed specimen is as follows: About five years ago Charles Dawson picked up among the rain-



washed spoil heaps of a gravel bed on a farm close to Piltdown Common in Sussex, England, a piece of bone belonging to the forehead region of a human skull, and including a portion of the ridge extending over the left eyebrow. He had previously found an unusually thick human parietal bone, that is, a side bone of the skull. A systematic search was made in the spring of the following year, and the right half of a jaw and an important piece of the occipital bone, that is the rear portion of the skull, were found. The next year a single canine tooth and a pair of nasal bones were found.

With these scattered fragments constituting less than half of the original, the skull was reconstructed.<sup>2</sup> The specimen was at once proclaimed to be a new genus, with the newly-invented and impressive name of *Eoanthropus* or "Dawn Man," while the species was named *Dawsoni* in honor of the discoverer. The nearer this could be brought to the animal type the better evidence it would be for the missing link theory; so according to the calculations of Smith Woodward and Dawson, the brain capacity of this individual was set down as one thousand and seventy cubic centimetres. Scientific critics soon pointed out, however, that even when reconstructed, as Woodward and Dawson wished, the brain cast of the skull was some one thousand two hundred cubic centimetres. A difference of one-ninth in the estimation of the brain capacity of a specimen is a mistake impossible to understand, unless we conclude that anxious over enthusiasm for evidence for a particular view seriously disturbed the judgment and the powers of calculation.

The English anatomist, Arthur Keith, insisted that if the two sides of the skull were properly restored and made approximately symmetrical, as according to anatomical standards they should be, the brain capacity would be found to be one thousand five hundred cubic centimetres. This is quite equal to the normal man of our own time. Under these criticisms the exploiters of the Piltdown skull found it advisable to change their opinion, and to say that the skull, while the most primitive which has been discovered, had a brain content of nearly one thousand three hundred cubic centimetres. Had this declaration been made originally, the Piltdown skull would have attracted but little attention. The discoverers suc-

<sup>2</sup>Restoration is the word often used for the completion of such fragments. According to the expression of a great Pope, there are two ways of destroying art objects, one by restoration, the other by obliteration, and of the two the former is the worse. In science the same thing is true to nearly the same extent.

ceeded by their first claims in creating a sensation. The skull capacity of one thousand three hundred cubic centimetres is well above that of the smaller human, but quite normal, skulls of to-day, and surpasses the average of that of the Australians, which rarely exceeds one thousand two hundred and fifty cubic centimetres. If the content of the Piltdown skull was, as Arthur Keith suggests, one thousand five hundred cubic centimetres, then it too, like so many other of these prehistoric skulls, actually has a larger cubic content than that of the average modern man.

It is not surprising then that the latest opinion of the German anatomist Schwalbe, as cited by Professor Osborn, is that the proper restoration of the Piltdown fragments would make them belong not to any preceding stage of man, but to *Homo sapiens*. Not only that, but the skull of the Piltdown man, according to Schwalbe, corresponds with that of a well-developed, good-sized skull of *Homo sapiens*; the only unusual feature is the remarkable thickness of the bone. When it is recalled how very different are the thicknesses of the human skulls, and how certain pathological conditions add greatly to the density and thickness of the skull bones, and that such pathological specimens, because of their thickness and density, are more likely to be preserved for longer periods than others, it is easy to understand why Virchow should have insisted that the rôle of pathology in anthropology has never been properly appreciated.

Here in America still another reconstruction of the Piltdown skull has been suggested with a cranial capacity of about one thousand three hundred cubic centimetres, which would at once take it out of the class of missing links or the intermediate species, and place it in a class above that of some existing races. In America, moreover, the tooth hitherto regarded as a right lower canine is now placed as the left upper canine. Besides the chin region is made not a little deeper, thus giving a somewhat less prognathous (prominent jaw) aspect to the face, the dental arches being more curved. Thus the appearance of the reconstructed head is more human and less ape-like than in the Smith Woodward restoration. That canine tooth was very important. It helped to add to the conviction in the minds of scientists of the "unique importance of this skull as representing an entirely new type of man in the making." Now this precious tooth is transferred from the lower jaw to the upper jaw, and the missing link is transformed into an early man.

It is rather easy to make the missing link between man and the monkey, if one has full license to restore and coördinate materials in accordance with the theory one is trying to establish. The English authorities in the biological sciences who took part in the discussion of the Piltdown specimens on the occasion of the first report of their discovery to the Geological Society of London in December, 1912, refused to accept the cranium and jaw as belonging to the same individual. Sir Ray Lankester, one of the most distinguished of English biologists, was very decided in his refusal to accept the discoverers' claims as to the unity of origin of the materials. On the same evening Professor Waterston absolutely refused to consider the possibility that the two specimens could have come from the same individual, "since the mandible or lower jaw resembled that of a chimpanzee, while the skull was human in all its characters." In a paper on the Piltdown specimens which appeared in *Nature*, the English scientific magazine (November, 13, 1913), Professor Waterston did not hesitate to say that to refer the mandible and cranium to the same individual would be exactly equivalent to articulating a chimpanzee foot with the bones of a human thigh and leg.

Well-known anthropologists also in France and Italy refused absolutely to accept the idea that a new species had been discovered, scouted the finding of a missing link, and unhesitatingly declared that the name *Eoanthropus* or "Dawn Man" was entirely unjustified by anything in the specimens which had been unearthed.

Dr. Gerrit S. Miller, of the United States National Museum, writing on *The Jaw of the Piltdown Man* in the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections for November, 1915, reviews the whole subject, and after comparing the Piltdown jaw with the corresponding jaws of chimpanzees mutilated in the same fashion, finds not only similarity but absolute identity. Dr. W. D. Matthew, in an article on *Recent Progress in Vertebrate Palæontology* (*Science*, January 21, 1916), declares Dr. Gerrit Miller's argument to be "convincing and irrefutable." Professor George Grant MacCurdy, of the Archæological Department of Yale University, writes in *Science* for February 18, 1916: "Regarding the Piltdown specimens then, we have at last reached a position that is tenable. The cranium is human as was recognized by all in the beginning. On the other hand, the mandible and the canine tooth are those of a fossil chimpanzee. This means that in place of *Eoanthropus dawsoni* we have two individuals belonging to dif-

ferent genera, namely: (1) *Homo dawsoni*, and (2) *Troglodytes dawsoni*, as suggested by Boule, or *Pan vetus*, sp. nov., if we adopt Miller's nomenclature."<sup>3</sup>

The presentation in Professor Osborn's book of the restoration, so-called, of the Piltdown man, combining the ape jaw and the human skull, in three different views profile, full front and three-quarters, always in the way that only human faces are presented, is under these circumstances little short of a deliberate imposition on the public. Ordinary readers who have not the time to find out for themselves that such a restoration is not regarded seriously by trustworthy scientists, will very likely conclude that at last the missing link—the ape man—has been found. What is to be thought of so-called scientists who present what is not only an eminently debatable question, but one that has been practically settled in the negative by the weight of authority, as if it were a recently discovered scientific truth, and represented a wonderful confirmation of a favorite theory which up to this time has lacked just exactly the confirmation which this specimen would afford if it were genuine and authentic.

It is very surprising to have Professor Osborn put so much weight on the Piltdown skull, and feature the reconstruction of the Piltdown man as made by Professor J. H. McGregor, since practically all the weight of authority is against any such estimate of its significance. There can evidently be but one reason why this is done. The scientists need a missing link between man and the monkey, and here is undoubtedly a human head and an ape jaw, so put them together, place the head thus constructed (not reconstructed) on a pedestal such as has always served hitherto for human busts, and then, lo and behold! the evidence for a "missing link" is complete. But is not such unwarranted piecing together of discrepant material unworthy even of a pettifogging attorney? Everything is done to make the head so re-

<sup>3</sup>One cannot escape from the thought that some of these notes and articles in *Science*, which is the formal publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, were published deliberately as contradictions of certain parts of Professor Osborn's book. It will be noted that they appeared within a short time after the publication of that work. Curiously enough there is no direct mention of his book, and apparently certain ethical considerations intervened to deter younger professors from directly contradicting by name a formal publication of an older professor. If this assumption be true, and it seems almost impossible not to think it so, these incidents represent a very interesting state of affairs. It becomes easier to understand how, in the words of Professor Morgan of Columbia, Darwinism has become much more of a dogma than its advocates like to admit, and there is a *scientific heresy* now, even the appearance of which younger men must be careful to avoid.

stored as human as possible, while retaining the ape-like character of the jaw, "the dental arches being more curved, and the chin region made somewhat deeper," "until the ape-like structure of the jaw does not prevent the expression of a considerable degree of intelligence in the face." Such juggling bespeaks the mountebank; not the scientist.

The next most recent specimen of importance presented by Professor Osborn is the Heidelberg jaw. Nothing that I know emphasizes so well on what slight grounds far-fetched conclusions are founded as the Heidelberg jaw, on which so much stress is laid in Professor Osborn's book. This specimen consists of a lower jaw bone, discovered in 1907 in the "Mauer Sands," that is, in a sand pit at Mauer, near Heidelberg, in Southern Germany. Professor Osborn characterizes it as "one of the most important discoveries in the whole history of anthropology."

In spite of this emphasis of its importance he proceeds to show on what slight and dubious evidence its significance is founded. He says, for instance, "Had the teeth been absent, it would have been impossible to diagnose it as human. From a fragment of the symphysis of the jaw, that is the meeting point of the jaw bones in front of the middle of the chin, it might well have been classed as some gorilla-like anthropoid (ape), while the ascending ramus (that is the portion of the jaw which articulates with the skull) resembles that of some large variety of gibbon." He proceeds: "The absolute certainty that these remains are human is based on the form of teeth, which, although somewhat primitive in form (!), show no trace of being intermediate between man and the anthropoid apes, but rather being derived from some older common ancestor."

Now imagine building up a theory of an older common ancestor for man and the monkey on teeth that are "somewhat primitive in form, which are rather small for the jaw, and evidently show that no great strain was put on the teeth, and therefore the powerful development of the bones of the jaw was not designed for their benefit." All the possibilities of individual peculiarity and reaction to living conditions which make so many differences in the teeth and all question of individual deformity is put aside, and here is "*the most important specimen in the whole history of anthropology.*"

One of the main sources of hasty conclusions in this matter of the finding of supposed missing links is the fact that many

who write on the subject are zoölogists, and not human anatomists. They have been much more occupied with animal anatomy than with that of man, and are therefore prone to find animal characteristics in specimens really human, but that represent some of the many deformities or anomalies to which human nature is liable. On the other hand, they seem to be very much inclined to make what are properly animal specimens take on human qualities apparently, because they are interested in exaggerating the significance of certain zoölogical specimens. It is important to note that almost without exception the men who have said much about missing links, were biologists more familiar with the scientific questions relating to the lower order of beings rather than with those pertaining peculiarly to man and the anatomy of man. Many of the opponents of the exaggerated estimates of such specimens have been human anatomists of many years' experience, though with a profound knowledge also of comparative anatomy.

Professor Dwight, of Harvard, had spent some forty years in the teaching of human anatomy, and for twenty-five years had been looked upon as an authority in the matter of anomalies and deformities, of human beings as well as of normal anatomy. He discussed authoritatively the Java remains, the so-called *Pithecanthropus* and the Heidelberg jaw—two of the missing links of Professor Osborn's book—as follows:<sup>4</sup>

Suffice it is to say in this place that there is no satisfactory "missing link." The Trinil femur (of the Java specimen) is very human, and the skull, beyond question, is higher than that of any known ape. Assuming, *what is by no means certain*, that they belonged together, the creature is ape and not man. A find that is considered of perhaps equal importance is that of the "Heidelberg jaw," although unfortunately it is a jaw and nothing else, which was unearthed in 1907. In a few words it may be described as the jaw of an ape with the teeth of a man. There is no prominence at the chin, and the ascending portion (the ramus) is very much broader than that of man. The teeth resemble human ones, but are too small for the jaw. It is not the jaw of any known ape, resembling both that of the gorilla and that of the gibbon. Why so massive a jaw should have such inefficient teeth is hard to explain, for the very strength of the jaw implies the fitness of corresponding teeth. Either it is an anomaly or the jaw of some aberrant species of ape.

<sup>4</sup>*Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911, p. 163.

The Neanderthal skull is another of the supposedly very important bits of evidence for the existence of a race of men intermediate to man and the monkey or man and the animal. Professor Osborn lays much weight on it, and to read his book one would be inclined almost to think that if there were nothing else but this, it alone would suffice to establish a connecting link. The Neanderthal skull is, to quote Professor Osborn, "the most famous and certainly the most disputed of all anthropologic remains." This skull was discovered just sixty years ago in 1856, and as late as 1900, nearly fifty years after its discovery. Virchow who was looked upon as one of the most authoritative anthropologists in Europe, insisted that it did not represent any evidence for an intermediate stage between the animals and man, or of a primitive type of man; and he always emphasized the fact that pathological changes often made for such density of bones as to create the likelihood of atypical, rather than typical, specimens being preserved.

He thought, then, that we had no evidence at all for the theory of descent as regard man or any ancestral connection between the ape and any other animal than man. He said:

If we make a study of the fossil man of the quaternary period who came nearest to our historical ancestors in the course of descent—or, better of ascent—we find at every turn that he is a man like ourselves. Ten years ago when a skull was found in a peat bog, among lake dwellings or in some ancient cave, it was thought to furnish indications of a wild and half-developed state of human existence. Men thought they scented the atmosphere of apedom. But since then a gradual change has been wrought in our estimate of such remains. The old troglodytes, lake dwellers, and peat men have turned out to be a very respectable set of human beings. Their heads are of such a size that many a living man to-day would feel proud if he had one as large. We must candidly acknowledge that we possess no fossil types of imperfectly developed men. Nay, if we bring together all human fossils of which we have any knowledge and compare them with human beings of the present day, we can assert without any hesitation that among living men there is, proportionately, a much larger number of individuals of an inferior type than among the fossil remains thus far discovered. Whether the greatest geniuses of the quaternary age have been lucky enough to have been preserved to our day, I dare not conjecture. . . . . But I must say that no skull of ape or ape man which could have had a human possessor

has ever yet been found. . . . We cannot teach, nor can we regard as one of the results of scientific research, the doctrine that man is descended from the ape or from any other animal.

Is it any wonder that science has been discredited among serious thinkers by the exaggerated claims sometimes set up in such matters? Virchow once declared:

Gentlemen, let us not forget that when the public see a doctrine which has been exhibited to them as certain, established, positive and claiming universal acceptance, proved to be faulty in its very foundations or discovered to be willful and despotic in its essential and chief tendencies, many lose faith in science. Then they break forth into reproaches at the scientists. "Ah, you, yourselves are not quite sure. Your doctrine which you call truth to-day is to-morrow a lie. How can you demand that your teachings should form the subject of education and come to be a recognized part of our general knowledge?"

We have a right to expect that professors at universities shall teach nothing as truth to their students except what they are absolutely certain of. We expect, above all, that what is presented as science, for *scientia* means knowledge, not conjecture nor theory, shall be beyond dispute and cavil. If there is the slightest reasonable doubt about scientific theories, we expect them not to be represented as doctrines, but solely as *theories* with whatever doubt there is about them rather emphasized than minimized or obscured in any way. We have a right to expect that the relation of professor and student shall be above all one of the utmost candor and sincerity, lacking in pretence and in any attempt at producing a sensation for the sake of the sensation.

When university professors teach the public, moreover, we expect from them a greater regard for their position as teachers. For if, as Juvenal said, "*maxima pueris debetur reverentia*," the greatest reverence is due to youth, then surely the public, who, without the means of critical judgment, sit as unquestioning children at the feet of professors, should never, by any half truth or any suppression or distortion of truth, be led to accept as scientific truth what is still really a matter of dispute and unsettled by scientists themselves.

A review of the second part of Professor Osborn's book, must be reserved for a later article.



## FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

BY A. M. ROUSSEL,  
*Missionary in Tokyo.*



OME Catholics in the United States were painfully surprised to learn that many French missionary priests had left their missions in order to join the army of their country now waging war against the Teutonic Powers. Ignorant of conditions in France, they judged these missionaries in the light of that liberty which the citizens of the United States enjoy, and condemned their action as unbecoming and unpriestly. Considering the great interest which American Catholics take in the foreign missions, it has seemed to us a duty to take up the cause of these missionaries, and to make clear their position in order that the reader may judge their cause with knowledge, and see that those who are to blame for a very regrettable condition of affairs are certainly not the missionaries. The writer of this article wishes to state in the beginning that he has no intention of raising any controversy, nor of answering every objection that may be made against his thesis. He desires simply to make plain the point of view of the French missionaries on the subject under discussion. For the sake of greater clearness we have divided the article into two sub-headings.

### I. WHY DO THE PAROCHIAL AND MISSIONARY PRIESTS OF FRANCE SUBMIT THEMSELVES TO THE MILITARY LAW OF THEIR COUNTRY?

It may be quite difficult for an American to understand the reason. The United States is the most unmilitary of nations (and, please God, it will always continue to be), and it knows no law of compulsory military service. All its national energies are directed into civic channels, and under the favor of the widest political liberty enjoy an ever-increasing growth. How, then, can Americans picture the conditions of a nation that imposes, under the severest penalties, military service upon all its young men? How can they adequately bring home to themselves the punish-

ment which both law and public opinion in such cases mete out to a deserter?

Beginning with 1890 the French military law included under the obligation of compulsory service ecclesiastical students of every creed, as well as other students, the heads of primary schools, professors, etc. As far as the Catholic clergy is concerned, this law was certainly in opposition to Canon Law and to the spirit of the Church. It obliged seminarians to spend two years in military barracks, and in case of war exacted that both seminarians and priests should be mobilized like other citizens. Should the clergy of France have submitted to this law?<sup>1</sup> Should they have resisted? They had protested with all the power at their command. When their protest proved ineffective, they followed the course which both common sense and practical theology dictated—of two evils they chose the less, for suicide is never permissible, and refusal to obey this law was suicide for the whole body ecclesiastical, both in France and on the field of foreign missions. The violation of the law would have made impossible the increase and continued life of the French clergy. It must be remembered that a deserter not only loses his civil and personal rights, such as the right to testify, to inherit, to sue; but is also forbidden to set foot again upon the soil of France or any of her colonies. If arrested by French authorities the deserter, in time of peace, is punished by five years imprisonment and in time of war he will be shot. Considering, therefore, the penalties under which priests in France would find themselves if they refused to obey, it is clear that the clergy ought to suffer the injustice which has been imposed upon them, and submit to the law of military service.

But someone will say, this may be true of the parish clergy of France itself; how can it be true of her missionaries who

<sup>1</sup>A Catholic Bishop, himself a French missionary, wrote to the author of this article the following opinion on the French law of compulsory military service: "The law of obligatory military service for all priests is an evil one; and the priest only observes it because he cannot do otherwise. Because it is contrary to just ecclesiastical immunity, because it brings hatred upon the Church, and is the outcome of atheism, because it does more to destroy religion than to aid the nation, this law is unjust and unholy. Every Catholic who is guided by the teachings of his Faith cannot approve of it, and everyone ought to use every legitimate means to work for its recall. I say 'legitimate,' for inasmuch as the law exists, inasmuch as it has been framed according to the Constitution, and, moreover, because it is not intrinsically evil, the Church declares that it is not permissible to rebel against established authority. Such is Catholic teaching since the time of our Saviour and St. Paul."

spend their life in foreign countries? How may they be considered deserters? In our answer we exclude at once the numerous missionaries who labor in the French colonies of Northern and Central Africa, Madagascar, Indo-China and other lands. For them the problem is the same as for the French parish clergy. Even to *live* they must observe the law of compulsory military service. As to the others? They having, on account of their refusal, lost their rights as French citizens will find themselves time and again in an impossible situation. We do not now refer to the grave personal inconvenience which every man has to endure by the loss of his civil rights, of the right to set foot again on his native land. We do wish to call our readers' attention to the fact that in a great number of the missions the missionaries must go to the diplomatic and consular representatives of the French Government in order to obtain the passports necessary for either residence or travel; to the same source must they appeal in order to secure justice either for themselves or for their Christian subjects who live among pagans.

But a deserter can obtain no passport; can make no such appeal. The French ministers and consuls are not allowed to give him a hearing; they are not allowed to hold any official relation with him; they may not register him as a French citizen. Travel upon a French ship will be for him most difficult, if not impossible. Without a passport, where will he go? What will he do? Without protection of any kind, how will he fare in a country where life for him is often very trying? Should he become a citizen of the country in which he labors? But, on the one hand, the French law does not recognize citizenship adopted after the age which renders a French citizen liable to military service, and consequently the second state of this man will be the same as the first so far as his native country is concerned; and, on the other hand, it would be imprudent, to say the least, for a foreign missionary to put himself at the mercy of a pagan government which tolerates him only because he is under the protection of his own government. To the many sacrifices demanded of missionaries the Church has not added the abandonment of citizenship; and the Religious Orders, although assured in advance of the complete obedience of their members, have not thought it necessary to be more exacting than the Church; their missionaries in the Levant and in China, having completed their years of military service, returned to take their place again upon the field of battle.

From a general point of view refusal to obey the military law results in grave loss to the missions themselves. If the Religious Orders have been forbidden to live their community life in France, certain important French congregations have, nevertheless, continued to enjoy the official authorization of the French Government, and they continue to serve the Church as they have in the past. Refusal on the part of their members to obey the law would have been equivalent to their suppression. Despoiled, they would have at once broken up, and with them would disappear a very important part of the Catholic missionary body. Better for them to suffer and endure in order to maintain their existence and their work than to run headlong to destruction.

In whatever way the question is viewed, the one conclusion is inevitable: it availed more for the work of the missions to obey the law than to attempt the impossible.

We said above "to suffer and to endure," for it would be calumniating the priests and the missionaries of France to believe that they obeyed this unpriestly law, lived their years of service in the barracks, and left their field of ministry to take active part in the war, with gaiety and light-heartedness. Of two evils they chose that which appeared to have the less unfortunate consequences for the missions, deploring meanwhile the violence done to their priestly character, and hoping for a happier day.

The first care of the Church is the welfare of souls. To secure that she is often obliged, because of human malice, to endure sacrifices. To stamp her a criminal because she endures these sacrifices is to be ignorant of her mission. The more so because Divine Providence can in a secret and marvelous way always draw some good out of evil. And when injustice has run its course, it is seen that the Church was right, whether, at all cost to herself, she maintained principles as in the time of the *Kulturkampf* in Germany or the Separation Law in France, or whether in order to avoid a greater evil she regretfully yielded a point of ecclesiastical discipline as in the case of the present French military law. Time always justifies her. Impious and wicked men pass: she endures. Therefore she can afford to be patient in enduring all things and in striving against evil.

2. DID THE FRENCH MISSIONARIES FIGHT IN THE WAR IN ORDER TO SUPPORT THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND FRENCH FREEMASONRY?

The mere suggestion of this question, it would seem, should bring a spontaneous denial to the lips of every man; but some may be found who accept without reflection the sophisms told to them, and condemn the French clergy as if their participation in the war was identical with an approval of the anti-religious politics of the French Government and an aid in support of these policies. This view is so illogical and false that its very announcement would cause all France to laugh, anti-clericals and atheists as well as Catholics, for nobody there could be deceived by it. That French priests and missionaries do not fight in the cause of Freemasonry all the world knows. We will go much further and declare with certainty that the acceptance of the law of military service by the clergy, has contributed much more to promote the interests of religion in France than to injure them. Sufficient testimony is found in a review of what actually goes on in France both in the army and elsewhere.

But there is another point to be considered. If it is true that the French clergy are at fault in fighting, so to speak, for an infidel, Masonic government, it follows that lay French Catholics who fight in the war are equally culpable in upholding this government by arms, since from the moment religion is in jeopardy, the laity as well as the clergy are bound to do nothing which would imperil the Faith. If it is not permissible for them to obey, then their duty is to allow the usurper to own France completely. Who would be willing to champion such a conclusion? Let us make a supposition.

In the spring of 1875 when the Kulturkampf was in full swing, when the German bishops and priests were imprisoned and pastoral authority was suspended through almost the whole of Germany, Bismarck planned to wage a fresh war against the French because he said that she was recovering too quickly from the disasters of 1870. Powerful diplomatic influences forced him to give up his design, but in case he had carried it out, who would call it a crime for German Catholics to fight against France because at that moment the French Government was respectful of religion and an ally of the Church, while the German Government persecuted Catholics? No one, unless he were mentally defective,

could bring a charge of that character. Indeed, it is not always just nor logical to identify a particular government or a particular ministry, and all their acts, with the whole of a great country whose life and historic destinies are at stake, any more than it is always logical or just to identify the anti-religious policies of a particular government with the abiding religious condition of the country which it, for the time, governs. If such a sophism were to be admitted, it would mean that on principle every nation ought to disappear just as soon as its government fights against the Catholic Church or persecutes her. History as well as reason refute such a conclusion, and patriotism, as well, shows it to be absolutely false.

To understand what patriotism, the idea of country, means to the people of Europe it is necessary that the citizens of young America, gathered from all the lands of the earth, should picture to themselves how that idea, that passion for country rules with them everyday politics. We say that this will require some effort of imagination on the part of Americans. The majority of them have left, or their children have left, their fatherland in Europe. They do not regret it; and they believe that they are free from the danger of foreign invasion, and far distant from all the disputes that divide Europe. They have put aside as quite impossible the thought of a great war that would threaten their national existence, and their greatest national interest is the political differences of Democrats and Republicans and the alternate victory of one or the other. Active disputes there are in the way of internal politics, but they amount to no more than the strife of political ambition—the strife would lose its whole importance and disappear on the day that an external danger threatened their national existence.

But when an awakened patriotism takes its true place and regenerates, as we have seen it do in Belgium and France, then war begets a union of ministers and political opponents, once irreconcilable, now working in harmony. When the country itself is in danger it is not for the government that soldiers fight, it is for the salvation of the nation. We trust that Americans will never have to endure such a dreaded test, and we trust equally well that they will not condemn those who fight and die for their country. They should condemn above all the governments whose ambition and pride have loosed the scourge of war. Let us add that Europe is not the only country that has a monopoly of

this patriotism. In missionary countries, for example, in Japan, the refusal of missionary priests to obey the law of military service and not to answer the appeal to free their country from the invader, would not be understood. Such a refusal would discredit them utterly in the eyes of both Christians and non-Christians. The interests, therefore, of the missions themselves and the prestige of religion demand that the missionaries who are summoned should go without hesitation.

Some will object that if the French priests and missionaries fight for their country, they fight even more truly in the interests of an irreligious government which, if victorious, will continue, after the war as before, to persecute and to expel those who fought in its defence. But in the first place it is necessary to remember that, as we have explained above, it is practically impossible for the French clergy and missionaries to free themselves from the law of military service. Rome so thoroughly recognizes this impossibility that the instant hostilities opened she hastened to send to the priests who were summoned the necessary dispensations. If it were proper to say that the priests were wrong in going, it would also be proper to say that Rome is an accomplice, as she is the most blameable, since by virtue of her supreme authority it is her right and duty to command, to allow or to forbid.

Is it possible, then, for anyone to say that an irreligious government and Freemasonry will be helped by the participation of French priests and missionaries in the war? We believe it absolutely impossible, for the religious revival which showed itself before the war has, according to the testimony of impartial and Non-Catholic observers, increased since its opening. The very presence of priests with the army has certainly contributed to its growth. Numerous conversions have been recorded, and many have been made tolerant who not long since were anti-clerical. Hatred of the priest inspired by the sects has almost disappeared. The anti-religious attitude of the government will receive less support after the war than before. Is it fair to say that a victorious France will be the same officially anti-clerical France that she was before the war, and to maintain that the French Government will continue to expel the religious who now return in order to give their lives for her? Prophecy is perilous business. From what we know of how events will shape themselves after the war, may there not be in France as elsewhere a radical change of government? It is well to remember that the political strifes which marked

France were known also in other countries, and no one may say that a particular government will hold power forever. The conservative party in Belgium, for example, held power for twenty-five years, but it cannot be certain that it will always carry the elections or make absolutely negligible the Liberal and anti-Christian party.

If France is victorious it will not be simply the anti-religious or the atheistic France that has conquered, it will be France entire, for all Frenchmen without distinction of political or religious opinions equally love their country, and in the face of the enemy forget at once, and unanimously, all quarrels among themselves. Some Americans do not realize this power and ability of the French people, not because Americans themselves do not possess it, but because they have had no occasion to prove it in the presence of a foreign enemy. Belgium rose as one man to resist the violation of her neutrality, and yet we know that after the war is ended there will be within her boundaries a Catholic party, a Liberal party and a Socialist party. Can it be denied that the Liberal party may return to power and, ironical as it may sound, strive to restrain the liberty of Catholics? If such a condition come, will it be true to say that Belgium is no longer a Catholic country? Who would venture thus to wrong her? And as with the Belgians so also with the French. They make one family, absolutely in accord with regard to family honor, but within the family itself liberty of opinion and an anti-religious propaganda have worked to separate its members into two categories; those who will have nothing to do with religion, and those who remain faithful to it. In the modern world as in centuries past, division is an inevitable consequence of that liberty which constitutional government gives. Political power may belong to one as well as to the other. Whenever, unhappily, the enemies of religion retain this power, they are the more inclined to abuse it, as has been the case in France and Italy and elsewhere. But to say that the enemies of the Church have forever buried France in irreligion, that no circumstance whatever can make them relax their work of persecution, that they will forever remain the political masters of the country, such a statement is far, far away from the experience of the past, and prudence alone should prevent one from pronouncing any such prophecy.

It would be unjust, then, to condemn the French people, as a people, if in France there are more baptized than practising Catholics, if they have not organized a Catholic party and not established



a Catholic government. It would be unjust to reproach them with the separation of Church and State, as if they had prepared, voted and carried it out. They protested against it, now they but suffer it. They have made it the occasion of giving to the Catholic world two admirable examples, one of unanimous obedience, absolute and perfect, towards the supreme Pontiff since the day when he commanded Frenchmen not to accept the law of *Associations Cultuelles*, the other of financial generosity; since the government withdrew all support for the clergy and confiscated ecclesiastical properties, Catholics took upon themselves the heavy burden from day to day of furnishing the necessary funds, and this without injury to the innumerable works of charity and free schools which it was necessary to keep in existence. Amid all her suffering and sacrifice Catholic France found a way to give to the Church two-thirds of her missionaries and almost the same proportion of money for their maintenance. The impossible cannot be asked of French Catholics. They have a right to be considered faithful and active, nor should they be confounded with that irreligious group which represents neither them nor France. How instructive it would be even for the zealous Catholic pastors of America to see for themselves the working of the innumerable charities and the whole Catholic life of France, to assist at a diocesan council, for example, to visit Catholic institutions and to know at first hand the deep and supernatural life of French Catholicism?

Catholic France has at the present time no ambassador at the Vatican, but she has no need of such an ambassador in order to be known as she really is and loved by the Father of all the faithful, to whom she is devoted as the France of other days. It is of this France one ought to think, it is this France one ought to know, the France which Pius X. declared to be "foremost in obedience."

## THE POETRY OF A PRIEST.

BY JOHN B. KELLY.



THE life of Father John Bannister Tabb presents a history of more than ordinary interest. He was a Virginian by birth, the son of cultured and wealthy parents, who reared him amidst scholarly surroundings. He was educated by private tutors, who instructed him in the finer accomplishments of the day. The privileged few who can yet recall his exclusive recitals speak of him as a master of the piano. His life as a scholar was devoted to the teaching of English literature until the breaking out of the Civil War, when it was interrupted by his enlistment as a volunteer in the Confederate ranks. He served through an arduous campaign, suffering the hardships of a Federal prison, and emerged from the sad conflict entirely impoverished. When he was called to the ordeal of relinquishing the religious tenets of his youth, he passed through it with calm heroism, and began his life as a stanch Roman Catholic. It was not until the mature age of thirty-nine that his faith was crowned with the honors of eternal priesthood. In the declining years of his life, he was visited by the darkness that has so often afflicted the great writers of the world.

These various elements intermingled in the formation of the poet. But it is not the man of letters nor the master of music, nor the veteran of a heart-breaking war, nor even the honest mind of the convert that is most evident in his work. It is the heart of the priest that throbs in his poems, giving them the mystic power of supernatural life. Of these formative influences he wrote:

Each separate life is fed  
From many a fountain head:

Tides that we never know  
Into our being flow,

And rays of the remotest star  
Converge to make us what we are.

Francis Thompson, in his essay on *Nature's Immortality*, re-

veals the secret of Father Tabb's power as a poet. "From Alps to Alpine flower," he writes, "nature rises lovely with the betrayal of divine thought. All earthly beauty is but heavenly beauty, taking to itself flesh and living in the life of God. In so far as man himself lives in that life does he come into sympathy with nature. Not Shelly, not Wordsworth himself ever drew so close to the heart of nature as did the Seraph of Assisi, who was close to the heart of God."

Father Tabb was called to the same sphere of life as the Saint of Assisi. By virtue of the same vocation he was privileged in a blessed intimacy with nature. Stretching forth his hand to her he felt a thrill of new-found power, and realized that he had touched the hem of his Master's garment. He began to perceive in nature, not only a revelation of the Omnipotent Being Who dwells beyond the stars, but found that she gave testimony of His Only-Begotten Son, the Child of Mary, the Man of Galilee. The gift of the poet and the calling of the priest then united in a single love, and he became a Psalmist of the New Dispensation. Where they of the Old saw a reflection of Yahweh in nature's majesty, he found intimations of his Master, Jesus Christ. He says this very simply in a poem which reads:

It is His garment; and to them  
Who touch in faith its outmost hem  
He, turning, says again, "I see  
That virtue hath gone out of Me."

In another of his poems he tells of his awakening to creation's revelation of Jesus Christ:

Once when my heart was passion free  
To learn of things divine  
The soul of Nature suddenly  
Outpoured itself in mine.

I held the secrets of the deep  
And of the heavens above  
I knew the harmonies of sleep,  
The mysteries of love.

And for a moment's interval  
The earth, the sky, the sea—  
My soul encompassed one in all  
As now they encompass me.

To one in all, to all in one—  
Since Love the work began  
Life's ever-widening circles run,  
Revealing God and Man.

And in another poem the same search for God's reflection in the world about him is evidenced:

My God has hid Himself from me  
Behind whatever else I see:  
Myself—the nearest mystery—  
As far beyond my grasp as He.

And yet in darkest night I know  
While lives a doubt discerning glow,  
That larger lights above it throw  
These shadows in the vale below.

He spelt the name of the Omnipotent in the wonders of the firmament, but found His image shining clearer in the humblest of the flowers:

I see Thee in the distant blue  
But in the violet's dell of dew  
I *breathe* and *touch* Thee, too.

His poetry becomes distinctly his own when his thoughts dwell upon the visible form of nature as suggesting the mysteries of the Christian revelation. From the mystery of the Annunciation to the Coronation of the Mother of God as Queen of heaven, he shows parallels in nature's revelation to mankind. He saw the Dawn, the Light of the World, a figure of Christ, a new-born in the night that began when the pall of sin fell upon Eden.

In a poem that is, I think, the most thoughtful of all his works, he treats further of the mystery of the Nativity. He draws an analogy between the descent of the Son of God into the womb of a creature, and the existence of the Infinite Being in eternal silence. He finds a parallel in the Virgin Motherhood of Mary and the mystic silence that sustains the unbounded God in heaven. He finds attributes in silence that belong to God alone, and even penetrates further with a question of faith when he comes upon a new mystery of a something intangible, greater in scope than the Omnipresence of God which it surrounds:

Temple of God from all eternity  
Alone like Him without beginning found;  
Of Time, and Space and Solitude the bound,  
Yet in itself of all communion, free.

Is then, the temple holier than He  
That dwells therein? Must reverence surround  
With barriers, the portal, lest a sound  
Profane it? Nay; behold a mystery!

What was, abides; what is, hath ever been;  
The lowliest the loftiest sustains  
A silence by no breath of utterance stirred—  
Virginity in motherhood—remains,  
Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,  
The voice of Love's unutterable word.

He also wrote of the birth of Christ in lines less mystic, yet  
full of his life theme:

The world His cradle is;  
The stars His worshippers;  
His "place on earth" the mother's kiss  
On lips new pressed to hers.

For she alone to Him  
In perfect light appears  
The one horizon never dim  
With penitential tears.

The sorrowful mystery of Calvary he saw painted yearly in  
the sombre colorings of autumn. When the woodlands died his  
soul was sad, because it was so suggestive of the dying of the  
Son of God. He called the Fall "Mater Dolorosa," and wrote  
these noble lines:

Again maternal autumn grieves  
As blood-like drip the maple leaves  
On Nature's Calvary.

And every sap-forsaken limb  
Renews the mystery of Him  
Who died upon a tree.

He saw the Resurrection scene in the coming of dawn each  
Easter morn:

Behold the night of sorrow, gone,  
Like Magdalen, the tearful dawn  
Goes forth with Love's anointing sweet  
To kiss again the Master's feet.

In the later years of Father Tabb's life, a heavy blow smote him blind. To him it fell with the gentle touch of the finger of God. He did not pray for a miraculous restoration of the power to see the world that had told him so much of the Smiter. In a prayer of priestly resignation he offered his loss to God, asking only:

If some life be brighter for the shade  
That darkens mine,  
To both, O Lord, more manifest be made  
The Light Divine.

And God in return did more than restore his sight. He gave him a power of vision more keen than any human seeing. In the "School of Darkness" he learned "what mean, the things unseen."

Father Tabb is worth reading because he transforms the world of nature into a Holy Land. He leads the pilgrim that ventures after him into realms that are suggestive of the holiest days and deeds in the history of man. The stars become faithful shepherds, watching through the night, and waiting for the Light of Life to come on the morrow. Trees nodding their heads sadly in the breezes tell of the Gardener of Gethsemane and Calvary, who blessed one of their number as the instrument of Redemption. This poem reads with a very simple charm:

When Christ went up to Calvary,  
His load upon Him laid  
Each tree unto its neighbor tree  
In awful silence said:  
Behold! the Gardener is He  
Of Eden and Gethsemane.

An Easter lily sparkling in the dews of dawn is Magdalen washing the Master's feet, and anointing them with the fragrance of true contrition. The sun rising and setting; stars hidden and twinkling; trees, dead and living; running waters and the smallest

flowers that grow beside them are personified into the lives of those written in the Sacred Books of Prophet and Evangelist. The reward of those who become familiar with his work is to find the world a place of ever-present sacramentals, that provoke the holiest of thoughts and give grace in abundance.

The literary characteristics of Father Tabb's work have been commented upon by capable critics who were unstinting in their praise. The exquisite perfection of his poems appealed to them as the work of an artist in literary cameos. Perhaps this does not justly suggest their intrinsic worth. The workmanship upon them indeed shows the minute care of an artist fired by love of his work. There is not a line too many or a word that is not of the shade necessary to bring out the context of the poem in the clearest light. In this respect they are literary cameos. But their beauty lies deeper than the surface. It is the glowing fairness of a superbly cut gem rather than the chiseled clearness of the cameo. It captivates the eye as it sparkles on the surface, then radiates new and ever-changing hues from its depths. There is the bewitching charm of the diamond, which responds in changing brilliancy according to the power of the light that is thrown upon it.

There may be many a lyric arising from his priestly soul now bathed in the light of the Beatific Vision. Perhaps to him has been given the power that he lacked when he suggested the poems that he could not write, in the lines of *My Secret*:

It is not what I am fain to hide  
That doth in deepest darkness dwell  
But what my tongue hath often tried,  
Alas, in vain, to tell.

## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER IX.



HE party upstairs was not much of a success. Bobby had to be awakened from a sound sleep, and Jack was so bewildered that he mechanically tasted one spoonful and then fell back upon his pillow, protesting that he would take "no more medicine in the middle of the night." The ice was very small, and Bobby ate it silently, making only one comment, "It don't taste *pink*, Wally."

"No, I suppose not, Bobby—red would be easier to distinguish. Pink is a delicate shade."

He held the pillow tenderly behind Bobby's back to keep off any possible draught from the open doorway, and with the other hand he made a table for the flowered plate. He regretted his contract with his godson; it seemed so unwise to arouse him, and yet he had always made a point of keeping his promises to the children. If he had not produced the ice Bobby would certainly have asked for an explanation next day. But Walcott was relieved when the feast was finished. Bobby turned over and promptly went to sleep again, and Walcott, putting out the electric light, passed into the next room which had been chosen as a day nursery.

There was always a certain charming disorder about this room, for the children were allowed to play here unrestrained. In one corner was a block house, half completed, the building materials scattered widely over the floor; a large rocking-horse, bereft of both mane and tail, stood waiting the onslaught of the morning, a patient expression of long suffering in his staring, glassy eyes; some small enameled chairs, turned upside down, had been metamorphosed into a railroad train early in the evening, while the baby's wicker hamper, with the baby's dainty clothes shoveled in and out at regular intervals, had been the coal car supplying the imaginary locomotive.

Walcott stirred up the smouldering logs in the open fireplace, and sat down in the nurse's worn armchair. He wanted to think—to get his bearings. He was half-dazed by the experiences he had just passed. It seemed unbelievable that no one should suspect his identity, and yet Ted had noticed a resemblance, and dismissed the fact as a mere coincidence not worth consideration. After all the meeting was not extraordinary. In the days of her girlhood Anne had spent a large share of her time in Washington, and now that she was married,



widowed—*Anne a widow!* she did not look the part—Anne sorrowing, bereaved, alone. Who was this Van Brun who had been her husband? Had she cared for him? *Could* Anne care?

The scene in his own home library came back to him with vivid force. How he had worshipped her in the old days, and even her refusal to share his poverty had not destroyed all his illusions about her. The hardest struggle he had with himself was trying to rid himself of his desire to return to Anne. But to return, he told himself, was useless; he was still a poor man, relatively speaking, and Anne craved millions. Who was this Van Brun who had married her? A feeling of resentment, which he thought he had outlived, stole over him. But Van Brun was *dead* and Anne was unchanged. The same roof sheltered him and sheltered her in all her youthful loveliness—Van Brun was dead, and Anne was free. From the drawing-room below sounded music and laughter, but Walcott felt no inclination to go downstairs. He was afraid, afraid of that old self that seemed to dominate him whenever he thought of Anne.

Suppose he should go to her and tell her the story of his life. How attentively she would listen, as she listened to every other man. What then? In the uncertain flickering of the fire his face was painfully tense. What then? The question seemed insistent. How many other men have tried to force the future when the answer to the problem is beyond all their control.

But there were some things he could know—Anne would have no sympathy with his present life. He was too old to dream of marriage, if age were measured by feeling and experience and not by years. He was disfigured—Anne had always found ugliness repellant. No—he would go on to the end. He had passed through a transmigration. He could not go back and begin where he had left off—he had journeyed too far to return to Anne.

His mind had been in a turmoil all evening, and he wondered at his own self-control; the unconsciousness of the other guests to his confusion had had its psychological effect. There are times when the conventions coerce a man to move with a certain mechanism, following habit or custom until an artificial calm is acquired. But now, that he was alone, he could relax. Even his body felt weary from the strain. Leaning back in the old armchair he took a pipe from his pocket, and filling it from a leather pouch he made spill of paper and lighted it from the flaming wood on the hearth. The pipe soothed him—he had put it in his pocket as a small act of insubordination towards society, a pipe and tobacco pouch would certainly bulge out the tail of his new evening coat. Senator Bolivar would laugh at his mutinous spirit, and Mrs. Bolivar would reprove him for being so careless of appearances, but after the guests were gone and the three

had gathered in the library for one of their old intimate talks that sometimes lasted until midnight, he would have his pipe to rest him after an uncongenial evening spent with strangers.

Strangers! again his mind went back to Anne, to Polly, to Ted. Why did the boy's eyes look so haggard? Why was his face so pale? What had he done with himself during all these fifteen years? What had life brought him that he should talk so cynically of himself?

Another whiff from his pipe. Lord have mercy—he was tired. He rested his head against the cushioned back of the chair, and stared up at the gay frieze of the wall paper. Chickens and dogs and cats and pigs harnessed amicably together by laughing children with garlands of roses. He remembered Bobby's delight when the paper hanger revealed each section, and he had rejoiced with the child, for he had gone with Mrs. Bolivar to aid in the selection. How his mind traveled back from tragedies to trifles. He must go downstairs. Mrs. Bolivar would wonder at his absence—she might even fancy that one of the children was sick, for it would not be the first time that he had stood guard over croup and colic. Yes he must go—go and find Polly; there were a hundred questions he wanted to ask her. Who was this Van Brun who had married Anne?

He closed his eyes for a moment, the room was very still, only an occasional splash from the aquarium in the window, where a small gold fish, sole survivor of a large family, waited warily for the children's fishing lines of raveled hair ribbons and crooked pins.

Then there came the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and Walcott felt a presence near him, and opening his eyes he saw Polly standing before him. For a moment he was startled by her strange resemblance to the Romney portrait so familiar to his boyhood, that it had seemed almost a living personality. After all the likeness was natural enough, the dark woodwork of the door framed her, the hall beyond faded into a dim background, the silvery satin of her dress was the same. Truly the world was full of ghosts to-night. He roused himself with an effort, and getting up with his habitual punctiliousness he offered her the only big chair in the room.

"No," said Polly turning one of the children's chairs up right, "I—I can sit down here; I'm not big enough to break it. I thought perhaps you had gone. I'm glad you have not; I came to find you." The intermittent blaze of the firelight concealed the tragic expression of her eyes.

"Find me," he repeated dully, "I believe I was coming down after a while. I was just sitting here trying to decide the question."

She smiled wanly. "And I am trying to decide why I should come to you."

"Perhaps Mrs. Bolivar sent you."

"No."

"Well, then, since you are sharing her duties as hostess, perhaps stray guests should be looked after. I might be on the point of kidnapping one of the children."

"I might suspect you of having designs on Bobby." As she spoke she held out her hands to warm them at the fire, and Walcott saw that they were trembling.

"You are cold," he said with tender concern, and going quickly to the baby's hamper he began to rummage among the little clothes. "See here is a flannel shawl, put it around your shoulders. It's a wonder to me that women don't kill themselves outright with these low-cut gowns in winter time."

She accepted the ribbon bound square of flannel gratefully. "I'll put it on since you were so kind to get it, but it's not what you would call a comprehensive wrap. I'm not cold; I'm worried—almost sick with worry." She seemed to crumble up in the little chair, and she buried her face in her hands. For a moment he forgot the years. She was a child again, and he was her big boy cousin, rich and able to reimburse her for all her broken dolls and toys.

"Polly," he said, "forgive me for calling you that—but you seem a child to me."

"I'm glad of that," she interrupted him, "for I've come to you to help me; I don't know what to do. Why didn't I go to Senator or to Mrs. Bolivar? You won't understand why I come to you."

He was a little dismayed by her excitement. "Well, no, except—"

"Except that I feel that you would be very tolerant. I have heard that you have spent your life helping the poor and the suffering. I—I don't want the Senator to know—"

"Know what?"

"About Ted."

"Ted?" He looked around the room in his bewilderment. In some way Ted seemed connected with nurseries. He remembered now that long ago when his sister had died in Paris and orphan Ted, speaking only broken English, had come to live with him, that he with brotherly sympathy, of which he was half-ashamed, had arranged a play-room for this strange little nephew.

"He has been drinking," said Polly tragically. "I am always afraid of it. He can hardly stand—I managed to get him in the study, away from the other men, and he is lying on the long sofa in a sort of stupor. Oh! I don't want anyone to find him there. It's such an abuse of the Bolivars' generous hospitality for him to act like this."

"And you want me to take him home."

"No, I want you to take him to the hospital."

"A hospital!"

"Yes, yes, it seems the only place—he has no home."

"No home!"

"Oh, you don't understand. It's not only drink with Ted, it's drugs. It has been going on for years; he's throwing his life away. He has no home except his club. If he goes there, there will be no one to look after him, and he will keep on drinking until he's crazy from it. Come help me—Ted and I grew up together—and I feel that my only brother was going wrong. Please help me to get him away from here. There are four or five automobiles before the door; we can take Anne's and go."

"But—Mrs. Van Brun may need her car."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said desperately. "Anne can wait. She is not ready to leave anyhow—that army officer is in love with her and she is entertained. Oh, won't you come?" She laid an eager hand upon his arm. "Ted is so heavy to lift. I cannot manage him alone. We'll go down the back stairs and through the pantry to the study. There is a long French window leading out into the garden. We need not go through the front hall. Please, please help me to get him away."

"But doesn't the Senator know?"

"I don't think so, and I don't want him to know if I can help it. Oh, don't you see how disgraceful it all is? Ted brought Anne here to-night, and he is not able to go home with her. Come now, or we shall be too late."

"But I can go alone—you need not come."

"Oh, yes, I *must*. Wait a moment, I'll get my cloak. I'll meet you downstairs. Get your overcoat and find one for Ted, I must go with you."

She hurried away and he prepared to follow her directions with unquestioning obedience. The whole evening had been a nightmare, and here was a fitting climax. Ted, the boy he had loved and yearned for in the long years of their separation, lying unconscious in a drunken stupor downstairs, and Polly, loyal little Polly, struggling alone to save him from himself. A disquieting suspicion began to form itself in his mind. Was Polly's pitiful appeal to a stranger founded only on sisterly affection. It seemed to betoken something more.

He watched her as she leaned against the soft cushions of the sofa urging Ted to get up. The light from the green shaded reading lamp fell full upon his face, so handsome, so young, so strangely emaciated. A small bright object, clasped loosely in his hand, attracted Walcott's attention. It was a hypodermic syringe—then Polly

was right, this was no accidental intoxication. Ted needed medical aid. Exerting his great strength Walcott stooped and lifted Ted bodily, and compelled him to take a step or two, while Polly offered her slight shoulder to support him on the other side. Out of the warm luxurious home they passed into the cold murky night. Polly tried to close the window after them, but in spite of her efforts it swung back on its hinges.

"One of the servants will close it," she said confidently and then while Walcott lifted Ted into Anne's care she spoke to the chauffeur by name: "Paul, Mr. Hargrove is ill. Drive to the hospital—the one just below the Capitol. Mrs. Van Brun will wait for you here."

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## CHAPTER X.

The ride to the hospital seemed a short one, though the prudent chauffeur drove the big engine very slowly. It was a night for precaution, the concrete streets were wet and slippery, and a heavy fog had lifted itself from the level of the river and billowed upward until the city seemed immersed; the bright lamps of the car could not penetrate such a heavy mist, they merely transformed its silvery color to a golden haze; a blinding indefinite danger signal to the confused pedestrians. The Capitol Library loomed like some menacing derelict lost in a cloud-capped sea, the light from its many windows tracing its vast outline.

Polly, bareheaded with her long cape clutched over her light evening gown, sat with her back to the driver; her face had lost all its bloom, and she shivered in the cold. Ted lay upon the wide, upholstered seat in front of her, his head pillowed in Walcott's arms, and to Walcott it seemed good to have him there. How he had longed for the boy and now he was in his arms, his body close to his, and Ted was helpless, helpless as he had been in the old days when he had sought out his youthful uncle to supply all his ambitious little boy needs. Now, as Walcott looked down into the handsome face so prematurely old, he could feel no sense of indignation towards Ted. He suffered a deep sense of remorse. He could not blame Ted—he alone was responsible for the boy's pitiable condition. He should not have left him during those most impressionable years—left him without a guardian or home.

Polly was very silent, the fog frightened her, and she kept glancing out the window, trying to pierce beyond the luminous mist of the lamps. "It's like traveling through space," she said at last.

Walcott tried to smile upon her reassuringly. "When we reach

space we shall only have our souls to bother us. Our bodies won't be able to draw us down in the mire any more like this."

"No," she agreed, "no," and the look she bent on Ted was full of pain.

"Is—is he often like this?"

"Too often."

"Who takes care of him then?"

"Mother has had him brought to our house several times, but now that he is in Washington, I have not heard from him in weeks."

"But he does write to you?"

"Sometimes."

"What does he do—to live?"

"He is a musician."

"Oh, yes, of course. I had almost forgotten his music."

She heard him in bewilderment, but there was no time for further questioning. They drove into the stone-paved courtyard of the hospital, and up to the side door where injured patients are received. An orderly came forward to help Ted from the car, and an old Sister wearing the white cornet of her order, stood in the dimly-lighted hall. Polly fled to her like a hurt child to its mother's arms.

"Sister Agnes, Sister Agnes, help us, oh help us! Ted Hargrove needs you. We have brought him to you."

"Polly, Polly, God bless me if it isn't Polly at this time of night," and the old nun gathered Polly into her protecting arms. "You're cold and your cloak is damp, and you've been playing guardian angel to Ted again?"

"He seems worse this time. He's in a stupor and he won't rouse. It's something worse than wine. Take him into your blessed St. George's Hall and do what you can."

"Yes, take him in," said Sister Agnes turning to the orderly. "Number sixteen is vacant, Mike. Now let your heart be at rest, Polly dear; I've had Ted here before and I know his symptoms. He will be all right in a day or two if someone will only take him in charge when he leaves me. And don't worry any more to-night— young people always exaggerate trouble. When you are as old as I am you will know that few things in life are as tragic as they seem at first. Sit down in the parlor a moment, Polly, I'll be back as soon as I see that the poor boy is comfortable," and she bustled away, her soft shoes making no sound upon the polished floor, and the ends of her big peasant's bonnet flapping like wings in the cold night wind that blew from the open doorway.

Polly turned to the parlor and motioned Walcott to follow her; the room was dark at this late hour of the night, except for the faint gleam of a taper floating in a red glass in front of a pale

marble saint. Polly then sank into a cushioned armchair, and threw off her long cloak. "Oh, I like hospitals," she exclaimed, "they are so restful in time of trouble, and Sister Agnes is one of my mother's oldest friends. I feel now that Ted is safe."

"Yes, I am sure that he is safe." Walcott too was experiencing a deep sense of relief. To bring Ted to a hospital had seemed unnecessary to him at first, but now that he had seen Sister Agnes he understood Polly's reasons. Ted needed protection and maternal care. Here he would find them. The old nun was not long in returning. Upon entering she pressed a button in the wall, flooding the room with light, and she had brought in a little tray holding two cups and a pot of tea.

"Here's something for you worldings to drink before you start on your journey. Your hands were so cold, Polly dear, and I don't want another patient here to-night."

Walcott rose quickly to relieve her of the tray, but the old nun, deprived of one burden, picked up a small table and brought it closer to Polly's chair. "Now drink this dear, and don't worry about Ted. There's many an older and a wiser man in St. George's Hall to-night. Poor fellows, life is so hard on them and they have so many temptations."

"Oh, I don't see how you can take it as a matter of course," said Polly rebelliously.

The old nurse smiled, though her eyes looked worn and tired. "Polly, if I were shocked by every story of sin and shame I hear I'd be a useless burden in any house. I've been working over poor, sinful, suffering bodies so long, long before you were born, and I've watched the dying half-enuously, knowing that they were passing into a world where the mystery of pain would be revealed to them. I'm a sermonizing old bore;" she continued turning to Walcott, "Polly hasn't introduced us, but I'm sure you'll take the child home and convince her that the heavens are not going to fall on Ted to-night. I'll take care of him like his grandmother—the dear Lord knows I'm too old to be his mother—and I'll get Ted's grandmother to help me. What good times we used to have together when we were girls. She married, though I tried my best to make her come here with me."

Walcott looked at her with a strange expression. She was talking of his mother. They had been girls together. He had always thought of his mother as young and beautiful, but of course if she had lived she would have been old too, like this nun with a face full of kindly wrinkles, and his mother had shared this mysterious religious fervor, this passion for service.

Polly was introducing them now—adding something about his kindness to her. He did not hear her clearly, but he protested with

some stereotyped phrase, and then the good-nights were spoken, and they were back in Anne's luxurious car speeding now through the lifting fog. The chauffeur was anxious, he had experienced his mistress' impatience before, and in his opinion they had lingered at the hospital too long. When Walcott spoke he asked an unusual question, "Do Catholics believe in ghosts?" he said.

Polly had cuddled into one corner of the big car among Anne's brocade cushions—Anne had always believed in an excess of cushions—and she was thinking, with some misgivings, what explanation she could give the Bolivars for her absence. All her life she had lived in a friendly community where she was so well known that her charitable, unconventional impulses needed no apology, but here of course things were different. The Bolivars were almost strangers to her, and to leave a dinner party and to go plunging off into the darkness in an automobile borrowed, without permission, to enlist the aid of another guest to carry a drunken man to a hospital, was a little out of the ordinary—even she had to admit that. Walcott's question claimed her distracted attention for a moment.

"Ghosts!" she repeated, "I don't think I quite understand."

"The old Sister spoke of your friend's grandmother, who she said was dead, watching with her to-night."

"It isn't so easy to explain unless you have the same viewpoint."

"Which I haven't," he said, "but you might try and give it to me."

"I wonder," said Polly, "why it's considered bad form to talk religion in society."

"Is it?"

"It seems to be."

"Well you wouldn't call this exactly society would you?" he asked, the familiar light of humor coming back to his eyes, "just you and me and the automobile clock and the cushions. Suppose you experiment on me."

"It comes first to the question of immortality," she said seriously, "do you believe in that?"

"Why yes, I think I do—I can't believe this unsatisfactory world is the end of everything. There must be some place where things are evened up."

"Well then you acknowledge eternity—we can't believe that people who care for us here passionately, lose all love, all interest, all comprehension of us just, just because their bodies die."

"No," agreed Walcott reflectively.

"And so we ask for their help, believing always that it will be given."



"I see, it's just another phase of the supernatural in your religion that I haven't got."

Polly's mind had again reverted to the Bolivars. How could she explain her absence without telling the truth about Ted?

"Got what?" she repeated at random.

"A sense of the supernatural," he answered. "I'm like a man in a blind alley. Down in the slums in Liverpool where I lived so long, I used to envy my priestly friend his surety of everything. I could only promise a man a full meal, a house over his head, if he'd sober up and try to live decently—worldly gain, you see, automobiles and silk hats, the final goal of affluence. Of course, I tried to mix up some sort of dope of idealism, but abstract ethics don't go very far with a starving man, he wants something—something more definite. That nun has it. I'd like her to inject it into Ted."

"Ted is a pagan," said Polly sadly. "He loves the beautiful in art and nature, and that may preserve him from some of the coarser sins of life."

"It's a poor preservative," he said.

"And I don't know how long it will last," continued Polly. "Ted is getting worse. I'm sure he is getting worse. Anne might help if she only cared."

"Cared how?"

"Oh, cared anyway for his soul or his body. Ted is in love with her, can't you see?"

"No, I didn't see."

"And I don't want Anne to know about Ted to-night, and what can we say, for I'm sure it is very late. It does not seem fair to leave the chauffeur to bear the blame."

"Then I'll take it."

"How?"

"Well, it is a problem," he admitted looking at his watch. "We've been gone an hour. I'm willing to lie, but no lie suggests itself."

"And it makes it a little more difficult my having gone along. I know you tried to stop me, but I didn't think of appearances. I wanted to see Sister Agnes, she has such a vast understanding; I couldn't leave it all to you when you didn't know either her or Ted. But what will Mrs. Bolivar think?"

"I'll attend to the Bolivars. Don't worry about them, but I'm not quite sure of the rest. Perhaps the army officer has been sufficiently attractive"—there was a touch of bitterness in his tone—"and Mrs. Van Brun has not called her car. We will go through the garden again. Perhaps after all we have not been discovered."

When the car stopped he took her hand to guide her in the

darkness, to lead her along the narrow path bordered by the ghostly stalks of flowers. "I hope no one has latched the window. See, we are lucky, it is just as we left it. I begin to believe that no one has missed us after all." They entered stealthily and closed the casement. "What a cosy little study this is! If we had lingered here an hour we should have nothing to explain."

"No, but we didn't linger here," said Polly nervously.

"I'll go first," said Walcott. "I've carefully trained the Bolívars; they don't expect good manners from me."

As they passed into the long drawing-room, they saw that the guests had divided into two groups, the old Justice was the centre of one; he had discovered that the Senator had spent his boyhood in a small college town where he had once held a poorly paid professorship; they talked reminiscently; it was plain to be seen that to the old man those struggling years of youthful enthusiasm and daydreams were more precious than the reality of his present success. In another part of the room Anne was holding her usual court. She had chosen to stand by the piano near a pink shaded lamp, which accentuated her color while the full glare of the light fell upon her glittering dress, exhibiting the unique pattern of the spangled mesh. She held a sheet of music in her hand, and as Walcott entered she looked expectantly.

"I thought it was Mr. Hargrove," she said, "I wanted him to play my accompaniment."

"He has gone," replied Polly.

"Why that's strange," Anne was a little off her guard; she never, willingly, acknowledged lack of loyalty. "I thought he was going home with me."

"I am going home with you," volunteered the Major hopefully.

"And I'll play your accompaniment," said Walcott. Her old compelling force had brought him again to her side, just as if there had never been any barriers between them. She had suggested a slight service, and he had come forward to offer it with no thought of consequences. He was acting upon blind impulse, and his body seemed to move mechanically, holding his mind in abeyance, and he began to play an old love ballad that Anne had sung to him many times fifteen years ago. It was one of those popular songs started at first in a musical comedy, and gaining a wider audience because of its minor key or lilting measure or some obscure power that makes the simple things in life grow great.

And then Anne laid her hand upon his arm and he looked down upon it half stupefied to find it there. How many diamonds she wore; and how strange that he should notice them when Anne's hand was upon his arm, and then—the words seemed incredible—Anne was say-

ing: "Don't play that. It brings back all sorts of unhappy recollections. I cannot sing that—I've forgotten how."

He got up, his face was burning, but the pink shade of the lamp concealed his confusion. "It is the only thing I know," he said, and as he moved away the Major slipped into his place.

What did she mean? The question was half a protest, half a prayer. Had she suffered with him—for him—or was it a mere sentimental pose to shield herself from singing an old-fashioned song of the streets? He would not have believed that he could have blundered so awkwardly. He had acted without reasoning, without judgment. His playing a part was a farce. He had always been a fool with Anne.

Now he moved quickly out of the circle of the lamplight, and the group closed in again about Anne. Walcott standing far off in the shadow watched her with widely varying thoughts. His keen perception had returned to him, he was quite capable of analyzing her, but was he indifferent, or had he only believed that he was?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## In Memoriam.

REV. BASIL W. MATURIN.

*Died May 7, 1915, in the sinking of the "Lusitania."*

BY FREDERICK G. EDDY.

HE had "put on the whole armor of God"  
This gallant soldier of the Prince of Peace:  
His arms were burning words, that brought surcease  
Of doubt and fear: he made one see where trod  
On mountain-top, those Feet of beauty, shod  
With tidings of great joy, that brought release:  
He "lifted up the hands, and feeble knees,"  
Teaching the comfort of Thy staff and rod.

And haply when that argosy of death  
Sank 'mid the waves he, dying, could descry  
Upon the sea, Jesus of Nazareth  
Walking its waves serene, and feel a Hand  
Whose blessed grasp bespoke a Promised Land,  
And hear the whisper, "Fear not, it is I!"

## THE WILL TO ACHIEVE.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



LITTLE girl of twelve once confessed to me in a moment of ingenuous sincerity that she would like to be rarely gifted in the art of conversation. She did not put it in just those words, but her naïveté conveyed just that meaning. I do not pretend to know if the minds of all little girls, or even of most little girls, delight in similar anticipations of the pleasures of the grown-up world, for a knowledge of the psychology of feminine childhood thus far the gods have withheld. One can judge only of the objective reality one knows. But I suspect, if one may be permitted to have suspicions in the inexact sciences, that most little girls are guiltless of such well-defined social ambitions. So my friend of a dozen summers may be precocious among her peers. But in spite of her variation from the usual, or rather probably because of it, she is an engagingly interesting personality, and just and unjust critics alike would concede her capable of easily reaching her goal of success.

Now, it always seems so futile and trite to talk about goals of any kind, or ambitions, or culture, or ideals, that the wonder is that anybody does it. Perhaps it is because one never knows how futile a thing may be until one has made trial; perhaps, too, it is because sometimes the trite is not so commonplace as it might be; perhaps it is because futility and the commonplace are so dearly beloved of the world. In any event, it should never be entirely futile to give voice anew to the truth of an ancient day.

But, perhaps, after all, I have no thesis to offer. Everyone concedes that there are many teachers of truth and many disciples of eager heart; ideals and culture and ambitions and goals are as plentiful as ever they were, just as keenly desired, and full as frequently attained. And yet it is a fact that with all the teachers and all the taught, those desirable things are all too rarely known, all too little coveted, all too seldom flung aside as vain and useless trifles. It may be that it is wasted toil to endeavor to change this state of things. An Oxford man, who has won success as a writer, once told me that at his Alma Mater not as much emphasis is placed on the teaching of the technique of English composition

as there is in the colleges of this country: if a man has it in him to write, he writes. It is a formula which applies to many phenomena of life. If you have it in you to be a wonderful violinist, that you will be; if it is your genius to be a brilliant captain of infantry, nothing short of an enemy's missile can prevent it; if your breast be stirred with the unholy cravings to waylay your fellowman, his attachment to the injunctions of the Decalogue will not annihilate your zeal. It is the desire that counts, the will to achieve. The man or woman or boy or girl who has the desire needs no spur nor adventitious stimulus; my *jeune fille* of twelve was a success when the first spark of quest-flame glowed in her soul. And perhaps that is an end to the whole matter.

It all sounds so simple and seems so easy, this matter of perfection; mediocrity and dullness and illiteracy and immorality appear to even an unsearching analysis such unregenerate protuberances. And yet, when we look about us, perfection, or the desire for it, seems to be the pathological condition rather than the normal; most people are mediocre, more of us than any care to admit are dull; countless numbers cannot read a sentence from the Constitution; and our colleges of correction are teeming with matriculated graduate students. This, to be sure, is just as it should be, if one subscribes without even one poor scruple to the creed that whatever is, is right. But once in a while we must differ with Sophocles and Pope.

Now, that I think of it, I am almost sorry that I mentioned the criminal class, if modern reformers will forgive my terminology; a tinge of regret is mine that the untutored multitude found a local habitation in my mind; for interesting as they are, we must leave these rich fields of thought unharvested and ungarnered, as one must ever leave a thousand tangible things untouched. It is pleasanter, too, to fancy that you and I are not sinners or unlettered ignoramuses, but that we are merely commonplace and dull, some of us more so than others, and others of us deliciously less so than the rest. And into this family circle we shall each of us draw a chair and contemplate what a cheerful world this really is, in spite of us ourselves.

How wholly delightful that prospect is! I suppose if Eden had not been peopled with a pair who possessed an infinite capacity for making themselves disagreeable to their children, such a family circle would be possible. But it is too late to re-write the facts of history. One has no wish to be emulous of the unsuccessful re-

former who proclaimed that if he could not improve the present, he would attempt the rehabilitation of the past. Such a modest programme is not quite fair to oneself, nor indeed to the resisting powers of the days ago. My ambition rests with stating that the circle might indeed be a continuous curve, but that the individuals in the chairs would not be a family. Physically they might know one another for graceful or ungraceful or disgraceful specimens of the human being; they might like one another without recourse even to a fine Christian charity; but their minds and souls would not be in unison, there would be no community of thought, and no universal sympathy of aspiration and desire.

It may be that this is a fortunate thing. What would the earth do with a complacent throng of equally cultured humans chanting an unending symphony of mutual admiration? Let us not contemplate it; it savors too much of socialistic uplift to be palatable even in mildest reverie. But why cannot the circle of truly intelligent minds be larger, why cannot the thousand circles in a thousand individual communities be larger than they are?

There is no need, perhaps, to become excited about the matter, or pessimistic, or zealous, or even interested. So rapidly grows the multitude of those who are not interested that it is easier and sometimes pleasanter for one to watch them grow than to inquire why they grow. Moreover, the crowd usually knows what it wants, even though it may not know the reason of its appetite; and if there is one single thing that it does not want, it is the fine flower of culture. Power, riches, even health—men strive for, and get; an appreciative intelligence in the art of living men strive not to get. It is an individual and concerted effort, and it is wholly successful.

I remember a remark that a cultivated woman once made to me. "Why don't the women of to-day read?" she queried. "I asked a young woman at a tea this afternoon if she thought Matthew Arnold was right about Philistinism. She replied that the knowledge of the Philistines was derived entirely from the Bible, and besides she could not believe anything that might have been said by one who was a traitor to his country." You will be tempted to remind me, perhaps, that teas are not planned with a view to so elevated a plane of talk. Probably not. Somehow, I sympathized with my lady of the Bible, and I pitied the unfortunate soldier of the Revolution, and I commiserated the slighted charms of the more or less pagan apostle of culture; but I agreed

with my friend that reading is becoming as obsolete an art among the maidens of the hour as the tempering of a Toledo blade. I would not have the young women, or their elders, deem me too censorious of them, or the *advocatus diaboli* in their regard. One may love the eighteenth century enough to be a little blind to their faults, and have sufficient regard for the twentieth to be very kind to their virtues, and have tender enough sympathies toward the gentle sex in its multiple charm to defend it against the world. But once in a while one must adopt the reiterated slogan of one's feminist friends that justice is a dearer thing to woman than chivalry.

Justice, moreover, is such a stern, strict, unswerving thing that the sterner, stricter, if less unswerving, sex should be allotted a full measure of it; fairness to the entire human race demands that. And it would be a man without the critical faculty or a woman in love who would not say that for every young woman a young man, and perhaps two, could be found to stumble into the absurdities occasioned by a reference to the luckless Matthew Arnold. The young men of to-day have a quite well-organized conspiracy to exile from their converse and their solitary contemplation any idea reminiscent of an Arnold, or a Newman, or a Ruskin; and an honest and admitted prejudice against any figure in the world of intellect who might even incidentally and innocently intrude on their designs in the unmystical world of gain.

Some there must be who are impatient of all this; who think it unjust, and destructive, and morbidly hypercritical. You know many young women who are as clever as they are good, whose minds are clear and nimble, who are keen to know and eager to meet a responsive intelligence; you are acquainted with many young men who have a proper grasp of the world's history, a cultivated outlook on its activities, a choice appreciation of its refinements. Your friends are like that, you say. And I believe you; so are mine. But all of us have friends, too, who are not like that, whom we love despite their imperfections; never, I hope, because of them. We achieve acquaintances, or have them thrust upon us, who are not like that; and each of us daily sees the thousand thousand who walk the pathways of life without one unattainable ideal in their bosoms, and never an upward groping born within their souls.

Now, whether one speaks dispassionately about it, or waxes eloquent with the impotent emotion of a minor prophet, this is a pitiful thing; a very deplorable thing, that in this age, when

the twentieth century is no longer in its first infancy, so many men who find it comparatively easy to amass respectable fortunes find it difficult to distinguish between the Jacobites and the Jacobins; that so many women who can forecast next year's fashions in dress and remember last year's rules in bridge are troubled when one mentions Bernard of Clairvaux or Roger Bacon; that such an indeterminate throng of young ladies who gayly endure the vitiated air of the picture-theatres are in an exquisite martyrdom at a symphony concert or a performance of Hamlet; that such a countless number of youths who will test the merits of their nervous systems with the tension of hours of motor-driving will recoil before the *Paradiso* of Dante or a history of architecture.

But let us not be too severe; let us allow less hopeful spectators of the passing day to wield the rods of chastisement. Indeed, although one finds it an unlovely thing to look about one and see the men growing harder and more sordid as the years sing their song in the eternal rhythm of God's mystery; though one may sometimes wonder why so much of the world will persist in merely pursuing the elusive god of joy, the little sprite that is never present but everlastingly in the time and place beyond our full ken; though one asks why youth will sell the large promise of its life for the subtle something that glides away and vanishes even as it seems to be trembling in the tightened grasp of captivity; though one chides, if ever so softly, one should have no desire to underestimate the accomplishments which are not born of a sweet otherworldliness and a desire for glories supra-mundane. Who would be so steeped in folly as not to believe that a goodly supply of gold cannot merely glitter along your paths of glory, but can also relieve the woes of the poor and the wretched and the oppressed? Who, save some cynic curmudgeon, could decline a lady the joy of fashion's sway and Mrs. Battle's rigor of the game? A photo-play is sometimes the most desirable thing in the world; and for a motor-car King Richard would have given and hazarded all he had left after the well-known horse trade was consummated. And, after all, perhaps the followers of the unhappy Stuarts, and the French revolutionists, and the Cistercian abbot, and the Franciscan professor at Oxford, and a Beethoven concerto, and a tragedy of a melancholy dweller of Elsinore, and a vision of the one Florentine, and a chronicle of columns and colonnades are outside the scheme of a happy life, the negligible extra-territorials in a treaty for bliss.



This, indeed, may be so. And yet there are moneyed men who are learned men; and devotees of fashionable society whose culture is no veneer; and so the Epicurean theory sinks helpless in the tangles of its own woof. The easy way men have ever followed; not inevitably the primrose path of dalliance, but none the less the facile road. And the avenues to the higher life of the spirit and the intellect lie not amid the flowers and the pleasant fountains and the sound of singing voices. Upward to the hills the way is hard and thorny, and full of tortuous mazes; but at the end of the road there is green verdure, and rippling waters, and the trilling of birds, and ever a blue, blue sky.

As one contemplates the mile-posts that mark the wayfarer's progress toward the end of the journey, one may well wonder if my little friend of twelve will pass the outmost barriers and step into the fields of joy. Will she grow weary by the wayside, and be satisfied with something short of the full glory, something less than the sum of life's beauty, something that only resembles in a close kinship the complete awakening to the sunny day? It is possible. But whether she climb the topmost ascent, or linger doubtfully on the way, the desire of attainment will redeem her of failure; and although not blessed with the plenitude of riches and the fine quintessence of the life of the soul, she will live her years a being of refinement, a fair and precious spirit, with her eyes ever turned toward the heights and her heart all aglow from the wonder quest.

But we must leave her, and we must leave one another; we each have work to do, and plans to formulate, and dreams to weave; and we all have different ways of constructing our schemes of success and of planning our impress on the generation in which we live. Labors will never be achieved through vicarious hands, nor will visions be beheld through the soul of another. And so let each of us bravely take his way along the lane of life whithersoever the voices call and the finger of destiny beckons. On every pathway there will be the song that each can understand, and there will be the laughter that each is seeking, and there will be to each the merriment of playtime; but we shall find sorrow, too, and dirge, and the dolorous tears for mortal woe; and out of them all, out of the toiling and the rest, out of the gayety and the grief, out of the song and the funeral, we shall hope to distill the real reason of life and come each of us a bit closer to the mysteries of God's time.

## New Books.

**PIONEER LAYMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.** Volume II. By  
Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: The America Press.  
\$1.75.

Father Campbell is an acknowledged authority on the subject of the settlement and evangelization of Canada; not only concerning the great missionaries who sacrificed all earthly joys to extend the kingdom of Christ, but also concerning those other heroes who were sharers of their courage and magnanimity. Such were the captains and leaders of the various expeditions sent out from France, and the author calls them the "Pioneer Laymen" of North America. A previous volume has told of the distinguished men of earlier date. This second one continues the tale with the names of Frontenac; several members of the heroic and devoted Le Moyne family whose generations have been so closely identified with Canadian history; also Nicolas Perrot, de Verendrye and La Salle. All these are Frenchmen, but although valorous enemies of our colonies, their labors explored and settled much of the territory now included within the limits of the United States.

The volume closes with the story of one whose work was performed later, nay almost in our own times, for his death occurred as late as 1857. The historian Bancroft calls him the "Father of Oregon," and one "of an altogether different order of humanity from any who had hitherto appeared on these shores." Indeed, John McLoughlin even in personal appearance was a man amongst men, a veritable lion. Of all those, whose stories the book contains, McLoughlin, as Father Campbell hints, is the least known, but not the least interesting or worthy of study.

The entire volume is full of adventure of romance, of hair-breadth escapes, which if they appeared in a novel would be quickly voted improbable. The recital records heroic courage, endurance, generosity and perseverance almost beyond belief; but it also shows that amid the meaner characteristics of our poor human nature, there is nothing meaner than the ingratitude and indifference of governments to some of their best and noblest servants.

**THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.** By Cardinal Newman. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

This great classic, by John Henry Newman, is here presented in a gift-book edition. An introduction by Gordon Tidy is a welcome addition, giving a history of the poem from its inception, and disposing of various popular but untrue legends of its adventures before publication, with quotation of much testimony to the high place immediately accorded to it in the esteem of the great author's contemporaries.

The edition has been prepared with care and taste; its size is not too great for convenience, and it is well printed on good paper. It is doubtful whether the ten illustrations by Stella Langdale will be generally regarded as acquisitions. Readers whose appreciation of the masterpiece is keenest, will probably prefer that it should be given without attempt at visualization of its awe and mystery; nevertheless, the artist has displayed throughout a deeply reverential spirit, and the last two pictures are very impressive.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TENNYSON.** From 1809 to 1850.

By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D. New York: Yale University Press. \$2.50 net.

Professor Lounsbury is well known for his scholarly studies on Shakespeare, Chaucer and Cooper. The same thoroughness, fairness and humor that characterized these volumes are evident in his *Life and Times of Tennyson*. He died before he had completed his proposed literary biography of Tennyson, but his unfinished chapters were prepared for the press by Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, the editor of *The Yale Review*.

Professor Lounsbury shows from the literary history of the thirties, forties and fifties how strong a fight Tennyson had to wage to win recognition. All the great *Reviews* of England were emphatically hostile to him, and the dominant critics of the period, Christopher North, Lockhart and a host of minor writers, kept harping continually on Tennyson's affectation, obscurity, lack of reflectiveness and of strength, and his impotent straining after originality. His friends at Cambridge alone were loyal, and defended him from the very beginning against all adverse criticism.

Our author well says, apropos of the unjust criticism which was meted out to Tennyson for many a long year: "The truth of

Aristotle's dictum that the mass of men—he meant of course men cultivated and competent to form opinions of their own—were far better judges of poetry than any one man however eminent, has never been better illustrated than in the reception given to Tennyson's successive works. The critical estimate almost invariably lagged behind the estimate reached by the great body of intelligent readers. When the former was adverse—and in his case it often was adverse on the first publication of particular works—it was almost disdainfully set aside by the latter."

There are many delightful bits of humor scattered here and there throughout these entertaining pages. For example, he speaks of Taine's *English Literature* as "a book which would be as valuable as it is delightful, had it more frequently occurred to the author that it was desirable to read the works on which he set out to pass judgment." In speaking of the offer made of the Laureateship to Rogers by Prince Albert in 1850, our author writes: "One gets the impression that this action seems to have been taken not as a tribute to his poetic eminence, but rather as a recognition of his merit in having lived so long." Many have inaccurately stated that Tennyson changed line after line of his poems as the result to hostile criticism. Professor Lounsbury proves conclusively that this is not the case. Discussing, for example, Lockhart's objection, he declares that "Tennyson showed the abjectness of his deference to the critic by repeating the line 'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die,' nineteen times in the revision of 1842."

The whole volume is delightful reading, and is an excellent proof of the fallibility of literary reviewers.

**MRS. BALFAME.** By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35 net.

With all her usual merits and defects of literary manner and with even more than her usual cleverness, Mrs. Atherton has written a novel which cannot but cause something akin to consternation to thoughtful people with religious convictions.

*Mrs. Balfame* is a crystallization of the passive, insouciant godlessness peculiar to our day. David Balfame, a resident of Elsinore, a small town near New York, is mysteriously murdered. His widow is the town's acknowledged social leader, the object of much admiring devotion. Suspicion is directed toward her; she is arrested and tried for the crime. Her acquaintances and

fellow-townspeople are naturally of various types and degrees, yet there is tacitly developed among them a singular bond of unity in a phase of spiritual astigmatism—they see in the murder a crime but not a sin. At no time does any of them give the least indication of having ever heard of a Supreme Being, or of having given a passing thought to the destiny of the soul. Were it possible to find a quarter of the earth where God has not as yet chosen to reveal Himself, under any name or form, this book might have emanated thence. Though Mrs. Balfame's friends rally loyally to her, they are by no means convinced of her innocence; yet not even among the women does the nature of the crime inspire depth of emotion or sense of awe. There is shock, then curious speculation, then acceptance of the thought as a temptation common to humanity, and the unpleasant character of the murdered man is cited in tentative palliation. In their conversation there is no touch of artificiality or exaggeration, to isolate them as a group of aliens; they are ordinary, kindly human beings, and their easy, humorous, matter-of-fact chatter is such as, we are compelled to believe, might and would be heard wherever the conditions repeated themselves.

The last chapter contains material still more discouraging, for it is here that Mrs. Atherton portrays what she seems to regard as her heroine's spiritual awakening. Mrs. Balfame is freed, exonerated by the dying confession of the woman who committed the crime that her idolized friend might be released from a detested husband. By this, with another instance of self-sacrifice for her sake, Mrs. Balfame's cold heart is roused to a limited amount of self-knowledge: she sees herself as a selfish egotist, unworthy of the love she has received, her existence harmful to others. She will amend her life; she will cross the ocean and spend herself in nursing upon the battlefields. This is the whole extent of her new vision; it includes no hauntings of the murder of which she was guilty in intent and by attempt, no horror of the consuming hatred she had fed and cherished. The book concludes: "Mrs. Balfame was alone with the crushing burden of her soul;" but no ray of light reveals her to herself as alone with an estranged and offended God, and the burden, at its worst, is loss of self-esteem.

The novel is a concrete expression and reflection of a part of the public mind which, unrestrained by religion and unconsciously influenced by extreme theories of sociologists, grows daily more vague as to moral distinctions and indifferent to the sanctity of human life. Of the disturbed thoughts that follow its reading one

is most salient, that the book will doubtless prove entirely acceptable to a wide circle of readers who will not experience any feeling of strangeness or perception of a lack. It is this consideration that gives the work importance as a sinister sign of the times.

**THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH.** By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

It is not by force of contrast alone that this novel creates an agreeable impression while dealing largely with a point analogous to that of *Mrs. Balfame*. It has also charm, as well as interest of a very special kind. "The Shepherd of the North" is the affectionate title conferred upon a Catholic bishop by the people of the Adirondack country. By those who do not seek his spiritual ministrations he is beloved for his wide humanity and his protection of their temporal interests, notably against attempted fraud and oppression by a railroad, one of whose measures of warfare is an incendiary forest fire. The story moves quickly, with many stirring scenes of primitive stress and adventure; but most striking of all is an entrance into spiritual adventure, a realm whose possibilities are seldom realized by novelists, and more rarely still developed with the skill shown here.

Jeffrey Whiting, a fine young fellow, is a Non-Catholic who cannot understand or tolerate the Faith that, as he says, "comes into everything," issuing commands. He loves Ruth, the bishop's ward, a convert, yet she cannot open his eyes. An opportunity comes to him to kill a man who is both a private and public enemy; he has both desire and intention, but accident brings it about that the killing is done by another. Whiting is cleared of the charge of murder, but a word of fiery reproach, spoken to him alone, forces him to face the fact that his actual guilt is very great. He is too honest not to pursue his soul into the crevices where it flies for refuge, and drag it out into the open light of truth. His increasing conviction of sin overwhelms him; craving for cleansing and pardon conquers his former dislike and distrust of the confessional. At last he opens his heart to the bishop, under whose guidance he achieves real penitence, followed by conversion. The author has not made the mistake of unconvincing haste; the soul's analysis of its disaster is traced step by step with extraordinary power and insight. This exceptional book skillfully uses external activities as a background for an interior drama of absorbing interest.

**SIX FRENCH POETS.** Studies in Contemporary Literature. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Miss Lowell never leaves one in doubt as to her exact purpose in these studies. In the preface she states plainly just how much she will do and just where she will stop; with commendable persistency she reiterates these principles ever and anon; and in the concluding paragraph of the volume states again: "I have not attempted any very far-reaching criticism. My object has been to talk a little while about a few great figures in a generation which is almost past the meridian.....Already before the war it was on the wane.....When France recovers, it will be another generation of poets who will be writing.....The six men we have studied are the last glorious flowers of a time already over."

Reading these pages the conviction grows that this was indeed for Miss Lowell a labor of love. A *vers libriste* herself, if memory serves, with a keen fellow-feeling for symbolism and impressionism, she interprets these kindred souls with an affectionate enthusiasm from which, alas, the rein of judgment sometimes slips, and which thereupon runs riot. The average reader will recognize but one name in the table of contents. Émile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, has come much of late into the public eye, though he has, in fact, been the prophet of "young Belgium" for thirty-five years. The works of Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort are unfamiliar to the general reading public, and the copious selections in this volume, plus certain biographical data—necessarily scant for living subjects—will be welcome in many quarters. "Appendix A" sacrifices art to utility and profit; while a translation of the extracts doubtless affords the book a wider scope, no literature more than the French, and nothing in French literature more than impressionistic poetry, suffers by translation. The verse melody appeal, its very essence, is lost; the fine flavor evanesces, and what was gracefully dainty becomes clumsily comic.

Miss Lowell fell into a grievous fault by not adhering to her own principles as above quoted, and permitting her readers to form their own critical opinions from the abundant material supplied; she allows herself to be so carried away by her feelings as to lose all perspective. It is all very well to profess a fine contempt for "the hair-splitting criticism of erudite gentlemen," for "the purists who rail at broken rules, thus showing how narrow

purists are." It is all very well to berate the "besotted ignorance of the public" and "the simple and ignorant public," to call de Régnier "one of the great poets of France and an even greater novelist," and Fort "a great, a very great poet, whether the proletariat agrees or not." The hair-splitting critics, and the purists, and the besottedly ignorant public, and the proletariat have had many a hard knock before Miss Lowell's day, and may therefore hope to survive these. But it is patent that the spirit prompting such a tone is likely to have a reaction fatal to that cause whose very dearness to her heart has led her into such indiscretions. Miss Lowell had a golden opportunity of introducing to the average American reader, man or woman, a new field of contemporary literature; nothing would be more grateful to her than that these unfamiliar names should "become household words with us, as they are in their native land;" but most assuredly intolerance, extravagance and a senseless scattering of reckless superlatives will not make for their quicker appreciation.

**THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY.** By William Frederic Badè. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

One of the most prominent of our countrymen at the present time once described himself as having a one-track mind. Whatever be the sense in which it was originally used, the term may very properly be applied to the author of this work. Professor Badè is not one of those men who explore the by-ways and pathless fields of his mind in search of truth; he keeps to the main line, his rails are laid in smooth places, and his little train of ideas shoots on to its destined goal. It is all very easy and very sure; no accident can happen; there is no danger of collision, for no train of thought is allowed to come in the opposite direction, and no line may cross his tracks. On he goes, and woe betide the little truths or ideas he may encounter: they are scattered and frightened away before the onrush of the Limited Express.

The freight that Professor Badè carries is, *en somme*, not very heavy. It is all stowed away in one neat little package found in his last chapter. In the Old Testament, he tells us in italics, there were clearly two religions, one of the priests, the other of the prophets. The religion of the priests may be read in the so-called Mosaic Law and in a reactionary prophet like Ezechiel; it was a ritualistic religion, and laid emphasis particularly upon a strict and



minute observance of laws; it was a social religion, and called the people to sacrifice, and to contribute ever more and more generously to the support of the priests, enjoining all in the name of God. The prophetic religion, on the other hand, repudiated the sacrificial system of the priests; it was a purely ethical religion, a religion of the heart, a religion of the spirit; it was individualistic; it had its rise, not in any external communications from a transcendent God, but in the mind and conscience of the prophets. This prophetic religion was the forerunner of the religion of Christ; also, Professor Badè would say, of the religion of Luther, of Kant and of all enlightened thinkers of to-day who, like the prophets of old, have repudiated all ritualism and all external authority in religion, and find, in their own conscience, the highest manifestation of an immanent God. The priestly religion, on the other hand, is evidently the prototype of Catholicism and of such Protestantism as has not yet emancipated itself from mediæval influences.

Professor Badè shares these views, of course, with most liberal theologians of the Protestant world; his own effort to achieve originality comes in his interpretation of Deuteronomy, which, he thinks, has not advanced even as far as monotheism, and especially in his discovery of "the first great heretic," to which is devoted one whole chapter. Who is he? Satan? No. Cain, the first great individualist, who did not believe in being his brother's keeper? Not at all. Balaam, son of Beor, gifted, like Luther, with the imagination of a poet and the tongue of a prophet, yet a follower of false gods? No, not Balaam. You forget that heretic is the glorious name of one who proclaims truth and spirit, in the teeth of orthodoxy and ritualism; so the first great heretic is Jeremiah the Prophet, whose mournful strains are touching our hearts these closing holy days of Lent. Poor Jeremiah the Prophet, persecuted all the weary years of his pilgrimage and now, ages after he has been gathered to his fathers, hailed as "the first great heretic!" If this Woe had been foreseen by the prophet, what a Lamentation we should have had!

We have not space to discuss these views. One need only be free from the self-imposed obligation of discovering something original and striking, and then read with some care the book of Deuteronomy and the prophecies of Jeremiah to see the far-fetched and baseless character of Professor Badè's theories. The fault with him and with most of his school is that they ride an idea to death. If an Old Testament book strongly inculcates the practice

of the law, it is therefore steeped in externalism, and has no regard for the inner life of religion; and if any texts would invalidate this conclusion, they must be swept away or silently ignored. The same simple process is applied to a prophet who denounces the excesses of ritualism. Our critic, like many another, cannot hold in his mind two very simple and compatible ideas, the external worship of God with the inner spirit of true adoration and following of God's will. Unlike Christ, he would divorce the Law and the Prophets; and unlike Him, also, he does not go for the very highest expression of religion found in the Old Testament, or anywhere else, to the despised Law of Moses. The priests, according to him, carefully preserved the writings of their deadly enemies and proclaimed their divine authority! How incredibly stupid! But then we must remember that professors of the religion of the spirit always do have a low opinion of the intelligence of priests. However, the shallowness of the professor's views, the flimsiness of his arguments surprises one in a book issued by his high-class publishers. He prides himself on being an advanced thinker; he is simply a facile writer and reckless guesser.

One statement of his we do not wish to let go uncorrected. "Concubinage," he says, "was actually sanctioned by the Synod of Toledo in 400 A. D., and was not actively suppressed as social impurity until the Fifth Lateran Council in 1516." This is stated as an illustration of polygamy or plural concubinage; whereas the Council expressly, in the very canon referred to, denies Communion to any married man who has a concubine. It does not forbid the denial of the sacrament to an unmarried man who has a "concubine," but anyone acquainted with the terms of Roman Law knows that this word did not then have necessarily an immoral meaning. Concubinage was used of any unequal marriage, as of that between a patrician and a plebeian, or between a free man and a slave; and the woman of such a union was called a concubine, even though she was a lawful wife. The Church never permitted polygamy, as Luther did to the scandal of all Christendom shortly after 1516; and to represent her as permitting concubinage till 1516 is the most striking instance in this book of two tendencies evident throughout it, the tendency to take the worst view possible of an institution or doctrine displeasing to the author and the tendency to be reckless in his statements. We have treated this book with a severity unusual in this magazine, but we feel it is richly deserved by its combination of shallowness and pretentiousness.

**THE WORLD DECISION.** By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Herrick was in Italy for some months previous to her declaration of war against Austria. Italy, he maintains, was moved by a worthier motive than the mere acquisition of territory. Her very life as a nation was at stake; and if she had not answered the call to self-defence, she would have become a nation of inn-keepers and her country a museum. Mr. Herrick writes with deep sympathy for the Italians; passage after passage is winged with patriotic and poetic fancy, and he has, as far as our knowledge goes, presented Italy's case in its best light. To Americans she has generally appeared to have been willing to stay out of the war if she had secured her price; but Mr. Herrick thinks not, and the reader may come to his own conclusion.

But if the author is enthusiastic about Italy, his enthusiasm waxes almost stronger than words when he speaks of France, wherein he spent some time on his return from Italy. He is amazed at the complete unity of the nation, its thorough organization and self-sacrifice, and the revival of its faith in itself since the Battle of the Marne. He pays testimony to the revival of religious faith also. France is the nation which he believes has shown the greatest self-denial and made the fullest self-sacrifice in this war. He blames England for her apathy, and the disedifying discord that mark her people and her counsels.

It is needless to say that the author is thoroughly partisan and pro-Ally in sympathy. His thesis is that the Latin civilization, the Latin ideals are once again to lead the world; that America is more French in her aims and temperament than Anglo-Saxon. It is easy, of course, to present general theses. But it is surely worth while to note the renewed respect for Latin civilization and the principles which created it, now being shown by many who but a few years ago would have scoffed at them.

**A PRIMER OF PEACE AND WAR.** By Charles Plater, S.J.  
New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 80 cents.

In the large output of anti-Christian arguments, based upon the present war, the plea of total incompatibility between Christian profession and military service has been advanced frequently and plausibly, reducing to silence many whose instincts warned them of the speciousness of the statement, but did not supply counter-arguments. Catholics who have been thus oppressed will find

means of reasonable and effective defence in this Primer. The subject is considered under four divisions: International Morality; Morality and War; Efforts Towards Peace; The Historical Development of the Catholic Doctrine of War. The authors—for Sections II. and IV. are by the Rev. J. Keating, S.J., and the Rev. V. Moncel, respectively—have treated these themes with a thoroughness that leaves no point untouched. The writings and teachings of the leading intellects of the Church of both ancient and modern times are quoted. We find militarism and “jingoism” explicitly condemned, and the distinction clearly defined between them and the spirit of Christian warfare. The appendices deal with the mediations of the Papacy, from the earliest days of the Church to the efforts of the Holy Father to-day.

This timely publication provides the average reader with sufficient reassurance and equipment; bibliography, however, supplies guidance for any who wish to follow the subject further.

**LEHRBUCH DER EXPERIMENTELLEN PSYCHOLOGIE FÜR  
HÖHERE SCHULEN UND ZUM SELBSTUNTERRICHT.**

By Joseph Fröbes, S.J. Erster Band. Erste Abtheilung. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Father Fröbes, Professor of Philosophy at the Jesuit house of studies in Valkenburg, has just published the first part of a textbook of experimental psychology. The present volume deals with the purpose and methods of psychology, sensations in general, sensations of sight, hearing, smell, taste, the dermal sensations, kinæsthetic and static sensations, organic sensations, and the simple sensory feelings. Father Fröbes is well equipped to handle these problems, having devoted himself to the study of experimental psychology for years. This he did not merely by reading textbooks, but also by actual laboratory work. He studied in Göttingen under G. E. Müller, and also at Leipzig under Wundt. Besides, he did valuable experimental research work. In the preparation of the present work he has kept in mind the ideal of Tigerstedt's textbook of physiology. That is to say, he wishes to present his readers with a digest of the experimental work that has been done in psychology. To do this completely would, of course, involve many volumes. The author, therefore, has been forced to make a selection of problems and the literature bearing upon them. This he has done wisely, and apparently with an excellent insight into psychological literature.

The present volume deals mainly with the psychology of sensation. In the remaining part of the work the author promises to treat association, the pathology of association, the higher representative processes, the emotions, will, and finally mental aberrations.

The reviewer is particularly pleased with the chapter on the simple sensory feeling in this volume. Father Fröbes has there placed in order the data on this subject more clearly and succinctly than it is elsewhere to be found.

The work is well worth the perusal of anyone interested in psychology, and it is to be hoped that an English translation will open it to those who do not read German. The German text, however, is not hard reading, because the author thinks clearly and writes as he thinks.

**THE NEW AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND ITS WORK.** By James T. Young. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

As an introduction to the internal political problems of the United States at the present day, this work by Professor Young of the University of Pennsylvania is the most valuable with which we are acquainted. The changes which government, Federal and State, is undergoing in this country, are many and far-reaching: to the old-fashioned individualist, who regards all government as a necessary evil and judges that government best which governs least, these changes will also be very startling. There is everywhere at work in this country at present a tendency to invoke the aid of government for the furtherance of all schemes for public welfare; politics touches our interests in many ways undreamed of twenty-five years ago. Consequently, a connected study of the control and influence of government over our daily concerns is imperative, for one who in forming his judgment of current political events and tendencies should be guided by principles and a wide knowledge of facts. This survey is made in a masterly manner by Professor Young. It is not only the business man who needs this initiation. It is equally necessary for the churchman, the priest, the educator and the charity worker. We commend to all these particularly the two chapters entitled "The State and Education" and "Health, Charities and Correction." They contain much food for reflection. All activities are coming more and more under the influence of the State, and it is well for us to be awake to this fact before it is too late. Such subjects as the growing power of the President,

never so great as at the present moment, the regulation of commerce, the Sherman Act, the trade commission, the war power, national conservation, labor, coöperation, etc., are treated in a very clear, untechnical manner. Professor Young is, himself, in hearty sympathy with the general trend: we ourselves recognize the inevitableness of it and its general beneficence thus far, but it requires little knowledge of governments or of human nature to teach us that majorities must be watched as narrowly as any tyrant.

**A NEW RUBAIYAT FROM A SOUTHERN GARDEN.** By George Frederick Viett. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cents net.

A firm faith in God and immortality and a triumphant hope form the theme of this new Rubaiyat, written in defiance of the old, with its "Soul-soothing melodies that banish Hell, But leave us reft of Heaven." In view of the author's impassioned devoutness, it would be pleasant to record full adequacy of his work to meet the comparison which it challenges by close imitation of manner. In truth, however, the verses, although sometimes felicitously phrased, seldom exhibit the original and imaginative quality which can find full expression only in poetic guise. One feels that Mr. Viett, by adhering to the languid metre of Omar, has lost effectiveness which his reply might have had if given in a more spirited rhythm.

**WRECKAGE.** By J. Hartley Manners. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

The author of that delightful drama, *Peg O' My Heart*, J. Hartley Manners, has just written a problem play, *Wreckage*. Its theme is the drug habit, which is daily ruining thousands of American men and women. The writer brings out clearly the utter degradation caused by the excessive use of drugs, and suggests how an effective cure may be obtained even in the most hopeless cases. The rôle of the modern physician in freeing the people from crime is a little overdone at times, and most people would find Dr. Lanfair's speeches too long and too technical.

**THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET.** By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

Mr. Kipling's contribution is to that library of little books, such as *The Bowmen* and *Aunt Sarah and the War*, which form so interesting a part of the war literature. He tells us of the

trawler and auxiliary fleet, composed of all sorts of craft, mostly fishing vessels, and now existing "for the benefit of the traffic and the annoyance of the enemy," its achievements invaluable, its casualties many and unnoted; of submarines and the "veiled life" aboard them, with its dauntless philosophy of self-devotion; of the patrols that protect the coast, holding the enemy's fleet at bay less than a day's run eastward. It is material full of richness to a mind so quick to see as Mr. Kipling's, and he has seized upon it with characteristic vigor. The verses that are interspersed add little attraction to the book, and will not increase the prestige of the author, who is scarcely discernible in them; but in the main content appear once more the swift, sharp impressions, the vivid descriptions, the ingenious and illuminating similes that are the Kipling hallmarks.

**PARIS REBORN.** By Herbert Gibbons. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Gibbons, formerly Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople, has just published the diary he kept in Paris during the first five months of the Great War. His entertaining pages give us a most vivid picture of Paris and the Parisians in the panic of the early days of mobilization. The writer's sympathies are entirely French, although he does not hesitate to criticize the French Government for its inefficient mail service, its stupid censorship, and its poor medical service which caused the death of many a wounded soldier. He also denounces the introduction of African troops on European soil, the new *Kulturkampf* which foolishly sets at naught all German scholarship, and the official red tape which results in untold suffering to the mothers and wives and children of the French soldiers.

**THE MECHANISM OF DISCOURSES.** By Rev. Mark Moeslein, C.P. Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons.

Father Moeslein has published in a small volume a summary of instructions imparted, in the course of his teaching office, to students who were being trained for public speaking. He aims to help speakers in the art of handling their material by making them familiar with the methods used by the great masters of the art; and he has brought out in plain relief the underlying principles which must govern the structure of a well-made discourse. Naturally there are laws which operate in oratory, just as truly as in philology or in architecture; and knowledge of them ought certainly

to assist the average man to present his thoughts and arguments in a pleasing and effective manner. *The Mechanism of Discourses* is a textbook, not a series of essays: it is presented by the publisher in the simplest possible form; but it is packed full of wise and practical instructions, and it is well worth the attention of all whose duty it is to preach the Gospel. A very few hours given at intervals to the careful study of these pages will almost surely suffice to raise the standard of the reader's eloquence. We commend the book heartily.

**SERMON PLANS ON THE SUNDAY EPISTLES.** By Rev. Edmund Carroll. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly.

This is a second edition of Father Carroll's *Sermon Plans on the Sunday Epistles*, first published in London some twenty years ago. The sermons are cast in the homiletical form, and the divisions are always subordinate to one leading idea. The parish priest will find them full of helpful suggestions.

**DISCOURSES ON THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS.** Volume II.

By Ven. John Fisher. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

This is one of the publications of the Catholic Library which aims at presenting the best of both past and present in English devotional letters. In view of this purpose, the selection of these Sermons would seem to be extremely appropriate. They are quaint, ascetical, systematic and deeply spiritual. Worthy of a martyr, indeed, is the apostolic freedom with which he reprehends sinners. Contrition and repentance form the burden of his commentary, and all the Psalms penitential, particularly the one hundred and twenty-ninth, receive new and stimulating light because of the saint's exposition.

**SEVENTEEN.** By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

We heartily recommend to our readers Booth Tarkington's latest novel, *Seventeen*. It will drive away the blues from the most melancholy of men. From the first page to the last this story is fairly bubbling over with fun and frolic. It pictures in clear outlines William Sylvester Baxter, a youth possessed of an overwhelming sense of his own dignity and importance. After denouncing the female sex with the greatest scorn, he falls head over heels in love with a certain Miss Pratt, his "baby-talk lady." The course of his true



love is far from smooth, owing to the fact that no one but himself seems to realize that he has at last put away the things of childhood, and become a man. Poor William is always on the brink of despair, for events and people—father, mother, little sister Jane, and the colored servant, Genesis—seem ever to be conspiring against him. Youthful love is an old, old story, but no one has ever before depicted it with such skill and humor.

**THE TWIN SISTERS.** By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

This society novel portrays in strong contrast the lives of twin sisters educated in different environments by parents who had been separated for a long time. The girls meet after twenty years, fall in love with the same English lord, and hate each other most cordially, but of course the noble, truthful, honorable girl wins out in the end despite many an obstacle. There are a few questionable statements and a few disagreeable scenes that might have been omitted to the betterment of the story. A Westerner will not be pleased with the crude portrait of the domineering Quintus Brown from Idaho.

**LUTHER BURBANK: HIS LIFE AND WORK.** By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$2.50 net.

Dr. Williams has written a popular account of the life and work of Luther Burbank, the well-known plant experimenter with fruits, garden vegetables, flowers, lawn grasses, shrubs and trees. He discusses in detail seed-planting, the care of seedlings; pruning, grafting and budding fruit trees; pollenizing flowers to produce new varieties; and selective line breeding to accentuate desired qualities. Part III. is a defence of the modern pagan science of eugenics, with its sterilization of the criminal and the unfit, State certificates of health before marriage, and race suicide. The author has no idea of the dignity of human nature, or of the first principles of ethics.

**LETTERS FROM AMERICA.** By Rupert Brooke. With an Introduction by Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

These letters from America appeared originally in *The Westminster Gazette* and the *New Statesman* of London. They are brief, sketchy records of a young poet's impressions of New York,

Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Winnipeg, the Canadian Rockies, and the South Seas. Occasionally his poet soul is manifest in a beautiful description of the Great Lakes, the Canadian Rockies, or Lake Louise, but he frequently wastes both time and his ability on such commonplaces as a New York skyscraper, or a Harvard baseball game.

In an introduction of some forty pages, Henry James gives an excellent critique of this volume and a glowing tribute to the author's poetic ability. Of this volume he writes: "The pages from Canada, where as an impressionist he increasingly finds his feet, and even finds to the same increase a certain comfort of association, are better than those from the States; while those from the Pacific Islands rapidly brighten and enlarge their inspiration. This part of his adventure was clearly the great success, and fell in with his fancy, amusing and quickening and rewarding him, more than anything in the whole revelation."

In his tribute to Rupert Brooke, "young, happy, radiant, extraordinarily endowed, and irresistibly attaching," he says: "He is before us, as a new, a confounding and superseding example altogether, an unprecedented image, formed to resist erosion by time or vulgarization by reference, of quickened possibilities, finer ones than ever before, in the stuff poets may be noted as made of. . . . Never was a young singer either less obviously sentimental or less addicted to the mere twang of the guitar. . . . His irony, his liberty, his pleasantry, his paradox, are all nothing if not young."

**PRAYERS OF THE GAEL.** Being a Translation from Irish into English by R. MacCrócaigh of the Collection of Miss Charlotte Dease. St. Louis: B. Herder. 45 cents net.

This collection contains a number of the almost innumerable prayers, which have been handed down from immemorial times among the Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland, and are still in daily use wherever the old tongue survives as the speech of daily life. Indeed, many of them are known and repeated in English, among communities in which the ancient language has disappeared. Their variety is a testimony to the strength of Irish faith to which the world beyond is not a distant bourne to be reached some day or another in the future; but a present reality as actual as this valley of tears. Prayer for it is not a duty to be discharged merely at stated times; but one which is to precede every item of daily routine; and every situation or task, every danger or tempta-

tion, has its appropriate prayer, breathing the spirit of ardent piety. The prayers are not alone expressions of religion, but instinct with the inspiration of the Gael, they are literature and poetry full of the "light that never was on sea or land," and they will touch a deep chord in every heart through which flows any Gaelic blood.

**THE HOLY GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE.** By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ward. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

This is the third edition of Monsignor Ward's popular commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke, originally published in 1897. The introduction discusses the life of St. Luke, the text and the circumstances under which he wrote. The commentary is intended for the average layman, who looks for a simple and clear explanation of the third Gospel.

**MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.** By the Right Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith. New York: Benziger Brothers. 70 cents net.

This little book consists of fifty-seven short meditations on the Passion of Christ and the Dolours of our Blessed Lady. They are written for Religious, but the lessons apply also to the laity. Only in union with the suffering Victim of the Cross may we render our own sufferings fruitful unto life. For those who are able to give but a short time to prayer, the meditations will prove a great aid, in using well even a very brief period of time.

**THE MOTHER OF MY LORD, OR EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY,** by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net), includes meditations on the Hail Mary, and pious readings on devotion to our Blessed Mother. Both meditations and readings will help to increase love for and imitation of her whom her children delight to honor.

**THE** last three volumes of that great work to which we have so often called the attention of our readers—the English translation of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, translated by the Dominican Fathers of England—have just been published. They contain the treatises on "The Last End and Human Acts," the "Sacraments" and "Law" and "Grace" and "Habits," general and particular. They may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York. The price of each volume is \$2.00.

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

**Great Britain.** The military operations of Great Britain have, in the recent past, been limited almost entirely to the defensive. Such activity as she has exerted has been confined to getting ready for future efforts, and to an organization of her forces. The first and foremost is, of course, not the raising of an army, but the maintenance of those already raised. By the voluntary system something like three million men joined the colors, and are now serving in the various fields of action. To supply the wastage, and to maintain these armies at their full strength, continual drafts were, of course, necessary. The wastage is calculated by experts to amount to about nine per cent per month. The voluntary system was failing to supply the required numbers when Lord Derby came forward with his group system. This was a voluntary enrollment of men willing to serve according to a certain defined order, determined by state, single or married, age and occupation. The groups numbered forty-six, of which the single men were to be called first, and subsequently, in case of need, the married groups. Nearly three million responded to this appeal. So far there had been nothing like conscription; in fact, the whole system was adopted with the hope of avoiding conscription. The Prime Minister, however, had made a promise that if a large number of single men failed to offer themselves voluntarily by, as it was called, becoming attested, means would be taken to compel such delinquents. So large was the number thus left unattested that the Prime Minister was compelled to pass through Parliament an Act which enrolls in the army the single men who had not come forward. Compulsion or conscription, so far as it has been adopted in Great Britain, applies only to them.

By the passing of the National Defence Act, it was hoped that a full provision had been made for keeping up the strength of the

armies both at home and abroad; and that this could be done without calling upon the married men whether attested or unattested. This hope has been disappointed. For a large number of reasons, exemption from service temporary or permanent was made possible. Tribunals were set up all over the kingdom, consisting of civilians of high standing, to decide upon all claims made for such exemption. A representative of the army appeared before the tribunals to oppose the claim. The tribunals, however, released so many unmarried men that it became evident that not only the married men who had offered themselves would have to be summoned, but also that the services of married men who had not offered themselves would be required. It is the demand for a further law to enforce the services of these that is at the present time one of the causes of a ministerial crisis in Great Britain, for the Prime Minister is understood to be set against any such extension of a system of which he is a strong opponent, while a large number, not only of Unionists, but also of Liberals, have come to look upon such a measure as necessary, and are willing to overturn the Coalition Cabinet in case it does not accept their programme.

It must not be thought that because the tribunals have been forced to give so many exemptions, the number of shirkers is excessively large. There are, of course, as is the case in every large community, some who are not willing to listen to the call of duty, and who will take every means of avoiding its claims. The question in Great Britain, however, is rather one of the adjustment of the diverse calls upon the nation in the present emergency. The making of munitions is as important as fighting in the trenches; in fact, it is impossible to resist the enemy unless the supply of the latter is practically inexhaustible. This the Russians discovered last year, and Verdun has taught the same lesson. Hence when it is a question between service in the army and the making of munitions, preference is given to the latter. Then again, the financing of the war has fallen largely upon the shoulders of Great Britain. She not only pays her own expenses, but helps with large sums her Allies and the Colonies. This would be a burden impossible to be borne if there were no export trade. As it is, the balance of trade is largely, although in a diminishing degree, against Great Britain. That it may not be more so, lists of trades necessary for this purpose have been made by the Board of Trade, and every individual worker considered indispensable by his employer is reckoned among the exempt, whatever the employer himself may wish.

Then again only sons are excused when the widow is dependent upon them for support, and in a few cases when the relations are more distant. Another reason for exemption is that of the conscientious objector to the use of arms, even in self-defence. This, however, if granted, does not carry with it complete exemption. Under this head curious forms of "conscience" came to light. The exemption was primarily made in favor of the Quakers, among whose tenets is included the unlawfulness of taking up arms. As a matter of fact, however, the enthusiasm for the war has proved so strong that some five hundred members of this sect have taken up arms. Some of the conscientious objectors went so far as to say that their conscience would not allow them to protect, by force, an assailant of a mother or a sister, nor to give succor to a wounded soldier, if the doing so would enable him to return to the fighting ranks. For these various reasons the tribunals were not responsible for the number of exemptions that were given, but they were so numerous that it became necessary to revise the list of reserved trades—a list which was characterized as portentous by a member of the Cabinet.

With the same object in view—that of bringing into use every ounce of the force of the nation for the successful prosecution of the war—a call has been made for the practice of national economy. In the same way in which the country was divided into military districts in order to enlist men for the army, so committees, some two hundred and twenty-five in number, have been appointed by voluntary effort to bring home to all the need of rigid personal economy in order that all the resources of the Empire may be made available. The aim in view is not so much the contribution of money as of goods and services. In war time consumption exceeds production, owing, in large part, to what has to be supplied to the army and navy. The rest of the nation is therefore called upon to spend less upon itself, and to devote its energies to that kind of work which is of service to the forces, naval and military. The new organization has been formed to be a guide and instructor how this may be done. Individual economy has the further advantage, that the less the consumption of imported articles—and vast quantities are imported into Great Britain—the less is the money which goes out of the country in payment of these articles, and the easier, in consequence, does it become to maintain the rate of exchange. The appeal is made to those who are making large profits, and especially to the working

classes who are receiving higher wages than ever before. Great Britain's working population never was so prosperous, never has there been so little unemployment, and, strange as it may seem, never has there been so little crime. It has been found possible to close a considerable number of prisons. It is too soon to be able to ascertain definitely the effect of an appeal which involves so great a change in personal habits and ways of living.

It is not, however, by voluntary effort alone that the British are being called to contribute to the war. For the first nineteen months money has been raised, to a large extent, by means of loans, thereby casting the burden upon future generations. The new Budget aims at a modification of this policy, and, by means of taxation of a vast number of articles to make the present generation contribute in a larger degree. The adoption of this plan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, was due to the expressed desire of the people. The Budget is an expression of the mind of the country, neither anticipating nor trying to lead it, and as a whole has been received without a murmur. It provides for another year of war, and, moreover, makes ample provision for a sinking fund.

The limitation of imports is another means which has been adopted in order to concentrate upon the war the whole strength of the nation. Articles which are not necessary, such as fruits from foreign countries, wood and timber, stone and a certain proportion of paper and wood pulp, as not being essential, are looked upon as suitable things in which to practise economy. The chief reason, however, for these restrictions is the shrinkage of tonnage. This shrinkage is due chiefly to the ever-growing requisition of vessels by the Admiralty. In the beginning the Transport Department had to provide for some two hundred and thirty thousand men in France; now the number has gone up to something like a million. The expeditions to Saloniki, the Dardanelles, Egypt, the Persian Gulf and East Africa make a further call upon shipping. Meat and wheat have to be brought from Australia, Argentina and Canada. Moreover, ships have been placed at the service of France and Italy. Hence, although the supply of vessels is enormous, the demand upon them is becoming even greater. The consequence is that an ever smaller proportion is being left for ordinary trade purposes, and upon these the submarines have been taking a heavy toll, especially since the resumption of the campaign. As a set-off against this present want, there is the resumption of shipbuilding which is beginning in England, the navy's wants having been sup-

plied. Probably use may be made of the German ships seized by Portugal. The melting of the ice in the Arctic will be helpful, as it will release a small fleet of ships which has been frozen in during the past winter.

The Zeppelin raids have stirred up a strong determination to find the means of defeating attempts which so far have done little more than kill a number of non-combatant women and children. The demand goes even farther—that the British mastery of the air should be made as secure as the mastery of the sea. This demand has found expression in a Parliamentary election, in which the sole claim of the successful candidate upon the voters was his air-policy. This included the construction within six months of five thousand *aëroplanes*. Although his opponent was the regular nominee of the Coalition Government, and had its support, he was defeated in a constituency which had never before returned anyone who was not a Conservative.

The Zeppelin raids were the occasion of a call for reprisals, reprisals which could easily be made by *aëroplanes* on open German towns, not far from the borders of France. This call was made by such men as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Sir Conan Doyle. Vigorous protests against the adoption of a method involving degradation were made by Sir Evelyn Wood, the oldest General in the British army, and were supported by Church dignitaries, members of the Government and professors. It would seem that the proposal is unacceptable to the British people as a whole. There is some reason to think that an effectual means of defeating these raids has been found, for the later raids have not penetrated far into the kingdom.

The hesitation shown by the Government with reference to a further extension of conscription, the unexpected unpreparedness to meet the Zeppelin raids, the disastrous Dardanelles expedition combined with many other mistakes and blunders, have all contributed to a growing want of confidence in the Coalition Government, and to a call for its supersession by an administration of a more energetic character. "Wait and see" has been for years a characteristic admonition of the present Premier, and has often resulted in the course of the war in the waiting having been so long that nothing is seen until it is too late. Dissatisfaction is growing, not more among the Conservatives than among the Liberals. The size of the Cabinet militates against prompt decision. While it is true that the conduct of the war has been intrusted



to a committee of five members, from the nature of the case this smaller body cannot take momentous or venturous decisions upon its own sole responsibility. The traditional policy of the Premier and the Foreign Minister has for long been on peaceful and almost pacifist lines, and this has rendered them unfit for the exercise of the demonic energy which many of their supporters are beginning to think is necessary. Hence there has arisen, even among the Liberals, a demand for the recall of Lord Fisher, as the one war genius of the time to whose action in the past Great Britain owes her present supremacy at sea. It is pointed out that while he was First Sea Lord the navy struck the decisive blows which destroyed what there was of German sea activity, and that since his resignation, although the navy has been rendering immense services, these services have been of a purely defensive character. This demand the First Lord of the Admiralty has refused to grant, and has thereby increased the growing discontent. The call for able men is becoming so insistent that for the services even of Lord Northcliffe a demand has arisen. Whether the agitation will result in the present Government being spurred on to greater activity or in its being supplanted by another, remains unsettled at the time these lines are written.

While the nation as a whole, whatever may be said of its Government, is turning its whole energy to the prosecution of the war, preparation is being made for what is to be done when peace is made. To the pact which binds the five Powers not to make a separate peace with Germany, negotiations are proceeding for the addition of an economic pact regulating the condition of trade after the war is over. Concerted action is being taken within the British dominions and with the Allied Powers. The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia is now in London, and those of Canada and New Zealand are expected. Their object is to formulate a common trade policy for the whole of the Empire. A conference has been held at Paris to effect the same end for the Allied Powers. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the chief difficulty in the way is what may be called the bigoted attachment to free trade. But the staunchest of free-traders, those of Manchester, are beginning to waver so far at least as trade with Germany is concerned. The necessity of forming an alliance which will shatter the credit of the enemy will, it is thought, overpower every other consideration. Another blow to free-trade has been given by the war, for it has shown how dependent it has made Great Britain

upon other countries for things which are of vital necessity, and how dangerous such a dependence is. Its safety is now seen to be in its ability to produce what it requires from its own soil and factories, or at least from those of the Empire as a whole. It is, moreover, apprehended that Germany will endeavor to dump upon British markets the moment peace is declared, the products which are believed to have been accumulated during the war. With such cogent reasons there is little doubt that the difficulties will be overcome which stand in the way of the proposed economic pact.

**France.**

The internal situation in France is almost identical with that in Great Britain. The nation as a whole is as united as ever in its resolve to continue the war to a successful conclusion. The only ground for division is whether the Government can be trusted to carry out, with sufficient energy, the will of the nation. The Cabinet is criticized for the same reason as that of Great Britain—that it is too large to decide upon and take prompt action. During the past few months the French Chamber has been full of irritation, and there have been frequent scenes of violence. It is claimed that there is lack of decision; that the Ministers do not govern; that they shirk responsibility; that they are the dupes of the bureaucracy; that their vacillation is the reason why the German lines have not been broken. M. Clemenceau has made himself the chief spokesman of these complaints, and as a remedy he has advocated a virtual supersession of the Government by Grand Commissions, and that to them should be intrusted the carrying on of the war. Daily in his paper, *L'Homme Enchaîné*, does he reiterate that France is neither governed nor commanded, that she is going adrift under the guidance of lawyers who imagine that words are deeds. He has assailed even General Joffre, declaring him to be responsible for the presence of the Germans in France. Others have advocated the formation of a Committee to supersede both the Cabinet and Parliament, somewhat on the lines of the *Comité de Salut Public* of 1793, of which Committee M. Clemenceau should be the head. This, however, is not his own proposal, nor has he given his consent, nor is it likely to be adopted. There seems, however, to be a growing conviction that authority in France to be efficient must be concentrated in the hands of fewer men, and that they should not be hampered in the way in which the present Government is hampered by parliamentary interference. Such a suggestion as this,

however, goes in the teeth of the whole spirit of the Third Republic. It would be an admission that the parliamentary system is unequal to the execution of military plans, and consequently unable to free France from the grasp of Germany. The plan is therefore at present supported only by a minority, the majority still relying upon being able to avoid any change in the Constitution. The German assault on Verdun has done good, for it has shown the necessity of a continued union of forces. "We needed just such a cut from the German whip to keep us quite 'fit.' " The only change which has taken place in the Cabinet is the resignation of the Minister of War, General Galliéni, due, it is said, to ill-health. His successor is a General who has been in command of the active forces during the conflict at Verdun, and is therefore familiar with the necessities of the situation.

#### **Belgium.**

The rumors that were in circulation that Germany had offered favorable terms to Belgium, and that King Albert was on the point of yielding, have, like so many other similar rumors, proved untrue. Any doubt, however, that may have been felt has been set at rest by the renewed declaration of the Allies that they will not cease hostilities until Belgium has been reinstated in her political and economic independence, and largely indemnified for the wrongs suffered, an assurance which has been accepted by the Belgian Government.

#### **Germany.**

The chief event in Germany is, of course, the failure of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz's health. He had been Secretary of State for the Navy since 1897, a term of office which was only surpassed by Prince Bismarck's. He has been the chief agent in building the navy upon which Germany has relied for the attainment of world-power; and in particular for the wresting from Great Britain the control of the ocean. The utter failure of those long-cherished aims may well have made the alleged cause of his retirement the real one: it is, however, generally believed that his resignation was connected with the Emperor's decision not to extend submarine warfare beyond the limits announced to neutrals in the memorandum, and not to direct it against neutral ships. As, however, submarine warfare since his retirement has not been confined to these limits, and has been carried on in defiance of these

restrictions, the true cause must be sought elsewhere. Possibly it may be an indication of the Chancellor's victory in the conflict that has long been waged between the two officials of the Kaiser.

The subscriptions to the fourth war loan amounted to more than two and one half billions, making Germany, according to the Secretary of State for Finance, the only power at war which has covered her total war expenditure by long term loans. Dr. Helfferich failed to explain the means by which the loan was raised. The Government has practically withdrawn the metal currency from circulation, and has flooded the country with paper money, which has no adequate gold basis. Everything except imports is paid for in paper. When the State wants more money, it just borrows the paper and pays it out again. When another loan becomes necessary the investor in the former loan borrows more paper on his war loan stock, and reinvests in the new loan. And so on *ad infinitum*. The process was started with the assurance that Germany's enemies by the payment of huge indemnities would make good all claims, but now that there is no longer even talk about indemnities in the peace proposals of German origin, the economic prospects of the German people are very dark.

The battle for Verdun has gone on almost  
**Progress of the War.** without intermission for nine weeks and more, and although the Germans have succeeded in some points, the French are confident that the city will never fall into the hands of the enemy. Nothing of importance has occurred at any other part of the Western front. The British, however, have extended their lines so that they are now eighty miles in length, and have thereby relieved French forces for other service. On the Eastern front the Russians have made some little advance in the neighborhood of Dvinsk, but in the rest of the line the situation is unaltered. No change has taken place at Saloniki, while the Italian positions remain practically unchanged. Durazzo is now in the hands of Austria, Italy having been content with maintaining a firm hold on Avlona. Trebizond, it is just announced, has fallen into the hands of Russia, but has the latter reached Bagdad? The force under General Townshend is still unrelieved, but the British army under General Lake has drawn nearer to Kut, and entertains hope of success. The advance of the British into German East Africa, the last of the German colonies, is making good progress under the command of General Smuts.

## With Our Readers.

WHATEVER the effective agencies at work, a spiritual awakening or at least the beginnings of it, are manifest throughout our country. Many who apparently had forgotten its existence, are beginning to think of the soul and to search for it. It is well and hopeful that this is so. Side by side with it is still the sordid, servile pursuit of money; speculation in industrials; passion for gain without scruple; oppression of the poor—all those things that kill every spiritual ambition and brutalize a nation's soul.

The happier side, that of the awakening to better things, is evidenced by the increased demand for religious education: the growing conviction that our public school system, even from a purely earthly and material standpoint, is a fatal mistake, and will inevitably—unless other influences prevail—drive the nation on the rocks.

It is stimulating as it is surprising to see in a New York daily a long editorial on the supreme need of moral and spiritual preparedness. And another New York daily, *The Evening Sun*, commenting on a meeting attended by five hundred students of Columbia University, New York, and addressed by two members of the faculty who denounced obedience to any direction of authority, states:

These remarkable speeches point straight as an arrow to the deplorable ignorance of fundamental laws of nature and man under which many thousands of Americans, native as well as foreign born, are laboring to-day.

Mr. Kipling once told a story of a puppy who escaped from his master and ran away into the bathroom, where he had a great frolic, chewing up a wonderful substance which he had never seen before, until he found it in the soap dish on that occasion. After the puppy regained something of his normal health and spirits he retained a clear perception that there are some things in the world which a puppy may not do without disaster. Thousands and thousands and thousands of young men and women in this country at this time are no more intelligent than the puppy; they are just as ignorant of certain natural laws and as rebellious against any authority which tries to teach them. These young people are scarcely as much to blame as their parents or whatever natural guardians have allowed them to pass from childhood into adolescence without drilling into them the most truly vital lesson which life holds—the requirement of obedience.

The most pitiable folly which has crept into the rearing, training and education of children, under the guise of developing the child's "naturally good and healthful instincts," is the abdication of wise authority, the abandonment of the vital principle that the child should obey because his preceptor, whose wisdom must be postulated, directs him, without any reference to what the child thinks about it. The wiser mind must decide, or the ignorant creature will suffer for his own ignorance.

This is nature's law, and for the parent or teacher, to palter with its truth and to allow affectionate indulgence to cloud the child's budding intelligence on the subject, is to diminish the child's equipment for plain duty and his fitness to survive in the world's struggle of life. Such ignorant or indolent failure to give the child a fair start as has characterized the training of a large percentage of the young generation is bound to bring grave disgrace and disaster upon the whole body of American citizens; the older generation will not suffer proportionately with the younger, for their activity and personal risk are less, though their responsibility is greater for the false and perilous ideas with which their neglect has dowered their children.

There is a saving remnant in the population, however, which has not fallen into this ignorant and slipshod conception of a parent's or educator's duty to a child. Upon this remnant, and their children, the country will have to depend for leadership and initiative in the tedious and difficult work of teaching things to adults which should have been assimilated in childhood. The general stuff of American manhood—conglomerate of many racial characteristics and prejudices as it is at present—is abundantly capable of development into high character, but such adequate development among adults (in the light of human experience) is likely to be effected through such national discipline as comes only by national disaster. Since the War of Secession this country has had practically no national discipline either physical or mental, and the results are obvious in selfish inertia of the mass and the flabby thought which forms much of the stock in trade even of such persons as are put forward to express American opinion in Congress and in many other public forums to-day. As to the mass of persons who "think they think," their thought is so uninformed, and their mental process so untrained and futile that its unguided development and expression result only in self-bewilderment and a spectacle for the world to laugh at.

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AS long ago as 1895 Alexander Johnston, professor at Princeton University, expressed the following opinion:

Even among the warmest friends of the public school system there is an increasing number who are disposed to think that the American common school system is mischievously one-sided in its neglect of the religious element in man's nature, and that a purely secularized education is really worse than no education at all. It is on this ground that the Roman Church has officially declared its uncompromising hostility to the whole system; but there are not a few Protestants who, while detesting this opposition to the system, begin to see more reason in the basis of it than they have hitherto seen. It is, in fact, of little use to deplore the growing alienation of the body of the people from all forms of religious effort, so long as a vast machine, supported at the public charge, is busily engaged in educating the children of the nation to ignore religion. As well might a father deplore the ultimate malformation of a son whom he had diligently taught to be left-handed, and whose right hand he had tied up as some Indians do the heads of their papooses.

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THE *New England Journal of Education*, discussing our present public school system wrote:

There is one Church which makes religion essential to education—and that is the Catholic Church, in which mothers teach their faith to the infant

at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose sisterhoods and brotherhoods and priests imprint religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. And are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant, that they found schools, academies, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul—with eternity for duration—is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong.

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THE *Ohio State Journal*, writing on the same subject, declares:

A specialist, in writing on development, says the bones grow harder by usage, the muscles become stronger the same way, and the mind develops by study and thinking. Each function grows by exercising it. The specialist stops there when he is at the very point when he could say something of great moment, to wit: "That the soul, the moral qualities of man, his truer and higher self, are developed in the same way that the bones, the muscles, and the mind are by exercise. Here is where our educational method falls short. It has made every effort to develop the physical and mental qualities, but has left the moral qualities to take care of themselves, and if they are developed it is simply by accident.

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LET us look at some of the evidences that show a deplorable absence of morality in many parts of our country. No man can deny that they are the result in part at least of the lack of religious training. The following figures will show how the vitality of the family, which is the sole unit of national well-being and strength, is being sapped by the growing evil of divorce. The extract is taken from *The Presbyterian* of Richmond, Virginia.

Divorce is one of the greatest and one of the most rapidly growing evils of this country at the present time. It is probable that very few realize the enormity of this evil, and the rate at which it is increasing. Here are some of the startling facts: In the ten years from 1860 to 1870, there was one divorce to every 1,000 of the population. In the next ten years the number had increased until there were two to each thousand of inhabitants of this country. From 1880 to 1890, the number was three to the thousand. From 1890 to 1900, there were four to the thousand. Since that time the number has seemed to increase steadily, until in 1906, the last year for which the figures are available, the number of divorces in this country were 72,063 against 853,290 marriages for the same year. The number is probably much greater now. The average of divorces is about one to every twelve marriages. What hope can there be for a nation where such a state of affairs exists? The showing in this country is worse than that of any other civilized nation.

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IN the March issue of *McClure's*, the article entitled, *Easy Alimony* shows the evils of divorce from a somewhat unusual point of view. It quotes Judge Morschauser of the Supreme Court of New York to this effect: "Divorce is the most subtle social menace of the hour. The finality of divorce is hideous. Separation holds the possibility

of reconciliation. Divorce precludes it. Alimony represents the sanction of divorce by the law and society. In reality alimony places a premium on selfishness, slothfulness, idleness and immorality. When the Christian churches combine to take drastic action against divorce and its effect on society, the statute will be repealed."

In 1914 on the Island of Manhattan alone, the courts granted 1,008 divorces. This figure does not include separation suits, which usually run double the number of absolute divorces, and, therefore, represent double the amount of alimony. The average divorce means an annual alimony of \$1,000. This strikes the average between the ex-wife of a financier who may draw several thousands a month and the ex-wife of a truckman who is awarded three dollars a week as her just share of her former husband's earnings.....The woman who pursues easy alimony is a new figure in the social body, an economic and social factor with which modern thought must reckon. She is a veritable thorn in the side of feminism, and the despair of those who exploit woman's fitness for economic, political and social independence of man.

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THE *Spectator*, an insurance weekly of New York City, lately published its annual statistics of the homicide rate in thirty leading cities of the United States.

Since 1885 these statistics have been kept by some thirty leading cities that pay particular attention to vital statistics. From 1885 to 1894 the homicide rate for these cities was 4.8 to 100,000 inhabitants, from 1895 to 1904 it was 5, and from 1904 to 1915 it was 8.1. The average for the last ten years was about 7.9, but for 1914 the rate was 8.6. The rate for Memphis for the ten years ending in 1914 was 63.7 to the 100,000, which is thirty times the annual rate for Australia, for instance, and more than twice the rate of the next highest city, Charleston, South Carolina. The high rate in Southern cities is ascribed by many authorities to the tendency of the negroes to become violent during petty quarrels, but, as the New York *Post* points out, Baltimore has a large negro population and its homicide rate is less than that of Boston, Cleveland or Chicago. From this the *Post* argues that the homicide rate is due not so much to the character of the population as to the laxity of the public officials who are responsible for the maintenance of order in the community. For the five years ending in 1913 the murder rate in this country, computed on the basis of figures compiled in the registration area, was 6.4 to the 100,000 inhabitants. The rate in England and Wales was .8; in Prussia, .2; in Italy, 3.6; in Australia, 1.09.

The *Churchman* from which we quote the figures, says that the statistics indicate "a deplorable state of affairs, which seems to be growing worse. The lawlessness that produces murder is not only not being repressed but is growing in intensity. The American record in murder and the American record in divorce are not subjects which can excite national congratulation or be used as arguments for a superior social order." The record in divorce is a safe index to the general moral, or immoral, condition of a people in all its human relations.



IT must be remembered that the fathers of our country never intended to divorce religion from education. They are un-American who champion such a divorce. It is well worth while to recall the words of that famous American, Daniel Webster, spoken as early as 1844. When he speaks of "Morality without sentiment; benevolence towards man, without a sense of responsibility towards God; the duties of this life performed without any reference to the life which is to come," he describes accurately the opinions and aims of many present-day educators who are not influential in moulding the prevailing system of public education.

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WEBSTER continues, showing the essential connection between religion and morality:

It is all idle, it is a mockery and an insult to common sense to maintain that a school for the instruction of youth from which Christian instruction by Christian teachers is sedulously and rigorously shut out is not deistical and infidel both in its purposes and in its tendencies.

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.....This scheme of education is derogatory to Christianity, because it proceeds upon the presumption that the Christian religion is not the only true foundation, or any necessary foundation, of morals. The ground taken is, that religion is not necessary to morality; that benevolence may be insured by habit, and that all the virtues may flourish, and be safely left to the chance of flourishing, without touching the waters of the living spring of religious responsibility. With him who thinks thus, what can be the value of the Christian revelation? So the Christian world has not thought; for by that Christian world, throughout its broadest extent, it has been, and is, held as a fundamental truth, that religion is the only solid basis of morals, and that moral instruction not resting on this basis is only a building upon sand. And at what age of the Christian era have those who professed to teach the Christian religion, or to believe in its authority and importance, not insisted on the absolute necessity of inculcating its principles and its precepts upon the minds of the young? In what age, by what sect, where, when, by whom, has religious truth been excluded from the education of youth? Nowhere; never. Everywhere, and at all times, it has been, and is, regarded as essential. It is of the essence, the vitality, of usual instruction.

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The first great commandment teaches man that there is one, and only one, great First Cause, one and only one, proper object of human worship. This is the great, the ever-fresh, the overflowing fountain of all revealed truth. Without it, human life is a desert, of no known termination on any side, but shut in on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon. Without the light of this truth, man knows nothing of his origin, and nothing of his end. And when the Decalogue was delivered to the Jews, with this great announcement and command at its head, what said the inspired lawgiver? That it should be kept from the children? That it should be reserved as a communication fit only for mature age? Far, far otherwise. "And these words, which I command thee this day,

shall be in thy heart. And thou shall teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by thy way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

There is an authority still more imposing and awful. When little children were brought into the presence of the Son of God, His disciples proposed to send them away; but He said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Unto *Me*; He did not send them first for lessons in morals to the schools of the Pharisees or to the unbelieving Sadducees, nor to read the precepts and lessons *phylacteried* on the garments of the Jewish priesthood, He said nothing of different creeds or clashing doctrines; but He opened at once to the youthful mind the everlasting fountain of living waters, the only source of eternal truths: "Suffer little children to come unto *Me*." And that injunction is a perpetual obligation. It addresses itself to-day with the same earnestness and the same authority which attended its first utterance to the Christian world. It is of force everywhere, and at all times. It extends to the ends of the earth, it will reach to the end of time, always and everywhere sounding in the ears of men, with an emphasis which no repetition can weaken, and with an authority which nothing can supersede: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

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Since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the duty, as it has been the effort, of the great and the good, to sanctify human knowledge, to bring it to the fount, and to baptize learning into Christianity; to gather up all its productions, its earliest and its latest, its blossoms and its fruits, and lay them all upon the altar of religion and virtue.

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IF the Christian religion is to be excluded from the education of the young, Mr. Webster asks:

What would become of their morals, their character, their purity of heart and life, their hope for time and eternity? What would become of all those thousand ties of sweetness, benevolence, love, and Christian feeling, that now render our young men and young maidens like comely plants growing up by a streamlet's side; the graces and the grace of opening manhood, of blossoming womanhood? What would become of all that now renders the social circle lovely and beloved? What would become of society itself? How could it exist? And is that to be considered a charity which strikes at the root of all this; which subverts all the excellence and the charms of social life; which tends to destroy the very foundation and framework of society, both in its practices and in its opinions; which subverts the whole decency, the whole morality, as well as the whole Christianity and government, of society? No, sir! No, sir!

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THE manner in which the representatives of the Panama Congress, through "regional" conferences, are working to mislead the people of South America is evident from the first "congress" of this kind, held at Lima, Peru. The speakers refrained from all abuse of the Catholic Faith. Such abuse would, too evidently, have been unprofitable. They concealed, by kind words, their intention to uproot that Faith. According to one of the delegates to this conference:

"There was neither desire nor time in the meetings for abuse of the present National Religion, *i. e.*, the Catholic Faith." But the absence of abuse is not in itself any proof of charity. Charity's principal foundation is truth. And it is uncharitable as well as dishonest for these conferences to attempt to carry on their campaign in South America under false colors. "Something of the right kind of wisdom," says the same delegate, writing in *The West Coast Leader* of Lima, March 9, 1916, "was shown by the man who advocated the dropping of the word Protestant for the term Evangelical, as the former word, to the ordinary Roman Catholic, meant a flood of memories he had been educated to attach to a sixteenth century schism."

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IT is just that "sixteenth century schism" that these conferences are endeavoring to carry into South America. That was a rebellion against the Catholic Church: and this is an attempt to uproot the Catholic Faith. The Protestant bodies who are undertaking this work are willing to tolerate all differences and all denials of Christian truth among themselves, so long as they can unite on the one issue—opposition to the Catholic Church. "It is the wish of the Congress," reports the same delegate, "to form a National Church, and to this end co-operation is desirable wherever possible. One joint-name for all bodies was advocated with sub-title, if desired, as the innumerable branches of Protestantism are a stumbling-block to the Peruvian man-in-the-street who has been taught that Rome is undivided."

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THE testimony of this delegate is rather interesting and should be of importance in certain quarters where there is a doleful lack of information concerning South America, and wherein that land is constantly referred to as "the neglected continent." It is interesting, surely, to be informed that the ordinary Roman Catholic in South America has been educated—even if it be only to the extent that the word "Protestant" is inevitably associated with a "sixteenth century schism." He may, perhaps, be educated in some other things also. Yes, the Peruvian man-in-the-street has been taught that Rome is undivided. Moreover, another Evangelical delegate, Mr. C. J. Ewald of Buenos Aires, points out that there are some *great* South American writers and that they have showed themselves opposed to the Evangelical movement. The testimony referred to also points out that the delegates to the Lima Congress really knew nothing about Peru. This delegate states that "they did not know what 'Quichua' meant or whether Indians strutted about Lima's streets in feathers:" they went away "impressed by a first-hand knowledge of the greatness and the varied needs of Peru."

WE have frequently pointed out to our readers that these disedifying and deceitful methods of missionary propaganda have not received the support of many leading Protestants. And evidence to this effect is increasing. For example, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop Anderson of Chicago, wrote the following in his diocesan magazine, under the heading, "The Panama Congress:"

If we can help South America, in the name of God, let us do it. Let us be sure, however, that we help and not hinder. Protestant propagandism in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, and Quebec and elsewhere—they are all preëminently respectable and preëminently unsuccessful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together. Perhaps we can help them by administering to our own people in their midst, and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Panama Congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics? If not, the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it.

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IN a plea for "A Better Way for Missions," which is a courteous but emphatic protest against the methods of the Panama Congress, a writer in *The Living Church* says:

The nations of modern Europe were brought to Christ through their own apostles and fellow-countrymen, chosen men of God, men of rank and learning and power and intellect, who became the saviours and patron saints of the nations, and whose great names echo down the ages: Columba, Augustine of Canterbury, Cyril and Methodius among the Slavs, Patrick in Ireland, Ulfilas, the Apostle of the Goths, Martin of Tours, Boniface, the Spiritual Teacher of Germany, and later the great Jesuits.

If we hope in our modern missions to continue the work of past ages and to finish the work of converting the world which they so grandly began, we must be able again to command their great faith, we must seek better methods and find greater men.....In only one respect—the possession of money for the task—do we excel them, but money is not able to work this miracle. It is only the methods of missions, the inadequacy of missions, the crudity of missionaries and the pitifully slight result of all our efforts and of our vast expenditure of money which humiliate and discourage us and which awaken the scornful criticism of educated travelers.....He who aims at changing the civilization of an ancient people should at least understand the principles of the civilization he aims at modifying, nor should the missionary expose himself to contempt and gain the ill-will of his people by his ignorance of those principles of conduct which every well-bred person is supposed to observe.

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IT is frequently said that to-day is the day of the specialist, and unless a man claim to be a specialist of one kind or another, he is often without honor. Now the specialist is, by his very name, supposed to confine his activities to one particular line of investigation

and research, or, perhaps, to one part of the line. Happy is the man who can break away from this modern restraint and feel himself free to explore at will many portions of the field of knowledge. For years, Dr. James J. Walsh has not only explored, but given to the public in many works the results of his exploration. Literature; science and the history of science, and scientists; history, ecclesiastical and secular, have been treated by him in book and on the lecture platform. Only a man of exceptional energy could write so much, travel so extensively, and give his interest and support to so many good public causes. Dr. Walsh's heart is like his mind—big and ready to see and to serve. His work in the way of Catholic apologetics would alone have won him a place among the distinguished Catholic laymen of America. Since 1910 he has been a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, and we, and all readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD who know his writings well, will welcome the fresh honor just bestowed on him by Notre Dame University—the Laetare Medal for 1916.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

#### BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Meditations on the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith.* By C. W. Barraud, S.J. 2 vols. \$3.00 net. *On the Old Camping Ground.* By Mary E. Mannix. 85 cents. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (1st Part). Second Number (QQ. xlix-lxxxix.) Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.00 net. *The Passion and Death of Jesus.* By P. Coghlan, C.P. 75 cents net. *Christian Armour for Youth.* By Rev. J. Degen. 75 cents net. *Pastoral Letters, Addresses, and Other Writings of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., LL.D.* Edited by Rev. Jas. Powers. \$1.50 net. *Our Home in Heaven.* Translated from the French of Abbé M. Caron by Edith Staniforth. 75 cents net.

#### DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

*Instinct and Health.* By W. Hutchinson, M.D. \$1.20 net. *Psychology and Parenthood.* By H. A. Bruce. \$1.25 net. *The Second Coming.* By F. A. Kummer and H. P. Janes. 50 cents net. *Feminism.* By Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin. \$1.50 net.

#### LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*The Double Road.* By M. Wood. \$1.20 net. *Belief and Practice.* By W. Spens. \$1.75 net. *Cuba Old and New.* By A. G. Robinson. \$1.75. *The Dawn of Religion in the Mind of the Child.* By Edith E. R. Mumford, M.A. 50 cents net. *The Spirit of Man.* \$1.50 net. *The Anvil of Chance.* By G. Chittenden. \$1.35 net.

#### G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*From Moscow to the Persian Gulf.* By Benjamin B. Moore. \$3.00 net. *Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation, 1451-1504.* By I. L. Plunket. \$2.50 net. *Lincoln and Episodes of the Civil War.* By William E. Doster. \$1.50 net. *The Wiser Folly.* By L. Moore. \$1.25 net.

#### JOHN LANE Co., New York:

*The Fairy Bride.* By N. J. O'Connor. \$1.00 net.

#### GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*Canada in Flanders.* By Sir M. Aitken, M.P. 50 cents. *Gossamer.* By G. A. Birmingham. \$1.25 net.

- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:  
*A Warwickshire Lad.* By G. M. Martin. \$1.00 net. *Through South America's Southland.* By J. A. Zahm. \$3.50 net.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:  
*The Belfry.* By May Sinclair. \$1.35. *Medieval Civilization.* By R. L. Ashley. \$1.10. *The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and their Movements.* By S. P. Cadman, D.D. \$2.50.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:  
*Stamboul Nights.* By H. G. Dwight. \$1.25 net.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:  
*A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open.* By Theodore Roosevelt. \$2.00 net. *Nan of Music Mountain.* By F. H. Spearman. \$1.35 net.
- THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York:  
*The German Classics.* 20 vols. Cloth, \$90.00; half morocco, \$112.50; full morocco, \$150.00.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:  
*The Twin Sisters.* By J. M. Forman. 1.35 net.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:  
*A Short History of Europe, 1806-1914.* By C. S. Terry. \$2.00 net. *The Master Detective.* By P. J. Brebner. \$1.35 net. *Thinking as a Science.* By H. Hazlitt. \$1.00 net.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:  
*South America's Catholicism.* Maeterlinck's *Philosophy of Life.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.
- DUFFIELD & Co., New York:  
*Michelangelo.* By Romain Rolland. \$2.50 net.
- C. REGENHARDT, New York:  
*"James Norris."* By Albert Pyrmont.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:  
*The Gift of Immortality.* By C. L. Slattery, M.D. \$1.00 net.
- SHERMAN, FRENCH & Co., Boston:  
*Songs of the Sons of Isai.* By Helen H. Heilscher. \$1.50 net.
- THE PILGRIM PRESS, Boston:  
*Christ's Experience of God.* By Frank H. Decker. \$1.25 net.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:  
*The Spirit of France.* By Owen Johnson. \$1.35 net.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Mass.:  
*The Life of Saint Boniface.* By Willibald. Translated into English by G. W. Robinson. \$1.15 net.
- PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:  
*The Hound of Heaven.* By Francis Thompson.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:  
*A Thousand Years of Russian History.* By S. E. Howe. \$2.50 net. *Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad.* By Mabel T. Boardman. \$1.50 net. *Behold the Woman.* By T. E. Harré. \$1.35 net. *Nights.* By E. R. Pennell. \$3.00 net.
- THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., Indianapolis:  
*The Real Adventure.* By Henry K. Webster. \$1.50 net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:  
*The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. E. Jones. Vols. IV. and V. \$1.50 net each. *The Onion Peelers.* By R. P. Barrold. \$1.60 net. *Garcia Moreno.* By Father Bernard, O.M.Cap. 25 cents net. *Orbis Catholicus.* Edited by Canon Glancey. \$1.50 net. *Paul Mary Pakenham.* By Rev. J. Smith, C.P. 50 cents net. *Luther.* By H. Grisar, S.J. Vol. V. \$3.25 net.
- R. & T. WASHBOURNE, London:  
*Catholicism in Mediæval Wales.* By J. E. de Hirsch-Davies, B.A. 3 s. 6 d.
- BURNS & OATES, Ltd., London:  
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## THE APOSTLE OF ORGANIZED CHARITY.

(*ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.*)

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.



HERE has arisen in modern times a movement of secular philanthropy which has been a rival, and to some extent an adversary, of Catholic charity. The movement of which we speak may be said to have begun in 1833 when the report of the English Poor Law Commission was issued. That Commission was appointed in consequence of the evils which resulted from the poor law system established in England by Queen Elizabeth, after the monasteries and other ancient organs of charitable relief in England had been destroyed by the Reformation. The State system of relief introduced by Protestantism had, it is universally admitted, a very evil effect on the characters of those whom it was designed to benefit. Relief had the effect of "pauperizing" its recipients, that is, of weakening in them habits of industry and self-help, and creating in them a chronic habit of depending on alms for their livelihood.

The Commission of 1833, noting the pauperizing effects of relief under the then existing poor law system, recommended that no relief at all be given, except in the most extreme cases of destitution, and then only under the most stringent conditions, so as to deter others from applying for relief. The reformed Poor Law of 1834 embodied the policy recommended by the Commission.

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The new law was in some respects a remarkable success. The extent of pauperism was very greatly reduced. In other respects the law was not a success for it created new evils as bad as the old ones which it had remedied. But we are not here concerned with the history of the reformed English Poor Law, except in so far as it helped to determine the character of modern secular philanthropy.

The reform of 1834 did act powerfully in America and England to make men regard charity from a purely utilitarian point of view. It was seen that much charity was misdirected, and produced mischievous instead of beneficial results. We cannot stop now to trace the development which has resulted in the distortion of the Christian meaning of charity, so that now that most beautiful of words is actually ill-sounding to many ears. What we want to point out is that in the nineteenth century all charitable activities came under critical examination, and there arose a movement for the organization of charity on strictly utilitarian principles. It was urged that charity should be regarded as entirely a matter of business, and the object should be the maximum return for the minimum of expenditure. When the new principles came to be put into effect the organization of charity often meant simply the absence of charity. It feared so much the dangers of pauperization, and it esteemed so highly the saving of expenditure, that it flattered itself with having achieved its objects when it had merely left the poor to go without help.

Apart from local and temporary errors, however, the charity organization movement did much that was good; it undoubtedly brought the administrative methods of both public and private relieving agencies to higher standards of efficiency. So much study has been devoted in recent years to the principles and methods of charity organization that there is now an elaborate science of philanthropy with a huge literature of its own, with special schools for its teaching like the New York School of Philanthropy, and with endowed research, like that conducted by the Russell Sage Foundation. Not only is philanthropy a science, it has become a profession also, with hundreds of trained practitioners in this country. For it is one of the canons of the science that every kind of social worker must be trained in order to be efficient, and so we are seeing the amateur social worker being superseded by the professional.

Scientific philanthropy is secular, utilitarian; it is, as we have



said, a rival, and sometimes an adversary, of Catholic charity. There are some things in scientific philanthropy that are detestably bad, but there is much that is good. We shall not in this article say anything about the bad, but we propose to show that the good belongs, by right of ancient possession, to Catholicism. The literature of scientific philanthropy takes for granted that its principles are modern discoveries. The importance of charity organization was not found out until the nineteenth century. "Mediæval almsgiving" is the stock synonym of the up-to-date philanthropists for all that is wasteful and pauperizing in methods of relief. It is commonly assumed that charity in Catholic countries has been, and is, a means of degrading multitudes. And it is explained to us that the reason for all this is that Catholics are taught to give alms for the good of their own souls, to lay up treasures in heaven, not to benefit the recipient. For a learned dissertation on the unenlightened character of Catholic charity see the article on "Charity" in *The Encyclopedia Britannica*.

But history vindicates the Church. Would that we Catholics were aware of our birthright. We know that the Church was the creator of Christian charity, of that spirit which covered Europe with hospitals, which made men give themselves as galley slaves that others might be freed, which inspired St. Elizabeth to leave her royal palace, and wash with her own hands the bodies of lepers. The supreme heroes and martyrs of charity are unquestionably ours, but do we realize that the pioneers, the geniuses of charity organization are also ours, that the world owes to the Church the science, as well as the spirit, of charity?

It would be impossible to single out any one of the Church's saints as the most perfect exemplar of personal charity, or as the greatest benefactor of humanity; but there is no invidiousness in saying that the saint who is preëminently the apostle of charity organization is St. Vincent de Paul, he whom the Holy See has declared to be the special patron of charitable works throughout the Universal Church, as St. Thomas Aquinas is the patron of the schools. St. Vincent is the Aquinas of charity. A great French bishop said: "St. Vincent has been endowed by God with the genius of organization, and like St. Thomas Aquinas, has bequeathed to the Christian world his Summa—the Summa of his works. He gathered into his own soul all that Catholic devotedness has ever furnished, from which he might learn how to relieve suffering and poverty, and completing the heritage of the past

by broader views and new conceptions, he has transmitted to future generations the organization of charity which the Catholic Church may justly claim as one of her greatest glories in modern times."

There is scarcely a single form of charitable activity existing in America at the present time that was not successfully undertaken by St. Vincent in France three centuries ago. He reformed the treatment of prisoners; he built free schools for working-class children, he founded homes for deserted infants; he arranged vocational training for young lads and girls; he established homes for the aged and anticipated the demands of the most advanced of modern philanthropists by providing that husband and wife should not be separated, as is the case in most institutions, but that each old couple should spend their remaining days together. St. Vincent made such adequate provision for the regular relief of the destitute that there was left no excuse for street begging, which was accordingly abolished. He recruited and trained what have been called his armies of charity, lay men and lay women, as well as the consecrated Sisters of Charity, to visit and relieve the poor in their own homes; and he organized a vast work for relieving provinces devastated by war which compares only with what has been done by the American Committee for relief in Belgium.

St. Vincent was born in 1576 and he died in 1660, his life being passed in one of the stormiest periods of ecclesiastical and secular history. The ancient unity of Christendom had been destroyed, and Europe was already divided into Catholic and Protestant States, but it was not yet decided which side would hold the supremacy in Europe. The Catholics in England still had hopes of restoring the Faith in their country; the Huguenots had not despaired of a Protestant conquest of France. The tragedy of the time was that France, a Catholic country, joined forces with the Protestant princes to overthrow Catholic Austria, then the leading power in Europe. Religion was at a low ebb in France. Such typical worldlings as Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin and de Retz held the government of Church and State during St. Vincent's adult life. Chronic warfare had filled the country with widows, orphans, cripples and discharged soldiers, who lived mostly by beggary and pillage. St. Vincent was engaged in all the works of his time; in the reform of the clergy; in the establishment of the seminary system as laid down by the Council of Trent; in fighting the abuses of ecclesiastical patronage by corrupt politicians; in combating heresy; in reconciling hostile factions of a civil war;

in sending out home and foreign missionaries, and in fighting the Turks. His charitable institutions, vast as they are, represented but a tithe of his activities, and we would get a false view of his character if we did not remember his labors in other fields.

The son of a poor peasant, St. Vincent was educated for the priesthood, and was ordained at the age of twenty-four. After seventeen years, full of valuable experiences and good works, we find him a curé of the little town of Chatillon, where his charitable organization may be said to have begun. One day he was about to offer Mass, when a lady asked him to recommend to the charity of his parishioners a certain poor family, all of whose members were sick. The Saint spoke on behalf of the family, and in the afternoon he set out to visit them. He found that a large number of people, moved by his appeal, had already been there with gifts of food and money. "Behold noble but ill-regulated charity" exclaimed St. Vincent. "These poor people, provided with too much now, must allow some to perish, and then they will be again in want as before." The Saint immediately set himself to find a remedy. He brought together some of the ladies of his parish, and pointed out to them the deficiencies of unsystematized charity. "I suggested to them," the Saint tells us himself, "to club together to do the needful every day, not only for this poor family, but for others that might turn up in future. This was the beginning of the Association of Charity."

A copy of the rules of the Association, drawn up by St. Vincent, were discovered in 1839, in the archives of Chatillon. The Association was to consist of lay women, married and single. There was to be a president, elected by the members, and also an assistant-president and a treasurer. The members were to visit only those cases which had been referred to, and approved by, the three officers. The member deputed to visit a particular family was to obtain food from the treasurer, cook it, and take it to the invalids. The visitor was to serve the food to the invalid and perform other services, as washing, and converse with the sick person cheerfully and religiously. The assistance given was to be regular and adequate. The visitor was to go each day, not only with dinner, but with supper also when needed. This is the institution of the system of visiting the poor in their own homes by lay workers. St. Vincent's rules conform to the standards set by the modern teachers of scientific philanthropy. Assistance was preceded by investigation, friendly intercourse was fostered; religious guidance as well as

material help was given, and the help was not spasmodic, or insufficient, but regular and adequate.

With the coöperation of Madame de Gondi, mistress of one of the greatest aristocratic houses in France, St. Vincent soon afterwards established in thirty other villages Associations similar to that at Chatillon. A year later, in 1618, at Folleville, he introduced another innovation by forming an Association of Charity for men. The men were to have charge of the healthy poor, the children, the young people and the old, leaving the care of the sick to the women. A few months later, at the town of Joigny, St. Vincent organized a most drastic reform scheme at the request of the municipal authorities. He undertook to provide suitable relief for each of the different classes of dependents, and at the same time to suppress mendicity in the streets. This is what St. Vincent says: "The Association is intended for the spiritual and corporal assistance of the poor—spiritually by teaching Christian doctrine and piety; and corporally by procuring employment for those who could work, and assisting those who could not. In this way they fulfill the command of God in the fifteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, enjoining us to act that there *shall be no poor nor beggar among you*. The number of the poor having been ascertained, and each having obtained aid proportionate to his want, they are prohibited from begging under penalty of having the aid withdrawn, and the public are forbidden to give alms."

Work for the able-bodied, and proportionate assistance to those wholly or partly incapable of self-support: this was St. Vincent's programme. There were already hospitals in existence for cases of sickness needing institutional care; the sick poor in their own homes were attended by the women of the Association of Charity; those incapable of work, but not needing frequent visitation, received alms according to their necessities, the alms being distributed at a church each Sunday where the recipients assembled to hear Mass and a sermon. Tramps were not forgotten: St. Vincent established for them night refuges where supper and lodging were given to them, and they were sent on their road next morning with two sous each. Young boys were either apprenticed to useful trades, as weaving, the indenture fees being paid by the Association, or they were employed in special workshops which St. Vincent established. These workshops manufactured woollen socks or similar articles, and were managed by a qualified master workman who taught the young lads the trade. There were, of course, the

most careful regulations for the Religious, as well as the industrial training of the boys.

How did St. Vincent get the money for his undertakings? He resorted to a multitude of means, many of which are mistakenly thought to be modern inventions. He canvassed for permanent subscriptions from bishops and priests, lords and merchants, peasants and artisans. He had collections at church doors and from house-to-house. He had little collecting boxes in hotels, such as we see to-day on the counters of banks and other places. He secured that certain fines imposed by the judges should be paid to the Association of Charity, and also the proceeds of certain taxes. At a later date we find him publishing a newspaper in order to enlist public interest and support for his charitable works.

At Paris, St. Vincent formed the assembly known as the Ladies of Charity, which was somewhat different from the Associations of Charity. The Ladies of Charity were about three hundred in number, and they included the Queen and persons of the highest rank in France. The assembly was first formed to visit the patients in the great hospital called the Hôtel Dieu, but it became an organization for seconding all sorts of charitable projects of St. Vincent de Paul. The ladies raised extraordinary sums of money for those days. It was through the Ladies of Charity that St. Vincent accomplished his work for foundlings, which, of all his labors, has most touched the imagination of the world and made his name venerated. One night as the Saint was walking through a street, he saw a wretched beggar in the act of maiming a child, in order the better to excite compassion for begging purposes. The horrified Saint seized the child and took it to a place called the "Couche," which existed to receive foundlings. St. Vincent related the incident to the Ladies of Charity, who arranged what American newspapers call a "probe" into the work of the Couche. They found it a poorhouse, badly organized, and kept by a widow and two servants. According to official reports about four hundred children were admitted each year. There was disgraceful trafficking in the children. They were sold or abandoned at will. Often they were left to die without baptism. St. Vincent and the Ladies of Charity inaugurated a system of inspection to prevent ill-treatment and ensure baptism. They took away a few of the children, who were chosen by drawing lots. But the Saint felt they must take charge of all the children, and he urged this upon the ladies. A great "campaign" was organized to finance a foundling hospital.

The King gave an annuity of eight thousand francs, a number of noblemen raised this sum to forty thousand, and the Queen and the Ladies of Charity were equally generous. But owing to the large numbers of foundlings, and failures of subscriptions and to the war of the Fronde, it required superhuman efforts and courage on the part of St. Vincent to prevent the work being abandoned.

The assembly of the Ladies of Charity gave rise to the institution of the Sisters of Charity, which had become one of the most glorious organizations in the Church. Their beginnings were of the humblest, but exceedingly interesting to anyone experienced even in a small way in the difficulties of organization, as showing that the human nature we meet with to-day was present in St. Vincent's associates. The Ladies of Charity, as we have said, were the great ones of the land. Some of them heroines of charity, to whom no work was too great or too small. But others were less heroic. They could not persevere in the work of personal visits to the poor, and sometimes when their intentions were good they were not capable of any practical service. So some of these great dames began to send their servants in their stead. These were not always satisfactory. St. Vincent decided to obtain some suitable assistants for the Ladies of Charity, who would nurse and visit the sick poor. He knew that among the humbler classes of people there were many pious and competent girls who were not anxious to marry, nor yet thinking of entering religious communities, who could do excellent work for the poor. He brought a number of these girls together, lodged them in the houses of Ladies of Charity, and allotted a certain number to visit the poor of each parish. After a while it was found necessary to give some training to these girls, and so they were all lodged in one house under a directress, who was the great and saintly Mademoiselle le Gras. A long time passed before St. Vincent allowed any to bind herself to the work by religious vows. It was almost in spite of his designs that the Sisters of Charity grew into a great religious order. The constitution that St. Vincent did finally decide upon for the Sisters was something then quite novel in the history of the Church, and he had to overcome much opposition before he could get his rules approved. Heretofore Religious had always taken solemn vows which involved enclosure and legal inability to marry or inherit or bequeath property; or they had taken simple but perpetual vows. St. Vincent felt, and it was practically the unanimous view of all other holy directors, that to send young

women bound by perpetual vows into the streets and garrets of Paris was altogether inadvisable. St. Vincent determined that his Sisters should either take no vows at all or bind themselves only for one year, so that they could freely engage in the work of visiting the poor. It was a bold undertaking, and though many of the religious communities of women within the past three hundred years have adopted the rule of terminable vows, it is easy to understand the opposition to the novelty in its first days. "You are not Religious in the strict sense," said St. Vincent to the Sisters, "and never can be, because of the service of the poor. You must, therefore, be holier than Religious, since you have greater temptations and less security." And again he says: "The Sister of Charity shall have for her convent the house of the sick, for her cell the chamber of suffering, for her chapel the parish church, for her cloister the streets of the city or the wards of a hospital. Obedience shall be her enclosure, the fear of God her grate, and modesty her veil."

The time was coming when the organizations that St. Vincent had created were to be put to the greatest test. In 1633, when our Saint was in his fifty-seventh year, France was invaded by Austrian troops. Fighting in those days was no chivalrous business. Instead of regular and disciplined troops there were armies of hired mercenaries who depended on their pay for what they could pillage. It was quite the recognized principle to destroy harvests, cut down fruit trees and lay waste whole districts in order to starve out the enemy. Chiefly as a consequence of the war, famine raged in Lorraine and other frontier provinces for close upon twenty years. Famine was exceeded in horror by pestilence. Corn could not be had at any price. The poor died of hunger. The streets were strewn with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Wolves entered the towns and devoured the corpses. Mothers killed their own children for food. St. Vincent set himself the task of relieving these provinces ravaged by war, famine and plague.

We have few details of what was done between 1633 and 1640. Money was sent to Lorraine by the Associations of Charity, but apparently it was thought that the distress could not last and no adequate organization was attempted. After 1640 relief was increased and systematized. A definite sum of money was sent monthly to particular towns, as Nancy, Verdun and Metz. In this way thirty thousand livres a year were distributed. By 1651 the amount had increased to one hundred and eighty thousand livres in

a year. It is estimated that during the war St. Vincent's relief fund amounted to over twelve million livres. The Ladies of Charity were his great contributors and collectors. The Queen Regent, when she had exhausted her money, sent St. Vincent her jewels, which were sold by the Ladies of Charity for eighteen thousand livres. St. Vincent carried his begging still further, says Monsignor Bougaud, the Saint's best modern biographer: "There were others who had more than the Queen; there was the public. Our Saint conceived the courageous idea of using the press in favor of charity. His missionaries, spread over the scene of war, sent most touching accounts of the sufferings. These the Saint had published and distributed them at the church doors. Soon they became periodicals, appearing every month, and read with such eagerness that the first numbers had to be reprinted. . . . A paper even was founded called the *Magazine of Charity* with the express object of promoting the great movement of charity."

The funds were collected chiefly by the Ladies of Charity; the food and other provisions were transported to the devastated provinces, and there distributed by the Vincentian Priests of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity. Of the exalted heroism of these priests and holy women, many of whom died through overwork and pestilence, martyrs of charity, we have not space here to speak, as we are studying only the organizing methods of St. Vincent. The three chief corporal works of mercy in St. Vincent's relief scheme were the feeding of the hungry, the burial of the dead, and the provision of seed so as to obtain the following year's crop. The feeding of the hungry was done by soup kitchens, as it is being done in Belgium to-day, and was conducted by the Sisters of Charity. In many towns the families of the highest rank were glad to accept this relief. Some districts of Paris were crowded with fugitives, and here there were ten thousand daily in the "soup line." In the towns of all the eastern provinces of France there was the same distress and the same relief.

Whilst feeding the hungry, St. Vincent was also performing the functions of a Minister of Public Health. In towns and villages, in streets and fields, thousands of human and animal bodies lay unburied, spreading forth corruption and disease. Priests of the Mission and Sisters of Charity, together with layfolk whom they enlisted, set to work to bury the dead. It was ghastly and dangerous work, in which many lost their lives. St. Vincent was also like a Minister of Agriculture: with his customary prevision



he thought of the following year's harvest. He was therefore careful to provide seed for the land. He collected huge quantities of every kind of grain seed from the parts of France that had escaped the famine, and he sent the seed to the afflicted provinces. Within two months of one year he spent twenty thousand livres for this purpose.

So effective was the work of the sons and daughters of St. Vincent in this crisis, that the King of France issued a proclamation endowing the Priests of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity with special legal securities and powers. "By this warrant," says Monsignor Bougaud, "St. Vincent ceases to act as a private individual and becomes the royal Almoner-General, to whom is bequeathed the noblest gift of all—the power to do good. The humble peasant of the Landes by his charity became the strongest support of the kingdom in its hour of trial, and merited to be called by the Governor of St. Quentin the father of his country."

The highest quality of St. Vincent was not his genius for organization, extraordinary though that was; and his best work was not what he did to alleviate human suffering, though no man in history has ever done more. It is only with the least of his labors that this sketch deals, but it is sufficient to show that the most representative of Catholic social workers was as thoroughly "scientific," and infinitely more successful in charity organization than the best of modern secular philanthropists. There are signs that secular scientific philanthropy is developing on lines more and more opposed to the principles and practice of Catholic charity. If we Catholics are to meet our opponents successfully, we must remember that the traditional charity of the Church is both supernatural and scientific.

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## WHAT IS DOGMA?

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



OST writers of the day airily assume that a dogma is a philosophical theory in no way connected with the facts of the Gospel. They will tell you—scarcely keeping their patience the while—that Christianity is a life, not a credal utterance or body of doctrine; and should you demur to this falsest of false contrasts now finding its way into print from unnumbered pens, you will promptly be told that history has settled the matter and not left it open to review. This dogmatic assurance about the nature of dogma has the courage of ignorance betimes. Not long since a writer who shall be nameless—he was a preacher in search of a larger audience than thronged about his pulpit—had the audacity to ascribe the origin of the present war in Europe to the dogmas of the Catholic religion—“cold syllogistic abstractions” he called them, that had nothing to do with life, salvation, or conduct. He treated his readers as, no doubt, he had ofttimes regaled his flock, with a picturesque portrayal of what is bound to happen when religion abandons the heart and takes up its abode in the intellect. It would be hard to say which was the more crude exhibition of misjudgment—what he said of the war and its causes, or his utterly unfounded notion of dogma.

The motley group now denouncing dogmatic religion should acquaint themselves with the subject of their criticism, and let the fact sink into their superficial consciousness, that dogmas are primarily *concepts*—not theories, not conclusions, not interpretations, not explanations at all. Take the statement, “The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.” You understand it on the utterance of the terms. It contains a certain amount of religious *knowledge* that has never increased a jot or tittle since the first Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit in tongues of fire descended upon the Apostles who were to preach it to the world. It is a knowledge about a fact, a definite fact, than which none more concerning exists since time began. The Apostles had as much knowledge of this fact as you, so far as powers of apprehending go. Your knowledge of it is no greater than theirs. If you start to reason about it,

to draw conclusions from it, or to offer explanations of its nature—to do anything, in fact, but analyze its contents—it is no longer a dogma, it has become theology, which is quite another and distinct thing; for dogmas are revealed concepts, and theology consists of concepts that are reasoned—a difference that critics have failed to note, to their discredit be it said. No intelligent reader needs to be told twice that conclusions deduced by reason from some revealed premise or other stand on a different footing altogether from truths not inferred, but immediately apprehended. This most important point will become clearer, we hope, as the subject unfolds.

Technically speaking, a dogma is a truth revealed by God and, *as such*, proposed by the Church for the acceptance of the faithful. Its sources—the places where we find it—are Scripture and tradition—the latter a living and continuous belief and teaching, no dull and lifeless record of the past. The Catholic does not exhume his faith merely out of documents, after the fashion of his dissenting brethren to whom the sole rule of faith is Holy Writ. The Church existed as a teaching body before the books recording her divine institution were composed. Her relation to these written embodiments of the Word is proportionally the same as that of the United States Supreme Court to the written constitution of the Republic—the living, active, continuous relation of interpreter, custodian, upholder, defender, and judge. She attests whether or no a dogma has been revealed. She can make none, she has never made any; and you can see for yourself that this is really true if you have the correct idea of a dogma as a revealed concept. You will never see it, you will proclaim loudly that dogma after dogma has been invented, if you approach the study of history with the false idea in mind that a dogma is not an immediate apprehension, but a reasoned and constructed conclusion.

There have indeed been dogmas that at one time or another before their definition were theologically reasoned out and looked upon as no more than probable conclusions. Of these the Immaculate Conception is a conspicuous example. Opinion was considerably divided in the Middle Ages, and long after, concerning the admissibility of this doctrine, largely owing to the difficulty of reconciling the belief of the faithful with the requirements of systematic theology. Two universal revealed laws seemed to stand in the way—the law of transmitted sin and the necessity of *individual* redemption. As a daughter of Adam, the choice and chosen Mother

of the Nazarene came under the law and necessity of being individually redeemed; and some theologians of the day could not see how this was possible unless for a fractional second she contracted the hereditary stain. It was a difficulty in systematic theology, due to a scrupulous desire to keep revelation consistent with itself. And those who charge the Church with having invented dogmas wholesale will find in this particular instance the most eloquent disproof imaginable of their stereotyped incrimination.

The systematic difficulty mentioned was cleared away by Scotus when he showed that the Virgin Mother could have been redeemed anticipatively, in view of the merits of the Son Divine she was to bear—redeemed, that is, not from a stain contracted, but from one that would have been contracted, had not grace been beforehand with the law in this noble, special instance. Once it was seen that the universality of the law of redemption was not called in question at all, the Blessed Virgin having actually been redeemed in a higher way, “Our tainted nature’s solitary boast” stood out in all her splendorous purity of soul, from the very first moment of conception in the womb of her saintly mother Anna. Grace tarried not in its coming to her who was destined to be the Maiden Mother of its Author. It came at once and in a flood. Privation of its hallowing presence she never knew, and that is why she is the stainless one, the immaculately conceived, the privileged daughter of a race that lost the divine bounties and fell to purely human levels when the first parents preferred their own good to God’s and received privation for their portion. Theological reasoning did not create the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It merely removed an obstacle to the intuition of this dogma in Scripture and tradition. And when this obstacle was removed, the dogma was seen to have been revealed, not indeed under its own proper, immediate concept, but as contained in that other directly revealed concept—the Divine Motherhood of Mary—an integral part of which it really was, and none the less there because theologians had reasoned for or against its revelation, had entertained theological scruples or devout prepossessions in its regard.

The function discharged by theological reasoning in the instance here under review has been happily likened to the function of mathematical reasoning in scientific fields. The part which mathematics played in the discovery of the planet Neptune is notorious. In 1821 Bouvard found that his observations of the pull exerted on the earth

could not be satisfied by the gravitation of known bodies, and he hinted at the existence of an undiscovered planet. Further reasoned observations during the next twenty years convinced astronomers that such a planetary body must exist. In 1846 Adams in England and Leverrier in France worked out by mathematics the proximate boundaries of its location in the heavens, and a few weeks thereafter, Galle of Berlin, leveling the telescope in the direction indicated beheld the planet to which old Encke gave the name of Neptune. Systematic difficulties paved the way for this final finding, and taught astronomers whitherward they should look. Reasoned conclusion it was, also a direct intuition, this astronomical discovery. And the theological discovery of the Immaculate Conception was likewise a reasoned conclusion and an unreasoned intuition. It was not the reasoning that revealed the dogma any more than it revealed the planet Neptune. The influence of the discursive faculty was directive, not creative, as in the parallel instance cited of Leverrier. It was because the dogma could actually be *observed* in the galaxy of revealed concepts, that it won its way finally to definition. It was as an *inclusion*, not as a *conclusion*, that the Church defined it. It was seen included in the revealed concept, in the very *thought* of Mary as the Mother of God. Love thinking saw it there long before thought loving could say the same—not because there was less love than thought in the latter case, but because there was as much thought as love. It was a matter of *seeing* in both instances. No mere moral argument of fitness, to the effect that she who was to bear the Sinless One must herself have sinless been; no mere translation of piety into creed, made Mary immaculate, but the revealed word of God which slowly unfolded the richness of its content to a living, continuous community which venerates her not only for having been the Mother of the Lord in the flesh, but also for having “heard the word of God and kept it.” So that, making all due allowance for the influence of filial Christian devotion on the one hand and learned theological reasoning on the other, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not, and could not have been, the direct product of either. And thus the doctrine which we have gone out of our way somewhat to examine does but serve to confirm us in the view that a dogma is a concept—an implicit, unanalyzed concept, capable of a further and fuller analysis, rich with undeveloped knowledge which, when the process of its unfolding is complete, will be found to contain hidden problems and also the

means unto their solving. Dogma is not a theory at all. Theories, as such, are theology, and they grow not into faith but out of it, as we shall now proceed to show.

That a dogma is not a reasoned conclusion, but a direct, spontaneous, vital, factual, empirical concept may be established in a more effective way still by historical analysis and by a simple fact of consciousness left out of consideration in the current theories of knowledge. Let us restore this omitted fact to its proper place in recognition, and study the effect which this restoration will have on our conception of what a dogma is and means.

Human knowledge is not composed of technical concepts merely—there is another and previous kind. Concepts of the good, the true, the beautiful, and the real find lodgment in our minds long before the abstract notions of truth, beauty, goodness and reality fill us with their luminous presence. Most men know in a vague and ill-defined way what meaning to attach to the terms “nature,” “substance,” “person” when these are uttered within their hearing. Human intercourse would become impossible, philosophers themselves would have no material for reflection, unless a spontaneous knowledge existed of the subjects of discourse. We would never try to establish God’s reality unless we had some notion of that which we sought to prove; nor could the agnostic declare God unknowable unless he spontaneously knew what he reflectively declared unknown. A man does not have to go to school to acquire his first notions of time, space, eternity, freedom, personality, responsibility, wrong, sanity, or right; and he may sit on a jury and be judge of the facts in a case where the life of a fellow-mortal hangs upon one or other of these slender mental threads. And when at the end of the trial the judge of the law rose to instruct the judge of the facts, the latter would recognize the continuity between the precise concepts of the lawyer and the ill-defined intuitions of legal right and wrong which he himself had brought with him into court, having acquired them he knew not how. Certainly not from the learned grey-beard of the books.

We have spontaneous concepts, therefore, as well as technical—the fact cannot successfully be denied. There is no use trying to disguise it by the contention that knowledge first comes to us in a pure, unadulterated state of feeling, because against that is the direct testimony of consciousness which shows a concept rising almost instantly out of even our earliest, most obscure impressions of the good, the beautiful, and the true. There is no such thing

as having an *experience* without any *thought*, without any intellectual knowledge whatsoever of the experience had; no such thing as reporting a fact or observing it, without at the same time interpreting it to some extent, in some degree; no such thing as having a sense-intuition divorced and divided from all *intellectual* perception. Pure observation, pure experience, pure feeling, pure this and pure that are paper psychology—consciousness is too living a thing to suffer such cross-sectionings and divisions. Even our feelings are known to us in and through a concept, not in themselves *as such*—a fact which, like the others here summarily mentioned, shatters the sentimentalist theories of knowledge recently built up on separatist distinctions that have no other warrant than the imagination of their inventors, the will of their devotees.

Taking the facts as they stand, and “nought extenuating, nought setting down in malice”—what light do they throw on the origin and nature of dogma? A very great deal. Because when we put back into our theory of knowledge the spontaneous concepts that precede the scientific, and grow into them as the less perfect into the more perfect, as the raw material into the finished product, we can readily see that dogmas were spontaneously apprehended truths before being distinctly analyzed out into their full rational significance, and consequently that the modern critic does not and cannot understand them aright, owing to his attempt to approach the problem of their origin, nature, and history through a false, because defective and incomplete theory of knowledge in general. It is this defective theory which he imposes on the facts. He reads its defects back into the texts of the Gospel, he carries them forward into the writings of the Fathers. He boldly attributes to Christ Himself his own separatist distinction between feeling and knowledge. Finding that the Saviour of men used no technical concepts, and failing to note that direct concept after direct concept fell from His lips and were caught by the multitude, he hastily leaps to the conclusion that dogmas are infiltrations from pagan philosophy—extraneous ideas, foreign elements, heathen footnotes to the Gospel text, that have corrupted Christ’s thought at its very founts and sullied its whole course in history.

Is this true? Did dogma have the extra-Christian origin alleged? Let us inquire into the matter, without preconceptions of any kind, and with a theory of knowledge that does not settle the question beforehand by its glaring omissions.

No student of humanity, be he believer or unbelieving critic,

but must admit the uniqueness, the singularity, the unrepeatable, unexampled character of Christ's *person*. The unbelieving critic tacitly admits this fact, since he spends an arduous lifetime trying to explain it away—a compliment he pays to no other founder of religion in history. Christ's person—we are not speaking of His works—is a problem for all. It must be explained or reasoned away, either process implying that we are here in the presence of a type of manhood out of the ordinary and not in consonance with rule. This uniqueness of Christ's person is as much a fact to-day in the twentieth century as it was to the peasant folk of Galilee in the first. We can no more now than then raise ourselves to His level or lower Him to ours. Humanitarian theories all break down in their attempts to explain Him. Say that He is the sinless One, the Son of God morally, and you have not advanced a solution. For sinlessness is no common thing, and He Who had it must have been more than man, on this ground alone. Declare Him the dupe of a fanciful consciousness, and you have nothing on which to base the charge. His mind is clear and unhesitating from the beginning—no one can point to any crises, any distinct moments of development in His mental life, and those who do are themselves the dupes of fancy, mistaking for an actual inward growth of consciousness what they cannot prove to have been anything more than a prudent, gradual manner of outward self-manifestation. Figure Him to yourself as sharing the views of His contemporaries on the authorship of certain psalms, on the proximity of the world's end, or on whatever else you will, and you forget that you have no means to any inner knowledge of His mind in itself. You can reconstruct Christ's mind from its outer manifestations, you cannot approach it from the inside with any of your vulgar, common theories of psychology. And this not only because His character is unique, but for an additional and decisive reason. Between you and Christ the person, Christ the teacher stands; and, surely, one would not argue from the prudently chosen limitations of a teaching method to a corresponding limitation in the personal knowledge of the teacher—the critic should know enough of pedagogy for that. And should you, on your leveling process bent, essay to prove Christ more human than ever was man before or since, you would not in the least, when you were through, thereby have made Him out to be less divine. The very superabundance of His humanity would itself disprove your thesis of His non-divinity and leave you with a surplusage of fact for which you have no explana-



tion to give. Alpha and Omega is He verily, and none have proved Him such more unwittingly than His enemies.

But, the reader will say, you promised to tell me what dogma is, historically, and here you are discoursing on the uniqueness of Christ's person—what, pray, has that to do with the subject in hand? Everything! It is the meaning of dogma when approached from the side of history and with no preconceived theories in mind. Dogma is the apprehension and assertion of the uniqueness of Christ Jesus in history—the Divinity of His Person, the Divine authority of His teaching, the necessity of living the life He came to impart and preach. It is the clear apprehension of this great fact in ever-growing distinctness,<sup>1</sup> the clear assertion of it against the years that have been and are yet to be. Christ brought two things into the world—a new thought and a new life. The thought was essential to the preservation of the life, and that is why Christianity was a dogmatic religion from the beginning. Wherever the thought perished, the life went out with it. Men cannot live true to a special type without knowing what that type is and conforming to its standard.

Have you doubts upon the matter? Look at all the movements now so busily afoot to identify Christianity outright with life in the social, industrial, and economic sense. Listen to socialist and sciolist proclaiming the Church a failure—and why? Because, forsooth, she concerned herself primarily, as did her Founder, not with the problem of living, but with the problem of life. The ignorance of such men as these is the best proof one could wish of the necessity of dogma. They do not know what *life* in the Christian sense means. Christianity is primarily neither a social, nor an economic, but a religious movement, capable of affecting these other two profoundly, as the leaven leaveneth the whole mass, without losing its identity in the process. To identify it with life in general is to destroy its individual character, to take out of the soul that special spiritual life which Christ taught and brought, which dogma is meant to foster, which the workaday world can enjoy, and be of God, as it feeds the whirring looms. That lone New Zealander who is destined to sit on a broken pier of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, will have a smile to himself at the expense of the twentieth century which tried to socialize Christianity instead of Christianizing society—the greatest cross-purpose in history, with its commentary not yet fully

<sup>1</sup>*Foi et Systèmes.* Par Bernard Allo, O.P., pp. 223 ff.

written in blood on the plains of Europe. Make religion serve life, was the cry. What life? Alas! when the fiat went forth, few stopped to ask themselves that question. They are asking it now and well they may. Christ answered it when He said nothing about art, industry, or civilization in His preaching. These were to be, not the leaven that leaveneth, but the mass that stood in the need of leavening. *Vicisti, O Galilae!*

Some distance further back we had occasion to say that dogma is not a theory, but the immediate apprehension and assertion of a fact, and this fact none other than the unique and glorious one, that Christ the Son of Man is in very truth the Son of God. Christ taught this conception of His nature to the Apostles and disciples—it was no surmise, no philosophical speculation of theirs. He taught it to them, not in formal propositions, but by the more efficacious method of inviting them, through word and deed, to recognize and state it personally themselves. The idea of His divinity was a direct empirical concept gathered from the lips of Him Who spoke and wrought as no man spoke or wrought before; Who alone of all the founders of religion in history made Himself the object of the religion which He founded, claiming complete reciprocity of knowledge with the Father, and the indefeasible right to the obedience and worship of all mankind. Out of this primary apprehension, this empirical intuition, this objective experience of His person, sprang the dogmas of the Christian religion, every one. They are as a living rosary, each bead commemorative of Him Who hung upon the rood—the voluntary victim of self-sacrifice. It is a matter of history, plain for all *willing* folk to see, that the Christian philosophizing of later centuries developed out of the particular fact of the person of Jesus and came from no other source. The earliest faithful had as clear, though not as distinct, a knowledge of this fact as later ages had, when the problem of the one person and the two natures, precontained in it from the beginning, became explicit and was grasped in its full detail.

Nor was the fact taken out of the field of experience, and thrown up into the lofts of the intellect, when translated into other tongues. Any man, sincerely so desiring, may see for himself that the neo-converts were all referred to the empirical intuitions of the faithful in Palestine, and not to any of the technical concepts of Greek philosophy. One might as appositely argue, hearing a fellow-being employ the terms “nature” or “person,” that he must have recently been dabbling in Plato, as claim that these terms

were used in any but a popular, ordinary, untechnical sense in the New Testament, among the first faithful. The terms are understood of all men directly upon their utterance. One could as readily understand them then as now, without being made a philosopher overnight for the purpose. Their intellectual equivalents existed in all the languages of the world, and the Christian fact lost none of its experiential character when translated into foreign tongues. Had not modern philosophers forgotten these spontaneous concepts and remembered only the technical ones that follow, they never would have sent the faithful to the philosophers for a knowledge of their meaning.

Of course, if you are so minded and so willed, you can take the empirical intuitions, the direct experiences of the Palestinian faithful, who saw and heard the Lord, nor perhaps knew Him fully till the Pentecostal fires—you can take all this and build around it the modern fences of academic doubt and theory. You can say that human knowledge has no objective validity, that it is confined to brain-events and never reaches reality, that it offers a convenient set of symbols of the unknown, and that nothing corresponds to the subjective impressions which it creates within us. But this is not history—not history now, not history then. It has always been an ineradicable conviction of mankind that knowledge is real, that the objects about which it is spontaneously concerned exist. Modern philosophers omit this spontaneous conviction, setting up reflective doubt in its stead, which is the same as saying that they abandon history for theory, and choose to write philosophy privately, with their own photograph for the frontispiece. We much prefer to believe the mind working spontaneously in *all* than forcedly and temperamentally in a *few*. And there are signs that philosophy itself is beginning to take this view, in an endeavor to rescue human thought from its smothering mass of overlaid sophistication.

One thought should stand out clearly as the result of our journeyings thus far with the critics of dogma, and that thought is this: Dogma sprang from a particular fact—the *spontaneous*, empirical apprehension of Christ's divinity; it did not spring from *technical* ideas preëxisting in the Greco-Roman world. The only way the uniqueness, the singularity, the distinctness of this fact can with any show of reason be broken down is to abandon the *particular* method of studying history and to substitute therefor a method that is *speculative and general*. This is the expedient to which critics

have recourse. They imagine—note the word—a sort of general consciousness in which a mystic notion of the Divine is everywhere afloat. Christ is merely this general consciousness at its highest tide. He is the vehicle through which a universal idea, or set of such, existing before Him, found a more commensurate expression. He is the product of “the growing consciousness of mankind at large, in which the Divine Nature has always been manifesting itself from less to greater fullness.” In this way, Christ is made to appear as an episode, a passing incident in the life-history of the race, and ceases to be regarded as the initiator of a new development.

The votaries of this method have ransacked Alexandria, Greece, and India for the general idea or tendency of which Christ is to be made the culminating exhibition and ensample. They see resemblances between the Sermon on the Mount and some broken line of Eastern poesy, and forthwith all differences disappear, a connection is imaginatively established, and the particular person of Christ becomes merely the illustration of a general tendency working itself out variously everywhere. It is as if a man, finding resemblances between the democracy established at Athens by Pericles in the fifth century before Christ and that proclaimed at Philadelphia twenty-five hundred years later, should declare the latter of Greek origin. Hawthorne speaks somewhere of Mr. Smooth-it-Away whose business it is to draw your attention to the general when the point happens to be about the particular. The gentleman mentioned must have since joined the ranks and profession of the historical critics, for there is much evidence of his migratory musings in recent literature. Will not some one promote a healthy reaction from this leveling spirit, by laying down the canon that henceforth all comparison, to be worthy the name of such, must be integral, not partial, and historically prove the derivation of Christian ideas from pagan, instead of complacently assuming the fact and supposing the connection? Will not some gallant volunteer come forward and offer to compare our *total* concept of Christ with that of any other total concept we can find; this Christian doctrine or that, as a whole, with that pagan doctrine or this, likewise completely viewed?

Were this integral comparative method followed—and it is the only one that can claim to be truly scientific or just—there would be no possibility of obscuring the fact that the particular Christian philosophy concerning the nature and person of Christ grew out of a particular historical person and nature; and that

if resemblances are to be found between this philosophy and others, they are resemblances in results, not in the point of starting, and do not in the least indicate that the things resembling are dependent or had a common origin. The fallacy of arguing from similarity to identity and historical dependence is a discredit to scientific scholarship, representing, as it does, a most arrogant attempt to settle an historical question by a principle of logic that does not hold good even logically, and has nothing to commend it to the historian, unless he be of the new variety and believe that the proper way to write history is to ignore everything in particular and assert anything in general. The reader must be familiar with the method—it fills the pages of nearly every book on which one chances to lay a hand. The consciousness of the divine here, the consciousness of the divine there—no matter what the *differences* were in the respective instances—and lo! Christ is explained as the fullness of this mysterious rising tide.

All this skilled evasiveness is cruelly beside the point—misses it by a world's length, and leads one to think none too highly of the perversity that takes hold of the human spirit and bids it try to flank the truth in an effort to dislodge it from its commanding position and significance. Professor Wenley puts the case so well, we shall quote him and pass on to the other things awaiting. "Christianity does not start from an analytic of self-consciousness as revealed in man, but from a certain historical fact—the Person of Christ. It embodies, not merely a philosophic scheme dealing with rationality, but rather a kind of spiritual presence never before exemplified and never repeated since. Its marvel does not lie so much in the whole evolution of which it is a part, as in the circumstances that it put an end to one developing series and initiated another which still goes on."

It should occasion no surprise to the historically-minded that the first, empirical, factual, directly gathered knowledge of Christ the Son of God should grow. That is a law of psychology and history, nor is the course of revelation an exception to the rule. The Old Testament exhibits a gradual revelation. Christ manifested His own divinity progressively, not in a flash. "There are many things," He said, "which you cannot bear now." Nor should we expect that this law of growth should have wholly ceased when the canon of revelation closed with the death of the last Apostle. Revelation is no substitute for thought, but the greatest and noblest spur to thinking the human mind has ever had in history.

But dogmas being concepts, as we have said, and these concepts containing much implicit knowledge that needed articulation, it was impossible that they should have remained in their undeveloped original state for good and all. A development of the faithful in the faith, not a development of the faith in the faithful, was bound to come, as he of Lerins saw, and as the great Abbot of Bec once said. The Catholic theory of this dogmatic progress is the relative theory—a progress, that is, in ever-growing distinctness, and from an implicit to an explicit stage. And so we find the great dogmatic synthesis of the fourth century, not invented, but discovered, when the Fathers, Eastern and Western, beholding the problem of the one person and the two natures—which was implicit in the original empirical intuition of Christ's divinity, enjoyed by the first faithful—strove to bring it out distinctly and to express it in rational terms. "Philip, he who seeth Me, seeth also My Father that sent Me." Here from the lips of the Master Himself we have both the empirical intuition and the hidden further knowledge which it contained.

The modern historian of dogma is too slipshod and unthrifty in his methods to see that this dogmatic synthesis is actually contained in the original empirical concept of Christ's divinity. He thinks it a reasoned conclusion, foreign to the Gospel facts. Again is he guilty of an omission not to his credit as a scholar. The history of Christian doctrine exhibits three things which should always be distinguished by the historian, and seldom, if ever, are: attestations, explicitations, explanations. The first are statements of fact—attested, as distinct from, *explained* truths. It is these attested, unexplained truths which the Catholic has chiefly in mind when he speaks of the permanence of tradition, the unchanging character of dogma. Tradition is the bearing of witness to the facts of faith, it consists of truths attested, not of truths exposed, explained, or theorized about. Any man who takes the trouble may see this "continuous chain of doctrinal attestations,"<sup>2</sup> all through Christian history. Yet the modern historian does not see them at all, or if he does, he closes his eyes to their recognition! *Explanation* is the meaning tradition has for him, and as he finds that explanation varies, he triumphantly proclaims that tradition is nothing more than a seething mass of variant opinion. Having not the remotest idea that tradition is testification—living, continuous, uninterrupted—and not explanation at all, his wrong conception enables him to

<sup>2</sup>*La Vie du Dogme Catholique.* Par De la Barre, S.J., p. 110.

contrast the simple narrative of the Scriptures with the language of the Fathers, and so we have our Harnacks, our Tyrrells and our Loisy's declaring the Christian tradition a corrupt and muddled medley of Greco-Roman philosophical theories! What dolts we mortals be, not knowing, some of us, at any rate, that Scripture and tradition are witnesses to the faith that has been handed down, and not philosophical or theological attempts at its explanation; sources, not theories; wells, not structures; permanent records of the great primitive intuition, not the differing shades of your opinion and of mine! What a pity that the idea with which most modern liberalist writers approach the study of Christian tradition should be the dead one of document and book—a relic of the Reformation!—instead of the living one of a great teaching and believing community, always reaffirming the Gospel fact, always growing in more and more explicit knowledge of it, always theorizing about it variously, yet never failing to keep these several things distinct.

One point remains, and that is to show the reader how the “critical historian” rewrites Christian history nowadays for the edification of the commons and the spread of the newer lights. He begins with a huge assumption, parenthetically remarking to the reader that the empirical intuition of the first faithful was a purely sensible and emotional experience, without an intellectual concept of any kind accompanying it; a supposition the falsity of which has already been demonstrated in these pages when care was taken to show that a spontaneous concept always accompanies our sense-experience and is inseparable from it. The false assumption employed—namely, that *experiencing* is possible without *thought*—perverts the whole nature of Christian history and enables the critic to charge Christianity with a corruption of doctrine, of which not it, but he, is guilty. A religion purely emotional could have had no dogmatic development; its “pure feeling” could never rightfully have been translated into ideas; its attempt to rationalize itself would have constituted the most corrupting influence imaginable. The critic will not fail to remind you of this every few pages—it is the only way he can ring his hands or tear his hair in print. What he will not remind you of, what, perhaps, he does not fully realize himself, is the fact that he is trying to Protestantize Christian history, to make the sixteenth century contemporaneous with the first, by means of an assumption that has nothing but prejudice to commend it either in religion, philosophy, or psychology. It

is very naïve to take the Lutheran conception of faith as sound theology and accurate history. The only thing really new about this naïve assumption is a metaphor—the metaphor of the “germ.” With what unfeigned delight and unhistorical imagination will the “critical historian” portray Christianity for you as a germ that picked up everything good, bad, and indifferent in its course through the ages, until he, his righteous indignation roused, stood forth and bade his fellowmen separate the cockle from the wheat—the wheat being that and that only—of course—which a sentimentalist, a Protestant theory of knowledge will suffer to remain; the cockle all that is over and above.

Such men read history, as Wendell Phillips once said, not with their eyes but with their prejudices. The point of points escapes them. They fail to observe that Christian dogma, Christian knowledge, has never grown in its *source*; has *never* there become the subject of biological development, but only of that other development—let us call it logical—which means no more than the apprehension, in ever-increasing distinctness and detail, of that richest, most precious, most unique of all the facts of history: “The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.” The only historical event of which it may, with truth, be said, in the words of Napoleon Bonaparte, that it is always contemporaneous and never past. Dogma, therefore, no more takes Christ out of experience than does a child take his father out of experience when he tries to make him recognizable to others, by expressing his characteristic traits. The child details his rich, concrete, unanalyzed intuition of his parent, as the Christian, for the same reason, details the wondrous intuition of the first faithful. It is a fact of experience in both cases, a philosophical theory in neither. And, assuredly, He Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, never meant that the third of these three titles should be taken, and the other two left; that the intellect should never distinctly know Him, or that the heart of the sentimentally-inclined should have the monopoly of His worship.

Who, then, think you, hath corrupted His religion? She that has kept this triple cord unbroken, or they that would retain of it but a single strand? And what idea shall we form of the competence of her critics—men who have got dogma grossly confounded with theology, simple apprehension with learned erudition, and are engaged in the ignoble work of peddling out to the multitude their own unscholarly confusion of mind, as a great modern “historical” discovery!



## THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

### THE CAVE MAN.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



THE second part of Professor Osborn's book, of which we have promised to speak,<sup>1</sup> makes it clear even to the casual reader that the generally accepted notions with regard to the cave man will have to be abandoned. Hereafter he must be looked upon as a brother man very like ourselves, even though he did not build houses with a true sense of beauty and real artistic ability. We had, it is true, created a whole body of imaginary ideas concerning this supposedly oldest ancestor of the race. Our imagination pictured him a step higher than the beast; occupied entirely with the question of providing food for his family and defending himself against the equally savage men around him, possessed of but little power of speech and intelligence. Such was the cave man of tradition.

Now, as one of my earlier teachers, Professor Cope, used to say, the fine spun theories of men with regard to nature and her ways often prove entirely false when the facts are known. Nature has a number of surprises for the closet philosopher. The only way to arrive at truth in natural science is to find what actually is, and not what theory alone would say must be. The cave man, according to theory, has been pictured as little higher than the beast; now sixty or seventy years of careful investigation of his cave dwellings and what they contain, show us that he was an artist with marvelous powers of observation, and a still more marvelous power of reproducing his artistic vision. Though his cave dwellings were dark, he used artificial light to illumine them; endeavored to make everything about him beautiful, and displayed his artistic taste in his weapons and the implements and utensils of everyday life. He decorated the walls of his cave home. The revelation of his artistic ability has been a distinct shock to the modern world. To its great astonishment, the cave man proves himself to have been far above the average of mankind at any period in the world's history in his artistic interests. Professor

<sup>1</sup>See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for May, page 207.

Osborn's book is filled with illustrations which prove very plainly what we are saying. The art of the cave man may be divided into two classes. The first deals with movable objects and the second with parietal decorations. The world is indebted to the Abbé Breuil, more than to any other man, for its knowledge of the development of this art. For many years he has been the leader in publishing articles in the French journals of anthropology and archæology. To him particularly we owe the proof that the artistic decoration of movable objects, weapons, instruments, etc., is identical with the parietal art of the caves, the work, in other words, of the same artistic race. "This art, however" (to quote Professor Osborn) "becomes a new means, not only of interpreting the psychology of the race, but of establishing the prehistoric chronology."

With the cave man the art of engraving rose to a very high level, and his drawing was particularly admirable. Three of its qualities are particularly worthy of note. First, the revelation of a very close observation of the animal form; second, the realistic effect produced by very few lines; third, the well expressed suggestion of movement and activity. To estimate chiefly the art of the cave man, it is necessary for us to compare his work not with that of children, nor with the crude productions of primitive painters, but with the leaders of our modern artists, and in the comparison the cave man's art does not suffer, but puts our own modern art to the test. This is a strong expression to use, but we feel it is justified by the number of engravings on small objects reproduced in Professor Osborn's book. Among them is, for instance, an impressionistic design of a herd of reindeer engraved on the radius—one of the most important bones of the eagle's wing. This illustrates excellently with what few lines the paleolithic artist could suggest a number of animals. On reindeer horn there is an engraving of deer crossing a stream, which in turn is full of fishes. On a small piece of stone, three by four inches, the cave artist has pictured a herd of horses in perspective. The rude stone lamps, used by the cave man, were ornamented by engravings of the heads and horns of the ibex and other animals. On a piece of ivory tusk a charging mammoth is pictured, and is one of the most life-like representations of an animal in action that has ever been done in such few lines. The cave man's art in its paucity of lines, the real test for every artist, scores a veritable triumph. It seems to point to the fact that instead of

being the beginning of a series of artists, he was the terminal factor in a great art era.

The parietal art, however, of the cave man has attracted, and deservedly so, most attention in recent years. The caves in which these early ancestors lived were usually deep and dark. The wall and ceiling decorations are, as a rule, found at a considerable distance from the entrance. Many men must have been occupied in making these drawings and paintings. These artists have pictured the horse, the rhinoceros, the mammoth, the reindeer, the bison, the stag, the ibex, the lion and the wolf. If we had no other record of these animals, except those which are to be found on the walls of these caves, we would still be able to arrive at a very good idea of their appearance and mode of action.

These mural or parietal paintings were discovered in a curious way. The Spanish archæologist, Sautolo, was one day searching the floor of a cave in Altamira for small objects of art, accompanied by his little daughter. The girl looking upward suddenly discovered the paintings on the ceiling, and asked her father to raise his lamp in order that he might see them clearly. This was in the year 1897. It was not until nearly fifteen years later that scientists realized that practically all these cave dwellings contained interesting and significant examples of mural decorations. Since 1895, research has been concentrated on this department of archæology, and it has come to be considered as probably the most important in the prehistoric story of man. The different phases of the history of this mural decorative art have been traced; its development from crude beginnings to a marvelous climax has been worked out by archæological investigators, and the whole surprising story is indeed a reasonably clear and well-connected one.

The story shows that the first drawings were mere outlines made with a sharpened flint on the limestone walls. Later a black pigment was used to emphasize these outlines, and still later colors were employed with pleasing effect. The Abbé Breuil has shown that even when colors were used, a carefully worked out engraving usually underlies the work. The chief point of interest in the earliest drawings is that while the greater part of the engravings are done in simple incised lines, the contour is here and there enforced by a line of red or black paint. The drawings, of course, are not of equal merit. Sometimes the proportions are very bad; sometimes the drawing, itself, is poorly done and

amateurish, but very often the reproduction of the figure that the artist had in mind is excellent. Modern artists of unquestionable ability who have studied these drawings, have not hesitated to say that they doubt whether there is an animal painter alive to-day who could do better work.

Fortunately, when the cave man improved and became a painter he painted in oil colors; the coloring materials he used were principally the oxides of iron and manganese which are insoluble in water. The minerals were kept carefully pulverized in a sort of mortar—some of these with traces of the colors still in them have been found—and after having been reduced to fine consistent powder, the minerals were mixed with grease or some similar medium and then applied with a brush. The brush was made from the bristles of the animals that the cave man hunted, and the best proof of how well they were made is to be found in the excellences of his paintings.

Not only did the cave man know how to paint an animal in motion, but he knew how to execute that much more difficult task of presenting an animal for the moment at rest, yet with every muscle tense and ready for action. Pictures of reindeer and of horses, where action for the moment is suppressed, are not uncommon. It is wonderful how well these artists of olden time have illustrated this difficult position. But suppression of emotion is for the dramatic artist one of the most difficult tasks; it is equally difficult for the artist in colors; yet this climax of artistic power has been successfully attained by the first group of artists of whom history speaks. It is facts of this kind that bring home to us the striking contrast between the savage cave man of imagination, theory and tradition, and the artistic cave man of reality and archæological history. Professor Osborn has reproduced in his book the picture of the bison at bay, probably the best known of all the works of the cave man. This famous picture is on the ceiling of the cavern at Altamira in Spain, and represents the final stage of polychrome art, in which four shades of color are used. A glance at this picture is sufficient to show that it is a work of art in the best sense of the word. The artist has reproduced the bison at bay with marvelous fidelity, and with just sufficient attention to detail to make the onlooker feel that here is a picture of a living, breathing animal. Its color sense, as well as its drawing, proves that the artist was one who would be recognized as a genius at any period in the history of art. Very

often the paleolithic artist took advantage of irregularities in the contours of the walls of the cave in order to give the impression of low or even high relief in his animal pictures. Sometimes, indeed, the engraved lines followed by the application of the black painted line in connection with bosses on the walls ingeniously used, has the effect of bringing out the body in the surrounding rock so as to give the silhouette a rather high relief. Professor Osborn remarks that "in the drawings of the large on these curved wall surfaces, only part of which could be seen by the eye at one time, the difficulties of maintaining the proportions were extreme, and one is ever impressed by the boldness and confidence with which the long sweeping strokes of the flint were made; for one rarely, if ever, sees any evidences of correcting outline." The cave artist had to work with bold assurance, for mistakes would have been registered imperishably on the hard rock. To see how skillfully the artist used the irregular contours of the walls, we may cite one instance where a series of projecting bosses was chosen for representing the bison lying down. "By representing the animal with the limbs drawn up in different positions beneath the body, and with the tail or horns alone projecting beyond the convexity of the walls on the surrounding plain surface, pictures wonderfully true to life were made, yet each different and each exhibiting to a high degree the artist's power of adaptation of his subject to his medium and to the character of the surface on which he was working. The soles of the hoofs even are reproduced with wonderful fidelity of observation, and yet represented by a few strong and significant lines. In this wonderful group there is also a bison bellowing, with his back arched, his limbs drawn under him as if to expel the air." (Osborn.)

The Abbé Breuil has called attention to the delicacy of the wall engraving in many of the caverns, and to the marvelous power of the artist to delineate with very few lines the most minute differential characteristics of various animals. Professor Osborn, himself a zoölogist and long accustomed to note the minutest difference, says of some of the pictures: "Only a life-long observer of the fine points which distinguish the different prehistoric breeds of the horse could appreciate the extraordinary skill with which the spirited, aristocratic lines of the Celtic horse are executed on the one hand, and on the other the plebeian and heavy outlines of the steppe horse. In the best examples of Magdalenian (that is, the later period of the cave man's times) engraving, both parietal

and on bone or ivory, one can almost immediately detect the specific type of horse which the artist had before him or in mind, also the season of the year, as indicated by the representation of a summer or winter coat of hair." The realism of these paintings and engravings is their most interesting quality. Ruskin said that perhaps the most difficult thing in the world is, after seeing a thing, to tell of it or to paint it simply as one has seen it. Now, this is exactly what the cave man was able to do. Yet probably the last people in the world to which one would have looked for an illustration of Ruskin's maxim would have been these cave men, the oldest ancestors of man in Europe whose history dates back some twenty-five thousand years.

Woman as well as man occupies her place in this highly developed art of the cave man. In that art, however, she does not take the form in which modern art most often paints her. The cave man pictured woman in her maturer years, and she is found more often in sculpture than in painting. The one striking characteristic of the cave woman in art is her corpulence. Almost always the woman is presented in association with children or very frankly as pregnant. It is noteworthy that none of the male figures in drawings or sculpture are corpulent. Perhaps the difference is owing to the fact that women lived inactive lives within the narrow confines of their caves, while the men were on active duty day after day following the hunt.

Very early in the history of paleolithic art, plastic art or sculpture, in high and low relief and in the complete figure, made its appearance. Indeed, the Abbé Breuil is inclined to think that sculpture was the earliest manifestation of the art impulse of the cave man. Usually the figures are of animals, but sometimes they are of human beings. Small, human figures appear in the form of statuettes in bone or ivory. The human faces, however, are seldom portrayed with any delicacy or realistic quality. There are some exceptions, however, and one of these, the head of a girl carved in ivory, found at Brassempouy is most interesting because so unique. Some of the sculptured heads of animals are excellently done, and are in striking contrast with the unfinished representations of the human head.

Modeling in clay of the whole figure of an animal is not at all uncommon, and some of the sculptures are eminently artistic. In a cave that was opened during the summer of 1914, two life-like models in clay of bison, male and female, were discovered.

These models are about two feet long. Some of the models of horses, for example, are almost life size. One of a series of horses of the high-bred Celtic type, sculptured in high relief on the wall of the cliff shelter known as Cap Blanc, is about seven feet in length.

The geographical distribution of this art is wide, as the Abbé Breuil and Obermaier show. Most of the cliff dwellings are found on either side of an almost straight line drawn from about the middle part of Spain along and over the Pyrenees. They are found in North Spain in the Asturias and in South France, especially along the western coast of the Gulf of Lyons, though always some distance inland. A number of the caves have been found as far north as what is known as the Dordogne, somewhat north and east of Bordeaux, and even still farther north at Teyjat. In Spain the art has been found as far South as San Garcia.

Definite progress can be noted in the history of the arts and crafts among these men of the stone age, though the steady rise of the spirit of man, as Professor Osborn remarks, cannot be traced continuously in a single race, because the races were changing; then, as now, one race replaced another, or two races dwelt side by side. The rise and fall of cultures and of industries, at this very day the outstanding feature of the history of Western Europe, was fully typified in the history of the men of the Old Stone Age. We are sometimes surprised to learn how men of one age reach achievements the meaning of which is for a time lost; how inventions and discoveries have to be made over and over again. It is a shock to realize that just as men reached a high watermark in human development, some element of dissolution, of disintegration, of deterioration, of degeneration or whatever it may be called, enters in and descent begins. No story of continuous human progress is true to facts; it is rather a tale of cycles with ups and downs. Some may imagine that the high points of the curve are each higher in succession, but there is no certain evidence for this. Indeed, many successive ascents of the curve are distinctly lower than preceding ones.

It is extremely interesting to realize then that this same phenomenon of history showed itself in the time of the cave man. The Abbé Breuil has emphasized the fact that toward the close of Magdalenian times, that is the era at the end of the Old Stone Age, there were significant industrial changes making for convenience and the facility of performance of many actions, but

accompanying these was a rapid decline, one might almost say a sudden disappearance, of the artistic spirit. Schematic and conventional designs begin to take the place of the free realistic art of the middle Magdalenian. Professor Osborn remarks: "Thus the decline of Cro-Magnons as a powerful race may have been due partly to environmental causes and the abandonment of their vigorous nomadic mode of life, or it may be that they had reached the end of a long cycle of psychic development, which we have traced from the beginning of Aurignacian times. We know that as a parallel in the history of many civilized races a period of great artistic and industrial development may be followed by a period of stagnation and decline without any apparent environmental causes."

In the face of all the evidence we have brought forth, the long cherished notion of the cave man as one little higher than the brute must be replaced by the recognition of him as an artist of intelligence and rare ability.

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### SONNET TO A BOY.

BY JOHN BUNKER.

THOU frank, brave eye which on the world doth stare  
With high observance and bold unconcern,  
Lord of the hour, king without a care,  
Monarch in trust for whom the great stars burn:  
When traitorous Time, proud rebel to command,  
Shall shake thy throne with treason, disavow  
His past allegiance, and with hasty hand  
Pluck the bright circlet from thy 'customed brow;  
When all thy golden trappings of Romance  
Shall pass away as if they had not been,  
And thou a bond-slave to strict circumstance  
Shalt noteless walk 'mid crowds of servile men;  
Oh, then remember this—tho' in disguise,  
A king is e'er a king in Heaven's eyes!



## THE PULSE OF THE SEA.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



WAY out on the wild sea, near where the Gulf of St. Lawrence merges into the Atlantic Ocean, and fifty miles from any part of the mainland, is a lonely island, the great Bird Rock. The massive pinnacle of granite rises so precipitously from the waves that its summit can be reached only by raising with a derrick the rowboat in which passage from the shore is made, a mode of ascent both difficult and dangerous in rough weather. A lighthouse crowns the giant dome of stone.

To this strange home, one summer day, David Cullom, the newly-appointed keeper of the Light, brought his young wife, Margaret. They had been married four years, during which time he had tended a beacon situated on a point of land jutting out from a beach to which strangers thronged in the pleasant season. There, every day from June to September, Margaret had been kept busy making welcome, in her simple way, the sojourners at the hotels who climbed the bluff to see the lamps in the lighthouse tower. The summer before these casual guests had taken notice of the keeper's young daughter, who was just beginning to walk.

"The pretty baby will grow to be a handsome woman," the ladies said. "She has her father's fair complexion and her mother's fine eyes." But the engaging child was destined never to wear even the gentle graces of early girlhood. The little spirit had come and was gone again, like the white-hearted sea-gull that appears for a moment on the crest of a wave and then soars toward the clouds.

When the time came to set out the geraniums in front of the lighthouse door once more, Margaret broke down, as she recalled the baby's delight in the scarlet blossoms that had flourished there all the previous summer.

"David, take me away from here," she sobbed. "The ladies will come; they will ask for the bairn, and how can I tell them she is gone? How can I abide their chatter? Take me away; I do not care to what lonely place; my best solace will be to be alone with the sea and with you, dear."

David's face brightened.

"If such is your wish, lass, it tallies with my own," he said.

"A while back the Government offered me charge of the Bird Rock Light. The post would be an advance in the service for me. Out there, it is true, the world seems made only of sea and sky; but if you can put up with the sole company of the one who loves you best, you will be the only helper I shall need on the island."

"Let us go," cried Margaret, wiping away her tears.

Thus it was they came to live on the Rock. To Margaret it was like an outpost of eternity. Like David she was descended from seafaring folk, and had been reared in a Scotch settlement on the Canadian coast. Like him, too, she had a trace of the sturdy Scotch in her disposition and, when under the stress of strong emotion or excitement, occasionally lapsed into colloquial phrases common to the older people of her native town.

She loved the sea even while she feared it. To her the great expanse of ocean was never monotonous. Its tide was like the throbbing of nature's mighty heart, the very pulse of life. She knew something of the myriad changes that pass over the face of the waters from dawn to sunset, knew them in the beauty of the moonlight, through the darkness of a starless night, and in the fury of the storm. Well had she chosen the sea to be her comforter. Out here at Bird Rock her health gradually became rugged as it had been before her sorrow; the solitude was quieting as the touch of a soothing hand, and her temperament absorbed a strength and brightness from the bracing air.

She never tired of watching the flights of birds, gannets, puffsins, and other sea fowl that made the lighthouse rock their home. The voices of the winds, and of the waves beating upon the reef, were to her ears like stirring music. With the arrival of autumn, however, the dreariness of the spot dismayed the young wife.

"After all, it was an ill choice to come here," she said to herself. "Why is it that only now I remember the stories told of this place? The first keeper of the Light grew wrong-headed from loneliness and brooding, they say, and the helper had to wrestle with the lunatic for his own life, before the ice broke up and the supply steamer came in the spring. Ugh! what a horror to be shut up with a madman on this bleak rock that is but a speck upon the broad ocean! The next keeper was killed by the explosion of a keg of gunpowder near the fog cannon. Will David and I ever get back safe to the world where other people live?"

On that particular day, at least, no one could have embarked for the shore, so many leagues distant, with any well-founded hope

of reaching it. The lowering clouds were lead-colored; the black sea tossed and surged, making ready to battle with the heavens. There was brewing the disturbance of nature which scientists now declare to be a myth, but which, nevertheless, makes its appearance regularly in the spring and autumn—the equinoctial gale. That night the storm broke. The rain fell in a dark flood; the wind lashed the waters until they roared like wild beasts, and beat against the base of the wall of granite as Lucifer and his fallen hosts might have beaten against the gates of Paradise after their condemnation to the abyss, while, like the powerful arm of the victorious archangel, the great Rock held steadily aloft its torch, a flashing sword of light, to protect any ships that might be near from the dangers of the reef.

David, with a stern, set face, tended the lamps. Every twenty minutes Margaret took his place as watcher, while from the battlements of the Rock he fired explosive signals of gun-cotton.

As the hours wore away scores of sea birds fluttering toward the light for shelter, beat their lives out against the gleaming windows of the tower. At first, Margaret felt a gentle pity when she heard one dash against the pane and, opening the window, she let the poor, dragged, feathered creature fly in. By and by, so many came that she grew callous to their fate, and bent all her energies in helping David. It was nearly morning when, through the roar of the storm, there came another sound, a dull boom from across the waters.

"It is the gun of a ship in sair distress," cried David, hastening down the stair and out upon the ledge.

Margaret followed in a tumult of anxiety and dread.

Now, through the darkness could be plainly seen the rockets sent up by the ship. The keeper, without loss of time, shot off the life line in the direction from which they rose and prepared to lower the lighthouse lifeboat.

"David, you will not be so foolhardy as to venture alone upon that raging sea," protested his wife, throwing her arms about him. "What can you, one man alone, do amid the wildness of this tempest?"

"Since there is no other man to go with me I *maun* go alone," he answered.

"Take care of the Light, lass, that will be your task. But keep a brave heart, I shall be back, never fear."

He kissed her, reluctantly detached her clinging arms, and took his place in the boat there on the ledge.

Margaret, seeing that he was not to be deterred, and ready to do her part, set the machinery of the derrick in motion, and he swung out over the edge of the rock. For a few moments the boat hung between sky and sea; then the keeper's wife, peering down as from among the clouds, saw it—in the path of the rays of light that streamed from the tower—tossing upon the terrible waters, and as much the toy of their relentless power as is the tangle of seaweed that, with the receding tide, is swept from the beach back into the deep.

Now the little craft disappeared. Had it been engulfed, or was it riding the maelstrom? Margaret could not tell. The flare of rockets no longer reddened the murky sky. Not even the faintest boom of a gun came to her above the noise of the wind. Summoning all her courage, she rushed back to the house, and busied herself in preparations for the reception of any half-drowned passenger or sailor, whom David, by the rarest possibility, might succeed in rescuing from the wreck. Then, going up into the tower, she knelt beneath the Light and prayed for her husband's safe return, and for the hapless people on the ship who, it might be, at that very moment were sinking into the depths of the ocean.

Her eyes turned to the circle of lamps in the lantern. Yes, everyone of them burned with its full brilliancy. Now she sounded the siren whistle, as David had told her to do, in order that it might give him his bearings, if he still lived. *If he still lived!* Was it only twenty minutes since he set out? So the clock said, but it seemed an eternity. Oh, happiness! Now there came a signal from the foot of the crag; the pulling of the rope that rang the fog bell.

"David!" exclaimed Margaret. "Oh, God be thanket! He has given David back to me from the very portal of death."

Hurrying out, she turned on the power of the derrick, and in a few minutes the keeper's boat rose from the darkness.

"God be thanket, David," she cried as she helped him to fasten the ropes.

Then he sprang out and she fell upon his breast. She was vaguely conscious that there was something in the bottom of the boat, but she ran into the house and came hastening back, carrying a bowl filled with a steaming, hot draught, which she held to his lips. He drank it eagerly. Until now he had seemed more like an apparition than a living man, and he could scarcely speak from weakness, after his terrible exertions in his attempt to aid the people on the doomed ship.

"If I had not been forced to work so hard, Meg, I would have

perished with the cold," he faltered at length. "I got only a very short distance from the Rock and many times I thought all was over with me. More than once the boat nearly overturned; but I held on and, at the next wave, she righted again. I have brought back two bits of flotsam from the wreck. Do not tremble so, my lass, but come and see."

Ah, his heroism had not been all in vain, he had rescued some poor creature from the ship.

"Yes, yes, dear," she replied, "I brought out blankets from the chests; there are heated stones ready on the hearth; hot water and a pot of coffee are on the fire and 'speerits' and hard tack on the table."

Following him, with a shrinking from what she might have to confront, yet eager to help, she looked into the dory and uttered a cry of compassion.

"Oh, David! David!"

There in the bottom of the boat was the lifeless form of a woman. But this was not all. Upon the young mother's breast lay a little child. And the child was alive; for it broke into a frightened wail, and clung closer to the quiet heart that never before had been unheeding of its baby cry.

"The braw wee man is old enough to talk, and he's been calling to his mammy to wake up," said David. "The two were bound together, as you see, when I found them floating in the water, and I left them so, for it was as much as I could do to drag them into the boat. When that was done, tho', I managed to cover them with the blankets that you had flung into the bottom of the dory, Meg."

As he spoke he cut the bands, that were like pieces of a sheet torn into strips, with which the mother had bound the child to her. With a rapture of maternal affection, Margaret stretched out her arms to receive the boy. Her impulse was arrested by an ejaculation from David as he bent over the motionless figure of the strange woman, whose features now, in the gleam of the great Light, he was able, for the first time, to see.

"My God, what marvelous things may happen!" he exclaimed. "This waif from the sea is—yes, I can na mistake, it is—it is—Jessie Munroe!"

As she heard the sob he tried to choke back, the heart of his wife froze within her.

What is more dismaying than the weakening of a usually self-contained and physically strong man when, unexpectedly, grief, like a rapier, wounds and disarms him! Margaret knew David had once

loved another woman, but never before had the knowledge troubled her. David's love was her own now, and she meant to keep it, she had laughingly said to the gossips who told her the story on her wedding day. Besides, strangely enough it seemed to her, the other woman had not returned his love. Jessie Munroe had married the master of a trading vessel, and sailed away with him out of David's life, apparently forever. Was the sea kind or cruel to-night when its waves swept this woman, of all others, from the deck of the sinking ship and cast her in the path of David's boat?

Margaret stood as if turned to stone. The child that lay on the woman's breast was trembling with cold, but otherwise, thanks to the protection of the blankets, appeared likely to survive the exposure. It was David who with tender, coaxing words unclasped the little arms from the mother's neck, brought the "wee man" into the house, gave him a hot drink, laid him on the bed in the inner room, and covered him with a "comfortable," knowing that exhaustion and the warmth of the place would quickly soothe the baby into the drowsiness that precedes sleep.

Margaret, who had followed her husband in a dazed way, now went out again to the boat with him.

"You will help me to save poor Jessie, won't you, Meg?" the big man said huskily. "There may be life in the poor body still. She could not have been long in the water. I"—he checked the words upon his lips but Margaret understood.

She knew that, had he finished the sentence, he would have said: "Once I hoped to bring pretty Jessie to my home as a happy bride, it cannot be that now, when she has come to claim its shelter, she is dead."

Margaret helped him, albeit half unwillingly, as he raised in his arms the object of his early love so singularly brought to his door, and carrying her into the kitchen laid her on a mattress which his wife had, in her preparations, spread upon the floor ready to receive whatever unfortunate victim of the sea David might succeed in bringing to the lighthouse.

"I hate this woman, helpless and insensible tho' she is," thought Margaret, the demon of jealousy lashing her emotions to fury as she looked down at the pallet and was forced to acknowledge to herself that even the terrible buffeting of the waters had not entirely destroyed the beauty of the stranger.

David's glance noted how the long brown hair that hung loose about the colorless face fell over the white neck and breast like a veil.

"An angel hand aye guards the modesty of the pure of heart," he said. Margaret made no reply.

Still believing the woman was not dead, he began his attempt at resuscitation, following the method employed at the coast guard stations in such emergencies, a method in which he was experienced and, in a number of cases, had achieved remarkable success.

At first Margaret stood by, hesitating and uncertain. Suppose with her assistance he should discover a spark of life in this rigid body, and should nurse it into a glow! What then? Was Jessie Munroe indeed all David thought her? Was she so true and noble that she would not stoop to destroy another woman's peace of mind, that woman being the wife of a man who had once loved Jessie herself, who evidently still loved her? David was a good man, but are not all men weak and easily allured, especially by the glamour of an early romance again unexpectedly flashed before them? Suppose she, Margaret, helped to save Jessie Monroe, might not the flame of life thus rekindled become a devastating fire that would lay waste her own and David's future? So whispered the tempter.

But it makes for character to live upon a shore whence men go down to the sea in ships, and then to spend four years in a lighthouse, where the watchword of each day is "duty," and nothing but the sea and the sky seem to lie between the soul and the hereafter.

"Am I so wicked as to desire the death of a fellow-creature?" Margaret asked herself, recoiling in horror from the thought. "No, no! Even tho' David loves this woman I maun fight for her life as tho' it were my own."

While David rolled the resistless form from side to side, and tried to bring back the suspended respiration, Margaret tirelessly chafed the clammy hands and feet, and packed hot blankets around the stiffened limbs. After a time her husband's efforts and her own activity appeared about to be rewarded. The woman was, indeed, not dead. Presently she began to show signs of returning animation. Encouraged, they worked on. At last the eyelids quivered and lifted. For one brief moment, from eyes that were tragically sad, a soul looked forth.

"Jessie," cried David joyfully, bending forward with the involuntary hope of fixing their gaze upon his own, "Jessie!"

To Margaret it seemed that, for an instant, the faintest shadow of a smile flitted over the pale lips. But David was conscious only of the long-drawn sigh that parted them. The eyes closed wearily again, and all was still.

For an hour longer the lighthouse keeper and his wife worked over the poor drowned creature. Then David said:

"It is of no use, Meg. Had Jessie been your sister you could not have done mair to save her. But her life went out with that sigh. Go and rest, lass. You canna do mair."

At this moment, from the inner room, came the sound of sobbing. The child, disturbed in his sleep, had begun to cry again, as though he suddenly knew he was motherless.

David went in and, returning with the boy, sat down beside the kitchen stove. Holding the little fellow close, the big man strove to soothe him with awkward gentleness, bowing his head over the tangled curls that were so like the beautiful hair of Jessie Munroe, who would nevermore awake to hush the baby cry or comfort the baby heart.

"The lights in the tower are still burning and it is long after dawn," Margaret said mechanically.

Even in her own ears her voice sounded harsh, but she made no attempt to soften it. Climbing the stairs, she paused for a moment beneath the blazing circle of flame, whose glare was now dimmed by the white light of morning. Then she slowly extinguished the lamps one by one and, having finished her task, stood in the great cage of glass and iron, looking out upon the sea. At the end of the reef the spars and rigging of a wreck were visible, and she called excitedly to David to come and see. The gale still rode upon the moaning waters, which struggled and tossed in white-crested waves, like the upraised arms of votaries casting themselves beneath the car of Juggernaut. But the clouds were lifting; on the eastern horizon there was a streak of yellow light.

"God be thanket, it is day, the waters will soon be calm again," said Margaret, as the keeper came up into the watchroom with the child still in his arms.

Almost as she spoke the sea shot up golden arrows to the sky and, thus heralded, like a king before whom rides a company of archers, anon the glorious disk of the sun appeared above the horizon.

There was naught for it but to give the beauty of Jessie Munroe back to the sea; for the sparse and shallow soil of the Rock could yield not even a grave.

"As for the boy," said David, "maybe we can keep him for our own. It maun have been James Munroe's good ship *Scotia* that went down yonder, and I doubt if he or Jessie have left any near kin."



But for the fact that the child was "Jessie Munroe's bairn," Margaret would have been glad to take him to her heart. She accepted the duty of caring for him and often, as the days passed, when the roguish urchin nestled in her clasp, confident that no one could resist his infantile caresses, she would suddenly press him closer with a warmth of mother-love. At other times she fought against the impulse.

"David sets too much store by him," she brooded. "Our bairn was a girl and my husband wished for a son. No, no! In this laddie David would always see the mother, and I would always see the woman my husband loved, still loves even in death. I dinna want to keep the boy. David maun send him away at the first chance."

She tended him well, nevertheless, for the little fellow grew sturdy and rosy among the keen salt breezes that blew around Bird Rock.

It was now the beginning of November, and the early winter of the North was already setting in. A part of David's duty as keeper of the Light was to cross to the mainland at certain times and report to the Government Station. He had made the trip shortly before the recent storm, and the regulations did not require him to go again until after the breaking up of the ice in the spring. A few days of Indian Summer, however, rendered Margaret restless.

"David, it is no more than right that you should go to the shore and telegraph or send a letter to James Munroe's town and kin, with the news that the bairn is alive," she urged. "It is but just to the laddie to send him back to his folk."

"Why fash yourself about the matter, lass?" he replied. "No one can come for the bairn at this season."

"Besides, there are some supplies missing from the last consignment, and you can bring them back with you," she persisted.

"Oh, if you need the supplies, I'll go to-morrow," he added somewhat curtly, for he felt that Meg was right about the child, inasmuch as the rescue of the laddie should be made known to his people.

"I would gladly rear James Munroe's boy as tho' he were my own son," the keeper said to himself. "But his kin ought to have him, if they want him. And, alack, who would not want such a braw wee man, with his bonnie laugh and ways, and his merry warm little heart. If he were, indeed, mine, I would not gie' him up to anybody."

The next day David made ready for an nearly start.

"You ken I canna get back to-night, Meg," he said, "but you ken too how to tend the Light as well as I can do it myself, and I'll be home again ere the morn's morn."

Margaret was radiant. David would bring back the missing supplies, which she really needed. He would send out the inquiries about the bairn's folk, which she had suggested. It was before the days of "wireless;" the Rock was shut off from the rest of the world save for a somewhat antiquated system of signals, but from the mainland he could send the messages she wished. By spring she would be rid of the child; she would no longer have to see her husband playing with the rollicking baby of whom he was daily growing fonder. How strange that he should grow so fond when the bairn was the child of his successful rival for the hand of Jessie Munroe, his early love. Margaret winced even now as David caught up the boy, tossed him in the air, held him in a paternal embrace, and then set him down again on the floor before the hearth.

"Well, good-bye, Meg," he said turning to her and folding her in his arms, "keep a brave heart, and God bless you, lass."

"God bless you, dear man," she replied, for such were always their parting words.

Suddenly she was seized with a strange dread, and her eyes became dim with tears.

"Oh, David," she cried, "dinna go, after all."

"Cheer up, I shall be back almost before you have time to miss me," he answered with a laugh.

She smiled again, seeing it was too late to dissuade him.

"I'll miss you from the moment you go, so make no delay in coming back," she said, walking with him to the boat.

He took his place in the dory and, presently, it swung out over the side of the Rock. For a few moments it was lost to view, but his voice came to her from below. The next minute the boat shot out upon the blue waters that now were so fair to see with the sunlight shining upon them, and the white-capped waves, like troops of naiads, merrily dancing in the breeze. Margaret caught the bright kerchief from her neck, and stood waving it until the dory was only a speck in the distance.

That day all went well. She rested during the sunlit hours. When the dusk began to fall she set aglow the lamps in the lantern and began her watch, for the keeper of the Light must be awake and vigilant during the long night. There had been fair promise that the good weather would continue at least a day or two longer,

but during the hours of darkness there came a sudden change; the barometer fell, by morning the temperature was lower, and the skies were heavy. In the afternoon the air was thick with snow-flakes, which soon shut out all view, except when now, and again, the rising wind caught and held back the white curtain of snow as with an angry hand, revealing a sea restless as a wild beast in leash, ominously waiting to be let loose upon its prey.

"I'm afeard David will na come to-day, laddie," Margaret said in disappointment. She had formed a habit of speaking aloud, half to herself, half to the child. If he did not understand, at least he was quick to catch her moods.

"Davy no come?" he repeated, echoing her sigh.

In spite of her resolution not to permit herself to love the toddling baby, Margaret caught him up and kissed him. The merry little chap threw back his head and laughed, then patted her comely face and pinched her rosy cheeks in the "sailor kiss" David had taught him. Her reserves, her changing humors gave him no concern. He had bestowed upon her his royal confidence, and it was not to be shaken. Instinctively he knew her better than she knew herself. Ah, if men did but remember how much in childhood they knew of a woman's heart, that Debatable Land might not be to them the mystery it is!

Margaret ran up to the watchroom and waited for a rift in the veil of snow, hoping to obtain a glimpse of a boat tossing upon the waters near the lighthouse, yet, the next moment, breathing a prayer of thankfulness because she saw none. For unless David had embarked early on his return voyage, he would have been in grave danger out in the storm. He did not come, and Margaret calmed her fears with the hope, that loath as he would be to leave her alone, he had remained at the Station, knowing she could care for the Light.

By night the blizzard was at its height. Margaret kept the fog bell ringing, sounded the siren whistle and polished the glass in the tower windows, so that not a gleam of the Light should be lost.

With the new dawn the skies cleared; by midday the sun shone again, the wind had died down, and the sea had become comparatively calm.

"Now, David will come," the courageous woman in the lighthouse said joyously to the child. What mattered now her toil, her loneliness, and the awful sense of responsibility that had so weighed upon her during these days when she had been, save for

the baby waif, alone on the Rock? Her trial was, she felt, nearly over.

"Now, David will come," she repeated.

And the laddie, clapping his hands, cried gleefully: "Davy! Davy!"

But that day and the next, and many to-morrows went by, and still there was no sign of David's boat upon the waters; still the keeper of the Light did not return to his post. The signal apparatus at the Rock had been destroyed by the gale. The few vessels Margaret sighted kept well away from the dangerous reef. One afternoon, in the hopelessness of her grief, she cast herself on the floor of the watchroom.

"David is dead. O God, let me die too!" she moaned.

Faint from anxiety and watching she must have lost consciousness, for she knew nothing more until the voice of the child floated up from the kitchen below:

"It's most dark! A most dark!"

The shrill treble whose appeal was also an involuntary reminder of a duty unperformed recalled Margaret to herself.

"The Light, I maun live to take care of the Light," she cried, as she set the lantern a gleam, "I must fulfill the trust my good man left me. If, in God's mercy, he is still alive, and his boat is somewhere upon the waters, the Light will tell him I am watching. It will remind him that above this ocean torch, God's Love still shines in the heavens, and beyond it. Whatever his fate, David canna drift."

A few hours later, like a symbol of that Love, the full moon rose from the waves. In its radiance Margaret fancied she perceived a sail afar off, but to her sorrow the shadow resolved itself into a silvery cloud.

The woman's transcendent heroism began with her heartbreak. Night after night she tended the Light. Day after day she put the great lamps in order. For the child's sake she regularly prepared the simple meals and, as time went on, she became anxious to keep herself rugged and strong, since thus only could she perform her duty to the unknown mariners who might depend for safety upon the gleam of Bird Rock Light.

"Time dragged its slow length away." At last the ledge was no longer surrounded by ice. Spring had come. To the laddie's delight seals lay around the base of the Rock; there the waters were green and opalescent; in the distance, where sails sometimes appeared, the ocean was blue and sparkling. One morning when,

with David's binoculars, Margaret's eyes swept the sea her heart gave a sudden bound.

"A ship!" she cried aloud. "A ship coming straight toward us!"

The child, catching the note of exultation in her voice, laughed in boisterous triumph.

The ship kept steadily on, parting the waves in a line of foam and making direct for the lighthouse. Now it could be seen with the unaided eye.

"It must be the Government supply boat," Margaret ejaculated, smiling and weeping. "Help is coming at last."

Her ordeal, her long vigils were nearly ended. When the boat came she had but to tell her story and be set free from this prison rock to which, like another Andromeda, she had for so long been chained. How she was to face the taking up of a new life without David she did not, for the nonce, consider. In a tumult of emotion, half-delirious joy, half-grief, she raised her flag as a signal that she had sighted the steamer.

"Laddie," she said, as she dressed the child in the best of the little clothes she had made for him, "we shall soon see other faces besides just yours and mine; we shall hear other voices, and perhaps they will give us news."

The boy responded to her excitement. He comprehended in his baby way that something unusual was about to happen. Margaret ran out onto the ledge. The steamer was now within hailing distance.

"Where is the keeper of the Light?" shouted the captain.

"I have kept the Light," she called back. "My husband, the keeper, went over to the Station last November. He maun have been drowned in the blizzard, for he never came back."

The captain uttered an exclamation indicative of emotion and sympathy. He remembered that only the year before, when he brought the keeper and his wife out to the Lighthouse, Margaret was young and comely. The woman he now saw, poised like a water witch upon the cliff, was wan, gray-haired and prematurely old.

A man, presumably a Government inspector, who stood beside the captain on the bridge of the steamer, enveloped in a mackintosh, pulled his cap further down over his eyes and made a gesture of impatience. Presently these two men put off from the ship in a small boat, and were rowed by sailors to the foot of the Rock.

In a few moments more the boat was raised by the derrick, and the official visitors stepped out upon the ledge. The captain pushed ahead.

"Margaret Cullom, you have kept the Light alone?" he exclaimed in admiration.

"Why, yes, wha else was there to do it?" she replied simply. "But I have had with me this bairn, a waif from the sea."

The man she had thought an inspector stepped forward, threw back the high coat collar that had concealed his features and, taking off his cap, turned toward her. As Margaret glanced at him her brain reeled.

"Am I daft or dreaming?" she ejaculated. "Oh, if it is a dream may I never awake! David! David!"

He gathered her into his arms and she sobbed upon his breast, asking no question. It was enough that he had been given back to her from the perils of the sea; that she was safe in his embrace when she had abandoned all hope of ever seeing him again; that to him and no other she was to relinquish the care of the Light.

He caressed and petted her with all the old tenderness, for which she had so often longed during her solitude, and in his protecting clasp she felt almost like a child, oh, so glad to lay down her burden, to be able again to rely upon his strength. It was many minutes before she could listen to or he could tell his story, but at last he made the attempt.

"Meg, dear lass, it is no dream but the blessed truth," said the voice she had thought never to hear again. "It is David. I am here, living and well. But it is I who have been daft for weeks and months, without memory of even my own name.

"To begin with the day, so long ago, when I set out from the Rock," he went on, while she gazed at him with wide, terrified eyes, still half-believing him a spirit returning from the Great Beyond. "When I reached the mainland I sent a telegram to James Munroe's town, as I promised you, lass, that I would do. Had I set out for home the next morning I might have reached the Rock ere the storm broke. But I lingered, hoping for a message that did not come. Meanwhile, the skies and the sea had become threatening; the men at the Station tried to dissuade me from embarking, and called me a fool when I persisted.

"Soon finding that I had been, indeed, foolhardy, I endeavored to get back to the shore. I was at the mercy of the waves. I lashed myself fast to the boat. After a short time I feared I was

freezing to death. Then, all at once, I did not feel the terrible cold anymore. But I could not keep awake. I thought of you and the laddie and commended myself to God. After that I seemed to die. But my time had not yet come. The next thing I knew I was walking on a quay in a tropical country with a man whom I dimly understood to be a ship's officer. I was unco' weak. What ailed me? What chance had thrown this stranger and me together? Turning to him I stammered:

"Tell me, sir, what is this place?"

"He gave me a quick glance and answered with a pleasant smile:

"It is the port of Algiers, North Africa. You came here in the ship *Stella* which brought a cargo of salt from Canada."

"How did I get aboard the *Stella*?" I went on, in a sair struggle to recollect.

"Oh, never mind about that now," he replied. "My name is John Makepeace; how are you called?"

"My name is," I began, and then stopped short. I had forgotten my name. A tide of agonizing pain swept over my soul.

"Never mind, old man," he said seeing my distress, and laying a kind hand upon my arm, "it will come back to you."

"That night, and for many nights thereafter, I watched the gleam of the beacon situated on a little island at the entrance to the harbor. And all the while many thoughts strove to right themselves in my dulled brain; for the light seemed as a star guiding me to some anchorage. Mr. Makepeace who, I learned, was the first mate of the *Stella*, seeing my interest in the lighthouse, took me over there one day. Then it was that memory came back to me. The cloud that had hung over me seemed lifted. I knew who I was. I remembered that, like the foreign-looking man in the Penon tower, I too had once been the keeper of a Light.

"After that your face rose before me, Meg, lass; other memories crowded upon me, and I wept like a bairn. Mr. Makepeace cheered me up, and said the *Stella* was soon to sail Westward again with a return cargo. On the voyage home he explained, as far as he could, what had happened to me. On that night of the blizzard my boat was picked up by the *Stella*. At first my rescuers thought I was dead, but after working over me awhile, they found there was still life in me. They brought me back to warmth and feeling, but somehow my head had got hurt and the cold had done the rest. Until that day on the quay at Algiers I was a man with

no knowledge of the past. God be thanket, now I am well again, and I have come back to try, for the rest of my life, to make up to you for what you have suffered during your lonely care of this Light, when you were as tho' deserted by all the world, Meg. Speak to me lass. Meg!"

Extraordinary as had been the woman's fortitude, the unexpected joy of David's return was too great a strain on her endurance. Her gaze still fixed upon his face, became unseeing, and, repeating his name, she slipped from his arms and fell unconscious at his feet.

"Meg, the Light! Show me the lamps!" he whispered, as he raised and clasped her close.

The words brought her to herself, as he felt sure they would do.

"The lamps! Yes, come up to the tower," she cried, as her strength came back in a surging of nervous force.

Struggling to her feet, she led him to the watchroom and, pointing upward to the great burnished lamps in the lantern, said proudly:

"I took care of the Light as you bade me, David."

"In faith you did, and right nobly," he replied with intense feeling, as he kissed her again.

"Davy! Davy!" called a shrill voice close beside them.

Jessie Munroe's bairn had toddled up the stairs and was pulling at David's coat.

The keeper bent down and caught up the baby.

"You have been a guid mother to him, Meg," he said pressing his lips to the laddie's round cheek.

"And you got no word from his folk?" queried Margaret.

"Yesterday, when I reached the Station on the mainland, I found two letters that had been waiting there for many weeks," David answered. "One was from Jessie's Aunt Janet, the other from a certain well-to-do tradesman, by name MacNiff, a cousin to James Munroe. They are the bairn's next of kin, and either one of them is willing to take him. You can send him to Janet or MacNiff whenever you are ready, wife, to-day by the Government boat if it so pleases you."

To his astonishment, Margaret who had so heroically endured the storm and stress of her terrible solitude on the Lighthouse Rock, now broke into a passion of womanly weeping.

"Oh, David, these folk maun not take the laddie from me; it would break my heart to gie him up," she sobbed. "You maun



fix it with them somehow. I will not gie up the laddie! I have said it over and over to myself as I watched in the tower at night, while the waves beat against the Rock and the tide of life in my own veins seemed to ebb and rise again with the mighty pulse of the sea. I will not gie up the laddie, even though I know that your heart belongs to the bairn's mother, David, that you love her still, dead though she is, and that he will mind you of her at every turn. Even so, I will not gie him up. I"—

Her voice rang out with defiant sharpness. At first David heard her with gladness. At her last words, however, a look of perplexity gathered upon his face.

"What nonsense is it you are saying, lass?" he interrupted almost sternly, 'you know my heart belongs to the bairn's mother?' Faith, then, you know nothing of the kind. My liking for pretty Jessie Munroe was a boy's fancy. She was a guid woman, and the sadness of her fate touched me, I own. But *you*, Meg, you and you only, have been, and to the end will be, the love of my life."

Looking into his steadfast eyes, she knew at last, beyond all her burning heart-questioning, that what he said was, indeed, the truth. Her jealousy of "the other woman" died forever and she laughed happily. "But, David, I have grown old," she stammered, "my hair is gray." The eternal feminine had not been altogether stifled by the vigils of the heroine.

David laughed too.

"I loved your heart, not your hair, Meg, although these sil-vering locks are bonny enough to me still," he said smoothing her brow. "As for the laddie, dinna worrit. His kin are willing to do for him, but you have the best right to him, they say, since but for your care he would not have lived. So, if you wish to keep him, he is yours, *ours*, for, I am sure, you will grant me a share in the love of the braw wee man?"

The child, who had been playing around the floor, here broke into a shout of delight, as though he knew he had just been taken to their hearts anew. Margaret caught him up with a quick caress.

"Ah, David," she said, clasping her arms about the two beings who made her world, the husband the sea had given back to her, the waif it had cast upon her love, "ah, David, when you were taken from me, and during all the dreary time when I had the sole charge of the Light, it was the bairn, Jessie Munroe's bairn, that saved me from going mad."

## THE BIRTH OF THE CHRISTIAN DRAMA.

BY HENRY B. BINSSE.



SHORTLY before the outbreak of the present European war, one of the oldest plays of Christian literature was brought out in London by a group of artists to whom it seemed that this drama, composed by a woman, might be urged in support of woman suffrage. The work of a thousand years ago could have little to interest that metropolitan audience, tired and surfeited by every form of the art of the stage. Had they been aware of it, a powerful argument of the kind that they were looking for could have been found, by making known to the world the rare mind and character of the poet who originated the six short plays, of which this was one. In fact, their author, Roswitha, well deserves permanent remembrance in the history of dramatic art, for her work not only marks the birth of the modern play, but it reveals talents of a very high order, anticipating important features which are usually believed to be characteristic of a far later period.

Among the incomparable beauties of Shakespeare's genius, his heroines are perhaps the most universally appreciated and admired. Even the careless reader, he who runs and reads, becomes fascinated by the elusive, subtle charm and majesty of character and intellect, ever feminine. In them we behold humanity in its perfection of the spirit, in its fullest, most delicate, exquisite flower—just as the Grecian Venus or the Victory presents the highest expression of womanhood in outward bodily form. Were they wholly the children of his fancy, or had he human models in his great mind? This is not an idle question. The profound hostility to the thought and works of the period preceding the Reformation brought about the destruction and loss of priceless treasures of genius; and, even in our day, a feeling of deeper interest in and sympathy with the Middle Ages would give us a truer perspective of our own times, with its weaknesses and dangers in addition to the enjoyment of art which is now strange and foreign to us. If we could see that there was at all times, throughout those troubled centuries, a great procession of men and women of the noblest character and purest ideals, who offer examples of human nature at its greatest height and power of character, "a little less than the angels," our appreciation of Shakespeare—and of the civilization of which he

was the child—would be far more vital. We are hindered from a clear, wide view of those ages by the written history of the ambitions and crimes of kings, prelates and nobles, who fought like beasts to gratify their appetites. These are not the men and women who, in the darkness of barbarism, laid the foundation for our civilization and covered the face of Europe with works, the inestimable value of which is revealed too often by broken fragments only.

The records which we can find in the art of those days are more faithful and more trustworthy than the chronicles of political history, because they are unconscious expressions of thought and feeling, and have not been composed for ends more or less selfish. In speaking of Memling, a distinguished artist and critic (John La Farge) thus wrote: "Who were the models that sat to the painter? These are not pure inventions, any more than his other works. The sense of portraiture runs throughout his work. But the model has been transmuted, probably, into finer gold. The times were cruel, harsh, brutal, debased, violent. . . . The pictures bear testimony to the love of gold, and show, and pomp, and festival, and extraordinary display that mark the times. But how out of all that did the painter build these images of sweet sanctity, these flowers of simple perfection?"

May not Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas More, have been in the poet's mind when he pictured Cordelia? There are few passages in *King Lear* more touching and more beautiful than the meeting of Margaret and her father on his way back to the Tower, after his condemnation to death at Westminster.

William Roper, in his *Life of More*, says:

When Sir Thomas came from Westminster to the Tower, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see him, her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the Tower wharf, where she knew he should pass before he could enter the Tower. There tarrying his coming, as soon as she saw him, after his blessing on her knees reverently received, she hasting towards him, without consideration or care of herself, pressing in amongst the throng and company of the guard, that with halberds and bills went round about him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in sight of them, embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, crying, "Oh! My father! Oh! My father," who, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and

many godly words of comfort besides. From whom after she was departed, she, not satisfied with her former sights of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her father, having respect neither to herself nor to the press of the people that were about him, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him lovingly, and at last, with a full and heavy heart, was fain to depart from him.

Noble-hearted heroines were to be found then in England as well as in Flanders; and Shakespeare must have been acquainted with "these flowers of simple perfection," as well as Memling. There is, indeed, ground to believe that he knew Roswitha and her plays, for there is in them more than one point of resemblance with his own works.

In 852, Ludolf, Duke of Saxony, founded a Benedictine abbey at the request of his wife, Oda; and in 857 the abbey was removed to Gandersheim, about fifty miles from the present city of Brunswick, on the river Gande. After Ludolf's death in 859, Oda withdrew into retirement in the abbey, where she reached the most unusual age of one hundred and seven years. Her three daughters, Hathumoda, Gerberga and Christine, in turn succeeded her as abbesses; and King Louis III. granted the privilege that the office of abbess should remain in the ducal family. All the abbesses were of imperial or royal blood; the abbess had a vote in the Rhenish Diet, and the Elector of Hanover and the King of Prussia were her vassals and subject to call to her court. The abbey was independent of episcopal authority and owned vast estates. After 1589 the abbey came under Protestant control, and so continued until 1802, when it was incorporated with Brunswick, after a life of one thousand years, less fifty. Truly a remarkable institution; its like can hardly be found.

Abbeys were not solely the homes of Religious. Owing to the consideration which they enjoyed, they were rarely affected by wars or political troubles, and so they became havens of refuge, especially for the children of the nobles.<sup>1</sup> Of course, education was one of the most important duties of the Religious—it is strictly true that in a broad sense monasteries were nearly as much educational as religious institutions. From its very beginning Gandersheim was the educational home for the daughters of the highest nobility in Germany.

<sup>1</sup>Those who have read the exquisite life of St. Elizabeth by the great Montalembert, will recall how this gentle saint placed her children with Religious before she retired from the world.

In those times an abbey was a little kingdom in itself, all the more so when it was so richly endowed as Gandersheim, for in it were included, not merely the choir sisters—the Religious strictly speaking—but, also, many lay sisters, or assistants, some of the clergy, and a little host of working people for the estates belonging to the abbey; and, in the case of a large abbey, these serfs or laborers, with their families, would be numerous enough to form an important village. This community made everything required for their support; they tanned leather; made their garments from wool or linen raised on the estate, put up the buildings from their own materials; everything was grown or made on the spot. All the arts of peace were practised to the utmost perfection, for no one was pressed for time, and all the work had to be done as well as it was possible to do it. Within the abbey itself, the nuns, novices and so on, when not at their devotions, busied themselves with the arts of the needle and the spindle, with writing or copying manuscripts, with the fine arts, music, painting, sculpture and architecture, with literature as well as the sciences of the day; and in teaching all these to the children confided to their care. As they rose early, slept little and worked with steady system, much was done in a day. We greatly deceive ourselves when we boast that the higher education of women is modern.

In 959, Gerberga, daughter of Duke Henry of Bavaria, niece of Emperor Otto I., was consecrated abbess. She was possessed of great learning; and discovering the unusual genius of Roswitha, one of the Religious under her charge, she encouraged and directed her efforts in poetry.

Our knowledge of Roswitha is limited to what she tells us about herself in the prefaces to her poetical works, and, as she quite naturally never refers to her family, we have the tradition only that she was of noble, perhaps royal, birth, and was born about the year 932.

So fine was the quality of Roswitha's mind that she could both enjoy and estimate the literary worth and workmanship of the greatest dramatists, of Terence for example, although repelled by his coarseness and paganism. She was drawn to impart the knowledge of these beauties of literature to others, but feared that immature minds might be sullied by the evil features of his plays, so she decided—but listen, rather, to her own charming words, which disclose a mind in perfect poise, and as delicate as it was strong:

It is a frequent weakness among Catholics—and one from which we, ourselves, are not free—that they let themselves be carried away by beauty of style, to the point that they find more pleasure in the vanity of pagan literature than in the solid worth of Holy Writ. Likewise, there are some who, while they do not abandon the study of the sacred pages, and care little for pagan letters in general, still take delight in the fictions of Terence, which they find themselves unable to lay aside, without the remembrance of things which must be condemned, as so many blots upon the mind. Therefore, I, who am named “The powerful voice of Gandersheim,”<sup>2</sup> have ventured to imitate him, in my writings, whom others make their beloved companion in their hours of reading; that I might consecrate henceforward, to the praise of the strong-hearted chastity of holy virgins, a form of letters hitherto dishonored by the picture of impure morals. Nevertheless, it is with hesitation and shame, and many blushes, that I have been forced to describe the detestable folly of unlawful love, and to utter, in dialogues, words to which our ears should be deaf. But if I allowed my sense of shame to stop my pen, I could never attain my object, and purity would fail to receive the praise which is its due; inasmuch as the dangers of temptations increase the value of saving grace and the glory of the victory won.

Always, in the ending of these plays, the fierce strength of man is overcome by the triumph of the weakness of woman. I anticipate that the inferiority of my work will lead many to find fault with me, for in every point it is far below my model. My pride is not so great that I would dare to compare myself, I will not say with those writers of renown, even with the least of their disciples. My only thought has been to offer to Him to Whom I owe all things—in spite of my knowledge of my utter incapacity—the humble service of my mind. I, therefore, rejoice in anticipation, if the affection and reverence of my intentions may meet with approval from some; and if the obscurity of my name and the harshness of an incorrect style should avert from my book the approbation of others, at least I shall have the consolation that, in adding to the sheaf of my little works on heroic verse these new ears gleaned from the field of the drama, I have tried to lead to abstinence from the fruits, full of danger, offered to the desires of the senses by the knowledge of the ancients.

<sup>2</sup>*Ego clamor validus Gandeshemensis.* This is, perhaps, a playful reference to the ugly, literal meaning of her name, for which there was, as it seems to me, a more flattering, figurative meaning, which escapes us. In the manuscripts the poet is called Hrosvit, roar afar, or loudly, of which Hroswitha or Roswitha is a Latinised form.

Roswitha selected Christian legends, popular in her day, for her plots. Here are the titles: *Gallicanus*, *Dulcitius*, *Callimachus*, *Abraham*, *Paphnuce and Thais*, *The Martyrdom of Faith, Hope and Charity*. These six plays were preceded by eight poems, in the beautiful manuscripts of the eleventh century, discovered by Conrad Celtes about 1500, and now in the royal library at Munich; and this is the earliest copy of her dramatic works. All of the poems are versions of legends. One of them, *The Fall and Conversion of Theophilus*, has some interest, being the story of a cleric who, from ambition, offers himself to the devil, the first known form of the Faust legend.

Gallicanus, the pagan commander of Constantine's forces, on the eve of a campaign against the Scythians, the last nation resisting the Roman emperor, asks the hand of Constantia, Constantine's daughter, as his reward in case of victory. Constantia is a Christian and has taken a vow of chastity. Her father, greatly disturbed, breaks the news to her. She advises feigned acquiescence, that Gallicanus shall leave with her his two daughters to be her companions, while he shall take on his staff two of her friends, who are prominent Christian ecclesiastics. Constantia quickly converts the two daughters to Christianity. Gallicanus is all but defeated by the Scythians when, through the prayers of the two Christians, suddenly, a strange host turns the tide in favor of the Romans. Gallicanus returns to Rome in triumph, but immediately goes to St. Peter's to offer thanks for the victory, and to become a Christian. He then renounces all thought of marriage with Constantia, and retires to a religious life.

This drama, as well as all the others, is very short; of about the length of one act of a modern piece; and the art of the development of the action is most simple, indeed; but the dialogue is true to nature and spirited.

A. F. Ozanam, one of the most judicious French critics of the last century, says: "In the person of Constantia, drawn with such touching affection, in whose character firmness and the most respectful tenderness are united in resisting the paternal temptation, and in whom the enthusiasm of a virgin soul allied with endless gentleness captivates the wills of her companions; it is easy to recognize the abbess Gerberga, who, also, was a daughter of the Cæsars, and whose hand, beyond a doubt, had been sought by the greatest nobles."

In *Dulcitius* our poet presents scenes of a broad force. It is a strange plot. Three Christian virgins, Agapee, Chionia and

Irene, refuse to worship false gods, are deprived of their liberty and put under the charge of Dulcitius, a pagan, who, with evil intentions enters their abode at night; but through the prayers of the young Christians, he is struck by madness, and, entering the kitchen, he embraces the pots and kettles with great affection. He appears before his guards imagining that he is in full uniform, black as an Ethiopian, his clothing covered with dirt and grease. Agapee and Chionia go to martyrdom. Irene becomes the object of the desires of Lisinnius. Again, she is protected by several broad comedy mistakes before she gains the martyr's crown.

Evidently we have here, as in *Callimachus* and in *Paphnuce*, the scenes which brought forth the blushes referred to in her preface by Roswitha; but it is to her credit that nowhere does the elevation, breadth and power of her mind show to greater advantage. In spite of the extreme audacity of the situations, the hand of the poet is delicate, as well as firm, and there is not the faintest impression of impurity. What playwright of our day would be equal to this task?

In the next drama, the young man Callimachus, a pagan, is possessed by love for Drusiana, a Christian married lady, who repulses scornfully his advances. After he has left her presence, she perceives that her thoughts dwell upon him with pleasure, and that she is in danger of returning his love. That she might not yield, she prays to God that she may die "rather than become the ruin of that agreeable young man." This delightful and happy touch of nature betrays the violence of the hidden struggle in her Christian soul against her passion. Her prayer is heard and she dies. Now comes the situation like the well-known tomb scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. At night Callimachus breaks into the burial vault, lifts the stone lid of the coffin, and contemplates the lifeless features of the woman whom he has adored; throwing himself on the ground he bursts into passionate tears. "Can this be, indeed, you, still so beautiful, who repulsed me with so great cruelty!" Then he dies. As in this scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare introduces Paris and Friar Laurence, so Roswitha, before him, brought to the tomb Drusiana's husband and St. John the Baptist. In Roswitha's tragedy, St. John the Baptist brings back to life Drusiana and Callimachus. The latter is baptized by St. John, cured of his sinful passion, and, as a result, abjures the world. This, to us, childish ending may have had a deeper meaning than we discern to-day. We may be sure that it contains a figurative lesson, such as, may be, the soul killed by the passion, raised again to spiritual life by



baptism. In those days people loved figures, symbols and hidden meanings.

*Callimachus* is the most beautiful of all Roswitha's plays, from the passionate delicacy of sentiment, elevation of language and romance of plot.

In *Abraham* the author pictures the struggle of the human soul with youth's passions. Abraham and a fellow hermit have brought up his orphan niece, Maria, from childhood, whom, grown up, they seek to win to the religious life; but, carried along by the natural desire to see the world, she runs away from the holy men. Abraham hears that she has entered upon a life of evil. Disguising himself as a young man, he seeks his niece in her dreadful abode. When alone with Maria, the old man, taking off his hat, reveals his white hair and venerable countenance to the young girl, who throws herself at his feet. With great gentleness and sweetness, he recalls her to her better self, and Maria, pierced to the heart, follows him, weeping bitterly. Even for our day, the realism of this play would be too startling. The delicacy and purity with which the scene is portrayed, render it a masterpiece of play writing.

The well-known legend of Thais is the subject of *Paphnuce*. In the opening scene of *Paphnuce* instructing his students, there is disclosed a most interesting view of the science of Roswitha's days; and it is strange to find music placed by the side of mathematics as a sister science. Evidently music was a favorite with the poet, for Paphnuce discusses about it at great length; and, among other things, he dwells upon the music of the heavenly bodies from their harmonious movements, the "music of the spheres," proclaiming the identical thought which is expressed so beautifully by Shakespeare in the *Merchant of Venice*:

There is not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Dost ghostly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Here and there, in this and other plays, are flashes of deep religious and philosophical insight and wisdom, like Paphnuce's warrant for the study of nature: "The better man may comprehend with what marvelous skill God rules the number and mass of worlds, the more ardent must be his love for Him; and this is right and as it should be."

The last play, Wisdom and her three daughters, Faith, Hope and Charity, is an allegorical drama, a true morality play.

In the tenth century there was one universal written language in Europe, Latin. While all Roswitha's poems were composed in this language, her brilliant genius was not bound to the Latin forms of metre. In her day, the poetry of the Northern nations was injured greatly by the prevailing love for rhyme: either the repetition of initial sounds, alliteration, or of weak rhymes throughout the line, assonance. There are instances where this passion for rhyme is carried to the point where the meaning is rendered unintelligible. Roswitha's ear for music was too delicate to accept these harsh measures for her verse. In following the fashion, she refined it, carefully avoiding the poetical sins of the hour, twists, puns, and affectations of every kind. Her lines are harmonious, with faint rhymes, or with assonance; and when she desires to express quick action they end with strong, full rhymes—the method used by Shakespeare. At times, she cuts her lines, composing in true *vers libres*, exactly in the simple unconfined versification of La Fontaine.

Although we lack an account of the presentation of these plays, circumstantial evidence leaves no room for doubt that they were composed for the children in the care of the Benedictines. On festival days, after the great liturgical devotions had been finished and the choir was empty, a stage was improvised in the open space bounded by the cloisters. Seats were made ready for the abbess and the choir sisters, perhaps for some high dignitary of the Church and his attendant clergy; doubtless the novices, and lay sisters, maybe some of the vassals, were present. The parts were taken by the novices, perhaps by some of the most advanced young girls. The plays served several purposes. They taught moral lessons, they were exercises in Latin and literature, and gave innocent amusement and variety to the scholastic year.

In conclusion, we may say with Charles Magnin, who has edited and translated an edition of Roswitha's works in French: "This Sapho of Christianity, this tenth Muse, as she was called by her compatriot, Birkheimer, was not only the wonder of Saxony, she is the glory of all Europe. It may be said, in truth, that the works of this distinguished woman are among those which confer the most honor on her century, and which, despite certain faults resulting from the epoch in which she lived, do most to defend it from the charge of barbarism, made with too little warrant."

## THE UNITED RUTHENIAN CHURCH OF GALICIA UNDER RUSSIAN RULE.

BY F. A. PALMIERI, O.S.A.



LAST year, at the very moment when Russian soldiers seemed to have within their grasp the long-coveted Austrian Galicia, Prince Eugenius Trubeckoi, a leader of the liberal thought in the University of Moscow, published two exceedingly interesting pamphlets: *The War and the Peaceful Mission of Russia* and *The National War and Its Spiritual Meaning*.

Prince Trubeckoi is well-known among his countrymen as a thinker who views the religious and social problems of our time in a mystical light. No wonder then if he philosophizes about the war as a mystic: if he claims also a spiritual mission for his own country in Europe, overturned by the most bloody war in history. For him, God has bestowed upon Russia the glorious rôle of deliverer of peoples held in political and religious bondage. By fulfilling that mission, Russia will find in herself the best and most vital element of her own ego, of her national consciousness. As an emancipator of slaves, Russia will not betray her destinies. She will tread the stage of the world as the herald of freedom and brotherhood in God; she will realize her moral unity; she will rise above the narrow conceptions of national egotism; she will shape herself as a well-built social organism working out the achievement of her historical aims. Russia ought not to be a tool in the hands of selfish politicians. When her rulers, her people exert a beneficent influence on the life and civilization of mankind, then Russia will be inflamed with the desire of conquering, and she will conquer, too.

It is noteworthy that Prince Trubeckoi is not the only expounder of these consoling and humanitarian views. The new school of religious and political thought in Russia, a school of great thinkers, as Basil Rozanov, Demetrius Merejkovsky, Nicholas Berdiaev, Vladimir Ern, are forecasting a moral rebirth of Russia. More than that, Nicholas Berdiaev portrays the Messiahship of Russia in a world cleansed of its filth in an ocean of blood. Russia is predestined to reëstablish the order of justice amongst

men to revive the Christian ideal in hearts benumbed by religious starvation, to take up the defence of the noblest causes of mankind.

Unhappily, the liberal school in Russia is represented by a handful of most able thinkers, whose voice is really the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Russian bureaucracy, both ecclesiastical and political, and the Russian police are the great ruling powers of Russia, and either by traditional routine or by native disability they hamper every attempt of the Russian soul to get rid of its moral fetters. Those two powers are now responsible for the defeat of the Russian policy in Galicia, a defeat which has been followed by more serious reverses than the military disasters.

The position of Russia in her conquered and now lost province was indeed beset with all kinds of obstacles. The conquerors could reckon only upon a small flock of friends, the so-called Moschalophils or Ruthenians imbued with the spirit of Russophilism or Panslavism. On the other hand, they met in Galicia a large population of cultured Poles, who dominated the country; a dense Jewish element which cordially detests the Russian domination, and finally, a more considerable mass of patriotic Ruthenians, who look upon Russia as the oppressor of their own race and the persecutor of their own religion and language. Good politicians would have found here fair occasions to smother the racial and political and religious antagonism between Russians, on the one side, and Poles, Ruthenians and Jews on the other. Since the Russians fight for the holiest liberties of mankind, for the defence of little nationalities against the Teutonic aims of a world domination, it would have been wise to show in deeds that their rulers do not forget the mission which they have undertaken. A well-minded Russia would have taken advantage of what she finds in the social life of Europe to fill the gaps of her political institutions, and to begin a new era of freedom, progress and tolerance in the normal development of her own life.

Unhappily, Russia has failed to realize the hopes of the friends of her cultural aspirations. She has not attempted to blend harmoniously the Eastern and Byzantine traditions of her historical past with the dictates and the yearnings of the Western and Latin civilization, which has been nourished with the purest milk of the Catholic spirit and ideal. To judge from the documents in hand, documents which have been reproduced in Russian papers, even in the official organs of the Russian Orthodox Church, as the *Tzerkovnyia Viedomosti* and the *Tzerkovnyi Viestnik*, Russia

has met with complete failure in her first entrance upon the free soil of Western countries. And the responsibility of her moral defeat falls upon the men who have chosen to carry out the political and religious aims of Russia in Galicia. In fact, Count Bobrinski, the Russian Governor of Galicia, is abhorred by the leaders of Russian liberalism as the perfect embodiment of the *tchinovniki* or employers, who are accountable for the crippling of the powerful vital energies of Russia, and on the other hand, Eulogius, Orthodox Archbishop of Chelm, member of the imperial Duma, the prelate to whom the religious (Orthodox) organization of Galicia was confided, is a fervent admirer and follower of the methods of ecclesiastical policy developed by Constantin Pobiedonostzev.

It is not our intention to pass sentence upon the political mistakes of the two Russian rulers of Galicia just named. Russia doubtless did not win the gratitude of the Poles by the closing of the flourishing university and polytechnic school of Lemberg; by the exile to Siberia of some of the greatest scholars and leaders of Polish culture in Galicia; by the plundering of Polish museums and libraries; by the ostracism of the Polish language from the schools; by the unreasonable imposition that Poles should use only textbooks revised by Russian censors, viz., textbooks which drop off the brightest pages of Polish heroism and culture and noble deeds. In like manner, they did not smother the intense hatred of the Jews against Russia by perpetrating within the boundaries of Galicia the *pogromy* so frequent in the Russian provinces with a Jewish populace, or by applying to them the restrictive laws in force in Russia. One day unbiased history will point out the sad results of the violent measures adopted against the national awakening of the Ruthenians, who under the rule of Austria far better than in Russia could realize their cultural aims and their Slavic ideals. It seems impossible to understand why in a war which is said to be fought for the freedom and defence of oppressed nationalities, the leaders of Ruthenian patriotism, professors, teachers, physicians, lawyers have been arrested and exiled to Siberia. Ruthenian papers bitterly lament that the Russians have burned most books written in the Ruthenian language, despoiled Ruthenian museums of their treasures and carried these away to Petrograd, closed the Ruthenian academy of sciences which received a yearly allowance from the Austrian ministry of public instruction. Of these political blunders I do not intend to speak nor to

form a judgment upon them. In my opinion, the conduct of Russia in Galicia has been still worse in the realm of religious tolerance, and Bobrinski and Eulogius may be accorded the not enviable glory of having engraved their names in the long list of the systematic persecutors of the Catholic Church.

Eastern Galicia was the seat and the last stronghold of the Ruthenian United Church, which numbers there four million souls, a Metropolitan, three bishops, one hundred Basilians, and more than two thousand priests. Of old the Ruthenian Church had a flock of twelve millions of faithful. But when the Ruthenian provinces incorporated in the kingdom of Poland were added to the Empire of the Tsars by the right of force, several millions of United Ruthenians in the course of a century were ascribed to the Orthodox Church by a series of laws and persecutions which have rightly deserved the epithet of Neronian. Our readers may find the documents of this saddest destruction of the Ruthenian United Church in the well-informed books of Theiner, Lescoeur, Likowski, Zalenski, Pelesz. It would be enough to remember that even the *Tzerkovnyia Viedomosti*, official organ of the Holy Governing Synod, in 1905 blamed the policy of Constantin Pobiedonostzev against the so-called *uporstvuiuchii* (obstinate), or Ruthenian United, who for more than forty years preferred to have their churches closed, their religious worship suppressed, their dead buried in unconsecrated ground, their children not baptized, their marriages not recognized by the civil power, rather than to apostatize from the Catholic Church and to receive their sacraments from Orthodox priests.

The first step towards the political emancipation of Galicia from the Austrian yoke was the arrest of Count Andrew Sceptycki, Metropolitan and Archbishop of the Ruthenian United Church at Lemberg. The venerable prelate did not delude himself as to his fate in case the Russians should invade Galicia. He refused, however, to yield to the earnest entreaties of Archduke Eugenius, who strove to induce him to seek refuge in Vienna before the evacuation of Lemberg by the Austrian troops. "A Catholic bishop," answered the prelate nobly, "is not accustomed to forsake his flock in trying times."

Count Sceptycki is the most brilliant representative of the Ruthenian United Church. He is the offspring of a Polonized Ruthenian family, whose titles of nobility go back to the twelfth century, and which has given to the Ruthenian Church two other

Metropolitans. In his youth he renounced the career of arms, and embraced the monastic life and the Ruthenian rite in the Galician Congregation of Basilians. Consecrated bishop, and elevated to the supreme dignity of the Ruthenian United Church, he spent his forces, his talents, his apostolic activities and his vast revenues for the moral and religious welfare of his spiritual subjects. In spite of his weak health, several times during the year he visited the numerous villages of his large diocese, preaching, hearing confessions, and living an ascetic and mortified life. At a little distance from Lemberg he founded and organized a monastery of Basilians, who followed there the rules of the rigid asceticism of old, even that of perpetual silence, and he visited often this oasis of monastic austerities. Within the precincts of his episcopal residence, he instituted a religious museum of Ruthenian art, which contained an invaluable collection of ancient icons, and a precious set of seven hundred *incunabula* of Slavic liturgical books. At the outbreak of the war, he was organizing a monastery of Basilians devoted to historical and theological researches, and to them he gave the task of working out and printing the acts of all the Slavic Councils either Catholic or Orthodox, the monuments of Slavic hagiography and of Slavic liturgy, and a series of elaborate treatises concerning the dogmatic, disciplinary and liturgical divergences between Eastern and Western Christianity. For this purpose he had founded a rich library of Greek and Slavic ecclesiastical books.

Count Sceptycki was at the same time a veritable apostle of the reunion of the Churches, and of the Catholic renaissance of the Slavic races. He played a prominent rôle as president of the biennial congresses held at Velehrad in Moravia to promote doctrinal understanding between Eastern and Western theologians. I remember that he was an object of admiration to the members of these congresses because of his profound acquaintance with the abstrusest theological questions, and for the ease and elegance with which he spoke Latin, Greek, French, Italian, English, German, Russian, Polish and Ruthenian.

At present, Count Sceptycki is a political prisoner of the Russian Government in the city of Kursk. His library, his wonderful collections of art and antiquities have been confiscated and carried away to Russia, his correspondence sequestered, his institutions suppressed. During the ten months of the Russian misgovernment of Galicia, Bishop Eulogius dwelt in the Metropolitan

residence, and ransacked its precious artistic collections, which included wonderful paintings of Wolczewsky and a series of admirable drawings of Giambattista Tiepolo. The cathedral of St. Gury (George), the sanctuary of the Ruthenian Union, was transformed into an Orthodox church, and Bishop Eulogius usurped the title of Metropolitan of Galicia, and addressed charges to the Ruthenian United flock, urging them to reënter the pale of the Orthodox Church.

The Russian Government when asked for the reasons which justified its conduct towards Count Sceptycki, boldly answered that the unyielding prelate was deported into Russia as a political agitator against the Russian authorities. In what consists the political agitation charged against Count Sceptycki, it would be exceedingly difficult to guess, for Count Sceptycki was arrested the moment that the Russians entered Lemberg. It is, therefore, a plain falsehood to assert that he was plotting against the Russian invaders of Galicia. But from several papers inserted these last years in the *Tserkovnyia Viedomosti*, it is possible to indicate the causes of the illegal and cruel treatment inflicted upon him. The worthy prelate is accused of having awakened the national consciousness of the Ruthenians, and of having inaugurated and fostered the so-called Ukrainophil movement which endangers the political compactness of the Russian empire. Nothing is farther from the truth than this false allegation. The Ukrainophil movement which will furnish to Russian politicians an easy pretext for the effacement of the Ruthenian United Church in Galicia, existed long before Count Sceptycki occupied the Metropolitan See of Lemberg. It is a logical result of the gradual awakening of national consciousness during the nineteenth century. To it we are indebted for the political autonomy of the Serbian and the Bulgarian kingdoms, for the powerful revival of the literature and the economical prosperity of Bohemia, the political and territorial claims of the Slovenes and Croats, and the cries of revolt and protest of the Slovaks against the Hungarian policy of *Magiarisation*. The Ruthenians or Ukrainians, or, as Russians say, the Little Russians, felt always conscious of embodying a race ethnographically distinct from the Great Russians. At the time of writing, they boldly declare that their race covers an enormous area of eight hundred and fifty thousand square kilometres from Przemsyl to the Caucasus, from the immense marshes of the Pripiet to the Black Sea. Their national literature holds the third place after those of Serbia and Bulgaria



in the general history of the Slavic literary genius. The earliest period of Russian literature, the period of Kiev, which boasts of the glorious names of Nestor the Chronicler, the Hegomenos Daniel, and Cyril, Bishop of Turov, is in fact the earliest period of Ruthenian culture. The language of the Little Russians differs entirely from that of the Great Russians, and the difference between them was authoritatively sanctioned by the Imperial academy of sciences at Petrograd in a memoir dated January 30, 1905. Ruthenian nationalists dream of the political autonomy of the thirty-four millions of Ruthenians grouped on both sides of the Dnieper, and on the upper basin of the Dniester. They dream of a Ruthenian republic which would weld into one political body the rich and fertile provinces of Galicia, Bukowina, Volhynia, Podolia, Kiev, Chernigof, Poltava, Kharkof, Kherson, Ekaterinoslaf, Taurida, Kuban, Don, and build up a bulwark against Russia forced back to its Asiatic steppes.

The Metropolitans of Lemberg and the United Church of Galicia are not to be held responsible for a movement which originated on Russian soil. The national bard of the Ruthenian race, the great poet of Ukrainophilism, Tarass Chewchenko, was born in Russia, and under the Russian rule endured the bitterest sufferings for his patriotic ideal. No doubt most Ruthenian United priests, who know the secret aspirations of their own people, and use the same language, share also in the glowing Ukrainophil patriotism. But it would be a flat historical untruth to blame the Ruthenian United Church for a national and, it may be granted also, for a separatist movement which owes its first origins to the cultural development of the Ruthenian people and to the shortsighted policy of Russian rulers. It suffices to say that the leaders of Ukrainophilism in Galicia belong to the radical party, a party that does not cherish a deeply-felt love for the national Church.

Count Sceptycki was not the only one to meet the vengeance of the Orthodox haters of the Union. Another victim of Eulogius' régime was Monsignor Czechowicz, Ruthenian United Bishop of Przemyśl. In his vain attempts to forbid Russian Orthodox priests to invade his cathedral, he was beaten with his pastoral crosier and driven by Russian policemen from his episcopal palace. The old prelate sought refuge in the Franciscan monastery in the same town, and died heartbroken a few days later, on April 28th, at the age of seventy-two years.

Three hundred Ruthenian priests have been taken by violence

from their parish churches and deported into Siberia. The same punishment has been inflicted upon twenty-two students of the Ruthenian Seminary of Lemberg, and its rector, Monsignor Ossup Bochan, a liturgist of great repute. Even Roman Catholic priests have incurred the rigors of Russian conquerors. A Jesuit, Father Rostorowski, an elegant writer of apologetic treatises, has been exiled to Tomsk, and he has been followed in his exile by Father Sopouch, superior of the Jesuits' house in Lemberg.

The *Osservatore Romano* of July 7, 1915, published a note of the Russian minister to the Holy See. The document stated that Russia attempted no religious proselytism in Galicia; that no Roman Catholic priest was imprisoned or molested; that few united priests had been committed to jail for the crime of espionage. The truth is that the Holy Governing Synod, in full agreement with the Russian Government, had sent six hundred Orthodox priests to Galicia and Bukowina, and invested them with the mission of spreading the Orthodox faith among the recalcitrant Ruthenians.

The *Tserkovnyia Viedomosti* of 1915 contains requests for large sums for the organization of the Orthodox Church in the conquered provinces. In a few months these Russian priests boasted of having set up seventy Orthodox parishes in villages exclusively inhabited by Ruthenian United. Such a great success was entirely due to the violent usurpation of the churches whose pastors had been exiled to Siberia by the despotism of Bobrinski. A decree issued by him established that when in a United parish two-thirds of the populace claimed the spiritual assistance of a Russian Orthodox priest, the United Church had to be transformed into an Orthodox one. Russian emissaries worked upon the Ruthenian populace, and partly by threats, partly by money and partly by forgeries, compiled numerous lists of United who expressed the desire of abjuring the Catholic faith. It was from fear of starvation that one hundred and fifty teachers gave their names to the Russian Orthodox Church, as we learn from the *Tserkovny Viestnik*, and promised to imbue their pupils with the spirit of Byzantine Orthodoxy. Ruthenian United priests who attempted to resist the invaders of their own churches, as Father Wassyl Matweiko, pastor of Beremowcy in the district of Zborow, were arrested and no one knows what became of them. The schools maintained by communities of Catholic nuns, especially by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart and the Ursulines, were strictly forbidden to receive as pupils

United Ruthenian girls. Ruthenian Catholic papers, as the *Niwa* and the *Roslan*, and even the ascetic pamphlets edited by the Basilians for the spiritual edification of uncultivated classes were at once suppressed. For ten months Galicia was deprived of Ruthenian papers, while it was inundated with defamatory leaflets against Catholicism, printed by the Laura of the Blessed Trinity, near Moscow. Two of these leaflets are entitled: *By What Wiles the Popes of Rome Imported the Union Into Galicia* and *How the Russian Traitors Potiei and Terlecki* (the first bishops championing the Union of Brest) *Inoculated Ruthenians with the Ecclesiastical Union with Roman Heretics*.

Many hundreds of Ruthenian children were taken away from Galicia into Russia to be educated in the schools of the Orthodox Church, and to become one day the opposers of their own Church and the enemies of their own race.

We refrain here from giving other details of the religious misrule of Galicia by the Russian bureaucracy. In a communication to the *Journal de Genève*, Dr. C. Levicky, President of the Ukrainian Political Club, pointed out that the Russian invasion of his country had destroyed at a blow the cultural work of many years.

The Ruthenian language has been forbidden [he writes] as an official medium of communication in the services of the church and in the schools. All Ruthenian newspapers in Galicia have been suppressed, libraries scattered, Ruthenian books belonging to individuals confiscated, and the collections of the museums sent to Russia. All Ukrainian associations have been dissolved. Hundreds of Galician notables of Ukrainian nationality have been sent to Siberia. The United Greek Church, to which for more than two centuries all the Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia have belonged, and which has become a national Church, is now persecuted in every way. Its head, Count Andrew Sceptycki, has been taken into Russia; many priests have been exiled, the people terrorized, and in their half-famished state converted by the aid of threats and promises to the Orthodox Church. In the United Greek and Catholic Churches, Orthodox masses are celebrated in accordances with the rulers and examples of Eulogius, Bishop of Volhynia, the famous proselytizer. Now they are beginning to transform by force the Catholic Greek Churches into Orthodox, for, they say, they were Orthodox three centuries ago and ought to be restored to the Russian Church. The violent introduction of Russian Orthodoxy by Russian sermons which are not understood by

the people, and the forbidding of the Ruthenian language even in converse with God, are praised by the agents of Russification as a return of the Ruthenians to the religion of their fathers.

The Russian policy in Galicia has resulted in estranging all Austrian Slavs from Russia. These feelings are expressed in the address of the General Ukrainian Council to the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of the Teutonic victories. The address states that under the Austrian rule, the Ukrainians have found the free development of their national, intellectual and economical life. They hope also that the Teutonic armies will free from the yoke of Tsarism the provinces of Chelm and Volhynia, and their historic towns. "The Russians themselves begin to realize," to quote a saying of Count Petrov in the *Birjevyia Viedomosti*, "that Austrian Slavs are not desirous of being emancipated by Russia." The true motive of this distrust of Russia is made plain by Nikon, Orthodox Bishop of Vologda, in the same paper: "While Russian Ukrainians grope in spiritual lethargy and in the darkness of ignorance, Austrian Ukrainians have their own schools, gymnasiums, universities, reading-rooms, papers, magazines. From a cultural point of view, they surpass their countrymen of Russia, and consider themselves a distinct Slavic race."

Whatever may be the final issue of the European war, it is to be hoped that a new Russia will rise upon the débris of its effete political and religious institutions, a Russia which will not be led astray by the standard-bearers of a blind and inhuman nationalism. It is not the true Russia, the Russia of a bright future, that has misruled Galicia and reopened the era of fruitless persecutions against the Catholic Church. The fiercest enemies of the Russian people are the agents of Russification, the politicians who since the age of Peter the Great have held in thralldom the Russian Orthodox Church, paralyzed its energies, and associated its priesthood in their shameful attempts to deprive their non-Russian subjects of their ethnical consciousness, language and religion. A war gallantly waged for the highest interests of civilization and the freedom of peoples would result in complete failure if the régime of Pobiedonostzev should extend over countries which have not as yet experienced its brutal caresses.

Russian nationalists may believe that Byzantium has been for nineteen centuries the *preserver of Orthodoxy*; that the Byzantine form of Christianity sets forth the genuine revelation of Christ, that

the Roman Church is the adulterator of the traditional Christian faith, the contriver of anti-evangelical novelties, the gnawing worm of Christian piety, Russian theologians may spread such heinous falsehoods even in America,<sup>1</sup> but their beliefs ought not to be put into practice by methods which throw a sinister light upon the self-styled spiritual mission of Russia with regard to Western Christianity.

We have no doubt of the high destiny of Russia. Her people so profoundly devout and so ardently Christian have certainly a noble mission to fulfill in the history of Christendom, in the onward sweep of civilization, in the ceaseless development of the human mind. But it is not the *popes* hired by the Holy Governing Synod; it is not the bishops who so degrade their dignity that they become mere wheel-works in the political machinery of Russian bureaucracy; it is not *tchinovniki*, after the manner and style of Bobrinski who will accomplish the Messianic expectations of Russian thinkers. A spiritual mission may be achieved only by breaking the fetters which hamper the free exercise of spiritual power, and, as a Spanish Catholic review recently observed, in Russia as well as in Byzantium, Cæsarism, or the dense atmosphere of an omnipotent autocracy, has swept away the religious liberty and the doctrinal independence of the Church. Catholicism, the Roman Catholic Church, was alone able to maintain freedom and independence in the fulfillment of her divine mission on earth.<sup>2</sup> The claims, therefore, of Russian Messianism will be satisfied only when Russia will rid herself of Byzantine routine, cease to violate in the Russian bureaucratic style, the civic, religious and national rights of the so-called allogenes, and above all, look upon Catholicism not as a foe to be crushed, but as the vital strength of Christianity, the defender of the ideal of a free Christian Church throughout the world.

<sup>1</sup>Allusion is here made to a superficial paper of Ivan Sokolov, on *Byzantium as the Preserver of Orthodoxy*, inserted in the *Constructive Quarterly Review*, the well-known magazine of Silas McBee. The paper is filled with historical enormities and veiled, but poisonous, attacks against the Catholic Church. As the Preserver of Orthodoxy, Byzantium before its fall into the hands of Turks experienced the purity of faith of nineteen heretic Patriarchs (their list is to be found in the accurate work of Duchesne: *Autonomies Ecclésiastiques*), and after its fall, it counts a confessedly Calvinistic Patriarch, Cyril Lucaris, and a Roman Catholic, Cyril of Verria. By the way, it seems strange to us that a review devoted to the *rapprochement* of Christian Churches and denominations should accept as pure gold reviling tirades against a Church which numerically and morally holds first place in the United States.

<sup>2</sup>*Anhelos de Unidad, La Ciencia Tomista*, VI., 1916, p. 386.

## THE WRITINGS OF MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.<sup>1</sup>

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER.



HERE are, fortunately, a good many ways in which a writer may serve his generation. He may instruct it, he may amuse it, or he may refresh it, and we are not sure that the last way is not the most serviceable of all. For instruction is likely to be rather a strenuous thing, requiring a good deal of effort from the beneficiary, and such effort, however salutary, is likely to prove a burden. Amusement, even when it is kept within discreet bounds, is necessarily transient, and generally, except in very happy instances, appeals to a side of human nature that does not require fostering. We need to be taught to feel rather than to laugh. But the literature of refreshment is neither exacting nor dissipating. It demands nothing of us but a receptive spirit. Its function is to spread peace upon the troubled waves of life. We have all read books of refreshment, and we have generally read them more than once. They are books which give us, as we turn their pages, a feeling of restfulness and content, a sense of relaxation, of liberation, of the lightening of a burden. They are usually small books, descriptive or meditative in character, without acerbity or conscious cleverness or effort of any kind. They are seldom elaborate in style, or, if they are, the art is so perfectly concealed as to leave no trace of itself except an admirable simplicity; but, for the most part, they are as natural and spontaneous as they sound. They never attract much attention, for their readers are necessarily few, and intellectually akin to their writers. Rather than do without them, we would spare many a more pretentious or even, in the ordinary sense, more useful book. They have a special place upon our shelves and in our hearts.

Of this sort are the writings of Montgomery Carmichael. To anyone whose taste inclines him to the green pastures and still waters of religious meditation, who loves to dwell in thought with those rare beings—exiles they seem from another age and another

<sup>1</sup> *Sketches and Stories Grave and Gay*. London: Constable & Co., 1896. (Long out of print.)

*In Tuscany*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1902, third edition, 1906.

*The Life of John William Walshe*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1902.

*The Lady Poverty, a Thirteenth Century Allegory*. London: John Murray, 1902.

*France's Masterpiece*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1909.

*The Solitaries of the Sambuca*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

world than ours—who lead or aspire to lead the hidden life of the soul, these books have an unfailing charm. They are not religious books, in the usual sense of the word; that is to say, their purpose is not edification and their tone is not hortatory. They are vigorous pieces of religious psychology, based on long acquaintance with the highest manifestations of the Catholic mind, and rich with the ripest Catholic wisdom. The power of giving reality to types of character that are perfectly alien to the life of our own day seems to us Mr. Carmichael's best gift, a gift that marks him as an artist in fiction, though these books are not, in the strict sense, novels. Such a sketch as that entitled "Fra Pacifico," in the delightful volume called *In Tuscany*, is a little masterpiece of imaginative realization. So lavish and yet so discreet has the author been in his use of characterizing detail that it seems incredible, when one has finished the moving story, that the hero of it never lived. In Italy particularly, the brown habit and green sack of every questing friar reminds one of this typical son of Francis who "lived a holy life of sixty-two years, and died a holy death on March nineteen, 1893."

In the case of *John William Walshe* it will be remembered that many readers were actually beguiled into thinking that they had come upon the track of an unknown modern saint. We defy any unwarned student of things Franciscan to read the introduction to that fascinating book without being deceived by the circumstantial account of "the Walshe manuscripts," and without being consumed with regret that he cannot lay hands upon them. We are convinced, too, that more than one visitor to the little Campo Santo of Assisi has looked eagerly for the grave of this holy and beloved man. Such circumstantiality is evidently the fruit of the ripest knowledge of things Franciscan and the profoundest sympathy with them. It is known to all who have delved in that infinitely rich and fruitful field that Mr. Carmichael is the originator of an ingenious interpretation of the celebrated Blessing of Brother Leo, preserved in the *Sacro Convento*, at Assisi, and the translator of that most exquisite allegory, the *Sacrum Commmercium*—to name only the best known of his Franciscan studies. Yet it is doubtful whether his most absorbing interest is Franciscan. *In Tuscany* contained indications that he felt a more intimate and personal sympathy with monastic or even anchoritic ideals, and his latest book, *The Solitaries of the Sambuca*, confirms that impression. It is the story of a wealthy Englishman, Paul Casauban, who finds in an abandoned Italian hermitage the happiness that he has long been seeking. He establishes himself there quite alone, and in spite of great dis-

comfort from the greedy and brutal peasantry, he enjoys for a short time a deep and refreshing peace. After a little, a small community grows up about him of men who are seeking the solitary life. They dwell apart from one another in cottages which he provides, their material wants are supplied, at his expense, by an old servant who has followed him to his retreat, and they hear Mass daily in a church of his building. They do not connect themselves with any order of Religious; they have no rule. Their bond of unity is the desire to live the life of prayer and contemplation, undisturbed by the noises of the world. In solitude and silence is their strength. Presently there arrives among them an old friend of the founder, who feels compelled to let others know a peace which they too may win, and this book is the result. Yet the exact site of the "Sambuca" is not revealed, so that only those who have the perseverance and intuition of a true vocation are ever likely to find it.

The book is really a prose hymn to solitude; it is a reduction to practice of certain precepts of the *Imitation*. The ideas of it are sure to be unacceptable to an age whose native element is noise. Many religious persons, even Catholics, will feel it to be out of harmony with the tendencies of the day. To linger with pleasure upon such a vision of peace will seem to them a repudiation of the social obligations of the modern world. But there must be, even yet, a good many readers to whom such words as the following will come with a strange sweetness, and who will find in them the expression of a deep human instinct which current practice ignores to its own hurt:

There the inhabitants are innocent, humble and pure; secluded in solitude, they hear no scandal; immersed in silence, they speak no evil; free from want, they seek no gain; having nothing, they know not avarice; cleansed by the fires of holy prayer and contemplation, the fires of all concupiscence have died within them; eating only of the fruits of the earth, drinking only at Mother Nature's breast, they know neither gluttony nor ebriety; they hurt no man's body; wound no man's honor; flatter no man's vanity; beneath the shelter of God's wings they give neither scandal nor offence. In the constant presence of the all-seeing God, mean acts and idle words pass from their lives, and like the immaculate in the way, they walk in the law of the Lord forever.

That there should be here and there in the world a perpetual protest against the needless noise and chatter and distraction, the unblest daily intercourse of men who think only of gain and amuse-



ment, whose mere contact with one another is corrupting, and who, as a recent writer puts it, know exhilaration and depression but never joy nor sorrow—that there should be such a protest ought, it would seem, to be an unspeakable satisfaction to many to whom the meaningless routine of every day seems sometimes a burden too heavy to be borne. Such a protest serves the same purpose as the Franciscan denial of the all-importance of wealth. The world cannot go on without noise any more than without money, but the picture of what life might be without them is at once a rebuke and a challenge. We are too ready to yield to our limitations, to be content with a second-rate world of our own fashioning. Few men are saints, and so we acquiesce in mediocrity for ourselves, and grow impatient with aspirations that we do not share. But books like these show us the possibility of the never-failing miracle of sanctity, and this is one of the highest services that literature can perform.

Nearly all of Mr. Carmichael's books abound in sketches of Italian life and character, with which his long residence in Italy has made him familiar. Few writers of our day know their Italy so well and love it with a love at once so tender and so sane. He makes little use of formal description, but his backgrounds and his types are saturated with intimate Italian feeling. His books abound also in evidences of his wide and profound acquaintance with Italian art. *In Tuscany* contains some interesting pages on the sculptures of Matteo Civitali at Lucca, and even *The Life of John William Walshe*, the main interest of which is far from being artistic, offers more than one indication of the author's expert knowledge of pictures. *Francia's Masterpiece* is, of course, his most distinguished piece of work in this field—a book characterized by so much scholarship, taste, and devout feeling as to give it a place almost unique among artistic monographs. Its purpose is to show that the great altar-piece of Francia in the church of San Frediano at Lucca, which a score of guides and critics have named an Assumption or a Coronation of Our Lady, is really a representation, one of the earliest in painting and certainly the most beautiful, of the Immaculate Conception. But the book is more than a successful attempt to explain the meaning of a misunderstood picture; it is a fervent plea for a proper attitude towards all religious painting. The legalized sack of Italian churches and convents has brought together in galleries numberless pictures that were painted to be hung in a certain place and to convey certain ideas. Wrested from the altars to whose cultus they gave concrete ex-

pression, they are studied as triumphs of technical skill or as sources of æsthetic feeling; the religious doctrine that inspired them is often regarded as a mere irrelevance. The attempt to identify the figures that compose them, in order to determine what the painter meant to say, is derided by the *conoscenti* as "saint-spotting." Such a book as *Francia's Masterpiece* will make clear to any candid mind where the imputation of absurdity ought really to lie. It is like limiting one's appreciation of the *Divina Commedia* to the metre and the imagery, it is like confining one's attention to the harmonics of Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, to ignore the idea behind such a picture as the San Frediano Conception. There must be literally hundreds of pictures in European galleries whose meaning has escaped the critics from the mere lack of looking. Little wonder that Mr. Carmichael insists that the student's first duty is "to interrogate the altar" from which the picture was taken, in order to understand its meaning, and that "all talk of religious pictures is a weariness of the flesh unless based on a knowledge of the painter's theology." *The Solitaries of the Sambuca* contains a simple illustration of the interest that a picture gains from the most rudimentary attention to its purpose. In one of the cottages, that indeed of the founder, there is a copy of the Berlin Madonna of Lippo Lippi—an exquisite picture, as everyone knows; but most people will see in it only an extraordinarily beautiful conception of the Divine Mother and Child, in the midst of a somewhat conventionalized woodland landscape, with a kneeling saint in the background. As a matter of fact, this saint is the key to the picture, for it is Romuald, the founder of the Camaldolese Order of Hermits, as his beard and white habit indicate, and the background is intended to represent the mysterious pine forests of Camaldoli, in the midst of which the solitaries dwelt in contemplation of the Divine innocence. If this be "saint-spotting," we can hardly have too much of it.

The style of these books, especially of the narratives, has a curious charm. It makes no pretence at elegance; it might even, at moments, be called homely. But it has always the vitality and distinction of the unstudied talk of a clever and cultivated man. It is perhaps this human quality in his writing, the immediacy of his contact with the reader, that places Mr. Carmichael's books so high in the literature of refreshment. One returns to them again and again, and one finds in them, to employ the phrase of Pater, "a cloistral refuge from a certain vulgarity in the actual world."

## THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA (1889-1916).

BY THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.,

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*Rector of the Catholic University of America.*



WENTY-SEVEN years ago the Catholic University of America opened its doors, amid solemn ceremonies, to the studious ecclesiastics of the United States, pending the day (1895) when the lay youth could be invited to enter, on similar terms of right and opportunity. Nearly three decades have elapsed since that memorable day, and it may not be an idle thing to call public attention to the work accomplished in that period. This time is at once long and short, short if we look upon it in the warm light of hopes and possibilities, long enough if we read its history in the cold light of things done, responsibilities met, ideals embodied in works of power, promises redeemed in measure large and honest enough to encourage, on the part of another generation, a confidence as earnest and affectionate as that which sheltered the original enterprise while yet it was a-shaping and a-borning. Time and experience are the matrix of great institutions, whose normal and healthy growth is intimately dependent on these general factors. On the other hand, few of the institutions which enrich modern life are so complex and delicate in their mechanism, so traditional at once and so independent, so responsive to internal and domestic influences and so freely creative and inspiring as a university. Its work, status and influence are largely the flower of contemporary life, and on the other hand, it is in many ways the full source of new life and progress, of trained and efficient leadership, of varied distinction in the arts and sciences, and of power and success in the social and political order. Its infancy is often a period of trials and difficulties, proportioned to its range of influence and service in the career marked out for it by Divine Providence. It is only slowly that the most generous efforts coalesce, that timidities, apathy, susceptibilities are overcome, that planning forethought clears away ignorance and misconception, and that the eyes of all are trained to look, with a catholic charity, on the great work as

a whole, set above and beyond the limits of present conditions or any narrow transient interests and considerations. But when once a great central school of learning has outgrown its infancy, it may be the source of inestimable service to the common weal. On another occasion the writer has tried to outline this as follows:

Here are found great libraries selected over a long term of years out of the best books in all the great ancient and modern languages, and not only libraries, but the men who know intimately every book, every class of literature, and are themselves walking libraries! Here are found laboratories equipped with the best appliances that a daily self-perfecting research demands, and not only laboratories, but the men who have created them almost out of nothing, and alone can make these splendid tools of learning useful to studious youth! Here are found the monuments of the past, the relics of older civilizations, and also the men who can interpret them, and thereby enable us to appreciate properly our own; to have a comparative, and therefore a superior, knowledge of our own! Above all, in a university any great and noble cause finds not one or two, but a great number of men who habitually sympathize with whatever is good and true and lovely. By their calling they walk apart from the turmoil of life, yet are they not morose and disdainful. By their training they are devoted to supramaterial things, yet are they not unreal and helpless for the great uses of life. By their usual life they dwell much in the past or away from the present and immediate, yet are they among the genuine leaders of society, whether they walk in the brocade gown of old Bologna or stand in the front rank of all modern conflicts for the uplifting of humanity, the perfecting of all its gifts, the realization of all its ideals. To create such bodies of men—above all, to provide for a permanent supply of them, to house them properly and place at their disposal all the implements and helps of profitable labor, has been for seven long Christian centuries looked upon as the highest and noblest act of any society. Nothing banishes so quickly the stigma of ignorance and retrogression, or creates so easily and normally sentiments of just pride and affection, as the possession of such a superior school, whence come with every succeeding year not the self-made men—for they are curiosities in the annals of learning—but the properly formed, properly balanced men, to whom truth is ever the highest goal, the peaceful progress of humanity, the highest earthly good, and religion the noblest ideal that can solicit in last resort the human heart.

#### UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION.

The University is governed by a Board of thirty Trustees, composed of archbishops and bishops, priests and laymen, the majority being ecclesiastics. The Archbishop of Baltimore is perpetual Chancellor of the University, declared so in the Papal constitution by which it is governed. As such, the ordinary administration of the University depends on him and is exercised in his name by the Rector. This officer is appointed by the Holy See

from a list of three names presented by the Board of Trustees, holds office for six years, and may be reëlected. He is responsible to the Chancellor and to the Board of Trustees, of which he is *ex-officio* a member. He is assisted in his government of the University by a Vice-Rector, appointed by the Board of Trustees. The University Senate, composed of the deans of faculties, heads of University Colleges, and two elected members of each faculty, coöperates with the Rector in the academic administration of the University. A General Secretary and a Treasurer of the University, elected by the Board of Trustees, complete the list of administration officers.

#### TEACHING STAFF.

Four professors, all Europeans, formed the original staff of University teachers, and all were credited to the theological faculty—two Germans, a Belgian and a Frenchman. To-day there are seventy-five teachers in the University—ordinary professors, associate professors and instructors. This staff is divided between five schools—theology, philosophy, letters, law and sciences. About one-third are priests, and among these again about one-third are members of religious communities. With a few exceptions the professors are Americans by birth, notably the lay professors. Kindred sciences are grouped into departments, and these again are organized as faculties, of which there are five: Theology, Philosophy, Law, Letters and Sciences. Each faculty has its dean and appointed meetings, while all are represented in the University Senate to which belongs the regulation of the academic life of the University. With rare or temporary exception all the teachers are Catholics, and in a fair measure have grown up within the University itself, henceforth a *corpus vivum et vitale*, capable of preserving and developing itself.

#### THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

The first of the University buildings was Caldwell Hall, erected by private generosity, at a cost of \$350,000.00. It welcomed the original staff of four theological professors and a body of thirty-eight young priests, volunteers, so to speak, and pioneers in the province, then new and untried, of advanced studies under native auspices. This year seventy-four students registered in the theological faculty as candidates for degrees, and the number of professors has nearly trebled. While only a few have so far graduated

doctors in theology, nearly two hundred licentiates in theology have gone forth, representing in each case five years of theological studies. A very large number have taken the Bachelor's degree in theology. In this way many dioceses have profited by the University, and if a larger number have not availed themselves of the advantages so easily to be had, it is mostly owing to the great need of priests in every diocese. The graduates of the theological faculty are numerous in our larger cities, and are to be found in parochial work and in the diocesan seminaries and administration; they hold positions as diocesan officers, pastors, seminary professors, superintendents of schools, heads of charity works, and similar ecclesiastical institutions. Six bishops are their chief ornaments: Des Moines, St. Cloud, Nueva Segovia, Pinar del Rio, Lincoln and Tagaste. In addition, the ordinaries of Milwaukee, Sioux City and Sioux Falls were formerly professors or administrators of the University, while all four rectors have held the episcopal dignity, Archbishop John J. Keane, the late Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles, Bishop O'Connell of Richmond and the present incumbent. This year forty-eight young priests resided in Caldwell Hall, exhausting its capacity so long as it must also shelter the administration of the University and a large body of ecclesiastical professors. This edifice is taxed to its utmost, and should soon be relieved of the administration offices, of the ecclesiastical professors, and of class-room service to other faculties, for all of which purposes new and larger quarters ought to be provided, sufficient space being in these circumstances a condition of progress.

#### MATERIAL GROWTH.

In the fall of 1889, Divinity Hall was opened, the first of the University buildings, on a site only three miles from the White House, but quite undeveloped, and reached only by a narrow road that served a few rural villas of the ante-bellum type, neglected and decadent. To-day fifteen buildings, mostly large and architecturally pleasing, raise their substantial bulk within an academic territory that has been developed until it lacks little of equalling the best parts of Washington. Eight of the buildings belong to the University: Caldwell Hall, McMahon Hall, Albert Hall, Gibbons Hall, Graduate Hall, St. Thomas' Hall, the Maloney Chemical Laboratory and the Engineering Building. To the original purchase of sixty-nine acres seventy-five have been added, a total of one hundred and forty-four, improved with all municipal service, laid out sufficiently

for immediate uses, accessible by one of the best avenues of the city, and so close to the splendid park of the Soldiers' Home that the two sites seem easily to blend into one. It operates its own central heating and lighting plant. The large suburb of Brookland, of over four thousand souls, has developed about the University, and has made possible a thriving Catholic parish, while another larger one has arisen in the near vicinity. Both are outgrowths of the University, without which this section of Washington would have long awaited expansion or been condemned to grow on lines of smaller promise. A station of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is located at one corner of the University grounds, and the electric cars pass the gates at regular intervals, connecting Brookland and its territory with the city. Around this almost ideal site rise seven fine edifices of religious communities, some of them very imposing. Were all these structures to be gathered within city limits they would fill several large squares. Their combined value represents a large outpouring of Catholic generosity, private and corporate, and yet all feel that we have not entered upon our larger growth, or taken the measure of the vast educational possibilities which solicit the eye of the reasoning imagination, given the normal freedom of American religious life and the regular growth of Catholic works in the last fifty years.

#### THE STUDENT BODY.

In 1904 the matriculated students of the University numbered one hundred and ten. The registration for the current year is five hundred and fifty-four, of whom one hundred and forty-four are ecclesiastics. This does not include the students of affiliated colleges of women, Trinity College (two hundred and twenty-eight), nor the Catholic Sisters' College (sixty-five), nor does it include the students of the two Summer Schools, in which there were about six hundred Sisters. The lay students come from nearly every State, and represent very largely an element which in all probability would have otherwise drifted into some Non-Catholic University. About one-half of the lay students enter the School of Sciences, the other half being divided, somewhat unequally, between the Schools of Law and Letters. They live, for the most part, in University halls, of which there are four, under the direction of ecclesiastics. For the last three or four years some fifty students have been lost each year, owing to lack of rooms, enough to fill one or two more dormitories, if they were forth-

coming. A new and commodious dining hall, has, in its unfinished state, a seating capacity of about four hundred. The University lacks a gymnasium, and feels grievously this condition, though in various ways it tries to make up for a building which would greatly help both the health and the discipline of such a large body of young men. Their spiritual lives are cared for by regular religious instruction, brief sermons on Sundays and holydays, an annual retreat, and a succession of devotions in the various hall chapels. The presence and personal example of so large a body of ecclesiastical teachers and students, secular and religious, with whom the lay students are constantly in touch, exercise a remarkable influence on the young lay students, habituate them to intimate and respectful acquaintance with the clergy, and establish relations of friendship and esteem whose fruit will blossom later on in life. In these few years of undergraduate life at the University several ecclesiastical vocations have developed, some of them for the neighboring religious communities.

#### BUILDINGS AND ENDOWMENTS.

The securities of the University amount to about two million dollars, invested under the direction of a Finance Committee made up of representative Catholic business men. This fund represents almost entirely perpetual academic charges and cannot, therefore, be used for buildings or for other purposes than those for which it was originally given. The eight buildings of the University, with its above-described land, represent an outlay of one and a half million dollars. Its total property of three and a half million dollars, while of course in itself a very respectable foundation and a credit to American Catholic generosity, by no means furnishes in revenue and equipment the means needed to carry on the works of the University, even at the present stage of its development. Private generosity must therefore be frequently called on to supplement the regular endowment. It must be remembered that only the annual interest of its endowment, and that very conservatively calculated, is available for the general expenses. The endowment itself must be always preserved intact.

#### CHAIRS AND FELLOWSHIPS.

The endowed Chairs in the University are twenty in number. There are four endowed fellowships, not to speak of the fifty graduate scholarships of the Knights of Columbus endowment. It is



highly desirable that more Chairs be founded, for in this way the cost of a given course of teaching is secured in perpetuity, thereby relieving the general exchequer of a heavy burden and permitting the use of the general fund for ordinary development. Many American universities have a good number of teaching or traveling fellowships. Such funds encourage greatly graduate studies, and are responsible for the growth of scholarly leadership in both Church and State. The comparatively small fund required for a fellowship would enable regularly some gifted student to spend two or three years at the University after graduation, perfecting himself in his studies, acquiring the taste for research, with good method and experience, and fitting himself to aspire to those higher places in life which can be well filled only by the few who are willing to make the necessary sacrifices at the beginning of their career. It is largely for lack of this superior scientific training that our Catholic college graduates enter so rarely the governmental research departments, leaving us without our proper representation in this influential circle of the public service. The Catholic University could not be better situated for such attractive studies, and it is hoped that in the future our Catholic graduates will be enabled and encouraged to pursue there the studies which open the door to promotion in the broader province of expert public service. Otherwise, it will be always a matter of chance whether or not Catholics shall have their due share in all the honors and emoluments connected with the ever-increasing labors and service of the great governmental departments of our national life. There could and should be established here generous fellowships for every branch of learned research and expert training, which our government so badly needs that not infrequently it has to call on foreign scholarship.

#### FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

The finances of the University are administered by the Board of Trustees through its Treasurer and a Finance Committee. All investments are made and controlled by the latter body, made up mostly of experienced men of business. An annual report of the revenues and expenditures is made by the Treasurer to the Trustees, and is distributed to the episcopate, and is otherwise accessible to all interested in the University. A monthly report, covering the financial life of the University, accurately and in detail, is made to each member of the Board of Trustees. The books of the University are

audited annually by certified accountants, who examine also the securities and attest the proper condition of the books and securities. The funds of the University are invested in a very conservative way, and bring on an average about four per cent. Its financial officers are bonded, and all reasonable precautions are taken to conserve its temporal estate. Special funds, like those of the Knights of Columbus Endowment, Basselin College, and the new church, are kept separate, but under the same general management.

#### BEQUESTS AND DONATIONS.

In these first decades the University would have been seriously hampered in its growth were it not for aid given through bequests and donations. Generous friends of Catholic education, witnessing the earnest efforts of the University to realize the intentions and hopes of its founders, have come to its aid not infrequently, and by their donations have made it possible to care from year to year for the ever-growing body of students. All education is necessarily a charitable work. Indeed, it is the highest social form of charity, especially in our day when in all its phases a proper education has become too costly for the average individual to acquire unless a large share of the expense is directly borne by the institutions of education, primary, secondary or advanced. Yet education, particularly advanced or higher education, was never more necessary, perhaps never more remunerative, than in our time, when the former conditions of American society are being so fundamentally modified, and the really "self-made man" has become a myth. Our Non-Catholic brethren set us an example in this respect well worthy of consideration, and even of imitation. There is not a department in the University which does not sorely need help of various kinds, in order to keep up with the just demands made upon it by the great increase of students in the last few years.

Similarly, the growth of the University depends to a large extent on the generosity shown it by the faithful in their last wills and testaments. In those Catholic Middle Ages, of which we speak with just pride, men and women seldom died without remembering the poor scholars at the Universities, whose wealth in time was in good measure created by such bequests. In the last seven years nearly fifty wills, varying in value, have been closed in favor of the University, an average of about seven each year. In some cases they carry fixed academic charges, which consume

forever the annual interest; in other cases the capital is left at the disposition of the University. It needs, and will long need, support of both kinds, but the most pressing need in this generation is a general endowment fund, which would permit a fair degree of free growth in all the departments which most need an annual outlay for material equipment, new courses, etc. Surely, no better use could be made of their surplus wealth by religiously-minded Catholic men and women than to endow Catholic higher education in a general or specific way, and thus enable each year a good number of our brightest Catholic youth to come to the front in the scientific world, without endangering their ancestral faith. Catholic generosity would thus establish in our great centres of population that trained and sure and efficient leadership, itself a potent example and attraction, which on all sides by general admission we so badly need, and are likely to need more urgently in the coming generation, particularly in the ranks of the Catholic laity.

#### RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

The express wish of the Holy See that the religious communities should be admitted to all the advantages of the University was generously met on both sides from the earliest days. Apart from the Sulpicians, to whom was confided the administration of Divinity Hall and whose novitiate is now established here, the Paulists were the first to respond, and soon the Marists and the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross established themselves in close proximity. In due time came the Franciscans and the Dominicans, the Society of Divine Love, the Fathers and Brothers of Mary (Dayton), the Oblate Fathers and the Capuchins. The numerous students of these communities are a notable element of academic strength, while their regular edifying lives contribute greatly to the general discipline. At all times the mutual relations of these communities and their relations with the University have been excellent. Their willingness to serve the common interests, often at no little inconvenience, deserves all praise. Eight of their members are on the teaching staff of the University. Their houses are a noble ornament to the surrounding territory, and their land, devoted to the cause of higher education, amounts to about one hundred and fifty acres, much of which is continuous with the site of the University. It may be said with truth that the conditions here briefly outlined are unique in the history of Catholic education, that they offer the brightest hope for the future in the

way of harmony and common service, and that to-day nowhere in the world is there a similar academic situation so ideal in its outlines and so rich in promise.

#### WRITINGS OF PROFESSORS.

One easily understands that a new academic work like the University makes large demands on the time and devotion of its teachers for the needs of organization and administration. Much of the zeal which in well-established schools finds an outlet in scholarly writings, was here necessarily directed to works of an external and material nature. Nevertheless, the literary output of the teaching staff of the University, though unevenly distributed, is considerable. They have contributed a very fair share to our Catholic reviews and periodicals, scarcely a number of which is without some evidence of their good will and zeal. Were the contributions of our professors to Catholic periodicals reprinted as a whole they would make a respectable number of volumes, and not the least useful part of our recent Catholic literature. For twenty-five years the ecclesiastical professors have sustained an extensive consultation service, replying, often at length, to numerous inquiries and requests in all parts of the country. They are, of course, not singular in this respect, since the professors of our seminaries and colleges have at all time been equally devoted and generous. Such service, however, consumes time, and often calls for no small degree of self-sacrifice. On the other hand, its anonymous and hidden nature ought occasionally to receive a word of recognition. Many a private letter, written to aid or comfort or direct another, has taken weeks of research and consumed all the spare time of a professor, dealing at the same time with only one among many inquiries. There is surely not one priest-professor in the University who is not the recipient of frequent requests for service of this kind. If I refer to them more particularly, it is not to ignore similar service often asked of the lay professors.

This is, perhaps, the place to refer briefly to the public service of the University professors in the way of sermons, lectures, and discourses. They have been ever helpful in this way within the limits of their condition, convinced that they owed to the common cause of Catholicism any aid their position enabled them to lend. They bore a fair share of the labors entailed by the preparation of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. And while that useful

work is indebted to many other scholars both at home and abroad, it is not unjust to say that it is deeply indebted to the University, and met there an instant and hearty recognition of its timeliness and its influence. A complete biography of the volumes published by the professors of the University would include works on Holy Scripture, dogmatic theology, apologetics, ecclesiastical history, canon law, philosophy, English literature, sociology, pedagogy, history of education, American history, Celtic literature, American law, Coptic and Syriac literature, Hebrew grammar, French grammar, etc. If we add to this creditable array the numerous printed dissertations offered by the graduate students of the University for the doctor's degree in theology or philosophy, the literary output of the University is quite as large as could be reasonably asked for an institution often hampered for lack of books and other research facilities, such as are demanded by the conditions of modern progress in our great academic centres.

#### UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.

Every scholar appreciates the peculiarly hard and ungrateful toil spent on learned periodicals. They are, nevertheless, like dictionaries and encyclopedias, indispensable, and those who spend on them the best years of their lives, sacrificing more popular and remunerative work, deserve our gratitude and an occasional word of commendation and encouragement. They are the quarrymen whose blocks of granite or marble will one day be shaped for the edifice of science.

Early in our career *The Catholic University Bulletin* was begun (1895). The first twenty volumes contain articles on various subjects, book reviews and miscellaneous studies. With the twenty-first volume (1915) it became mainly a record of current events in the life of the University, and an organ of information for the Catholic clergy and laity. In 1911 our Department of Education began *The Catholic Educational Review*, now in its eleventh volume. It deals with educational problems and methods from the Catholic standpoint, and supplies information regarding all current events and movements in which our Catholic teachers are interested.

In 1915 the Department of Church History undertook *The Catholic Historical Review*, now in its second volume, for the purpose of stimulating interest and activity in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

In conjunction with the University of Louvain, the Catholic

University is now carrying the *Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum Orientalium*, a collection of all Christian texts extant in Syriac, Arabic, Coptic and Armenian, in two series, one of the original texts, and the other of Latin translations. Over eighty volumes of both series have already appeared.

From October to June, the students issue *The Symposium*, a medium of communication between the student body and their friends and well-wishers. In addition the University publishes quarterly *Salve Regina*, a purely religious periodical devoted to the erection of the University Church, to be known as the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

#### LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

The University Library had as a nucleus a few thousand volumes donated partly by Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop O'Farrell and other benefactors, and was first set in order by our regretted Doctor Bouquillon, whose own rich library of works on moral theology it has since acquired. From modest beginnings it has reached the figure of about one hundred thousand volumes, as a rule well-chosen and serviceable. This does not include several rich libraries of professors, nor the libraries of the religious communities, some of which are both numerous and valuable, and in one way or another may be said to pertain to our fund of books available for study and research. If these are counted in, our library facilities represent about one hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The University Library grows by some five thousand volumes yearly. Originally housed in a basement of Divinity Hall, it is now located on the first floor of McMahon Hall, but in very cramped quarters, which do not permit of expansion or of proper administration and use of this great treasure, which alone almost justifies the labors of the last twenty-five years. Several very rich and special libraries have been formally promised to the University, and it is reasonable to hope that the fiftieth year of our work will see here a library, noble in all its proportions, worthy of the purpose and spirit and hopes of the founders and the friends of the University. Incidentally, such a Catholic library, perfect in content and administration, would render a great service in Washington, where legislators, research students and scholarly visitors abound, to whom the halls of a well-equipped Catholic University library would be a veritable boon.

Our Museum is yet small, and has lacked space for growth

and means for proper care and administration. There are in it, nevertheless, valuable and rare collections, interesting objects, and curios of many kinds. It is easily possible to develop it and to obtain from it a rich service to University teaching.

#### THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH.

It goes without saying that a community like the University cannot thrive, as it ought to, from the viewpoint of practical religion, unless it have a proper space for worship. Even in the most modest parish the influence of the church edifice on the up-coming youth, as the centre at once of supernatural life and of the loveliest creations of the arts, is a primary consideration. The ecclesiastical students of the University need a suitable church, being mostly young priests, or levites whose life-work is intimately related to the service of the altar. The dignity and correctness of the liturgy; the power of ecclesiastical oratory; the taste and practice of devotions; the function, nature and grasp of ecclesiastical music, with a trained insight for its right place in our religious life; the intimate sense of the spiritual beauty of the ecclesiastical arts; the ineffable charm of the vast architectural spaces—all these sources of priestly character and temper flow naturally within the limits of the church edifice, and impregnate the very spirit of God's youthful minister. For lack of such an edifice the theological formation of our students, awaits yet a more intensive spiritualization. As for the lay students, a large and beautiful church would enrich regularly their spiritual lives; would translate into terms of practical religion their emotional instincts; would exemplify for them the place of God's Church in society, in the arts and crafts, in all human life; would surround with dignity the sacraments, feasts and devotions of Holy Church, and would continue in an unbroken line their daily lives as organized in the family circle and the parochial centre whence so many of them enter the University. Considerations of this nature led eventually to the movement for the erection on the University grounds of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is our ardent hope that a portion of this proposed edifice may soon be constructed, and a strong beneficent impulse be thereby given to the religious life of all our students, both lay and ecclesiastical.

#### BASELIN COLLEGE.

In the foundation of the University the Holy See and the

American hierarchy had always in view the best possible training for the aspirants to the priesthood, and in commending the great work to the generosity of the faithful it was felt that in due time they would make a noble provision for the most perfect education of those chosen ministers at whose hands they received daily the Bread of Life. To Mr. Theodore B. Basselin, of New York State, we owe the first ecclesiastical foundation, apart from the teaching funds aforementioned. He bequeathed to the University the greater part of a fortune estimated in the vicinity of one million dollars, for the purpose of creating Basselin College, an institution in which young aspirants to the priesthood may receive a part of their ecclesiastical formation, with the proviso that they be specially well trained in ecclesiastical elocution. Students must enter the College in their senior year and spend there that year and their two years of philosophy, as ordinarily taught in our seminaries. They are to receive board and lodging and tuition fee during said three years, or so long as they give evidence of ecclesiastical vocation. The founder specified no number of students, but left their selection to the University, being chiefly concerned about the most efficient elocutionary training of the students, so that, in reading or speaking, the young priest should always appear in the pulpit to the greater credit of the Word of God and to the best advantage of all his hearers. The foundation has been accepted by the Board of Trustees, and becomes operative at a period to be determined by them.

#### CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

It has always been felt in the University that it owed the most earnest service to Catholic education, not alone within its own borders, but throughout the country. Its interests in the better organization of Catholic education dates from the beginning of the Catholic Educational Association, which its professors originated and with which the University has always remained in the closest relations. It is not here necessary to dilate on the educational service rendered by this body other than to emphasize the fact that it is our chief public bond and sign of union, and brings annually together our principal Catholic educators to the great advantage of all concerned.

Many of our seminaries and colleges have to-day on their teaching staff a good number of scholarly professors educated in the Catholic University, and in this respect its influence has



been most beneficial. In several dioceses the superintendents of schools are graduates of the University, and by their personal influence and their training effect favorably the growth of our educational system. Indeed, there is no service which the University prizes more highly or is more anxious to render than the service due to Catholic education. This is its highest merit, its broadest field of action, its very *raison d'être*. If it had done nothing else in twenty-five years than what has been accomplished along these lines, it would have justified the hopes and the sacrifices it called forth from its foundation.

#### CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

The rapid movement in modern charities organization, and the increased and complex relations into which Catholic charities were obliged to enter, created soon a feeling that some effort should be made in the way of national organization. Early in 1910 a number of representative Catholics, attracted by the central character of the University, met there and decided to establish at Washington the National Conference of Catholic Charities. It has held since then three biennial meetings, 1910, 1912 and 1914, and a fourth is arranged for 1916. Each meeting has been attended by several hundred delegates from every section of the Union, and decided progress has been made in spreading information, arousing fresh interest, coördinating existing works, and comforting the laborers in this somewhat neglected field. Three reports of about five hundred pages each, and praised as models in their kind, preserve the labors of the Conference, and form a good nucleus for Catholic charitable literature of the future. In as far as the social sciences have for one of their objects the economic and social needs of mankind, the University offers a natural forum for their discussion.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE.

The higher education of our Catholic young women concerns very closely the entire Church, so intimate and far-reaching is the influence of the home on character, thought and life, consequently on religion and faith. Yielding to earnest representations, the University interested itself at an early day in the foundation of Trinity College for the higher education of our young women under Catholic auspices. In 1897 a charter was granted the College; it was opened (1900) by the Sisters of Notre Dame of

Namur, who constitute the teaching staff, but receive academic and religious assistance from professors of the University. It began with sixteen graduate students, and has now reached the figure of two hundred and twenty-eight, representing over thirty States. Being purely a school of advanced studies, without any preparatory classes, Trinity College represents efficiently the interests of Holy Church in the best possible training of Catholic young women for all the higher callings of life. Its graduates, already numerous in every part of the Union, represent a religious and social influence quite incalculable. Nor does it require any great effort of the imagination to foresee the service which so many highly educated young women will render to Catholic life and thought in the decades now opening before us.

#### THE CATHOLIC SISTERS' COLLEGE.

The Catholic Sisters' College, formally established in 1914, gave definite shape to the teaching which had been carried for three years previous under the guidance of the University for the better formation of our teaching Sisters in all that pertains to their scholastic duties. It is an independent corporation, separate and distinct from the University, but affiliated with it. The students of the College, after passing the prescribed examinations, may receive University degrees. It is governed by a body of nine Trustees taken from the Trustees of the University, which body owns and controls the property of the College. They may sublet it to religious communities of women who wish to establish convents or houses for Sisters attending the College. It also directs the teaching and discipline. Each community of teaching Sisters may lease for ninety-nine years as much land as is necessary for its own convent, while the Trustees of the College erect the academic buildings, care for the grounds and public improvements, and establish a plan of studies and discipline in keeping with the best traditions and principles of Catholic education for women. The courses of teaching are given by University professors, but in the College buildings; the methods recommended by the Holy See for the Catholic University of America, as far as applicable, are followed in the College. Candidates for admission must give proper evidence of their qualifications to enter on the courses of study offered in the College. This year, the fifth in the history of the institution, sixty-five Sisters attended the College, representing about thirty religious houses. Through the generosity of a Catholic

family the first public building of the College was opened in May of this year, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. The College owns a fine site of fifty-seven acres, not far from the University, on which two communities of Sisters have already built their convents, while others are preparing to imitate them. The creation of this Teachers' College for our Sisters has entailed no little labor and anxiety on all concerned. But the gravity of the pedagogical needs of the Sisters and the evident benefits to be derived from such a normal institute, have outweighed all other considerations. If the satisfaction of those immediately affected be a guarantee of its timeliness, the College may be said to have already justified itself. It may be that a generation from now it will go without saying that this work was the happiest, because the most necessary, of all the academic enterprises set afoot by the University.

#### THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The purpose of the University Summer Schools, an integrant part of the Catholic Sisters' College, is to afford Catholic women teachers, especially the teaching sisterhoods, an opportunity of profiting by the facilities which the University provides and of obtaining under Catholic auspices whatever may be helpful to them in their work. Courses of instruction are given both in the professional subjects, which are of importance to every teacher, and in the academic subjects usually taught in the elementary school, high school or college. Special emphasis is laid on the principles, the methods and history of education, which are explained and discussed from the Catholic viewpoint; and a complete course is devoted to the methods of teaching religion. The courses are of six weeks, and the University buildings are turned over to the Sisters for that period. There are now two Summer Schools, one at the University, opened in 1911 and now in its fifth year, the other at Dubuque, opened in 1914 and entering on its third year. In each of them the registration of teaching Sisters, and a few lay women teachers, was, in 1915, over three hundred. Some forty instructors from the University teach in these schools. In this way the University buildings are in use through nearly the entire year, and a large percentage of its staff comes into immediate contact with the great educational needs of the Catholic Church. Doubtless, time will reveal the many possibilities which seem to suggest themselves as feasible through agencies of such peculiar power as are gathered in these summer centres of study. They represent

on both sides sacrifice, devotion and labor, the intimate elements of all success.

#### APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE.

The field of the Gospel whitens ever before the eyes of Holy Church, and in our American society is peculiarly broad and inviting. In 1904 the Apostolic Mission House was opened on the grounds of the University, under the auspices of the Catholic Missionary Union, a society formed by the Paulist Fathers to carry out the vocation of their founder Father Hecker, viz., the conversion of Non-Catholics in America. The free distribution of Catholic literature, the spread of the periodical known as *The Missionary*, and in general the increase of conversions among Non-Catholics, are naturally objects very sympathetic to the University, whose interest in the holy work is a generous and substantial one. Students of the Apostolic Mission House are required to follow courses in the University.

#### A CENTRE OF CATHOLIC ACTION.

The University has become naturally a centre of higher Catholic activity. Apart from the two meetings of the Trustees, the Archbishops of the United States meet there annually. The Commission for the Negroes and Indians holds there its annual meeting, likewise the Catholic Missionary Union in charge of the Apostolic Mission House, and the Executive Committee of the Catholic Educational Association. It is the centre of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, and in general offers to our Catholic people a central site or meeting place for the discussion and formation of common interests and projects. The Apostolic Delegation, located in the near vicinity, brings us into close contact with our founder, the Holy See, whose first representative in the Delegation lived for a considerable period at the University. The ten religious communities centred about the University bring us into intimate relations with a large portion of the Catholic population, many of whose regular clergy now come from the University, and cannot fail to exhibit all the advantages of a superior training amid the most favorable conditions. Similarly, those young secular priests who spent at the University the first years of their priesthood are already quite numerous, and represent a noteworthy element of the ecclesiastical body destined to increase largely in the future. Already their influence is a beneficent one in every com-

munity where their lot is cast, and as alumni of the University they vie with their fellow alumni among the Religious on all lines of priestly service.

#### RETROSPECT.

The Catholic University may rightly be called the first chapter in the history of higher education under American Catholic auspices, and for that reason the conditions and circumstances of its growth cannot fail to attract the attention of all who are interested in the future of the Catholic Church in the United States. There is surely reasonable cause to rejoice that its record is so far one of satisfactory progress. Many will easily believe that if Catholic generosity rallied more strongly to its support and development, it would in the next two decades present the happy sight of a great central school of all desirable learning, solidly built at the National Capital. In such a school would be found all the learning that Catholic youth could hope to find elsewhere, plus the security of their ancestral faith. The brightest ornaments of the clergy and the laity would grow up together under the same religious and academic influences. Its prestige would be enhanced by age, endowments, architecture, services, libraries, collections, and that indescribable totality of power and charm, of suggestion and inspiration, evoked by the names of Oxford and Cambridge, Paris and Louvain. Its graduates, disseminated socially in every estate of American life, would reveal as a whole its spirit and its uses, and in due time would leave unornamented no page of our American annals. In that day we should not need to defend, painfully and with humiliation, our patriotism and loyalty, our love of learning, our public merits innumerable, our social status, the splendor of our religion. In a thousand ways our highly educated Catholic men and women would have relegated the insult and abuse of the present to the limbo of exploded slanders. Certainly, the outlook for that day is fair, when we recall, even summarily, the history of our principal Catholic education enterprise. It has lived and prospered amid an incredible development of Catholic works in every part, and despite the gigantic cost of modern educational plants, and the many highly endowed and favored centres of higher learning which interpose their attractions and solicit forcibly our studious Catholic youth, always with great peril of their Catholic faith and temper.

## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER XI.



FOR the two weeks following Mrs. Bolivar's dinner party, Walcott worked with feverish intensity, trying to forget those few words of Anne's that threatened to destroy the whole of his present life plan. He knew Anne. She belonged to that type that promises no man happiness, security, comfort nor rest, but she possessed a certain inexplicable charm, even apart from her beauty, a subtle sympathy, a helplessness that begets confidence, a power to stimulate one to show to best advantage. Stupid men forgot their heaviness, she seemed to obliterate their blunders; conceited men exploited their ideas with a sense of safety from sarcasm; clever men found flattery in her apparent understanding of their ambitions, while modest men were bewildered by the possibilities of achievement that she seemed to engender in them. But there was an unreality about it all that even those who knew Anne well did not always fathom, the effects she produced were ephemeral; they faded out when she withdrew her presence.

But suppose she concentrated her power upon one man—what then? After all there was nothing despicable about Anne—no breath of scandal had ever touched her. She had always received admiration, and it had grown to be a necessity as essential to her as light or air. Was she altogether superficial, incapable of deep feeling? Fifteen years had passed—fifteen years—and yet she had refused to sing a song that had belonged to the days of her first romance, *his* romance. Had she really loved him?—he had doubted her always—who was this Van Brun who had married Anne? He would not go back to that old delirium of his youth. He could not go back, for the old obstacles had never been overcome and others had been added—the disfigurement on his face which she would find repulsive, and the crowded years which had left him little of his buoyant youth.

As soon as it filtered out in Washington that the new member was an experienced social worker, and that he was interested in all movements for civic reform, he was besieged by individuals begging help, charitable organizations craving support, and he was asked to serve on innumerable committees engaged in improving housing, hospitals, reformatories and jails. He had been kept busy making a

selection, but in the midst of his various duties, even when he had half succeeded in banishing Anne from his thoughts, Ted haunted him. Ted was his responsibility and he had neglected, ignored him. The words of the old nun, "If someone will only take him in charge when he leaves me" came back to him with remorseless insistency and robbed him of all peace. How could he establish an intimacy with Ted and help him to fight against the habits he had formed? If he could only meet him in some casual way, in the Capitol, on some committee at one of the hotels at lunch time. But Ted's haunts were not his. Outwardly they had not one interest in common. Ted's music led him among artists, dilettantes whose attitude of superiority was a mock courage to conceal their fear of life. He would have to accept some social invitations to get his hands on Ted, so that one morning when Mrs. Bolivar called him up over the telephone to say that she wanted to go to the Congressional reception at the White House, and that the Senator was out of town, would Walcott play proxy? he promptly agreed to go, with the superstitious conviction that this was the opportunity for which he had been looking. No doubt Ted would be there; if he met him thus by chance it would not seem a premeditated plan to engage him in conversation and to invite him to dinner, to a ball game, to the theatre, somewhere—anywhere—to encourage an informal friendship.

As they drove up to the East entrance of the White House, which has been added to the old mansion in late years to accommodate the increasing crowds and make these social functions possible, Mrs. Bolivar turned to Walcott and said:

"Your willingness to come to-night was quite astonishing. I know you too well to expect excessive politeness. Did you share my bucolic curiosity to see the inside of the White House?"

"I've seen it several times," he answered quietly, "but never with a mob like this."

The remark seemed sufficiently explanatory, though it did not answer her question, but Mrs. Bolivar was too much interested in her surroundings to notice the equivocal reply. They had reached the pillared portico, which was so wide that two carriages could disgorge their burdens at the same time. The guests chilled by the sudden contact with the cold wind hurried across the red-tiled vestibule and into the long corridor, where negro servants relieved them of their wraps. As Polly's shabby cloak was borne away and pigeon-holed with the rest, Walcott gave a little exclamation of pleasure.

"How bride-like you look all in white. I really didn't know you were going to be so pretty, Polly."

He was picturing her as a thin, eager-faced child sitting on his hall table, nodding gravely towards the library and telling him that

Anne "was inside," but Mrs. Bolivar could not know that he was talking reminiscently.

"I am glad we came," she said. It pleased her to have him express his admiration. She had been perfectly frank about Polly from the first. He needed a wife she had told him so often; his aloofness, loneliness and apparent lack of all family ties worried her friendly spirit. His love of children showed her what paternity would mean to him and, not knowing anything about his past, she misinterpreted altogether his attitude towards Polly.

"But what do you suppose we do next?" said Mrs. Bolivar, a trifle confused by the increasing numbers around her.

"Well it's all very simple as long as we have a crowd to follow. Come this way," and he led them into another long hallway hung with portraits of the former ladies of the White House, then up a crimson carpeted stairway to the East Room. The congestion in the doorway was very great, and they paused, willing enough, to look in upon the brilliant scene. The old-fashioned prismatic chandeliers flamed with iridescent light; beautiful women, gleaming with jewels, gowned in every conceivable color filled the immense room, while some army and naval officers in full uniform shone conspicuously among the monotonous evening clothes of the men.

"It's like a page from old world splendor," said Mrs. Bolivar. "I don't wonder everyone wants to come to Washington."

"It's a terrible crush," said Walcott, mopping his face with his handkerchief, "worse than any roundup I ever saw. There's a fat man pushing me from behind, but I suppose I'm safe since there's no room to fall in. Let us try to reach that recess of the window where there's room to breathe."

"They are forming a line to greet the President," said Mrs. Bolivar, "but indeed I'll have to get out of it. There's someone we know—Alec's new secretary. He's a nice young newspaper man, and he will take charge of Polly. How-do-you-do, Mr. Sanger. My cousin, Miss Maxen, and Mr. Walcott I believe you know. I'm going to ask you to take charge of Miss Maxen; she wants to shake hands with the President. I'll stay here by the window. I'm a tiny bit faint and the crowd is appalling."

The young secretary looked down upon Polly, and expressed an eager interest to accept the responsibility, while Mrs. Bolivar sank down on the cushioned window seat with a sigh of relief.

"Secretaries in Washington are most useful," she said. "I think I'd like to have half a dozen. I suppose I should have sent you with Polly, but you really look most miserable."

"Well you know how much I enjoy evening parties, and it was hot work getting through that crowd. My collar has wilted—why did we come?"



"I wanted to see it," she answered with laughing eyes.

"But the President is in the next room."

"I know that," she answered, settling herself as if she were making her position more permanent. "It may be bad form not to shake hands with one's host in his own temporary home, and, of course, I've no ill feeling, (though we did our best to defeat him last election), but there's always a sense of freedom in a crowd like this. We shall never be missed, and if we are he should be grateful for two omitted hand-shakes."

"Good Lord, it must be an awful bore for him," said Walcott, with his eyes fixed upon the slowly moving line which had scarcely defined itself against the formless mass on either side.

"Of course it is," agreed Mrs. Bolivar, "but all positions have their penalties, even escorting me, for I have a proposition I want to make to you—that's one of the reasons I sent Polly off—I want to talk to you alone."

"Alone?" he repeated humorously looking out upon the crowd.

"Of course," she answered defensively. "No one here takes the least interest in us, and they can't hear what we are talking about, but after all the matter is no scandalous gossip to be hushed up in a sound-proof chamber. I'm worried about Alec. I don't believe he's very well; he needs rest, some sort of relaxation, some sort of a holiday, and he says that he will go away for a week or ten days if you will go with him."

"Is that all? I think I could manage that, the Christmas recess is coming."

"Well it's a little more than that," she went on hesitatingly, "we are all going to be invited to a house party, and I've decided to accept. Polly can take charge of the children, the house and the servants—she's such a comfort to me, it's like having a grown daughter in the house; I can never be grateful enough to you for suggesting her. The fact that she's Alec's cousin has made it so much easier; she doesn't have to be explained, and she knows things about the gradations of Washington society that would have taken me a year to learn."

"I suppose she has always had what you call social position."

"Yes, I suppose that's it, and she has always lived near enough to Washington to hear and understand. I may not be much of a believer in blood myself, but there is something about these Southern girls with their long pedigrees that makes them equal to any social emergency. I often wonder why Polly hasn't married, but I'm beginning to believe that the best women stay single."

"That's hard on you married ones."

Mrs. Bolivar smiled. "Well, of course, there are a few of us who

plunged in wisely and well, but life has changed for women; she has so many opportunities open to her. In the old days there was nothing for her to do but go live with her married brothers and sisters, and any kind of a matrimonial career was preferable to that."

"But I thought you didn't believe in opportunities for women? I thought you said a few weeks ago that you approved of modest violets blooming on their own front doorsteps."

"Violets do not bloom on doorsteps," she laughed. "If I said something a week ago it does not follow that I will agree with myself a week later, but speaking of doorsteps naturally brings us back to the house party. Will you go?"

"I thought I'd agreed to that."

"Then it's settled," she said triumphantly, "and I believe you will enjoy it. Alec wants duck shooting, and that means that you can be gone all day in the open and you won't have to worry with us women, for by no feat of the imagination can I picture Anne Van Brun lying in a mud-hole waiting to shoot an unfortunate duck."

"Anne—Mrs. Van Brun!" His face looked lifeless in the glare of the many lights, "Is she going too?"

"Why it's her house party," answered Mrs. Bolivar quickly. "I thought I told you that. She owns one of those historic homes in Virginia, a colonial estate, that I've read about and always wanted to see. It was her girlhood's home, and after she married Van Brun he spent bushels of money refurbishing it."

"Who was Van Brun?" The question had persisted so in his mind that he was scarcely conscious of voicing it.

"Well, I never knew him well. I met him only once. He was an old bald-headed banker with the gout, and I suspect a gouty disposition, who died obligingly in two years and left Anne a million, more or less. She plans a series of house parties during the winter. You see a home of that kind gives her a picturesque background—it's different. Anyone can give dinner parties in town, but everyone cannot offer horses, hounds, duck shooting, ancestral mansions, a private graveyard, and home-cured hams."

Walcott forced a smile at the climax. "I can't go," he said huskily. "Don't ask me to go."

"Now I think that's unreasonable," she protested. "I'm full of reasons. I have a philanthropic one up my sleeve that will certainly appeal to you. Polly's mother lives near Anne; she's quite an old woman, and she has cataract on one of her eyes or both. She ought to be operated on, and of course there's no money. Alec can't exactly offer her anything because, even though he is a relative, he is such a distant one, and he has never seen Mrs. Maxen in his life."

"But I might—might do something."

"No, you might not," she interrupted him. "You can't go and offer things to people like the Maxens that you have never seen before, but there is a way out. Mrs. Maxen owns a Romney portrait, a common ancestor of Alec's and hers, if you can solve that genealogical problem, and I have asked him to buy it. You know what a mania he has for good pictures? If it is a genuine Romney it ought to be very valuable; it ought to give both Polly and her mother a modest little competence to live on. We are absurdly rich now that our copper mines have begun to pay dividends. Did you know that you were going to be rich too?"

"No," he smiled incredulously.

"Well, that's the reason Alec is not here to-night. He's West. That mining stock he persuaded you to buy some years ago is worth a small fortune, and he wired me to-night to tell you so. I don't know the details, but I believe it will mean about forty thousand for you. Haven't you any need for money?"

For the moment he was silent in his bewilderment. "Indeed I have," he said eagerly. "If it is really true I'll be able to even up with everybody."

"Everybody?"

"I'm in debt," he explained reluctantly, "deeply in debt, and now I'll be able to pay and I'll be free."

She heard him wonderingly. She could not know that for fifteen years he had been saving, skimping, hoarding out of a meagre livelihood to settle with those creditors of his youth, for the estate had not paid dollar for dollar, as he had optimistically prophesied. He had been careful to ascertain the facts. He had subscribed to his own home paper, in the name of the old priest, explaining to his new found friend that many of the seamen who drifted into the little clubhouse would be interested in American news, and the old priest had thanked him gratefully, and agreed that an American newspaper would be a most desirable addition to the small stock of books in their reading-room, but even as he spoke his keen eyes noted that the paper did not come from any of the large cities and, in his loyalty, he felt half treacherous that he should have thus discovered the home of his uncommunicative recruit.

"The question is," continued Mrs. Bolivar oblivious to his train of thought, "the main question just now is, will Mrs. Maxen sell her grandmother or great-aunt or whoever she is?"

"What's—what's that," said Walcott absently.

"The Romney portrait—do you think Mrs. Maxen will be willing to part with it?"

"Why I think so. If it's so valuable she can't afford to keep it. I'm sure it's very generous of you."

"Generous! I'm sure the purchase is no virtue but vanity. I tell you Alec is no democrat. He likes ancestors, and to have one painted by a celebrity makes even Romney more personal. But he has his doubts about whether the picture is genuine. If I can get him into the neighborhood, he will go see Mrs. Maxen and investigate. Alec says he won't go without you; he considers the other men insufferable bores. Major McBear, that army officer that dined with us the other night, Ted Hargrove, Polly's friend, I half suspect she's in love with him and he's in love with Anne. What a mix up! I don't like him. I think he drinks or takes drugs or something. In fact the maid found a hypodermic in the study the other night after my guests had gone, and I suspected Mr. Hargrove at once, his color is so unnatural. I'm sure he drinks and Anne has inherited a wine cellar."

"Oh, God!" He was grateful for the heavy brocade curtain that offered shadow from the light.

"I don't know whether that's a prayer or blasphemy," went on Mrs. Bolivar lightly. "But here comes Anne now to deliver her invitation in person. Polly has pointed out our place of refuge."

"But why should she ask *me*?"

Mrs. Bolivar's merry eyes twinkled. "You're new."

"That's no reason."

"You're different."

"That's not true."

"Well, then, I'll say I don't know. Perhaps she wants to lobby a bill through Congress."

"She's not that kind."

"Well then you're a woman hater and she wants to reduce you."

"To what?"

"Pulp," whispered Mrs. Bolivar laconically as Anne approached.

Why had he come? He almost cursed himself for coming. If Anne had sent him a formal invitation how easy it would have been to frame some sort of conventional excuse, but now Mrs. Bolivar's reasoning had almost convinced him that he could not refuse. Here was the opportunity he had come to seek—the chance to establish an intimacy with Ted.

An inherited wine cellar! Why he and Anne had explored that dungeon-like place together when they were children. It's dusky windings had seemed peopled with gnomes and fairies, and he had to hold Anne's hand to keep her from flying back to the sunlight, for he needed her living presence to give him courage to go on. Once when a cobweb brushed across her face she screamed aloud. She had never had a taste for adventure, and even as a boy he had blamed her conservatism and love of her own ease. The wine cellar had brought

ruin on her father—he had been a connoisseur in old wines, and he had sought out rare vintages with the same enthusiastic feverishness that men show in collecting porcelains, pictures, books or any other thing the possession of which brings either pleasure or distinction, and then in the latter years of his life he had consistently drunk himself to death. But Anne had no views of temperance that this experience might have brought. If she had guests she would open the cellar as a matter of course. Ted's weakness was his own. It was not her business to consider it.

What strange circumstances were leading him back—back to his old home, back to Anne whom he had tried so hard to forget. Often in past years he had imagined a return, in which he wandered like a disembodied spirit through familiar places, viewing objectively the life he had left. But to return a part of that life—this seemed more unreal, more incomprehensible than his dream fancied. And yet he must return. There seemed no choice. His thoughts registered reasons with incomparable swiftness, leaving him no chance of escape—Mrs. Maxen going blind; the Romney portrait for sale; Polly in love with Ted; Ted in love with Anne. Could Mrs. Bolivar's surmising all be true?

And here was Anne herself, gowned in some bewildering way, a large bunch of violets at her breast, her hand outstretched welcoming him with one of her old radiant smiles.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "I wanted to ask you to join a house party next week at my old home in Virginia. Senator Bolivar is coming, and I can promise you that the duck shooting is good."

Apparently she did not notice his hesitation. She expected no denial. Her invitations to these house parties were limited, and among her Washington friends they were counted a great privilege.

"American men work too hard," she continued with sweet sympathy. "I am going to send you a note in the morning with my dates and plans. I'm sure my ancestors would be outraged by my ideas of English hospitality, but the season is a busy one and very short this year, and I think visitors like to know exactly when they are expected to come and go."

"Yes," agreed Walcott mechanically.

"Then I'll count on you," said Anne.

And as he watched her he felt incapable of making any other reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## New Books.

**THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND.** By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50 net.

For over thirty years Father Zahm has been following in the footsteps of the Conquistadores from Mexico to Patagonia. He has given us an account of his former journeys in two books, *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena*, and *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon*. This third volume relates in most enthusiastic fashion the history and present-day conditions of Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay and Patagonia.

The book is valuable chiefly for the perfect picture it gives us of the social, economic, educational and religious conditions obtaining in the lands of our much-maligned Latin neighbors.

Of Rio Janeiro, Father Zahm writes: "Even among the poorest of the poor I observed no evidence of the squalor and suffering found in so many of the large cities of the United States and Europe. There are no slums in Rio and there is, consequently, a marked absence of those low, debauched criminal classes that thrive in such quarters." Race suicide, the curse of North America and Europe, is practically unknown. He states that one frequently finds proud mothers of twelve and fifteen strong, bright and healthy children, in large cities like Sao Paulo and Buenos Aires.

Father Zahm is lavish in his praise of the educational and charitable work done by the religious orders in every South American republic. The Benedictines of Brazil, like their brethren in Europe, enjoy a well-deserved reputation as scholars and successful teachers. In Montevideo, Uruguay, the work of the Salesian Sisters in instructing poor children is beyond all praise. "In few places is better provision made for the poor and the sick, for the insane and the foundling. But this care of the helpless and suffering is characteristic of the people of all parts of South America." The Salesian Fathers have worked wonders among the savages. Feroocious and intractable tribes, like the Coroados and Bororos of Matto Grosso, Brazil, have in a short time been converted into useful citizens. They became farmers, herdsmen, carpenters, blacksmiths and tanners. In addition to learning a trade, the boys were taught reading, writing, arithmetic and music.

Not only were the Salesians successful as educators, but they

published books, newspapers and magazines in many languages, took charge of the magnetic and meteorological stations for the Government, distinguished themselves as explorers, naturalists and ethnologists and conducted leper colonies.

Few people realize that one man, the Dominican Fray Justo de Sante Marie de Oro, is responsible for the founding of the republic of Argentina. Few know that the success of the revolution in the vice-royalty of Buenos Aires was due to its bishops and its priests.

Never in any part of the world, except in Ireland during penal times, were priests and people more closely united than in the United Provinces of La Plata during the critical period between 1810 and 1820. Never did a people stand in greater need of wise and conscientious leaders than when they had to choose between contending factions, and decide what was their duty to God and country. . . . . To the full knowledge that they were risking all their earthly interests, and life itself, on the attitude they assumed, they went forth everywhere as the apostles of liberty and as the advocates of independence. They exerted their sacerdotal influence in public and private, in the home and in the school, in the church, in national assembly and congress. Although very poor, they unhesitatingly gave the greater part of their possessions to the support of the patriot army.

Space forbids our calling attention to many an incident in the lives of South America's heroes in Church and State. San Martin's passage of the Andes was a feat requiring greater skill than the passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon. Padre Louis Beltran's equipment of the army of the Andes was an achievement unique in history. Any nation might be proud of Chile's famous son, Andres Bello Lopez, poet, critic, philosopher, educator, statesman and jurist. The European nations at war might well learn the lesson of peace from the statue of *Christo Redentor*, which Chile and Argentina erected at the summit of Uspallata Pass in April, 1904. The thirty-two reductions of Guarani—only eight were in present Paraguay—were with the Spanish missions of California proof positive of the superior intelligence and zeal of the Spaniards in solving the problem of the Indians.

Our Latin neighbors are rather weary of being calumniated by ignorant and unscrupulous Protestant missionaries who have been denouncing for many years the people they propose to convert. Father Zahm's three volumes will do a great deal

towards promoting more kindly feeling between the people of the United States and their neighbors in the South American Republics. For he writes in full sympathy with a race whose religion is his own, and whose history, language and literature he thoroughly knows and loves.

**THE SPIRIT OF MAN.** An Anthology in English and French from the Philosophers and Poets made by the Poet Laureate in 1915. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

When we last had occasion to notice the work of the Poet Laureate he appeared in no very amiable light. As sponsor for Digby Dolbin's poetry, he showed, in his preface, a narrowness and a prejudice against the Catholic Church that would have surprised us if we Catholics had not long ago lost the power to wonder at such exhibitions even

In gentle souls, by all the arts refined.

If, on opening the anthology, we still had in our heart any drop of feeling against the editor, we quickly felt it dissolve as, under his guidance, we were borne aloft

on the viewless wings of Poesy

Rarely have we experienced such delight as this book yielded us. A beautiful anthology, it is far more than that: it is itself a poem or rather, we would say, a symphony, in which a great composer invokes the aid of every instrument of poetry to voice *The Spirit of Man* in all its greatness. It is dominated throughout by one ever-recurring chord, the grand chord of moral and spiritual nobility. This is its distinction which gives it a place of its own among anthologies, apart from all others however exquisitely choice and lovely they may be. It almost deserves to be classed among spiritual books. Indeed, we are sure it would do for many what the best spiritual books would fail to do, not through any fault of theirs, but rather because they are

too good

For human nature's daily food,

unless that nature be touched and illuminated by divine grace. Poetry at its highest, revealing human nature at its best, the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, has a siren voice which allures the poor heart of man while the plain-song of asceticism may repel. Here its aid, and that of philosophy, is sought to sound the depths and explore the heights of the human spirit. The superficial gives way,



and in our present great world-crisis, man discovers that he has a soul. "Common diversions divert us no longer; our habits and thoughts are searched by the glare of the conviction that man's life is not the ease that a peace-loving generation has found it or thought to make it, but the awful conflict with evil which philosophers and saints have depicted; and it is in their abundant testimony to the good and beautiful that we find support for our faith, and distraction from a grief that is intolerable constantly to face, nay impossible to face without that trust in God which makes all things possible." In such fine terms does the Poet Laureate disclose the purpose and scope of his selection; and right nobly, we think, has he achieved his aim.

It would be an easy, but, we believe, a fruitless and mistaken task, to express wonder, or even regret, at the many striking partialities and rejections of our anthologists. Great poets must often yield place to humbler singers, and great spiritual leaders and philosophers keep silent while we listen to their lesser brethren. But, then, the great men are always accessible, and the gain is ours when a man of true taste and discernment brings forth and puts in circulation the best things from second or third rate poets, especially of our own time. And so we are thankful that Mr. Bridges has a fondness for Darley and Dixon and Dolben and Hopkins and Yeats, for Rimbaud and Rivarol and Amiel, and above all, for Kabir. Were it not for these partialities of his, perhaps many a gem of purest ray serene would shed but little radiance in this darkling world. Besides, it would be a complete mistake to imagine that the Laureate intended to make a collection of poetical specimens; he does not even name his poets and philosophers except in the index. Each selection depicts a mood, and its fittingness is to be judged by its setting. If this be borne in mind, much unjust criticism will be avoided. We cannot approve Mr. Bridges' translation of the beginning of St. John's Gospel, "In the beginning was mind," for the object of the Gospel is to show that Christ was the eternal *Word*, or Image or Expression of God, revealed to men in time. And before taking leave of the book, we wish to note our further regret that the editor should use the term "myth" in reference to Our Lord's apocalypse of the Last Judgment, although, perhaps, he employs it in no heretical sense. We do him the honor of believing, too, that he will one day regret, when peace and quiet thoughts come home, the violent language he uses in reference to England's military enemies.

**CHRIST'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD.** By Frank H. Decker. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.

It is hard to find a book in which truth and error are so commingled as in this volume from the pen of Mr. Decker, minister of the Church House in Providence, R. I. We gather the purpose and meaning of the work from the opening lines of the foreword, "To my Book. In the name of Jesus Christ I send you to preach, to everyone who shall read your pages, his kingdom of God." With this idea in mind, the author bases his text on parables from the Gospels, and writes of the "religion" of Christ in its effects on Him and on His relation to God and men. The Kingdom of God is Christ's fellowship with God. From this "experience of God," or Christ's personal fellowship with the Almighty, Mr. Decker points the need of man's closer union with his Maker. This will be obtained when "Christ's experience of God is reproduced by men who in the process become themselves new Christs." As a result man will reach a higher standard of perfection in his social relations, and be actuated by motives of true Christian Socialism.

The structure that Mr. Decker builds is deserving of much praise. The sweetness of life, the harmony of conscience and the peace of soul attendant upon "fellowship with Christ" are vividly brought before us. The whole work breathes of love of Christ and points toward that ideal.

But while the structure is built of many truths well stated, it is founded upon shifty sands of confusion and error. *Christ's Experience of God* is solely an appeal for a stronger Christianity, yet the writer by his conception and characterization of Christ, unmistakably denies the only real, substantial reason for it all—the only real foundation of Christianity—the Godhead and Divinity of Jesus Christ. He recognizes in Christ not the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, but a great character who was raised to the "fellowship of God" by his love for his fellowmen. "Jesus was in the Father and the Father in him, only as he prayed that other men might be one in God and God in them." Again, Jesus passed "through the Kingdom of God to the perfection of God: that was the experience of the only man of our race who has sought and won a perfect character." These and other ideas show that the writer while professing Christianity has lost its spirit and substance, and like many other Protestant preachers has embraced Unitarianism.

In this light that Christ was "a man plus God—a man whose union with God transformed him into the image of God," that "he would rebuke us sharply for our sin in making him equal with his Father," and that Christ's "motive for seeking him was that he might be qualified for larger usefulness in ministering to the world"—it is difficult to justify the plea which the book makes, for it casts aside the very essentials for Christian faith. And as a direct result of this the social service, for which Mr. Decker pleads so earnestly, is made empty and vain and becomes simply an aid toward pagan perfection.

It is a pity that such loftiness of purpose should be defeated by such looseness of thought and confusion of essentials. There is much that is good and inspiring in the book, but perhaps in that very thing lies the danger of the work, for many, moved emotionally by its high purpose, will fail to see where its false principles will lead them—away from, rather than towards, real Christianity.

*Christ's Experience of God* will not bear analysis along lines of cogent reasoning. It is based solely upon the self-assertion of the writer, mingled with a personal effusiveness that is at times very distasteful. The whole work is a reflection of many present phases of Protestantism—vague, loosely constructed, floating in space and merely the outgrowth of the intellectual vagaries of various individuals.

#### A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE SINCE 1870. By

Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00 net.

This is a book of exceptional merit. It is a study of the important period of American letters that began with the Civil War and ended approximately with the last century. As long ago as 1873 Edmund Clarence Steadman had noted the epochal effect on literary expressions of the strife between the States. Other critics, from divergent points of view, had likewise remarked the same altered aspect of things. But it was left for the author of these pages to give us the first adequate portrayal of the cataclysm, and the first full account of the forces at play. This he has done with signal success and with unusual art.

The literary era that followed hard upon the peace of 1865 is not inaptly styled by Professor Pattee "the National Period." When the battle-clouds drifted from sight, the soul of new America shone from the sky like a noonday sun. With the sulphurous vapors vanished an exotic, imitative spirit in letters and thought.

A decadent and effete sentimentality of theme and treatment gave place to a literary atmosphere, native, fresh and exhilarating. There was a quickening, a renaissance. The stimulus was the grim shock and experience of war. The awakening was to a vigorous national spirit that flowered luxuriantly in a literature, often homely and uncouth, it is true, but always independent and sturdy.

The harbinger of the new life about to spread through the land was a veritable gale of laughter that swept from the West. In this peculiarly American school of humor, the history discerns the first token of the "new birth." Thereafter the movement is studied in the three prominent literary forms, poetry, fiction and the essay. The principle of evolution is duly emphasized, because here, if anywhere, it is, to use Brunetière's distinction, not merely a working hypothesis as in natural history, but a universal rule and unbroken law of literary development. Yet each author concerned is treated, not alone relatively, as simply a type of well-defined stage in the growth of a class, but also individually, as in himself a separate and interesting subject. To harmonize thus the new and the old in criticism calls for no small praise.

The appreciation of the foremost writers of the era is acute and consistently just. The research and disinterestedness that bespeak the competent critic are everywhere in evidence. Indeed it is rather the historian than the critic that pronounces. Yet to a keen and penetrating insight into the worth of the writings examined is joined a strong and sincere feeling for beauty and pathos. There is nothing either merely captious or purely academic in the judgments handed down.

The style is sprightly, often to the point of jauntiness. The ear catches, too, a distinctly modern note in some of the phrases. It is infrequent, however, that there are such undignified lapses as, "The clock factory made haste to burn." On the contrary, the prevailing tone of the language is that of scholarly elegance. This genial grace of form, added to the natural interest of the subject, tends to make the work singularly engaging. In short, we have here something new in books, which is authoritative enough for the desk of the advanced student or the teacher, and readable enough for the armchair of the man of general culture.

**THE SONG OF ROLAND.** Translated into English Verse by Leonard Bacon. New York: Yale University Press. \$1.50. More than eight centuries ago, when the Norman hosts first

conquered England the song their minstrels raised upon the very field of Hastings was the already immortal *Chanson de Roland*. It is interesting to welcome this new English version of the great Charlemagne epic now, when once again France stands before the world with unsheathed sword—and stands, curiously enough, beside her ancient enemy against a common foe.

The reason—as he modestly puts it, the apology—for a new translation is given by Leonard Bacon quite simply: the old French masterpiece was “capable of many interpretations.” But the all sufficient excuse for each new edition is summed up in the comment of Gaston Paris upon the great feudal romance: “At the entrance of the Sacred Way where are arrayed the monuments of . . . .our literature, the *Song of Roland* stands like an arch massively built and gigantic; it is narrow, perhaps, but great in conception, and we cannot pass beneath it without admiration, without respect, without pride.” Lovers of the sources, alike human and heroic, of Old World literature, will welcome this admirable volume of a New World university.

**THE BELFRY.** By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

From the time of *The Lady of Lyons* the low-born husband of the high-born wife has been a favorite with dramatists and novelists, nor was his popularity with the public injured by his being almost always as unreal a figure as his prototype, Claude Melnotte: for with rare exceptions he has been represented as possessing such graces and attainments that those born of high degree suffered by comparison. In *The Belfry* Miss Sinclair has dared to present her principal as a man of talent, clean-hearted, magnanimous, of high resolution and ardently loving, but incorrigibly and absurdly underbred, with petty vulgarities of behavior and mental outlook. That at the end of the novel he is established in the reader's affection is a distinguished achievement of Miss Sinclair's art.

Viola Thesiger, a descendant of gentle-people, plunges headlong into marriage with a writer, Tasker Jevons, who is outside her social orbit not alone by birth and experience, but also by disqualifications of taste and behavior. The story of the nine subsequent years develops with much skill and penetration the power of trivialities to mar and rasp the fabric of love. The narrative is wholly in the hands of one of the characters, Furnival, Viola's

brother-in-law; thus it is a witness' testimony as to what he has seen and heard, a record of the externals by which alone Jevons is disclosed. There are no vague suggestions left to be filled in by the reader's imagination; his mortifying solecisms, his uncouth, unconscious offences against refinement, are described in full, as well as the impressions they produce. Side by side with this, however, are indications of a complex, appealing personality that make comprehensible Viola's response to his fervent love and preclude any feeling that it does her discredit. He rouses sentiments of admiration, surprise, embarrassment, amusement and pity.

Financial success from his plays and novels does not improve him, and at the end of nine years Viola temporarily mistakes nervous irritation for loss of affection, and believes herself ready to leave him. At this juncture the European war-cloud breaks. Jevons, whom by this time no one takes seriously, pushes through obstacles, of which his natural inclinations form a part, to the Belgian front, in the service of the Red Cross. It is the conclusive triumph of the strong will that has always gained for him what he determined upon. He displays splendid courage and self-abnegation and, at the cost of his right hand, rescues from certain death Viola's idolized brother, who has shown him only contemptuous dislike.

The book is continuously interesting and written with virile power, especially the scenes in Belgium; the characters are all well drawn, Viola second only to Jevons. In him the author has contributed to fiction a practically new type in a consistently convincing form. The usual transformation does not occur. His experiences at the front leave Jevons raised to his highest expression, but unchanged: he remains underbred, a little vulgar, a little of the poseur; only, he is forever lifted beyond misinterpretation.

The title refers to the actual and symbolic relations of the belfry at Bruges with the story of this novel, which marks a point of excellence beyond any of Miss Sinclair's previous work.

**A WARWICKSHIRE LAD.** By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00 net.

Mrs. Martin makes a contribution of but indifferent merit to the tercentenary literature in this story of Shakespeare's childhood and early youth. One might reasonably expect from the author of *Selina* and *Emmy Lou*, if not subtle suggestions of future greatness, at least some points of characterization that would

outline a distinctive personality instead of the commonplace and abundant type which she presents under the name of Will Shakespeare. Such imagination as is displayed is exercised in supplementing the meagre details already known of the exterior conditions of his upbringing. The tone of the book is pleasant, however; it is presented in attractive form and is prettily illustrated.

**THE OAKLEYITES.** By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.35 net.

Though Mr. Benson's latest novel is not illustrative of the full extent of his abilities, it ranks among his worthier and more dignified writings by virtue of a sympathetic element that warms its close observation. The title and the earlier portion of the book lead us to suppose that we are to be entertained with another of his studies of character as seen in the life of a small English town, but this is not the case. The drama that holds our attention is independent of its setting. It tells the story of Dorothy Jackson, an unmarried woman of thirty-five, whose devotion to a selfish, heartless younger sister costs her both love and life. The theme is threadbare, but Mr. Benson clothes it freshly. His Dorothy is an ideal type of womanhood, yet she is real and human, for he has equipped her, beyond the wont of fictional heroines of her kind, with humor as well as initiative. The delineation of character is good throughout, and the gay, tender relations between Wilfred Easton, Dorothy's errant lover, and his mother are very attractive.

We welcome in this book an advance over the author's customary attitude in a deeper note of reverential appreciation of things religious. The picture of the last days of Dorothy is affecting, and the short description of her death, as she speaks some words of the *Gloria in excelsis*, is a touch of pathetic beauty that lingers in the mind.

**HOLIDAYS IN THE OPEN.** By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

If you are the man who even in imagination "seeks adventure in the wide, waste spaces of the earth, in the marshes, and among the vast mountain masses, in the northern forests, amid the steaming jungles of the tropics, or on the desert of sand or of snow," then you will enjoy by all means Colonel Roosevelt's book. As you follow the traveler across the lands of the Grand Canyon, through the ranch lands of Argentina and Southern Brazil, over

the Andes into Chile and back to Patagonia, you will be delighted with the rapid movement of the narrative, and the vivid pictures of foreign scenes. The author's wide and intimate knowledge of men and birds and beasts is marvelous.

Most of the chapters of *Holidays in the Open* are purely narrative, with keen observations on a wide range of things that come under the author's vision. In "Primeval Man" he traces the relations of the great beasts, the lion, the elephant and the horse with primitive man. He draws upon his great store of experience gained on his expeditions to give a close, minute and interesting study of these and other animals and their supposed relations during the ethnological and geographical transitions. Turn the page and along side of the erudite discussion of cosmic evolution you will find in the chapter of "Books for Holidays in the Open" an egotistical account of the writer's taste in reading, with the revelation that the writer "dislikes bananas, alligator-pears and prunes."

Colonel Roosevelt has done much for his country in many and diversified fields of endeavor. But when his biography is written, no small measure of praise will be given the work he has done in his writings to instill in the American a true, lasting love of the wild open places. At all times he has argued for an American ideal of virile, nature-loving, dynamic manhood. And as he has always been forceful, aggressive and impelling, the qualities of the man find reflection in his writings.

**CANADA IN FLANDERS.** By Max Aitken, M.P. New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

While much criticism has been leveled at the British War Office, only the highest praise has been given the men in the field for their valor and intrepidity. And of the brilliant records made, none surpasses those of the colonial troops. The testimony regarding the work of the Australasian and Canadian troops is inspiring in its unanimous praise of these one-time lawyers, teachers, farmers and business men.

Such testimony, given in a vivid, dramatic style, can be found in Sir Max Aitken's book, which, besides containing a recital of the bravery of Canadian troops, has well deserved tributes from A. Bonar Law and Sir Robert L. Borden. The author writes from personal observation and gives in full the story of the gallant troops who, untried in warfare, turned the tide at Ypres and fought magnificently at Neuve Chapelle, Givenchy and Festubert. It is in-



spiring to read of the self-sacrifice and bravery of these citizen-soldiers—a type upon whom we must lean for support in our day of travail.

The whole book is a living narrative that pays glowing tribute to the soldiers of the Dominion. Much of it, perhaps, may rise or fall in importance when judged in the light of future events. But it will preserve the intimate records of the Canadian volunteers in the present war.

**THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.** By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Illustrated. \$1.35 net.

This is a collection of articles based on the novelist's visit to the French theatre of war. In an intensely interesting style the author gives us his impressions of the regeneration of France by its baptism of blood. He catches in Paris the new spirit of the French, swings out into the country, and sees the same motives actuating the men in the trenches, and in an interview with General Joffre finds a re-affirmation of the inspiration that is the strength and power of the French—the determination to continue the struggle until they can "leave a heritage of peace" to their children.

The two chapters, "A Visit to Joffre" and "The Truth About France," raise the book above the level of mere sense impression. The latter chapter is a keen estimation of France's present position, and of the wonderful transformation worked from the days of Charleroi to the battle of the Marne. In the light of what he saw in France—the universal spirit of self-sacrifice and the sinking of party interests in the greater cause of national existence—the writer finds England far behind her ally. His analysis of the spirit moving the French is clear and deep-sighted. It would seem, however, that his estimation of the force that Socialism will exert after the war is unwarranted in fact.

**ELEFTHERIOS VENIZELOS.** By Dr. C. Kerofilas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Dr. Kerofilas has given us an interesting biography and appreciation of the statesman who for the past decade has been a powerful factor in shaping the foreign policy of Greece. The successful struggle made by the Cretans to wrest their island from the domination of the Porte and place it under the protection of Greece, the stand which Greece took against Turkey, the union

of Bulgaria, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece in the Balkan alliance and its success over Turkey, the opposition to Balkan domination by Bulgaria and the development of internal Greece are landmarks that stand out in the career of Venizelos, and point to him as the greatest constructive statesman of Southern Europe.

When Venizelos was called from Crete to reconstruct the policies of his country, he found Greece internally weak and a non-factor in the struggle for expansion in the Balkans. Under his strong premiership he brought his country to the front, and gave it a permanent place in a shifting, impermanent alignment of quarreling states.

The biographer has sketched succinctly but clearly the complicated situations where the influence of Venizelos was powerful and successful. Of the causes that kept Greece out of the World War when its policy seemed to speak of an alliance with the Entente, the writer deals briefly and only sufficiently to show the position taken by Venizelos in his attempts to swing Constantine toward London and Paris. In this Venizelos did not succeed. His life, even with many chapters of it unwritten, is deeply interesting. In all probability much of even greater importance will have to be added to the present stirring story.

**UNDER THE RED CROSS FLAG.** By Mabel T. Boardman.

Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

Miss Mabel T. Boardman, Chairman of the National Relief Board of the American Red Cross, has written a brief, historical sketch of the American organization. The only volume on the subject hitherto published was the work of Miss Clara Barton, which consisted chiefly of addresses and reports. The first efforts to create a permanent society for the aid of the sick and wounded in war under the Treaty of Geneva were made by Dr. Burrows and other members of the Sanitary Commission, shortly after the close of the Civil War. The permanent society was finally created in 1881, and reincorporated by act of Congress in 1905. Since that date the American Red Cross developed to such an extent both in organization and efficiency that a complete history of its activities was badly needed.

The writer acknowledges her indebtedness to Miss L. L. Docks' *History of Nursing*, to American and foreign reports, to the *Red Cross Magazine*, and to many valuable suggestions made by members of the society both at home and abroad.

**THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS—THIRD READER.** By a Sister of St. Joseph. New York: The Macmillan Co. 40 cents.

While this volume is the Third Reader, it is the fourth of this particular series. The book has much to recommend it, though some of the lessons seem to us to be too simple even for Third Reader age. Such poems as *Little Boy Blue*, *The Leper Guest*, and *Hiawatha* are admirably suited to the purpose of this book, but the inclusion of seven poems by as many different poets within eight pages presents rather a difficult problem for the young child. However, we have always held that the Fourth Reader is the crux of the series, since it marks the point when most readers take a sudden leap into difficulties for which the children are unprepared. We will await its publication before passing anything like final judgment, though we fear that the present book is not sufficiently well graded to lead up to the coming number.

**THE DAWN OF RELIGION IN THE MIND OF THE CHILD.**

By Edith E. R. Mumford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents net.

In this valuable little treatise Mrs. Mumford has attempted to trace the growth of the child's religion during the first ten years of his life. On every page she insists upon the necessity of religious training both in the home and in the school, though she lays greater stress upon the duties of the true mother.

"In every case," she says, "the child needs to realize that there is no department in life in which religion has no concern, no one day in the week which alone is set apart for it." Comparatively little is said about supernatural religion or supernatural motives, but the author brings out well the necessity of knowing, loving and serving God. The illustrations are drawn from real life, and they have been interpreted in the light of the author's own experience, so as to bring out the idea of an orderly process of development.

**ISABEL OF CASTILE.** By Ierne L. Plunket. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

This entertaining volume portrays Isabel of Castile, one of the most winning figures in Spanish history, and describes the making of the Spanish nation, which was the outcome of her marriage with Ferdinand of Aragon. She was a most energetic ruler, rendering great assistance to her husband in his schemes of organization

and reform, and in his campaigns against the Moors which ended with the fall of Granada. She will always be remembered by Americans as the staunch patron of Christopher Columbus, and by Catholics as a devout and just Queen.

Incidentally the author gives us a series of Spanish and Moorish portraits, such as the Cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro de Mendoza, and Cardinal Ximes de Cisneros, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, the Marquis of Cadiz, Muley Hacen, Abdallah El Chico and others. A final chapter treats of Castilian literature at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

**FRANCIS THOMPSON'S THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.** Biographical Sketch and Notes by Michael A. Kelly, C.S.Sp. Introduction by Katherine Brégy. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. 50 cents.

Miss Brégy well says: "There is scarcely another religious poem in our language which one would dare to cite before the dual, and very different, bars of theology and rhetoric as the editor has here cited *The Hound of Heaven*."

Without commentary, many of the beauties of Francis Thompson's unusual verse would pass unnoticed by the average reader, on account of his frequent Latinisms, his coining of new words, his peculiar constructions, and his mystical language.

The notes of Father Kelly are excellent not only for their explanations of certain textual difficulties, but also for his clear and broad grasp of the poet's mystical meaning.

**THE LIFE OF ST. BONIFACE.** By Willibald. Translated into English for the first time with Introduction and Notes by George W. Robinson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.50 net.

Some months ago we called the attention of our readers to Mr. Robinson's excellent translation of Eugippius' *Life of St. Severinus*. We are again grateful to him for his scholarly translation of Willibald's well-known Latin life of St. Boniface. Willibald wrote no later than 768 A. D. at the request of St. Boniface's successor, Bishop Lull, and of Bishop Megincoz of Würzburg. The chief defects of his biography are his inflated and obscure style, and the few details he records of the last days of the Saint. With the letters of St. Boniface, Willibald's *Life* is the chief source from which our knowledge of the Saint is drawn.

The translation is excellent, and brings out clearly the spirit and tone of the original text. We realize that St. Boniface was, as the translator well says: "The foremost scholar of his time, the introducer of learning and literature and the arts of civilized life into German lands; the great champion of Rome, and of ecclesiastical uniformity in Central Europe; the missionary of God, a soldier and a leader in the great Christian warfare against the heathen of the North."

**THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.** From the French of Rev. Jean Rivière. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

From the days of St. Augustine apologists have always appealed to the marvelous expansion of the Church in the beginnings of Christianity as a mark of her divine origin. In view of some modern denials of the validity of this argument, the Abbé Rivière has presented it anew with the aid of the materials collected by the learned rationalist historian of Berlin, Adolph Harnack.

While pointing out from time to time Harnack's errors and mistakes, the Abbé Rivière still shows conclusively that the old argument has lost none of its force, even at the hands of one who has no bias whatever in favor of the Catholic Church.

**PASTORAL LETTERS.** Addresses and Other Writings of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. Edited by Rev. J. J. Powers. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

Bishop McFaul of Trenton is well known throughout the United States as a founder of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and a great defender of the apostolate of the press. In the addresses and pastoral letters of the present volume, he sets forth the Catholic teaching on many a topic of to-day, such as the school question, the labor problem, infidelity in our American universities, Sunday observance, and race suicide.

Many will read with interest the Bishop's clear statement of the aims of Federation. He tells us that its purpose is "the advancement of the civil, religious and social interests of Catholics. It is a strong, closely-welded instrument for voicing Catholic opinion on all the great questions of the day. He answers those who imagined it would degenerate into a Catholic political party, saying: "It would be suicidal for Federation to engage in partisan

politics, because it includes members of all parties." The one reason that Catholics have grievances comes, he assures us, from the existence of many "week-kneed, jelly-fish Catholics, who dare not call their soul their own." When asked for results, he points to the concessions made in the Philippine difficulties, the present amicable relations existing in Porto Rico, the changed aspect of the Indian schools, and the clear light thrown upon the public school question.

**WHAT MAY I HOPE?** By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

This volume is styled by its author an inquiry into the sources and reasonableness of the hopes of humanity, especially the social and religious. The first four chapters discuss the nature, sources, rights, limitations, assurance and practical uses of hope. He brings out clearly that all men's reasonable hopes must be founded on trust in God, and that all hope of true reform must, as Catholics maintain, begin with the individual. In the fifth chapter Dr. Ladd points out the failure of evolution with its denial of patent facts, and the false promises of modern Socialism with its unreal and impossible commonwealth. In his concluding chapters he is very vague in defining the nature of the human soul, and he rejects entirely the idea of a definite Kingdom of God founded by Jesus Christ.

**THE LATIN CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.** By André Legarde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

This volume of the International Theological Library is remarkable for its anti-Catholic tone. Everything dear to the Catholic mind is spoken of contemptuously, whether it be the authority of the Papacy, the doctrine of the Real Presence, or the spirit of monasticism. To enumerate the false statements that disfigure the pages of this unscholarly work would require another volume. To mention but a few: the author falsely declares that "until the sixth century, infants were baptized only when they were in danger of death; that the bishops at some time unspecified, established the sacrament of confirmation; that Pope Gelasius taught that Communion under one kind was an incomplete Communion; that transubstantiation arose in the monasteries of the ninth century; that confession was established about the middle of the fourth century by Pacomius; that a tariff for sins was enforced

in the Middle Ages; that Gregory VII. implicitly authorized confession to a layman; and that Hugo of St. Victor made Extreme Unction a Sacrament.

These are merely a few false statements culled from one chapter on the Sacraments. The other fifteen chapters are equally devoid of scholarship, and read like a tract of a fanatical anti-Catholic penny-a-liner.

**THE DOUBLE ROAD.** By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

Kelly Dominick, a draper's assistant in the firm of Barrington and Son, Lexminster, England, foolishly pretends to have stolen a ring, in order to save one of his fellow employees from prison. We might have pardoned him had he been in love with the thief, but his only motive for assuming her guilt was a forced and unreal concept of self-sacrifice.

The story begins with the culprit's marriage to a member of the firm, and ends with her husband's discovery of the crime. The hero talks a great deal of pious twaddle about "the kingdom building from within outwards and from without inwards at one and the same time," and wanders dreamily over the Downs with the unbelieving Churton Calmore, discussing the probable salvation of the latter's degenerate son.

Neither the story itself nor the hero's mysticism are true or convincing.

**THE ANVIL OF CHANCE.** By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Chittenden tells a good story of a self-conceited, untruthful and unreliable New England schoolmaster, who "on the anvil of chance has his iron beaten into steel." He goes for a holiday to Central America, and during an epidemic of yellow fever does heroic work among the sick and dying. After many hardships he returns to America a strong, reliant character, and wins with the greatest ease the lady of his choice. As a picture of a modern American school, it is true to life.

**THE MASTER DETECTIVE.** By Percy James Brebner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

The author of *Christopher Quarles* has just published another volume of thrilling detective stories. A Scotland Yard detective,

aided by an old white-haired professor of philosophy, manages to solve nearly a score of mysterious murders and robberies. This second volume is even more fascinating than the first.

**CLERICAL COLLOQUIES.** By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C. Notre Dame, Ind.: The University Press. \$1.00.

We feel that Father O'Neill was right in believing that his volume of two years ago, *Priestly Practice*, deserved a genuine recall. We found these talks full of kindly humor, common sense and sound advice to clergy young and clergy old, to wearers of the black and wearers of the purple. Even when Father O'Neill denounces some striking clerical faults, he does so in so genial a manner as to win over the offender. As he well says, these talks are "practical and helpful, without being dull, prosy, heavy or ultra-ascetic."

**THE REAL ADVENTURE.** By Henry K. Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.

After a whirlwind courtship, Rose Stanton, a university law student, marries the millionaire lawyer, Rodney Aldrich. Within a year of happy married life, this ultra-modern wife becomes weary of being dependent upon her husband's money, and foolishly leaves him to earn her own living. This "parasite" of modern feminism uses her freedom to become in turn a chorus girl and a designer of theatrical costumes. Having proved to her own satisfaction that she is self-supporting, she returns again to her husband and babies.

The whole story is improbable and artificial, although it shows clearly what the modern unmoral woman is capable of doing with sentiment alone as her guide.

**THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND COMMERCIAL POLICIES OF THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES.** By Povl Drachmann. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.75.

In one hundred and twenty pages Mr. Drachmann treats of the industrial development and the commercial policies of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. This volume will prove of interest to the American business man as well as the economist. It has been carefully edited by Harold Westergaard, Professor of Political Science and Statistics in the University of Copenhagen.



**HISTORY OF DOGMAS.** Volume III. By J. Tixeront. Translated from the fifth French Edition by H. L. B. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.00 net.

The third volume of the Abbé Tixeront's *History of Dogmas* opens with a general sketch of Greek theology from the fifth to the seventh centuries. In a dozen chapters the author discusses in detail Nestorianism, Eutychianism, Monophysitism, Semi-Pelagianism, the Iconoclast Heresy, the theology of St. John Damascene, and Latin theology in the age of Charlemagne.

**CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DREAM OF GERONTIUS.** By Julius Gliebe, O.F.M. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

Father Gliebe has written a brief but excellent commentary on Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. In his introduction he gives the history of the poem, describes accurately its eight variations of verse and stanza forms, and points out the leading ideas of its seven divisions. The notes are few but suggestive.

#### PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press sends us five pamphlets of *The Catholic Mind: The Catholic Church and Child Welfare*, by H. J. Swift, S.J.; *South America's Catholicism*, by W. Dwight, S.J. and *The Church in Chile*, by J. H. Fisher, S.J.; *Maeterlinck's Philosophy of Life*, by Condé B. Pallen; *The Catholic Sense*, by Father W. Power; and *Marriage in Mexico*, by John Navarette.

The Indian National Party has just published William J. Bryan's pamphlet on *British Rule in India*, and India's loyalty to England, a protest against the employment of Indian soldiers in the European War.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne has just issued *The Family, the State and the School*, by Rev. Peter C. Yorke, and *The Working Man and His Child*, by Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J., a lecture on Catholic education in Australia. E. J. H. writes a story of conversion, entitled *A Soul's Struggle Toward the Faith*.

*The Sunday Visitor*, of Huntington, Indiana, sends us the following pamphlets: *Why An Unmarried Priesthood? Of What Use Are Nuns? Why Do Catholics Honor Mary? The Holy Eucharist Explained*, and *Misrepresentations of History*, which discusses the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Galileo, etc.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, has just published *Garcia Moreno, A Tragedy in Three Acts*, adapted from the German by the Capuchin Father Bernard. Price, 25 cents.

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Bloud and Gay of Paris have sent us three new brochures of their *Pages Actuelles*: *The Life of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium*, by Maurice des Ombiaux; *Charity and the War*, by G. Lechartier; *The Women of France in the War of 1914*, by Frédéric Masson. We have also received from them three conferences given at the Madeleine in Paris by the Abbé A. D. Sertil-

langes: *The Women of France; Wives and Mothers; The Young Women of France.*

*Journal d'une Infirmière d'Arras*, by Madame E. Colombel. (Paris: Bloud and Gay.) Madame Colombel has just published the diary she kept during the months of August, September, and October, 1914, while in charge of the Blessed Sacrament Hospital in Arras, France. These stirring pages give the reader a good insight into the sufferings caused by war, and the heroism of the Catholic women of France in ministering to the wounded under the most trying circumstances. Her account of the bombardment of the city and the destruction of the hospital is most realistic and vivid.

*Histoire Anecdotique de La Guerre*, by Franc-Nohain and Paul Delay. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 60 centimes.) The tenth volume of the *Histoire Anecdotique de La Guerre* treats exclusively of German and French prisoners of war. It tells story after story of daring escapes, heroic captures, the management of French and German prisons, and the successful efforts of Pope Benedict XV. in effecting an exchange of prisoners.

*Le Destin de l'Empire Allemand*, by Yves de la Brière. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 2 frs. 50.) M. Yves de la Brière has just issued in book form the articles he published last fall in *The Études* on "War Prophecies." At the very outset of the present war Cardinal Amette, the Archbishop of Paris, warned his people against the many pseudo-prophecies which were being circulated throughout France. The present writer discusses in detail the prophecy of Feinsberg on the dates 1871, 1888 and 1913; the prophecy of Hermann, a mediæval Cistercian of Brandebourg, foretelling the ruin of the Hohenzollern; the prophecy of Strasbourg, picturing the defeat of the Germans in Westphalia; the prophecy of Brother Joannes, identifying William II. with Antichrist; the prophecy of Blessed Andrew Bobola describing the resurrection of Poland; and the prophecies of the Curé d'Ars, foretelling the defeat of 1870 and the victory of the French in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

*Les Luites présentes de l'Eglise*, by Yves de la Brière. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 5 frs.) This entertaining volume of over five hundred pages gives an account of the chief events of Church history in France between the dates, January, 1913, and July, 1914. The writer treats the religious policy of Pius X. concerning the Law of Separation; the Pope's condemnation of Modernism and Sillonism; the Roman Question; the school question in France; the Centenaries of Frédéric Ozanam and Louis Veuillot; the French Episcopate and the elections of 1914 and the Eucharistic Congress of Lourdes.

*La Guerra Mundial*, by Theodore Roosevelt. Translated by J. Lara. (Barcelona, España: Casa Editorial Maucci.) Señor Lara, has ably translated Mr. Roosevelt's well-known work, *America and the World War*, which insists so strongly on the necessity of preparedness. Señor Lara has also added a translation of Mr. Roosevelt's famous article in the *New York Times*, calling the attention of the United States to the atrocities committed in Mexico by the rebels out of hatred to the Catholic Church. The translator was for years interested in the *Mejico Nuevo*, the strongest opposition paper of Mexico City during the Diaz régime. His fearlessness led to his exile for the past five years, during which time he has been the New York correspondent for many of the leading Latin American papers.

## Foreign Periodicals.

*Anthologia Laureata.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. "The Poet Laureate's Anthology was bound, we foreknew, to be an anthology with a difference." Mr. Bridges' belief, as seen in *The Spirit of Man*, is "that mankind reveals itself to be, and strives ever more perfectly to be, spiritual. His purpose, then, is to display this spirituality, and, thereby, to spiritualize. His method is the creation of a mood. . . . The pages are not numbered; nor any author named, save in the distant notes," and even these, in spite of "many historical, or scholarly, or even just personal touches," show clearly "how it is the magic of a mood he aims at, not the offering of an argument." As regards the teaching, "imagine an Ignatius or a John of the Cross, with their dogmatic beliefs volatilized save their doctrine of the soul and its progressions Godward. Thus Mr. Bridges guides." "Is it part of our duty, as Catholics, to estimate the religious value of the Poet Laureate's book? . . . Everything, for example, that transcends materialism, that makes for discipline while preaching freedom, that inculcates repentance, must be praised." But "what men now ask is the affirmative, even the dogmatic, the synthetic. They look with distrust, almost with bitterness, upon the vaporous and volatilized. . . . And the anthology does somehow seem to leave us with hopes high but vague. . . . St. Paul appears, I think, but once: Amiel, Yeats, Montigne, how often!" St. Paul is quoted in a mood of lament, whereas he is noted "for exultation in Him through whom he 'more than conquered.'" St. Matthew and St. John are also each quoted only once, and then without clear statement of their faith in an Incarnate God. In a word, sapping subjectivism poisons this book," which should have been all health and wholesomeness.—*The Dublin Review*, April.

*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (April): Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan contributes a brief biography of Bishop Mazenod, Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.—Rev. J. Byrne O'Connell shows that all modern Non-Catholic systems of psychology agree in denying the substantiality, permanence, simplicity and spirituality of the soul. He quotes to this effect psychologists

from Descartes to Ladd.—“A veteran catechist” points out defects in the Diocesan programmes and examination system, and suggests the adoption in all dioceses of a new catechetical textbook, the establishment of an investigating commission, and special courses of training for catechists.

*The Irish Theological Quarterly* (April): The Rev. J. Kelleher combats Father Slater's views on just price and value.—Rev. J. M. O'Sullivan, in *Some Prejudices of Criticism*, takes the biographies of Luther as an example.—Rev. Garrett Pierse shows how the human character of Jesus is a proof of His Divinity.

*The Dublin Review* (April): The Bishop of Southwark relates his impressions regarding Spain's attitude in the war.—Professor Rodolfo Lanciani discusses the archæological discoveries which led him to believe that the “*Memoria Apostolorum*,” a hall or shrine connected with SS. Peter and Paul, which stood on the Appian Way near where the present church of San Sebastiano stands, was a house or set of rooms where the Apostles lived while working for the evangelization of Rome. Other discoveries have been made by Dr. P. Styger in the Church of St. John before the Latin Gate.—Under the heading *The Religious Ideal of the Slavophiles*, Father A. Palmieri, O.S.A., summarizes the views of the Russian controversialist and mystic, Khomiakov.—Monsignor Arthur Barnes argues that Islam is a Christian heresy, based on Ebionite views.—Dr. Alice Vowe Johnson contributes a learned discussion of *Infant Mortality*, with statistics and suggested remedies.—Rev. J. Keating, S.J., discusses the rights of the State and of the individual, showing that “much of the appeal for State interference and the outcry against it arise from wrong ideas about both these subjects.”

*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* (April 15): Rev. A. Giraudin describes the seven oaths forced upon the French clergy from 1789-1800 by the civil authorities.—Monsignor Maurice Demimuid concludes his study of *Sacred Rhetoric According to Bossuet and Fénelon*.—J. Giraud continues his history of the suppression of the Jesuits.

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

### France.

The long struggle for Verdun which has now been continued for eighty-six days with brief intermissions, has left the situation practically unchanged, notwithstanding the considerable gains made by the Germans in the first weeks. Two or three serious and many spasmodic attacks have from time to time been made which have entailed enormous losses on the assailants, but have had no decisive result. This persistence can only be explained as an attempt to disguise the confession of failure—a confession hard to make after the loud boasts at the opening of the attack, and one so likely to have considerable influence upon the German people. The Germans have once more been betrayed into a false position by overconfidence. For this confidence they had indeed some ground. Never before, not even in the region of the Dunajec, was there assembled so large a mass of troops and guns. On the forty-mile semi-circle of the firing line around Verdun a correspondent writes that there were twenty-five hundred guns in action or in reserve. Were each gun fired but once an hour, there would be a shot every second. The average weight of a shell is more than twenty-five pounds. Even in desultory firing, one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, or four or five car loads of iron, were rained upon the French positions every hour. This amount greatly increased when an attack was being prepared. At the beginning the Germans greatly outnumbered the French both in men and guns. As the battle proceeded the French artillery was increased in number, and was able to answer that of the German shell for shell. And although the French guns were not in calibre equal to the largest German guns, the superior skill of their gunners and their success in concealing their positions gave them in the end the mastery.

The losses of the Germans are of course not made known. Experts, however, estimate that they number at the least one hundred and seventy-five thousand or two hundred thousand men. On the other hand, the French method of conducting the defence

enabled them to save their men. If the retention of a position involved an undue sacrifice of life, the position was given up. The front trenches were held by a force small in number, but protected by artillery in commanding positions. So comparatively few, in fact, have been the French losses that they have been able to take the offensive, and in the neighborhood of Douaumont they have regained part of the ground which the Germans had won. But even yet it cannot be said that the German efforts against Verdun have ceased, although it is rumored that an attack in force on the British in another attempt to reach Calais is imminent. For some time there has been massed before these lines a larger number of divisions even than before Verdun. There are, however, those who think that Germany places her chief hope of success, during the present campaign, in an attempt to reach Petrograd. Russia's task will be to ward off this danger. Should this attempt be made, Germany will have to take back from France part of the forces which have been fighting there. This will give the opportunity for the Allied offensive, of which so much has been expected; their belief being that the decisive battles will be fought in France and Belgium. The arrival in France of men from Russia seems to indicate that the Tsar shares in this opinion. It should also show how hopeless is the expectation of the Germans that a division may arise between the Allies.

The attempt of the Germans to break through at Verdun has brought into light again the marvelous spirit which the war has evoked in France. A correspondent at the front found these three lines scribbled on the wooden casing of a bomb-proof in a first line trench:

Mon corps à la terre

Mon âme à Dieu

Mon cœur à la France.

These lines were not written to be seen, still less to be published. They are an indication of the inmost feelings of one of those upon whom the task of defending his country has fallen. They represent the feelings of all, soldiers and civilians alike. The same correspondent says that of all the truly wonderful things of this wonderful war, the most wonderful of all is the *morale* of the French. It is still wholly untarnished and unsubdued. "To ever-rising demands France replies with ever-rising spirit. She has been great before. But never, surely, so great as now. 'Rather than accept slavery at German hands,'

said General de Castelnau to the writer, 'the French race will die upon the battlefield.' And so it will. In very truth it will." There is a sacred union of all spirits and hearts. Monarchists, republicans, nationalists, radicals, antimilitarists, pacifists, humanitarians, internationalists, revolutionists, Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Atheists, all the divisions and sub-divisions of the French people in peace time are now absolutely united and determined. They even look upon their enemy as already beaten, so great is their confidence in the result. Even the Socialists have recently rejected proposals made for the resumption of international relations with Socialists of all nations. The time to talk, they declare, will come after, and not before, the conclusion of peace. And strange perhaps it may seem, the great revival of French spirit is due largely to the women. Not merely was the exemplary fortitude of the mothers and the wives of the soldiers, their silence in great sorrow and anxiety the animating influence of the active defenders of France, but their practical work enabled those soldiers to carry on the war. Districts in which the Germans had ravaged their homes, during their retreat from the Marne, the women and children immediately set to work to rebuild, to make them ready for the return of their men-folk, and to keep the land in the best possible cultivation. The harvest of France in 1915 was sown and reaped by the women and children of France.

One of the many miscalculations of the Germans was the confidence they felt that difference would soon arise between the nations banded together against them. There has, indeed, been a considerable lack in coöperation, and in the coördination of their forces; they have had to meet with no small number of defeats; but instead of divisions, which these things might have engendered, with the continuation of the war, union and unity have been strengthened. This found expression in the War Conference which was held at Paris at the end of March, at which no fewer than eight nations took part. At this Conference concerted plans were made for this year's campaign. A second Conference was held at Paris at the end of April, to make arrangements to prevent that secret warfare which Germany has been carrying on during the times of peace in order to secure the control of the world's resources. In this case the questions to be discussed were more difficult, involving the commerce of the world, free trade and protection and the vital interests of the nations. Steps, however, were taken to deprive Germany of privileges which she has abused, and to prevent

the dumping of her products upon the Allied Powers at the end of the war.

France's attitude toward peace is well expressed in recent utterances of representative citizens. A delegate of the French Assembly to London defined it as a determination that no peace should be made until the absolute and complete victory of right should be obtained. "There were to-day millions of dead who pointed the path of duty to those who were alive, and even if we remained selfishly forgetful of their memory, how could we fail to hear the mute appeal made from the cradles of the next generation which held out its hands that we should strive to spare it the horrors which we ourselves had experienced." Within the last few days a still more authoritative voice, that of the President of the Republic, has declared that France does not want Germany to tender peace, but wants her adversary to ask for peace. The peace which she must ask for must be such as will not expose the French people to the dangers of new aggression. "We want peace which receives from restored rights serious guarantees of equilibrium and stability. So long as that peace is not assured to us, so long as our enemies will not recognize themselves as vanquished, we will not cease to fight." France and her Allies do not intend that Germany shall continue to impose her will on Europe by threatening it with war, as she has done on several occasions during the last ten years. This is the lesson which France has been learning ever since the Kaiser went to Tangier. By repeated threats to crush France as a nation of decadents, by humiliations, by insults and injuries, Germany has herself been instrumental in arousing a spirit in France which has astonished the whole world, and which recalls the most glorious periods of the France of the past. If anything more were needed to harden the resolution of the French, the way in which the war has been carried on by her enemies has had the effect of making her the most resolute of all Germany's enemies in the determination to wage the war to a decisive issue.

**Germany.** It remains as difficult as ever to ascertain the truth about the real state of things in Germany. The press, which is under strict Government control, has two voices. When it is thought desirable to excite the feelings of neutrals against the British blockade, reports are circulated of the hardships and sufferings which German women and children are undergoing. The very babies are dying



off. When, on the other hand, it is wished to make the world believe that Germany's powers of resistance are unbreakable, then it is as loudly declared that there is plenty of food. The evidence, however, is accumulating that the former view is the truer one, that the food supply is growing ever scantier and scantier. The fact that a "food dictator" has been appointed, is an evidence of a state of things which is becoming more serious. The resignation of his predecessor has revealed the fact that in one sphere at least the German Government has proved inefficient. Whether the inefficiency was due to inability rightly to distribute the available supplies, or to the want of having the supplies to distribute, is yet a question. Private letters are the best means of getting reliable information, and as many of them as are available testify to the present necessities. A student writes that the "portions" of peace days are halved in every eating house, and do not suffice to appease the half of his hunger. The price of sausage is prohibitive. Further evidence, which must be taken for what it is worth, from such letters, states that there can no longer be any doubt that the British blockade is reducing Germany to desperate straits for food and other necessities. There is such a shortage that any food except the very commonest, such as potatoes and cabbages, is quite out of the reach of any but the well-to-do classes. In the towns there have been serious food riots, which have been aggravated by the failure of the attack on Verdun and the terrible losses the German armies have suffered there.

The submarine campaign has been resumed with the general approval of all German parties as the one means on which reliance is placed for warding off the blockade which is causing so much suffering. It is not, however, against British or Allied ships alone that the war is being carried on. To every eleven ships of the Allies which have been sunk four neutral vessels have suffered the same fate. Even far-off Spain has not escaped, to the great indignation of a nation of which a large portion is sympathetic with Germany. It is, however, the small and weak States that have met with this treatment, no vessel of this country having yet been attacked. But when the *Sussex* was torpedoed without warning, and in spite of promises, our President's patience was at last exhausted, and he sent to Germany a letter in some degree worthy of the nation's traditions and his own professions. The note gave a list of the promises which Germany had broken, and in particular declared that the German account of the torpedoing of the *Sussex*

was not supported by the impartial examination of the United States military and naval officers; declared the practices of ruthless destruction proved that submarine warfare could not be conducted in accordance with the principles of humanity, the rights of neutrals, and the sacred immunities of non-combatants. Hence the President intimated his intention to sever diplomatic relations with Germany. The note excited great indignation in the latter country. Complaint was made that America had failed to appreciate the necessity to which Germany was reduced in her conflict with Great Britain. After, however, a somewhat prolonged time given to the consideration of an embarrassing situation, Germany has returned an answer which it is hoped will prove satisfactory, coupled, however, with a condition that the United States should put pressure upon Great Britain to put an end to the blockade of Germany. This condition has, however, been promptly repudiated by the President.

Certain phrases in Germany's reply have been thought to intimate a desire for the President's intervention for the purpose of bringing an end to the war, and this has led to a good deal of what is called "peace talk." Some have found a certain toning down of Great Britain's terms in the words used by Mr. Asquith in the reply which he made to the members of the French Parliament during their recent visit to England. The German Chancellor, in his speech at the meeting of the Reichstag, outlined the terms upon which Germany would be willing to end the war. The best informed and most impartial students of the situation believe that the gulf is still too vast to be spanned with any amount of peace talk. The Chancellor's terms are absolutely inadmissible, and are rather a challenge than a bid. The war, so far as it has gone, has been too successful for Germany for her to yield what the Allies are bent upon requiring. The demand of Germany is that Belgium should become an annex of the Central League; that the Baltic Provinces as well as Poland should be formed into buffer States under German control. Russia is to be thrust farther away from the present German frontier. The Pan-German dream of a military and commercial federation stretching from the North Sea across Austria, the Balkans and nearer Asia is to become a reality. This federation, as it has been pointed out, would command its own food, cotton and copper, and would be economically self-sustained, and with two hundred millions of inhabitants would become not only an unconquerable but an irresistible organization.

One remarkable conversion indicated in the Chancellor's

speech must not be left unrecognized. Germany, he declares, is the champion of the small nationalities. She demands "the chance of free evolution along the lines of their mother tongue and of national individuality" for the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Livonians, as well as for "the Belgians and the Flemish." No mention is made of any anxiety about the Armenians or the Serbians. Particular interest is taken in the "suppressed Flemish race" for which, at Ghent, a university is being fostered under the rule of von Bissing, who has deported to Germany those among the Belgian professors who have proved unwilling to teach what he commanded. Dwellers in the provinces torn from France and Denmark will know how to appreciate this solicitude. The Poles especially will rejoice—if they can credit the good news—that now they can freely evolve along the lines of their mother tongue and of national individuality.

Readers of the Chancellor's speech will be impressed by the moderate tone by which it is characterized, very different indeed from that of former speeches. This modification of tone is not confined to the Chancellor. A Berlin professor, Dr. Planck, has published a letter in which he confessed that the famous manifesto of the ninety-three German scholars and artists in August, 1914, was written in misunderstanding. It was drawn up and signed in the "patriotic exuberance of the first weeks of the war," and no longer represents the real sentiments of the signatories. He adds that in admitting this he is speaking not only for himself, but for his colleagues, including Dr. Harnack.

The German fleet, or rather a squadron of it, has for the third time issued from its hiding place, and has once more made an attack upon defenceless towns. The raid resulted in the killing of a few civilians; local naval forces engaged it and within twenty minutes it retired. Whether this raid is a precursor of the long-expected attempt of the whole fleet to come out, a short time perhaps will disclose. The latest news, however, seems to indicate that it will coöperate with Hindenburg against the Russian line in the neighborhood of Riga.

#### Italy.

From the beginning of the campaign Italy's sector of the war lines has been firmly held.

In fact, progress has been made, which although slow, seemed sure. Within the last few days, however, her army has suffered a set-back, the Austrians having made indenta-

tions in the lines which have rendered a "rectification" necessary over a space of twenty miles. Whether this foretells the Austrian advance in force of which rumors have for some time been in circulation, cannot at present be stated.

Nominally, Italy remains on a peace footing with Germany, although at war with her Allies, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. The efforts made by a strong party to put an end to this anomalous situation were defeated by the Government. The fact that the supporters of Signor Giolitti, the great opponent of the war, possess the majority in the Parliament made the position of Signor Salandra somewhat difficult. Italy's failure to relieve Montenegro was a subject of criticism, and there have been rumors that she refused to send troops to France when asked to do so. All doubts and hesitations have been removed by the visits paid by the French and British Premiers to Italy and by the great Conference of the Allies at Paris. This Conference established entire unity of views and action in diplomatic, military and economic spheres, and guaranteed the unshakable determination of the Allies to pursue the struggle to the victory of their common cause. A permanent committee was appointed to carry out in practice the resolution of the Conference. As a result Italy feels that she has returned definitely to her proper orbit, and has taken her rightful place by the side of France, her Latin sister, thereby freeing herself forever from the dominating aliens. The subsequent visit of Mr. Asquith to Rome removed any misunderstanding that had arisen between Great Britain and Italy, especially in regard to the high freights which had had so bad an effect upon the industries of Italy. Italy looks to England for assistance to free herself from German commercial domination. In the Capitol of the Old Rome the Prime Minister of the Empire made a speech in which he emphasized the unity of action and of aims of the Allies. Mutual pledges were given for common action not only during the war by sea and by land, in the air and under the water, but in the fields of industry, of means of communication, and of finance. Steps are being taken for a fuller development of commercial relations between the two countries.

**Russia.** About the internal affairs of Russia very little news is published, and what does appear is not reassuring. The proceedings of the Duma since the first opening days have not been recorded, while the new Minister of the Interior, from whom much had been ex-

pected in the way of internal reform, had hardly been appointed before word came of his resignation. Still more surprising was the sudden change of the Minister of War, of which no explanation has yet been made. His brilliant career had formed the basis of great hopes of a successful campaign against the Central Powers, but within a brief period it was officially stated that he had been relieved of his office at his own request. His predecessor is now in prison on charges of serious delinquencies. The new Minister, General Shuvaieff, had theretofore been Director of the Commissariat Department. Other changes have been the supersession of General Ruzsky by General Kuropatkin and the retirement of the veteran General Ivanoff. However grave the internal difficulties, they have not stood in the way of successes in war which have surpassed all that Russia's Allies have been able to attain. The line in Europe from the Baltic to Rumania has indeed undergone no substantial change. The Germans still hold their positions with but slight modifications from the southwest of the Gulf of Riga to Pinsk in the Pripet Marshes. They are supposed to have fifty-eight divisions or about one million two hundred thousand men, that is to say, about one thousand three hundred rifles to the mile as compared to upwards of four thousand in the west. There are those who think it likely that Germany's next great effort will be an assault on the Russian lines near Riga in order to reach Petrograd, and that in this attempt it will be aided by the fleet. How many men Russia has to oppose the German forces is not known.

But it is Asia Minor and Mesopotamia that have been the scene of the brilliant triumphs of Russia. The capture of Erzeroum has been followed by that of Trebizond, the most important fortified position on the Anatolian coast. It is even more important as a port and harbor, and as a source of supply for the Turkish army, and the vital artery of their communications. That Russia was able to capture it was largely due to the assistance of her navy, thus affording another proof of the value of sea power. The Russian front in Armenia has now been carried roughly one hundred miles from the former Turkish frontier, along the whole distance from the Black Sea to the Persian border.

Farther to the south a second Russian army has advanced through Persia to within about one hundred miles of Bagdad. Before arriving at its present position this army had occupied several towns in Persia which had been held by mixed forces of Turks and Germans and Persian rebels. Turkey having without any provo-

cation on the part of Persia tried to make use of the latter's territory as a basis for operations against Russia, Russia was, in self-defence, obliged to resist a threatened invasion. It was hoped that this second army would relieve General Townshend, besieged at Kut-el-Amara, but this expectation has been doomed to disappointment.

Within the last few days a third Russian army has made its appearance in the region between the northern army, operating to the north from Erzeroum, and the southern army which has come through Persia. This army has Mosul for its objective and the cutting off of the communications of the Turks by the Bagdad Railway. In fact, it is rumored that this has already been accomplished. In these extremities the Turks are now loudly calling upon the Germans for assistance. This, if given, will still further weaken the German line. Russia's zealous support of the Allied cause is shown not only by the sending of these large armies to Asia Minor, but also by the dispatch of soldiers to the Western front. No more emphatic way could have been found of disappointing any hopes the enemy might still have had of making a separate peace with Russia.

The success of the Russians in the conflict with their Turkish foe stands in strong contrast with the defeats which the British have met with. The failure of the Dardanelles campaign has been followed by the surrender of General Townshend. After having been besieged for one hundred and forty-three days at Kut-el-Amara, and after the failure of every effort made by General Lake to pierce the lines of the besiegers, General Townshend's supplies were exhausted, and he had to yield himself and his army unconditionally as prisoners of the Turks. The British commander destroyed all his guns and munitions. His force numbered nine thousand men. General Lake's army, to the south, remains intact. The British campaign at least served the purpose of diverting large forces of the enemy to the Tigris, that would otherwise have been available for the invasion of Egypt or for service against the Russians in the Caucasus. General Townshend's little army saved Egypt from invasion, and contributed powerfully to the success of the Grand Duke at Erzeroum and Trebizond. But his surrender adds another to the blows inflicted on the prestige of British arms.

## With Our Readers.

AN occasional study in comparative thought, particularly when the question treated is a fundamental one, may be both interesting and important. Great minds run in the same channel. Not always are the minds quoted deserving the title of "great:" but when three men who have seriously studied the same question, at different times and under different conditions, reach the same conclusion, it is quite safe to gather them together in the name of truth; and worth while to review the interesting sameness of their testimony. The question itself of which we speak is the increase of superstition in inverse proportion to the decrease of dogmatic and supernatural belief. It has been long and loudly preached that the passing of dogmatic belief will strike the fetters from the human intellect and give it free flight in the air of freedom. But facts, not speculation, are the really important things of life. And the fact here is that the passing of dogmatic religion reveals that its truths were not fetters at all but inspirations; and that their denial gives opportunity to human limitation, human fears and human ignorance to clap on the soul the fetters of the lowest possible slavery.

But let us revert to the study in comparative thought.

In a recent volume of essays, Stephen Leacock discusses how belief in the devil is passing out of fashion. "Let us notice," he says, "in the first place that because we have kicked out the devil as absurd and ridiculous superstition, unworthy of a scientific age, we have by no means eliminated the supernatural and the superrational from the current thought of our time! I suppose there never was an age more riddled with superstition, more credulous, more drunkenly addicted to thaumaturgy than the present. The devil in his palmyest days was nothing to it. In despite of our vaunted material common-sense, there is a perfect craving abroad for belief in something beyond the compass of the believable. It shows itself in every age and class."

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HILAIRE BELLOC, writing in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1912, thus spoke on the same question:

"It might be imagined by the superficial (indeed most young men so imagine) that the most obvious and respectable of the reactions against the Faith being the Rationalist Reaction, Rationalism would proceed from one emancipation to another, until that society

which suffered or enjoyed its influences would end by an exact appreciation of the differences between those things which can and those things which cannot be subjected to positive proof. The first would be accepted in a society which had done with the Faith, the latter would be rejected.

"As a plain matter of history the exact opposite is the case. Rationalism enjoys, in any human society, a dignified and not unadmirable, but a very brief, career. There succeeds it, and there springs from it, a condition of the public mind in which, so far from its reposing in the known and the obvious, and so far from stifling the 'great curiosity' upon the nature and destiny of man, all that necessary quest of the mind receives an added fire. What may or what may not be true of things not provable is first fiercely debated, then at last some one, or many, unprovable schemes are eagerly accepted by society.

"In a word, men deprived of religion because religion does not, or cannot universally prove its thesis, do not upon that account neglect the problems which religion professes to solve. They rather reapply themselves to those problems with a sort of fever when the rule of religion is no longer present to aid and yet to restrain them. Hence you may perceive, as a note running through the modern world wherever the effects of the Reformation are most prominent in it, a simple, unquestioning faith in mere statement, which the simplest Catholic peasant could discover to have no true intellectual authority whatever."

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AND finally we have the words of Cardinal Newman, taken from his sermon, *Waiting for Christ*:

"But far different is the case when a man is not thus enlightened and informed by revealed truth. Then he is but a prey, he becomes the slave, of the occurrences and events, the sights and sounds, the omens and prodigies, which meet him in the world, natural and moral. His religion is a bondage to things perishable, an idolatry of the creature, and is, in the worst sense of the word, superstition. Hence it is a common remark, that irreligious men are most open to superstition. For they have a misgiving that there is something great and Divine somewhere; and since they have it not within them, they have no difficulty in believing it is anywhere else, wherever men pretend to the possession of it. Thus you find in history men in high place practising unlawful arts, consulting professed wizards, or giving heed to astrology. Others have had their lucky and unlucky days; others have been the sport of dreams, or of other idle fancies. And you have had others bowing themselves down to idols."



MUCH light may be thrown upon the subject of Church Unity by studying attempts that have been made in the past by different Protestant bodies to achieve it among themselves.

Twenty-three years ago, the Non-Conformist Churches of England formed a federation under the name of the National Free Church Council. "What moved them thus to confederate," writes Father Sydney Smith, in *The Month*, "was the consciousness that their number and divisions were continually exposing them to the reproach that they were an object lesson of the antithesis to that unity which Our Lord prayed might at all times characterize His Church." The differences in belief, it was maintained, would not affect the substance of their faith: they arose simply from varied methods of interpretation. Delegates to the National Council of the Free Churches were elected on a territorial, not a denominational, basis. This, they said, would show the world that the Free Churches were in essence one. But the plan has not worked well: instead of wiping out differences, it served only to emphasize them. The President of this year's Council, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, a Baptist minister, gave a noteworthy address at the Council, in which he said that "the Free Churches are now at the Cross Roads in the pursuance of their destiny."

That plans for Church Unity have not worked well among them—that their condition was very unsatisfactory, he showed in the following words:

"It was certain that things were not going well with them. Money was not the remedy. The people were magnificent, but they were troubled and anxious. He would not give them the discouraging facts which were in his possession, but they knew that for years there had been a continuous decline in members and Sunday-school scholars, and that unless it could be stayed the Free Churches must slowly bleed to death."

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THE unsatisfactory state of things was again shown by the Rev. Carey Bonner, who stated that during seven years—to December 31, 1914—fourteen Free Churches of Great Britain and Ireland lost 257,952 scholars and teachers. Two Churches only gained—one 1,313 members; the other, 1,283. Mr. Bonner assigned as reason for this: national indifference to religion; neglect of Sunday worship; loss of the ideals of home life; love of pleasure—and forgot, as Fr. Smyth says—to add "the handing over of their children to be taught religion by teachers for whose belief they take no security."

Denominationalism has been another cause of decline and decay. Old feuds had gone. The prominent ministers had broken away from denominationalism, and regarded themselves as ministers of the Free

Church and not of any particular section. They were divided only by forms of government and ordinance. This division, it was felt, did not conform to the mind of Christ. They made no appeal to the conscience of the people. No longer did the best young men give themselves to the ministry. The Free Churches had put themselves out of touch with the living, vital interests of the world. Never again could they convince the world that their discussions and differences were a reflex of the mind of Christ.

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DR. SHAKESPEARE'S plan of reconstruction for the Free Churches is a United Free Church. This Church is to have a religious constitution built upon the lines of the political constitution of the United States. It is to be a Federation of all the Free Churches, wherein all will be one and all will be autonomous. It would be all inclusive. It would be latitudinarian in the widest sense. What Dr. Shakespeare admired in the Anglican Church was "its variety and comprehensiveness: that under its wide roof it can find a spiritual home for High and Broad and Low—for Bishop Gore and his brother of Hereford."

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THE address is of importance in showing that Protestants themselves are not only awaking to a sense of the futility of their own principles, but that they themselves are repudiating the very principle on which they were founded—division and separation. The absolute necessity of unity is beginning to dawn upon their souls. They see that the "principle of division has spent its force," that it no longer carries any appeal; that the whole world is repudiating it.

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THE plan of reconstruction is very vague and unsatisfactory. The speaker insisted upon the necessity of putting the "central things" first, but as to what the central things are, or how they are to be determined, he would not say. He did state "three vital contentions in the charter of English Non-Conformity—first, the Church is composed of those who have been born again, and that its membership is not secured by the sacraments of baptism and confirmation; second, that the internal life of the Church is a spiritual fellowship; and third, the authority of the Church is vested under Christ Himself in the people of God, as distinct from a clerical order or a sacerdotal hierarchy." He denied that a particular form of government is essential to the Church. "The one essential is the indwelling presence of Christ."

How unity, or anything approaching it, is to be born of these premises, it is impossible to see. In fact, Dr. Shakespeare by sub-

mitting a purely, personal experience, necessarily individualistic, has put unity out of the question.

His whole plan of reconstruction seems born not so much of the desire of real unity, as the desire for success and popular efficiency.. The Protestant Churches of England are losing their members; religion in England is at a low ebb. The Protestant Churches are wasting their energy, their money, their men in work that has no proportionate results. Dr. Shakespeare speaks of one town of only a thousand inhabitants, wherein were an Anglican Church and two Non-Conformist Churches, On a Sunday morning, in one of these churches, there were five men and four women, and in the other two, a somewhat larger number.

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CATHOLICS hail with every evidence of Christian brotherhood any approach of Protestants towards Christian unity; we feel that we are welcoming them back to the home which their forefathers left and to which they belong. But, it frequently seems, as Father Palmieri recently pointed out in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that Protestant yearnings for unity start from human points of view.

"Now it seems to us that Protestant yearnings for unity start from human points of view, rather than from the impulse and love of the spirit of Christ. They are afraid of the progressive division of their *dissecta membra*; they repine at being classified, as one of them humorously said, into sects and insects. But in their laments they lay a great stress upon the material losses produced by the ceaseless scattering of their believers. The divisions and subdivisions of Protestantism threaten a bankruptcy of its economical resources."

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THE conditions described by Dr. Shakespeare prevail also in the Protestant Churches throughout America. Their leaders see more and more clearly that division and denial are only exposing them to the ridicule of thinking men. They no longer stand for a definite creed, nor for any positive teaching with regard to the revealed Truth of Jesus Christ. They see their membership growing less and less. In different cities they combine to hold union services in order to gather together a fair-sized congregation. In conventions, they are striving for better harmony and unity among themselves.

Dr. Ashworth, a Baptist pastor in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently wrote: "The evils of over-churching, the loss of spiritual fellowship between the various bodies of Christians who are forced into competition with one another, together with the waste of equipment and unnecessary expense of Church maintenance, and the handicapping of ministers through the payment of inadequate salaries, are

a part of the price that Protestantism is paying for the luxury of its divisions. Add to this an incalculable loss in national and local prestige and leadership."

Let us hope that even this lesser, material inefficiency may light for them the road that leads to that Truth upon which alone Christian Unity is founded.

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WHENEVER the English Government has to deal with Ireland, at least with the majority in Ireland, it shows a pitiful, blundering sense of misunderstanding, and oftentimes of cruel injustice which shocks the world. Its treatment of those who led the recent uprising in Dublin was atrocious—to use the term applied by an English journal. The same Government now in power tolerated in Ireland the treason of Carson and his followers; and indeed rewarded the former by a place in the Cabinet. To Casement it grants a civil trial and ample time for preparing a defence.

But when it came to the uprising in Dublin, it immediately resorts to the policy of Castlereagh. It executes the leaders after the most summary kind of a court-martial; and shoots one of them, apparently, without even the semblance of a trial either military or civil.

If it had looked upon the open, armed and public defiance of Carson and his followers with even a small fraction of the severity it viewed the conduct of these men, it could easily have secured the conviction of Carson under the Treason Felony Act of 1848. But it had neither the courage nor the fairness even to make the attempt.

The armed leaders and their followers who in South Africa recently rose against the Government were not sentenced, after their capture, to death. Is it too much to ask the same for these Irishmen whose country is still deplorably governed and deprived of Home Rule because of the treasonable opposition of a minority, and the cowardly and unjust attitude of the British Government?

Such were the excesses perpetrated, that Mr. John Dillon stated in the House of Commons:

"If Ireland were governed by men out of bedlam, they could not pursue a more insane policy. You are letting loose a river of blood between two races, which, after three hundred years of hatred, we had nearly succeeded in bringing together. You are washing out our whole life work in a sea of blood. . . . In my opinion the present government of Ireland is largely in the hands of the Dublin clubs. What is the use of telling me that the executive authorities acted in close consultation with the civil executive officers of the Irish Government? Who are these officers? There are none; they

have all disappeared. There is no government in Ireland except Maxwell and the Dublin clubs. Everybody in Dublin knows that. Before the civil officers took flight the military officers treated them with undisguised contempt, and from the day martial law was proclaimed the civil government came absolutely to an end. The men of the old 'ascendancy' party are going about the streets of Dublin to-day openly glorying in the rebellion; they claim that it brought martial law and real government into the country. That is what makes the situation so terrible. If that programme is to be enforced in Ireland you had better get ready 100,000 men to garrison the country. And then what sort of appearance will you make as the champions of small nationalities?"

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ALL the leaders of the Irish Party in Parliament did not hesitate to condemn the conduct of the Government. The party issued joint resolutions asking for the stoppage of execution; the immediate withdrawal of martial law and Government compensation for damaged property. The resolutions stated that the real Ireland has been bitterly provoked by a similar revolutionary movement in another part of the country, backed by an army in revolt, and shocked and horrified by the military executions in Dublin. The statement concludes that there is no doubt about the choice of the Irish people.

"If they do not want a constitutional movement, they do not want us. Without their support we are engaged in an impossible task. With it we will be able to complete the fabric of Irish reform and liberty and lead them into the Parliament House, for which they have been praying and working for over a century."

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THE same John Dillon, whom we have quoted above, sent on May 21st the following message to Judge McGoorty of the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago:

"The Irish insurrection has inflicted serious injury to the Irish cause. All hope of securing Home Rule in the near future depends more than ever on union of the Irish race throughout the world, and especially on the support of the Irish in America."

The report has also reached here that Premier Asquith is to reopen at once the Buckingham Palace Conference with a view to granting at once, by an agreement between Nationalists and Ulster Unionists, Home Rule to all of Ireland except Ulster. But what the outcome will be, if the conference is reopened, is a very debatable question.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Marie of the House d'Anters.* By M. Earls, S.J. \$1.35 net. *Only Anne.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35 net. *At the Feet of the King of Martyrs.* By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. 35 cents net. *Little Donald.* By Mrs. Innes-Browne. 75 cents net. *Seven Fairy Tales.* From the Portuguese and the Spanish. 38 cents net. *The Mirror of Justice.* By R. Eaton. 35 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*My Lady of the Moor.* By J. Oxenham. \$1.35 net. *The Fruits of the Life of Prayer.* By the late Rev. B. W. Maturin. 10 cents net.

SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York:

*The Progressive Music Series.* Book Two. By H. Parker, O. McCarthy, E. B. Birge, W. O. Miessner. Catholic edition by Rt. Rev. J. Schrembs, D.D.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

*The Prayer Book for Boy Scouts.* By Rev. T. S. McGrath. Leather, 35 cents; flexible, 15 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*Revelation and the Life to Come.* \$1.00.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

*Essays and Literary Studies.* By Stephen Leacock. \$1.25 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper, 1914-1915.* By C. Mallet. \$1.00 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

*The Training of the Priest.* Pamphlet. 5 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

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**THE LATE THOMAS MAURICE MULRY.**

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



AN impulse to record appreciation of an extraordinary man led to the writing of these pages. Readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* who knew Thomas Maurice Mulry, will be pleased, perhaps, to have this opportunity to interpret his character at close range. Readers who did not know him or know of him, may find it worth their while to read an interpreting sketch of the most forceful Catholic layman of our time.

Thomas Maurice Mulry died in New York City March 7th, at the age of sixty-one years. He was born there and, excepting two years when his family lived in Wisconsin, his life was spent in the city of his birth. His father had been a contractor. He took up the same occupation, and was active in it during the earlier years of his business life. He met the gradual success that gives one the impression of stability and the wholesome appreciation that bears witness to sturdy character. He was drawn gradually into contact with a widening circle of business activities, until his maturer manhood displayed him as a commanding figure in banking, real estate, life insurance, religious and official circles. Mr. Mulry's development culminated in his election to the Presidency of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, one of the greatest banks of its kind in the world. This position gave him an eminence in New York City which he bore with simplicity and poise. It seemed to enhance not

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only his personality, but also the effect of everything that he did in his many fields of action. This development brought Mr. Mulry into close contact with every type of leader in the city and the State. A singular magic that accompanied him like an atmosphere made contact with him the prelude to friendship, and made friendship with him a pledge of purer devotion to personal ideals.

Mr. Mulry's development in the business world was accompanied by an analogous growth in the political life of his city and State. He never held a remunerative public office, although constantly solicited to do so. He had discovered some secret by which he protected himself against the allurements of office and the attractions of political power. With singular self-control, he waited ordinarily to be asked for advice. Throughout many administrations of both city and State, he had been adviser at critical times of executives who agreed with him, and of those who disagreed with him in party affiliation. He was consulted as a disinterested, farsighted man who was not deceived by selfishness or guilty of indirection through any hidden motive. It would be difficult to measure the debt under which he placed many public officials by his helpful advice.

Mr. Mulry's development in the business and political worlds was accompanied, perhaps overshadowed, by his development as a force in the world of charity. When he was a young man, sympathy and conviction led him among the poor to be their friend and helper. There is no trace throughout his career of any abatement of his love of them and of his readiness to serve them. He became a leader in Catholic and secular charities whose wisdom was rarely questioned, whose services were of the very highest order, whose example was the prolific source of an impulse to unselfishness in ten thousand lives.

Beneath business and charity, behind influence and enthusiasm we find the solid foundations of supernatural faith. Mr. Mulry was a consecrated man. The over-mastering unity of his life was derived from the imperial sway of the spirit of God in his soul. He gave his best to God in thought, in effort, in aspiration, in hope. The giving brought to him, as it does to all who do likewise, enriching wisdom and power.

## I.

Mr. Mulry had had enough of systematic education to give him the instruments of thought and expression and a wholesome literary



taste.<sup>1</sup> He had the type of mind that might have been helped or might have been hindered by what we call the advantage of college training. Everything taught him. From his earliest days he reflected on his experience, interpreted it, and added the light of this interpretation to the stock of his practical wisdom. His mind saw things directly and in their relations. Nothing was isolated as he saw it. This type of mind with intense personal outlook is not always certain of deriving help and inspiration from the fixed college curriculum. At any rate, it is difficult to see wherein extended schooling might have added either nobility to Mr. Mulry's character or greater force to his speech or more benevolent impulse to his power. Systematic education might have diverted his talent from its own intended pathways or might have set up within him a culture centre that would not have been housed in his noble heart. As his life developed, we found him nearly as God must have intended him. Had he been asked, he would have given the credit to his early teachers, Christian Brothers, whom he cherished with fondness to the day of his death.

Mr. Mulry was more familiar with intuitions than with conclusions. There was but little of what we call the discursive process in the operation of his mind. He did not reason or theorize or build up argument. A remarkable sense for facts, the rare gift of seeing implications and drift of facts, quick discernment of all of the elements in a situation, and ability to rate them at their actual value and to base a policy on that rating, were conspicuous throughout Mr. Mulry's maturer life. These are the gifts of common sense. The impossible rarely misled him. The possible was rarely hidden from him.

Mr. Mulry found life complex to the highest degree. Life at its best and simplest is a complicated play of divergent and mutually interfering forces. One who attains to commanding eminence in many lines of human endeavor finds life infinitely complex. This was Mr. Mulry's experience. On every side he found selfishness obscuring ideals; prejudice hindering clearness of thought; personal antagonism interfering with harmony; obstinacy usurping the place of principle; logic and ideals obscuring judgment; poor sense of human values misleading the noblest types of men and women. Throughout all of this representative experience with the complexities and stupidities of life, Mr. Mulry displayed to a

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Mulry said often that in his childhood in Wisconsin, THE CATHOLIC WORLD was his *vade mecum*.

remarkable degree two traits of administrative genius that were in the circumstances admirable. One was the gift of waiting. The other was the gift of tolerating and respecting opinions and persons with which he disagreed. He knew well what only the wise can know, that time solves more problems than reason, and that the obstructive power of a single individual was never greater than it is to-day when life is so highly complex. His mind individualized his opponents as well as his lieutenants. He sought out unerringly in the former the real source of attitude and intention. He then worked with tact and foresight. At this point he usually conquered. And in his conquering, those whom he won over were quite as pleased as he was himself. These gifts made Mr. Mulry no less powerful in support of a policy than in opposition to it. He had none of the gifts of a debater. Debate is a discursive process. Mr. Mulry's mind was not discursive. His ability to see facts and implications that stood against a policy which he favored, gave him a personal influence that meant more than all debate. He did not make a single speech during the Constitutional Convention in Albany in 1915. Yet all of the array of academic training, professional skill and finished oratory in that great body produced not one other leader whose personal influence in support or opposition equaled that of Mr. Mulry.

Mr. Mulry was able to distinguish between what he knew and what he did not know. He had no delusions about his lack of information when he lacked it. He knew how to seek it, how to value it, how to assimilate it. No pride of opinion or of position hindered him from changing his mind when fuller information suggested that course. He was as simple as a child when this occurred. He was as charming as a child in declaring it. He had a simple direct style of speech. He was apt at illustration, undemonstrative, self-controlled. He had a deep rich flow of sympathetic feeling that one discovered and welcomed more readily in sustained contact with him than in occasional meeting. He dignified the lesser courtesies of life by his happy use of them. This inspired confidence, and made conversation with him a helpful and welcome experience. A train of pleasant memories lingered among the echoes of his departing footsteps every time he said good-bye to a friend, or left a blessing in a home to which he had been welcomed.

The reader will have discovered that this description takes on tone from Mr. Mulry's experience in leadership. We have

thought of him as a leader, not as a follower. And yet all of the virtues of a follower are found in him. He was simple, humble, thoughtful, unselfish, sympathetic. None of the arrogance of power touched him. None of the remoteness of authority obscured his sense of the real relations of things. He seemed almost unconscious of his power because his vision was large, his outlook was proportioned, and he had an instinctive grasp of things that were true and of avail. Mr. Mulry's experience was varied and representative. He had profited of it to the fullest. His contact in happy intimacy with men of every race, religion and occupation developed in him the habit of looking beneath surface differences, and of finding the essential humanities in which all men are one. This experience discovered to him the secret of real culture. Culture is built on the universal and eternal truths, not on the accidental and particular differences by which men are catalogued in this world. It was from this source perhaps that he derived the rare wisdom, stability of purpose and purity of motive that invested his life with such dignity and power.

We are carried from mind to character in our study. And yet the transition is but a figure of speech, because mind and character were one in Mr. Mulry. There was about him a perfect balance of parts, a sense of moral harmony of such pure quality and fine proportion as almost to mislead one in one's estimate of him. Unfortunately, many of our conspicuous men are made conspicuous by one-sidedness. We are almost taught to overlook certain shortcomings for the sake of what is picturesque or extraordinary. But the perfectly balanced character is discovered and appreciated only by those who are more than ordinarily thoughtful. One who makes unselfishness one's deeper joy, who can define sacrifice as surrender, without feeling it to be such, who seeks no distinction and laments no lack of it, will escape notice because of the balanced perfection of his life. When, however, one of this type is thrown into positions of leadership and power, friends and admirers find in one, beautiful revelations of moral harmony and practical idealism.

Mr. Mulry was profoundly spiritual, yet thoroughly human. One of his friends said of him with rare beauty and penetration, "He never strayed where he might not hear the voice of his God." Yet he never lacked a sense of humor or failed of genuine sympathy with the wholesome relaxations of life. He was companionable, interesting, chatty, rich in the pleasant small talk by which, happily, we pass much time in unoffending social intercourse. Concentra-

tion, heavy business cares and the responsibility of eminence never harmed the sweet human sympathy that led him to take leisurely and trust-inviting interest in the well-being of the simplest man or child that he knew.

Mr. Mulry was a conservative who respected new ideas, loved progress. He was a radical who respected traditional ideas, and revered the institutions under which our civilization organizes its power. As these attitudes developed in Mr. Mulry, they acquired peculiar charm. We find here another illustration of the balance that marked his character, of the poise that held his mind true to its instinctive wisdom. The prevailing tendency of the conservative mind is to resist new ideas. The prevailing tendency of the radical is to be irreverent toward the past and to scoff at our institutions. The radical is impatient with the slow complicated march of things. He is more familiar with the aspirations of humanity than with its history. He is familiar with ideas, and is enamored of verbal pictures of perfect things and perfect conditions. The radical serves badly the ideals which he preaches because he finds excessive sanctity in a formula. Mr. Mulry seemed to have found the secret of balance of the two tendencies. He knew the shrewdness of the two French proverbs: "The good is the enemy of the better;" "The better is the enemy of the good." No excessive passion for the better blinded him to the good that was before his eyes. No optimistic appreciation of the good in things as they are, dulled his sense for a better that might bring us nearer still, to social justice which he passionately served.

Mr. Mulry knew that ideals are problems, not axioms. He knew that they are not made actual by resolution nor enacted by declaration. He knew that at proper distance, ideals give law and warmth and light to human life. Approached too nearly they bring disaster. Mr. Mulry was always concerned to feel that his direction was right. He never made the mistake of feeling that we can reach the terminal stage in approaching any ideal. He never judged the complex situations of life by the simplicity of a single formula. He had much more insight into human feeling and its wayward operation than reverence for logic. He knew by instinct the fundamental lesson that Edmund Burke held forth with power and eloquence, a lesson that all political sagacity endorses. It is that the unreal necessities of abstract logic or pure ideals are no guides for statesmanship, no standard for judging the movement of human history. Thus Mr. Mulry was a practical idealist in busi-

ness, in religion, in charity, in the political life of his city and State. I can imagine him in a mood of pleasant humor saying to idealists with whom he came into contact, something that the poet expressed many years ago when he represented himself as speaking to them.

Brother in hope, if you should.....

Find that perfect star

Whose beams we have not seen, yet know they are,

Say that I have loved it too

But could not climb so far.

## II.

Our capacity for admiration and gratitude is greater than our power of imitation. Our capacity to be edified by the example of good men may not depend as much on our will as on our gifts. The traits of Mr. Mulry's character that have been described invite our admiration more definitely than our imitation. But there is a fundamental aspect of his career that has exemplary value of the highest order. There are definite lessons available for everyone of us in Mr. Mulry's attitude toward charity, piety, and worldliness.

He gave remarkable prestige to charity. By charity I mean a mental attitude no less than an impulse to service. Although Christ gave to charity eminence over the other virtues, humanity has not endorsed that action of its God. In the lives of many of us, charity just escapes the fate of Cinderella. We lay the foundations of life and character along the lines of self-assertion and selfishness. After having satisfied our own arbitrary standards and imaginary needs, we are willing to give a secondary and altogether contingent place to charity. We do not organize it into our own fundamental thinking and give it its destined place in the Christian life. We make it an optional virtue to be cultivated or neglected simply as we wish. Or we make it an occasional virtue, depending entirely on time and place and person to exercise it or not to exercise it at all. Many of us think of charity, therefore, as an ornament, not as an essential; without method, measure or law. We are not concerned to know whether or not our thinking about the poor satisfies the standards of God, or whether our impulse to serve them satisfies God's law. This is not the voice of pessimism. These observations do not ignore the sweep of human sympathy or the impulse to service found in the Christian world. They are intended as an expression of the average self-estimate made by each

of us in his more serious moments. Few of us feel that we do our duty to charity.

Thomas Maurice Mulry rose up among us. He had every excuse for selfishness, yet he found his happiness in being unselfish. He was in close contact with powerful and cultured circles, yet his heart led him to seek his joy among the lowly. He had every reason for restricting the time that he might give to the poor, but he always erred on the side of giving too much, if he erred at all. He gave to charity its honorable place in his philosophy of life. He gave to it its full tribute of time and energy in the law of his behavior. He did these things because he saw life in a perspective, lighted by the Presence of God. There can be no doubt that Mr. Mulry's character and work gave to charity a prestige in very many powerful lives, to which it might not have otherwise attained. Men of great achievement and wealth came to him frequently, and expressed their frank envy of him because he had solved a problem by which they were baffled. They could accumulate wealth. They could serve the public interest. They could carry heavy social responsibilities with creditable success, but they were not able to think out the law of Christian charity. They were not able to obey it in personal service. Literally tens of thousands of dollars have been placed by men of this type in the hands of Mr. Mulry to be used among the poor. Such men have been grateful for the example and inspiration that they found in his career. No estimate of Mr. Mulry's character will be complete if it overlooks the prestige that he gave to charity as both philosophy and law in the Christian life.

Another service that we must credit to him is his commendation of the simple traditional pieties of his faith. In the life of Mr. Mulry, piety was a joy, an outing for the soul, happy touch with God his dear familiar friend. There are those who mistrust piety. There are those who tell us laughingly to beware of the man who teaches Sunday-school. Such Christians think that prayer is largely a feminine accomplishment, that habits of simple devotion are unmanly. Many number their devotions among the lesser interests of life, and force them to wait on the good will of other claims to time and thought. Mr. Mulry carried through his supremely busy life habits of simple piety that held him in the days of his grandeur and power, enslaved to the memories and dear emotional intensities of childhood. He found an alluring charm no less than holy joy in prayer. God was very real to him. His own

soul was very real to him. All souls were very real to him. Out of these realizations there resulted a fundamental impulse toward worship and petition that prepared him to obey the supreme law of both that God gave to us as the foundation of spiritual life. Those who had opportunity to know Mr. Mulry intimately—their number was very large—will find it to their spiritual advantage to test the quantity and quality of their piety in the light of his exalted example.

During the writing of these pages a phrase has endeavored to insert itself at almost every line. Its insistence has brought it victory. Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. There is no synonym for the term. He was old-fashioned. There is no other way to say it. However, we can attempt to elaborate the thought. A man who is old-fashioned is a survival, protest, prophecy. He is a survival from another day, carrying the traces of standards and principles that are now neglected. He is a protest against tendencies and standards now in the ascendancy. He is a prophecy showing what the world will respect and long for, when its better self shall come again to power. In this far-reaching sense Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. To be simple is old-fashioned. To refuse to be misled by shallow ambitions, by short outlooks and aimless social rivalry, or to find home the fixed centre of the world is old-fashioned. To shape life and guide affections by the eternal truths is old-fashioned. To peer unerringly beneath the accidentals of life and live in the presence of its eternal laws is old-fashioned. To refuse to be cheated by the lesser joys of life and to steer one's way with a compass rectified by the hand of God is old-fashioned. In this way Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. God gave him that surviving grace.

### III.

No interpretation of Mr. Mulry's career can be adequate without taking into account what may be called his obstructive power. He interpreted movements not so much through their leaders as through their logic and implications. He peered deeply into them and caught their spirit with understanding. He always respected his opponents. If he erred at any time in his judgment of them, it was on the side of imputing to them a sincerity of purpose that they may not at times have possessed. This occurred so rarely as to be negligible as a factor in his life. He was a thoroughgoing American. His profoundest sympathy was with our institutions of government and with the spirit that is behind them. He knew

the logic of our democracy, but he knew that our democracy did not exhaust all logic. When that logic came into conflict with his Christian instinct, he never failed to proclaim the superior reverence that he gave to Christian instinct in his interpretation of life. Now this firm position asserted itself consistently in his public influence. When he opposed men, when he opposed policies; when he opposed principles in the many fields in which his presence was respected and his power was recognized, the basis of his opposition was not difficult to find. He either sensed complications which escaped average observation, or he found something that offended his Christian instinct, or he believed that he discovered indirection in leaders who said one thing and meant another. However, we explain it, the fact remains. Mr. Mulry exerted a very far-reaching influence in forcing new policies, new principles and new measures to give good account of themselves before incorporation into current philosophy and life.

We have reason to hope that a biographer will soon begin the exacting task of writing Mr. Mulry's life. We may leave to him the work of larger interpretation of both character and achievement. We shall find in that work that Mr. Mulry was clear sighted and courageous in admitting our limitations in the field of relief, just as he was discriminating in his pride at our achievements. We shall find him giving the sanction of his supreme influence to the spirit and policy of coöperation with Non-Catholic and secular charities, just as we shall find him alert against everything that would harm the sanctity of the supernatural motive in relief work, or diminish the prestige and appeal of faith in reconstructing the world for the victims of poverty. The biographer will show that Mr. Mulry was capable of great achievement without the help of resentments, and wonderfully gifted in his genius for friendship without the sacrifice of one iota of conviction. What is written here is inspired largely by the hope that eagerness to know the life and work of this simple, wonderful man may be stimulated, and that the melancholy joy of reading his life may not be long delayed.

Those who venerated Mr. Mulry as a noble man, and found their ideals purified in his presence, will perhaps be glad to be reminded of Milton's touching sonnet written on the religious memory of one who had been to him "a Christian friend."

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,



Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavor,  
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best  
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge, Who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams!

This sonnet might almost be taken as the biography of Mr. Mulry. Wide and profound knowledge of him and of his work can but show him as faithful child of God, lover of his kind, champion of everything noble and right, dear friend of the lowly poor as was his Master.

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### TO ANY MYSTIC.

BY A. E. H. S.

STAND you before, whose lips may speak  
The inner secrets, count your gain  
To cry for humbler souls who seek  
Priests for their pain.

The glory breaking through the veil  
Store in your soul, till it o'erfill,  
Largess for us who halt and fail  
In darkness still.

## THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GRAVITATION.

BY BROTHER POTAMIAN,

*Professor of Physics in Manhattan College.*



It was in the summer of the year 1666, two hundred and fifty years ago, that a young man of twenty-three, a Cambridge graduate of one year's standing, while sitting in the garden of his Woolsthorpe farm alone and absorbed in thought, saw an apple fall to the ground. No doubt, he had seen apples fall from the trees many a time in that same orchard when a boy; but *then* his mind was free and open, *now* it was preoccupied and bent upon a quest. What passed unnoticed in his boyish days, commanded attention in his present mood and awoke a serious train of thought.

It is gravity, as all knew at the time, that gives the apple weight and causes it to fall to the ground; it is gravity—the attraction of the earth—that also bends into a curve the path of a cannon ball projected horizontally from the top of a tower. Might not, then, this same gravity, which reaches to the tops of towers and summits of lofty mountains, also extend out into space and bend the path of the moon from a straight line into the orbit which it describes around the earth? This was the question which Newton asked himself, and which he proceeded to submit to the test of calculation. If gravity is the force, and if it diminishes according to the inverse square of the distance, as he had reason to believe, a little figuring would suffice to show that the moon must be deflected from a straight path towards the earth sixteen feet each minute. But was it really deflected by that amount? Another and longer calculation, based on central acceleration, supplied the answer; but this answer failed to realize the hopes of the young inquirer, for instead of sixteen feet per minute, he found only thirteen and nine-tenths, one-eighth less.

While thus tremblingly near a discovery of the first magnitude, Newton finds himself confronted with this discrepancy; one decidedly too great to suit his purpose. Either gravity is not the force that controls the revolution of the moon around the

earth, or something else, perhaps the vortices of Descartes, interferes with its action. Disappointed in his expectation, Newton laid the matter aside for a while, and turned to other fields of investigation that interested him.

Newton was born on Christmas day, 1642, in the hamlet of Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire. Of a weakly frame and delicate nature, it was thought that he would not survive the trying period of infancy; but whether it was the care taken of him by a fond grandmother or the bracing air of the country, or by a special disposition of Providence, he was destined to outlive parents and relatives alike, as well as to reach the three-score-and-ten limit, and even to exceed it by the goodly span of fifteen years. When old enough to start on the road of learning, the boy was sent to a village school close by; and afterward, at the age of twelve, to a higher school at Grantham, six miles away to the north. Here he lodged with a certain Mr. Clark, apothecary of the town, in whose house he persistingly neglected his daily tasks, and indulged without let or hindrance his fondness for carpentry and mechanical work.

A silent and thoughtful lad, Isaac took no part in the games of his school-fellows; he kept aloof from them, and spent his time in his lodging-room, knocking, hammering and sawing while earnestly engaged in the confection of all sorts of useful and amusing contrivances. He made kites to determine their best form and dimensions; also paper lanterns to guide his way to school on winter mornings. Occasionally on a dark night, he would tie a lantern to the tail of a kite in order to simulate the appearance of a comet, much to the dismay of the country folk around. Apart from the ingenuity which he displayed in such handiwork, it appears that Newton did not distinguish himself in any way from his school-mates, except by his low standing in class and his unscholastic habits. From this state of woeful indifference, he was aroused by one of those episodes which occur in most elementary schools, at one time or other, and which took the form of a fight with a class-mate, who kicked and cuffed him whenever he got the opportunity. While chafing under this violent treatment, the youthful victim bided his time one afternoon, until the scholars were dismissed for the day, whereupon he sought out his assailant, whom he challenged to settle the score without delay in the adjoining churchyard. Though not as robust as his opponent, Newton showed more pluck and determination in the contest that ensued; and wishing to dispose of the matter once for all, he continued to pommel his tor-

mentor until the latter declared his inability to fight any longer. It was soon known by all the school that Newton had thrashed the bully; and, as in like cases, the salutary knowledge brought peace and respect to the victor.

This same feat had a higher though less dramatic effect, for it served to awaken ambition in the tyro's breast; the ambition to beat his adversary in the classroom as he had beaten him in the churchyard. This was the turning-point in Isaac's schoolboy life, for he now abandoned the line of least resistance and applied himself moderately to his studies, with the result that he soon passed from the foot to the top of the class. Once in later years, Newton recalled this pugilistic encounter, adding by way of comment that "our enemies are quite as necessary as our friends."

At the age of fourteen, the boy was taken from school by his twice-widowed mother, who thought that he had acquired learning enough for one who was destined to spend his life in the simple, monotonous work of a farm. Farming, however, was not to Isaac's taste; and if he did not tell his mother so, it soon became known to her by the tales that reached her of his fondness for books and his mania for making working models of country machinery.

At this time Isaac was often sent to Grantham on Saturdays, with a trusted servant, to sell the weekly produce of the farm and buy commodities for the household; but the youthful heir preferred to leave all marketing transactions to the experience of his attendant, while he spent the intervening time amid a collection of books in the garret of his former lodgings with Clark, the apothecary. When in the course of time the collection lost its novelty, there was nothing any more to attract our young philosopher to Grantham, so dropping off by the way he would sit under a hedge and pore over a book until his companion returned from the market, when they would ride home together and give the lady of the manor an account of the day's activities. Even when sent out on the farm to look after sheep and cattle, the lad would often be found sitting in the shade of a tree, bent upon intellectual or mechanical pursuits, and wholly oblivious of his pastoral duties. Windmills, water-clocks and sun-dials were among the manual achievements of this period of stolen leisure.

Not knowing just what to do with such a son, his mother consulted the boy's uncle, who gave her the sensible advice that the youth should be sent back to Grantham to resume his studies and prepare for the university. This uncle, rector of a neighboring

parish, had studied at Trinity College, Cambridge; and so to Trinity, the star-boy of Grantham was sent in the summer of 1661.

Newton entered Trinity College on June 5, 1661, as a subsizar, in which capacity he had a number of petty services to render in return for certain financial concessions that were made him. It thus happened that the scholar who was to bring honor and renown to his university and country alike had, for a time, to "work his way through," as we term it to-day. But he now devoted himself with ardor to his studies, and soon distinguished himself at competitive examinations, winning sufficient emoluments to relieve him from all work of an uncongenial or unacademical nature.

If Newton entered Cambridge with slender pecuniary means, he also entered it with slender accomplishments. Some classics and a little logic, but no mathematics; and that at the age of nineteen! Sir David Brewster is of opinion that this state of the matriculant's mind fitted him all the better to undertake the highest work of the university, and carry it on with success; but the framers of our college-entrance requirements, however, seem to think otherwise; for, as an "open sesame" to the temple of learning, they require the would-be Freshman to present himself with an array of academical impedimenta, truly formidable.

During the first year of his undergraduate career, Newton bought an English copy of *Euclid*; and having hastily looked over a list of theorems which he found at the end, set the book aside, wondering that anyone should spend time in devising demonstrations of such simple and almost self-evident propositions. A little later, however, he formed a different opinion of the work as an instrument of education, and even expressed his regret at not giving the "Elements" of the Greek geometer all "the attention which so excellent a writer deserved." He also bought at a second-hand bookstore a copy of the analytical geometry of Descartes, which, he candidly tells us, baffled him at first; but he persevered in his efforts, and succeeded in mastering the subject, new and difficult as it was, without the assistance of anyone.

He was now deeply in love with mathematics; old branches were read and extended by him and new ones invented. Scarcely had he taken his B. A. degree in the month of January, 1665, when we find from his notebook that he was wholly absorbed with such subjects as infinite series, plane areas and length of curves, all of which involved the root-ideas of infinitesimal quantities, and led directly to the invention of the fluxional calculus. To a youth,

then, of twenty-three, who had just culled his first academical laurels, we are indebted for the invention of this powerful method of mathematical analysis. And not only for its invention and fundamental principles, but also, in due course of time, for its application to the higher departments of scientific investigation.

It is but fair to add that Leibnitz, equally illustrious as mathematician and philosopher, a friend, too, of Newton and like him a Fellow of the Royal Society, claimed the calculus, differential and integral, as his own; an invention which, he contended, was made without any knowledge of what Newton had previously accomplished in the same domain of mathematical activity. The literature to which this famous and somewhat painful controversy gave rise is voluminous. To a candid reader, it conveys the impression that the calculus was indeed an independent invention of the two foremost mathematicians of the age, priority of conception and manuscript-treatment, however, being in favor of Newton, whilst to Leibnitz, his German rival, should be conceded priority of publication as well as simplicity of notation.

In the summer of the year 1665, the plague broke out in Cambridge, in consequence of which the colleges were closed and the students sent to their homes. Up in the quiet of his Lincolnshire farm and amid the scenes of his boyhood, Newton spent the greater part of the two plague years of 1665 and 1666. Pursuing unremittingly in these congenial surroundings the studies of his choice, these years became literally crowded with important discoveries. "In these days," he says, "I was in the prime of my age for invention, and minded mathematics and philosophy more than at any time since." To sit and think, to speculate and calculate formed the sole end of life during that productive period.

When Newton returned to the university after the cessation of the plague, his thoughts turned from his binomial theorem and fluxional quantities to the nature of light and the orbital motion of the planets. Familiar as he was with the laws of Kepler, he must have asked himself again and again why the orbit of a planet should be an ellipse, why a straight line drawn from the sun to a planet should sweep out equal areas in equal times, and why the square of its time of revolution should be proportional to the cube of its mean distance from the sun. He knew that these "laws," were but deductions from the mass of observations left to Kepler by Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer; but his philosophic mind was not content with the empirical deductions of the German mathematician;

it sought with diligence the occult force that must be back of all such planetary "laws." It was manifest to him, as well as to many others at the time, that there must be something less fictitious and more consistent with the simple workings of nature than the little whirlpools of Descartes; there must be a simple, general controlling force to account for the orderly revolution of the heavenly bodies; and to the discovery of that force, its properties and laws, he bent the powers of his great intellect.

Years passed, however, before Newton's attention was again pointedly directed to the subject of gravitation. The cause of this renewal of interest in his old speculation of 1666 was the work accomplished by Abbé Picard who, in 1671, completed his measurement of an arc of the meridian extending from the vicinity of Paris to the neighborhood of Amiens. This fine piece of early geodetic work gave nearly sixty-nine and one-half miles for the length of a degree of latitude instead of sixty, the commonly accepted number. This meant an increased length for the circumference of the earth as well as for its radius; and, at the same time, also a greater value for the distance of the moon which, even then, was taken as sixty times the earth's radius. It appears that some years later, the work of the French Abbé was brought up for special discussion at one of the weekly meetings of the Royal Society, when the improvements which he introduced in the method of triangulation, such as the use of the telescope, cross-hairs and micrometers, elicited much commendation.

To Newton who then held the Lucasian Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge, the numerical estimates announced by Picard were of very great interest. From Kepler's first law of planetary motion, viz., that of the elliptical orbit, Newton had already inferred and mathematically proved that the force which emanates from the sun falls off as the square of the distance; but, before he could advance any further in the gravitational work on which he was engaged, he recognized that it would be necessary to determine the exact meaning of the term "distance" in the case of a planet. For this purpose he proceeded to find the attraction on the moon of the separate elements into which the mass of the earth could be divided, some of which were nearer to our satellite and others farther away. The problem was as formidable as it was new; but it was one which the fluxional calculus enabled him to solve. To his surprise and, no doubt, greatly to his delight, he found that a globe of uniform material attracts bodies external to itself, as though its

entire mass were located at its centre; "distance," therefore, was to be reckoned from centre to centre; in this case, from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon. This memorable achievement belongs to the year 1684.

Newton lost no time in applying this superb theorem to the pull which the earth exerts on the moon when, on introducing the new value for its distance as deduced from the measurements of Abbé Picard, he had the supreme delight of finding that the discrepancy of 1666 had disappeared; fact and theory were now in perfect agreement. The force that causes the apple to fall to the ground is, after all, the same as that which compels the moon to bend away from a rectilinear path and revolve around the earth in a nearly circular orbit. The work which was begun on a farm at Woolsthorpe in 1666 was now completed on the banks of the Cam in 1685, after a period of nineteen years!

We have here one of the many instances recorded in the annals of science which show that though discoveries may be suggested or initiated by a trivial observation, by a casual suspicion or even by a happy accident, their completion demands months and often years of judicious thought, careful following up, and patient toil.

There is a popular belief to the effect that Newton discovered gravity; but, of course, that is an error. What he did discover was that the gravitational pull of terrestrial gravity extends out to the moon and keeps her in her orbit; and, by inference, that the attraction of the sun is the ruling power in our whole planetary system. A further induction, which was amply justified, established the grand generalization that all pairs of bodies wherever placed in the universe, attract each other with a force that varies directly as the product of their masses and inversely as the square of the distance between them. But it required years of close thinking; years of observation, calculation and discussion before all objections to the new philosophy of the universe were answered, all difficulties removed, and the theory of universal gravitation firmly established.

Newton was induced by his friend Halley, subsequently of cometary fame, to prepare for the press a work embodying his discoveries in mathematics, in gravitation and gravitational astronomy, and this he did in the incredibly short space of eighteen months. As the expense of publication of such work was beyond the author's means, and as the Royal Society had no funds, rather than incur any further delay, Halley generously came forward and paid the



printer's bills out of his own slender income. In this way, the first edition of the *Principia* appeared in 1687, a year that marks an epoch in the history of science. Newton was then in the forty-fifth year of his age, little more than half the span of his earthly career.

It is worthy of note that the crowning achievements of his life were made between 1665 and 1687, that is between his twenty-third and his forty-fifth year. The decomposition of light, the nature of color, the binomial theorem, the fluxional calculus, universal gravitation and the *Principia* were all fruits of these twenty-two years of wondrous mental activity. Any one of the achievements just mentioned would have made an enduring reputation; taken together they form a grand monument to the genius of the farmer-boy of the Lincolnshire hamlet.

But while the general theory was affirmed with confidence, nothing was said as to the *nature* of the force of gravitation itself. Forces were known then as well as to-day by the effects which they produce; but while ignorant of their intimate nature we are, however, able to use them with freedom, with confidence and success in scientific investigation, and in engineering operations of all kinds; in the erection of steel structures that dwarf surrounding buildings, in the construction of ocean greyhounds and fighting monsters; in the building of bridges and subways, as well as in all our efforts to conquer the air and annihilate space. Writing to Bentley, the Master of Trinity, Newton said: "We sometimes speak of gravity as essential and inherent to matter; pray do not ascribe that notion to me, for the cause of gravity is what I do not pretend to know."

The same modesty characterized Newton throughout life. His estimate of the work which he accomplished during his eighty-five years is best expressed in his own memorable words: "I know not what the world will think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the seashore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me."

"And so," writes Sir Oliver Lodge, "must it ever seem to the wisest and greatest of men when brought into contact with the things of God; that which they know is as nothing, and less than nothing, to the infinitude of which they are ignorant."

## "FLOWER OF THE ORANGE."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.



IN the loathsome underground dungeon, with its foul air and smell of mouldy dampness in which life must rot, the two figures were merely shadow and shadow, the presences voice and voice.

"Do me this last charity, Sir Friar, whoever thou mayest be and whoever sent thee: remove thee speedily from hence."

The wrathful agitation of chains betokened rage that could scarce hold itself.

"God knows how much I pity thy sufferings, brother, and how gladly I would ease them. But since all worldly things are now at end for thee, be not so cruel to thine own soul as to refuse the comfort of Christ."

"Thy Siena provides. The comfort of the block and the axe: they are sufficient. I need no other ministrations; the very colors thou wearest goad me to fury."

"How! thou canst see colors in this darkness?"

"Mine eyes have learnt. They are thy Siena's colors, accursed, bloody, with confusion and defilement."

"Hush! for God's sake. Hush! dost thou wish to die in torture? I wear but the habit of my holy Father, St. Dominic; and for the colors themselves, which thou revilest, the city's colors, they stand upon her shield in memory of our most sweet Lady and Mistress: white for her purity, black for her humility; fair heraldry no godly man should overlook or abhor."

"You say it is her city—out on her city! Injustice rife, infamy in high places, the scum her lords! Does not your sacred city deal me undeserved death?"

"Conspiracy is crime, Sir Knight, all the world over. Yet ponder well: you war with one another, fratricide struggles of city and city, state and state, and would then visit upon her, whose very name is holiness, your enmities and quarrels, your contentions and hatred, which are not the work of the spirit, as St. Paul says, but the work of sinful flesh."

"Preachings! good in your cloister haply—not among living

men. Give me back the sunlight! Give me back my freedom! I have no hope any more, not in your God Who has forgotten me, not in heaven, not in pardon, not in her even who used to be my supreme hope!"

"God in His mercy look upon thee, and pardon the words which one more wicked than thyself prompts to thy troubled soul. I will send thee the Sister we call Catherine. She has marvelous power to comfort the sorrowing. Perhaps she may succeed in what I cannot do."

"I will not see thy Catherine. Send me no more clattering tongues to make my torments unbearable. I will have no more visitors, and least of all a woman."

"Yet a woman is kind; and this one more than kind, for God walks with her. She will bring thee ointment for the wounds at thy wrists and ankles, though her fingers, without the balm, are healing; she will speak thee softly, and thou canst give to her any messages thou mayest wish to leave, for she is worthy of thy whole trust."

"Can she write?"

"She can write well, though never learned she letters. But one day, as God willed it, she took a pen in hand and wrote."

"Ask her to come to me. But warn her first. I do not wish discourses. I will not confess. She shall not tell me any old crone tales. Bid her but write and go. It will be a death charity."

"She shall come to thee to-morrow: the hour is late to-night; but rest and sleep if thou canst. She will comfort thee mightily."

Sad and heavy at heart, yet full of a new hope, the monk emerged into the pure, sweet air. The blue night was stealing down, softly, through Siena, and the streets were full of transparent shadows. Star after star peeped out, seeming to leap—silvery bright—into its place in an appointed group. He drew, by the way of Fontebranda, to the tree-girt western hill at the top of which the mass of his convent of St. Domenico loomed against the sky. At the narrow, steep street of the dyers he turned down and paused before the Benincasa's house.

Lapa put her head out of the window in answer to his knock.

"Tell Catherine," he charged her, "that the Knight Nicholas of Toldo has received sentence of death. He is to be executed on Saturday and refuses the Sacraments. She is to go to him to-morrow to write a letter. Ask her to pray for him; and tell her, most urgently from me, to put him in Our Lady's hands."

The message was transmitted exactly and Catherine set herself to obey. She was in the habit of visiting the prisons to alleviate the physical pains, as far as she could, of the sufferers therein; but still more to console their affliction, and to prepare those who were to die for their last, tremendous passage. The memory of One sinless, and yet condemned as they were, wrung her heart when she saw them; but this of the impenitent, of the unreconciled, of the blaspheming and despairing, was a grief that racked her very soul. Toward dawn, after the long vigil of the night, and the long strife of prayer that was a battle, she had a vision of the Knight sleeping, his features and form mysteriously illuminated as he lay on the poor straw of his cell.

Not a sound from the city could ever reach Niccolo's dungeon, not even the sweet bells caroling over the hills in that clear air, three thousand feet above the sea. He had lost all count of hours, and never knew were it day or night. Only, at noon, a pitcher of water and a hunk of black prison bread were thrust in through the wicket. Then he knew it must be daylight outside. Occasionally the rats came to visit him. The door was never opened. The friar alone had caused that to unlock. But his ears now had something to wait and watch for. He thought he would be able to sense the expected coming even before the irons, bolts and bars should grind. But the door had actually opened, and he detected radiance and figures in flowing garments moving in it before he was aware of sound. Or rather, simultaneously with the seeing, a foot fumbled, and he caught a low murmur: "Mother, I cannot see."

The second voice, in answer, made his heart leap. It only said, gently: "Stay there then, daughter, and wait a little," but suddenly it seemed as though, at the very threshold of his cell, morning was rising, a morning with the sunlight and a breeze.

Niccolo's head was swimming. Here was a woman. Knighthood demanded courtesy. Would he have strength to rise? His feet entangled themselves in his fetters and he fell back. As he lay, she knelt beside him and that same voice clear, joyous, and exceedingly sweet, rang out in the limpid purity of its Tuscan speech:

"Here is Catherine, brother, to serve thee as she may."

He lay still, trying to see, in the darkness, what manner of a countenance accents so musical could bear. She bowed down over him.

"Why dost thou kiss my hands?" his thick voice asked reluctantly.

"Because thou wearest bonds like my Lord Jesus Christ."

She began to anoint his cut wrists with some cool, wax-like substance that exhaled a heavenly aroma and, as she did, the perfume seemed to steal into his heart. She spread the ointment and, on her hands, fell his first tears. "Why dost thou weep?" she asked him gently. He made no answer, but faster the warm, abundant tears ran on her hands. She let him weep, and one or two big drops from her own eyes mingled with his. Then again asked she: "My son, why dost thou weep?"

"Because I have sinned so much, and know not if I can ever be forgiven."

"Magdalene and Peter were forgiven, brother; and others, many. The vessel of Christ's Heart is running over with the generous Blood. He cannot waste enough."

"Thou dost not know what sins I have committed."

"What of thy sins? The fathomless sea awaits them—that same ruby-red sea of Love."

"Oh! if I thought He could pardon—if I thought that once more—but I have hated God and man, hated and cursed them; and turned my back upon One to Whom all men should kneel in lowliest reverence—for that sin, wicked above all others, I shall weep until I die. Sit here beside me, mother—if I may call thee so—for thy presence doth indeed comfort me mightily; and there is something about thee stills me, heart and soul. That friar had me to sleep last night for thou wert coming; and I, who thought that for me all rest was o'er, both slept and dreamed."

His speech died out a moment, then, low, as though he brought the words from very far, he resumed: "It seemed to me I saw my mother's room in the old home without Perugia, a big room set partly in the tower that looked on to the plain and castle orchard, and, as I came, a woman's figure sat on the bed's edge; but it was not my mother. Her garments were the color of our Umbrian hills, misty at evening; and, from the shadow of her hood, the tears rained down over her wimple and her close-locked hands. I know not how I knew the cherry trees outside were white with blossom, and the time was the week in which Christ suffered, or haply Easter morn. I seemed to hear a sound of distant singing, but she was weeping sorely, quite alone. And even as I looked, there came One to her, kneeling, her Son, all pale and wan after His dying, with

eyes that spoke dumb pain before her sorrow, and lips empurpled with the kiss of death. He opened out His arms to soothe and comfort, but lo, the wounds—deep-stamped by nail and spear-thrust—only made her weep the more. Had I a thousand years to live that woe would haunt me, and I shall hear her weep now, unceasingly, I know, until I die. Is there no comfort for her? Has she not seen His glory? Or thinkest thou that in God's heaven, where all are happy, she, being His Mother and remembering last and best, must still weep on?"

"Methinks that she remembers still, and sometimes weeps—for sinners. But she has seen that sad face, over which her own hands drew the face-cloth, unveiled in blissful splendor since; and, at her coming, its love will ever smile."

"I shall go gladly, now, to the mount of justice, where it is meet God deal to me as I deserve. Mine enemies matter no more; neither matters it any more who rules in Siena. If God will but forgive."

"Far greater than thy desire is His forgiveness! And thou wilt go, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, clad in white garments, and bearing the sweet flowers of thy outpoured blood before Him—to walk in the everlasting nuptials like a child before the Host."

"Mother, make haste and call yon friar for me! Last night I did not know what thing he offered me. But, now, every moment that passes is lead-footed, until I can confess my sins and cleanse my soul."

Sunrise over Siena; brown buildings clustered and brown towers uprising; the one clear shaft of the Mangia, the fairest in Tuscany, shooting above the others and blushing rosy-red in the new days; the streets full of silence and that tender, gliding light; everywhere stillness, freshness, profound peace. And not a soul stirring anywhere until the bell gives leave.

Curfew is over now in Siena; but the sun rises, and that same bell inscribed "*Ave Maria*" rings out, shrill and clear over the sleeping city, as it has seven hundred years, and more, to call the faithful at dawn to early Mass.

Catherine had spent another night in prayer. Indeed it was her wont; but this new sun that was to rise, so warm and pleasant, marked Niccolo's last day.

Before it rose she was abroad already, her heart full, as a mother's might be, and with the keener anguish of the saint where a

soul hangs in balance. None checked her footsteps, for the reverence that had grown up reluctantly around her, the watchmen knew well that the only errands which brought her into the streets at all were pressing demands of the sick and unfortunate upon her charity. At the prisons, doors were unbolted and keys turned even as she came.

Niccolo started up to greet her eagerly: "Oh! Madonna, how glad I am. Methought thou wouldst never come!"

"Has my son slept?"

"Thy son will need little sleep more, good mother. Yet I did sleep and rode in joust and tourney. I who must die to-day."

"Dear brother! One last field more, and banners to be taken."

"God give them to our hands! How, mother, flowers?"

"Why not? Thy wedding day. The scent will comfort thee; and, for the Lord Who comes to thee, we will strew them here beneath thy feet."

"Ah! St. John's flowers. How well I know their sweet and wholesome breathing! We used to toss them, bound together, as love-tokens, St. John's Eve."

"They are indeed his flowers, and they are tokens; but carnations, crimson-red and fragrant like the Blood; and the lavender for Mary's mantle, blue and sweet."

"Hark, the bell! Mother, why do I hear it ring to-day when never has the sound gladdened mine ears before?"

"God lets thee hear. Christ waits. That is our Mass."

"And shall we go together? See the daylight?"

"The light of the day of earth, and the better light of God's eternal heaven. Come, sweet brother, this is thy First Communion day."

The morning rays shone gaily into the obscure little chapel, the flames of the tapers shot brightly, piercing the dusk, the gentle pictured faces of the Mother and Child gazed down, tender as the faces of friends. The tonsured priest, a friar, new to his dreadful office at the jail, sped through the awesome Latin declaring how he would enter unto the altar of God, the God Who made glad his youth. He scarcely dared, even when he opened his hands to desire God's presence among the assistants, to glance at the silent figure kneeling there, marked out for death.

Yet Niccolo was very grave, very calm, and his earnest eyes never for one instant quitted their hallowed watch. Bolt upright, with hands folded palm to palm, he knelt like sculpture. The dark

fringed shock of bobbed hair fell straightly about his face; in the chiseling light, the lean, sallow features, too, stood out like sculpture. His Knight's tunic of claret velvet was so shabby it would have shamed him had he thought about it; the belt about his hips hung loose, and ends of broken strap at the side showed where sword and alms-purse had been wrenched away.

Beside him knelt that other figure, mother, sister, guardian angel, with eyes closed in some agony of pain for him that yet was almost intolerable agony of joy. The very linen he wore was the gift of her charity, sent him for this day from her brother Bartolo's store. The soul within him, pure as at Baptism, and marvelously united to and accorded with the will of God, was the gift of God to her.

All too swiftly came the tinkle of the small bell and the Host uplifted the prayer to the Father above for bread and pardon; the humble words of unworthiness and the struck breast. Niccolo went forward and knelt, upon the bare flags beneath the altar step, with serene brow and wondering eyes of reverence, as though he were glad at heart and did not know himself that of this Bread, given him as a viaticum unto life everlasting, he would taste in this world nevermore. He came back and knelt beside Catherine, gazing at her a moment quietly and trustfully as a child gazes; then, seeing her recollection, gathered his own forces unto himself to pray: "Lord, be with me," she heard him implore audibly; "abandon me not. Thou art with me now and all must go well with me. I die content."

Tranquilly, still cleaving to her side, he left the chapel. Only one moment, at the very door of his cell, the darkness, the horror crashed suddenly upon him and he reeled.

"Oh, God, I cannot do it! How can I do it? I am young. I could be happy—my whole life is to live!"

"Courage, dear brother, courage," she exhorted him, "one short hour of suffering and thou hast won. There will be no more sorrow and there will be unending light."

"In all my born days, mother, never seemed life so sweet. I am a coward! I shall shame my Knighthood. See how I tremble! Oh, mother, I shall prove craven at the last."

"Nay! 'tis but a moment's weakness. Rouse thy valor. Christ Who is with thee will not suffer it. Take courage, the fear will soon be over. And I will go along ahead and wait for thee, that thou mayest have no terror at the goal."



She saw with her own eyes the darkness vanish, the swift appalling onslaught of temptation fall away, and the very face seemed to emerge in radiance and sweetness from the clutch of fierce agony, the clouds of tossing doubt.

"Whence comes such a grace as this to me," he cried, "that the sweetness of my soul should wait for me at the holy place of execution? Now it is true indeed that I shall fear no more! Blessed be thou, Catherine, spouse of Christ, for thy compassion; and blessed for thy more than a mother's love!"

"Blessed be my Spouse and thine for His compassion! and blessed be His Mother for her love. Pray to her, dear brother mine; her tears have saved thee. Pray to her as thou goest; and thou wilt find her, too, awaiting thee. Thou and I, and all mankind shall ever find her, so, standing underneath the Cross."

Bright and gay with the sun high and the holiday crowd streaming outward, the fateful hour had struck. Outside the city gate in the clear space where the scaffold was erected, from early morning, the idle had begun to assemble. An execution was a sort of poignant entertainment which the government furnished free of cost. Fraternally, in the crowd, mingled plebeian upholders of the triumphant "*Riformatori*," against whose rule the unfortunate Niccolo had instigated his Sienese friends to rise; grim-visaged partisans of the abolished oligarchic system; cheerful hawkers of fruit and *mostaccioli* (spice-cakes); ragged little children, boys—and girls too—playing in the dust between the feet of the bystanders; good women even, full of sighs under their hoods or flapping Sienese hats, and remembering occasionally to draw their heads and patter Pater Nosters for the soul; yet agog, nevertheless, to see what they might see. Many of them, both men and women, would weep anon; but first harmless jests and laughter, odds and ends of gossip, must be retailed and bandied from mouth to mouth. What was the young Knight's real crime? How was he guilty? Was it true he had said the Griffin (Perugia) would come some day and limb from limb rend the Wolf (Siena)? Oh! but the Senator was wroth with him! They knew the very words, the gesture, with which he had refused a pardon. It must be some great crime for which he had to die. And how old was he? Was he single? Were his parents living? His mother? Ah! they were sorry for her with unmitigated, broad-bosomed Italian kindness. Then the strong, vigorous-stocked faith of the age asked its search-

ing questions. Had he made his peace with God at least? Had he been shriven? Would he go to his doom as a good Christian? Christ have pity on him: it was hard to die! Our Lady succor him at the last. Don't be playing here, boys, this is no place for sport! But the group of youths, slim in tight-fitting doublets and long hose, with laughing faces, hanging hair, and jaunty, long-quilled caps, were rehearsing the act of the falling, triangular knife, the "*scure*," and striking one another's neck with mimic sounds.

In the midst of it all, motionless beside the scaffold, stood a nun's figure in white and black. The group of her companions sought to screen her, but her eyes were shut, and her mind so rapt and uplifted in God, she knew not anything that passed around her. Motionless, even as her body, was her spirit; her whole soul one intense, wordless prayer. Her, too, the curious quickly detected and marveled seeing her. That was Catherine, Benincasa's daughter, did you know her? a strange person. Some, easily credulous, held her to be a saint. She neither ate nor slept—heaven deliver us! But 'twas said she had blessed a vat and the wine never ceased flowing—which was an excellent great miracle, if true; and sick persons were found to profess that she had cured them by the mere touch of her hand.

In a lull of silence the wind brought a few faint strokes of the Martorana tolling, slowly, far away. The sad procession had set forth.

One there beheld it in the streets of Siena. It was at the market, at the Croce, between the tall, gray Gothic palaces with people pressed up close against the walls, or gaping outward from the windows. She saw the quiet face, with its eyes that had no fear, and the bound arms that struck her with such intolerable pity for the likeness they made in him to One more loved. Yet the young man walked full peacefully. He was not conscious of humiliation: let the townfolk gaze if they would, what did it matter? He was treading the flints of an earthly city for the last time. They had not let him wear his shoulder-cape, with the hood attached, so he walked bareheaded, his countenance unsheltered; but it put him in mind of something Catherine had said: "So would I also," he mused, "if I walked before the Host." Then, clear to his recollection, came his last injunction: "Pray to Our Lady—pray as thou goest—her tears have saved thee," and with the memory of his mother's room, vaguely, her voice singing came to him in snatches of a *cantiléna* (a very simple melody, slow-measured, and

rather monotonous) which she used to croon over her wool-carding and spinning, pausing between the suspended rhythms of the lines, as the peasants do a-mowing, when the long swaths of green fall beneath the scythe and the slow-voice hovers over them, the broad last note prolonged indefinitely in the sun.

*Stabat Mater dolorosa*

He could remember the very vowels upon which the long beat and the ensuing short note and silence fell. There was too much of the song for any lad to recollect. But scraps of it he knew well.

*Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare.  
In planctu desidero.*

How sweetly sorrowful and how full of meaning the Latin was! That other Mother, who had wept so much, was waiting for him—where Catherine waited. This was Siena, her city, which he had hated, unspeakably, and now could not find it in his heart to hate any more. And the sunshine, so warm and welcome—God's—up above, the fair blue with a few white clouds sailing in it. In one hour—less—if it pleased God, he, he who this moment could feel the paving-stones of Siena beneath his long, soft, pointed shoes, would be in Paradise. It seemed as though he could not possibly be worthy; but Catherine had said so—"like the good thief."

Once again the sound of a Woman weeping welled up within his soul, moving him to such sore pity his own tears threatened to overflow and break the dams; but it were idle to weep now, his sins forgiven, her mercy waiting to help him at the scaffold, her Son's dead face unveiled for him and her.

They were at the towered gate with its fresco of the Crucifixion, and the procession halted that the sentence might be proclaimed anew. Then slowly, narrowed by the affluence of people at that spot, it moved out beyond the city walls. It was in the open now, whence glimpses of the lovely outlying country could be caught. The sun grew hotter: here, about the clearing on the hill, all Siena seemed to have gathered.

The companions standing around Catherine drew closer.

"Mother, he is coming!"

She opened her eyes—which had just seen him raise up his

to the block, and his soul higher, even as he prayed: "Thy will be done."

The grotesque and terrible forms which had surrounded and conveyed him, officers of justice, guards, soldiers, the "birri" (most detested of all men save the abhorred and, in the eyes of the populace, vile executioner and his assistants), a trumpeter of the Republic, the crier in his tabard, all drew aside and, for one moment, those two figures, the humblest and most significant of the whole assemblage, were face to face.

Meekly the young knight smiled his gladness, and knelt before her asking for a last blessing. The stalwart strength of yore seemed to have returned to the vigorous body: his eyes, full of love and reverence, dwelt manfully and yet most tenderly upon the holy face. Pale and worn it was, with eyes the color of the olive tree in the wind. She was awed almost at his fortitude; for there was little more of the earth than the strong frame and swarthy features left about him, and it might have been his knightly patron, St. Michael, kneeling there before her. She made the Sign of the Cross upon his forehead, touching him lightly. No more need to exhort, no more need to encourage. The calmness of each was a pillar to the other.

"Depart," she said, quite peacefully, yet somewhat longingly, "to the everlasting nuptials." And then, as he still waited: "Soon, very soon, you will be in the life that never ends."

He bent his head to kiss her hand—the hand that had just blessed him—and arose. His eyes still thanked her, but a great silence, in which God was, enveloped him and he had no more words.

Unassisted, he ascended the scaffold steps. There was a surge in the crowd as though it moved to him, a sea of dead-white faces wavering. Then complete stillness. One moment he stood—alone—detached from all, his eyes traveling over them, seeing them, indeed, yet his mind, in some way, absent. A gray-haired woman of the lowest class, bareheaded and in tatters, raised herself up to cry aloud to him: "God pity thee, poor son! God speed thy soul!"

"Amen," he answered softly, and turned his countenance to the executioner as though to give him leave. The man advanced. At the same moment Catherine's hands touched the big, open, over-sleeve depending from the shoulder. Here his last glance of recognition. Then calmly, silent still, she knelt. With her fingers that trembled a little, yet were firm, she placed his head as it should be: he suffered it, never stirring. His hair fell over her hands

and she knelt beside him, leaning, to speak the last words he would ever hear: "Remember, now, dear brother, the Blood of the Spotless Lamb, shed for thee. His Name be thy last word."

The murmured answer reached her ears alone: "Jesus—Catherine."

In the same instant the blade gleamed on high; there was in the crowd a quick movement of recoil, of horror, a gasp; a great spurt of blood over the scaffold; then sobs broke forth, and the pent ranks broke up. Catherine had the head in her hands, dim irises that seemed to look out still from under the fallen lids, lips livingly parted. Inwardly, she lifted up her gaze to adore the divine goodness.

And even as she did, the earth vanished and sank away from her, and lo! before her, radiant in splendor, she beheld "Him Who is God and Man." She saw Him gathering that out-poured blood and placing it, with unspeakable love, in "the open Wound of His side, the treasury of His mercy," and the humble knight she saw received "by the august Trinity, his soul flooded with a joy that would have ravished a thousand hearts."

Hands pulling at her mantle forced her return to conscious being. She gazed around upon them, her children and companions, her eyes steeped in the bliss of celestial mysteries: "Why did you call me back?" she gently chided them. "I was seeing Christ Jesus, and the blessed spirit of our brother enter eternal life."

"What, Mother, is he in heaven already?"

"He paused but at the threshold: as the bride, who turns to thank with gracious-bending head, those who have brought her to the bridegroom's door. Nay, do not wipe the blood from off my garments. Nay, leave it to me, daughter! It has the sweetness of frankincense, balsam—the perfume of the white-starred orange groves in May."

## THE ORIGINALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF LIFE.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



AN idea of exceptional character and consequence marks off the Christian doctrine of life from all others before or since. It is the idea of *personal* union and communion with God in the world to come. Note the words well. They express an historical fact, a transcendent conception, a sublime idea, in the presence of which the resemblances to Christianity found in other religions all pale into insignificance.

Thumb the dog-eared pages of antiquity over and over again, no analogue of this conception will reward your search. The idea of sharing the divine life and retaining one's own personality the while, the idea that the relation of union is to be that of person to person, without identity, transformation, or absorption, and on the noble plane of intimate friendship, occurred to no ancient philosophical or religious thinker. It had no heralds to trumpet forth its coming, but came at once and unannounced. If you can resist the impression that it is a revealed concept, arising from no human source, but heaven-blown suddenly into the minds of men, your powers of resistance must be other than intellectual—part of that will to *disbelieve*, which still awaits its James in psychology and its Harnack in history. And should you insist that it must have had its foregleams, like all notions other, you will be unable to point them out.

The most that Plato dared hope was to contemplate the World of Ideas, and this meant in his philosophy not a personal, but a personified, world of good. Aristotle declared friendship between man and God impossible. The pagan Elysium, where "life is easiest to man, and no snow is nor storm nor any rain," presents a picture of temporal conditions made better—it contains not the least suggestion that the Divine and the human are there intimately to meet. The paradise of Mahomet is a mere prolongation of earthly joys intensified—it promises no intimacy of relationship with the one and only God, of whom Allah is the prophet. The Jew hoped to revive in the bosom of Abraham—the abode of the blessed; he knew the slavery of the old law, he did not know the

personal friendship of the new. "The acme of the Buddhist's expectation was to exchange individual existence for universal, to fall asleep in Nirvana, and there escape the ceaseless round of reincarnation which Karma metes out to those who have not purified their minds and hearts of all personal desire.

Primitive peoples conceived the life to come in terms of the present, idealized. It was their own life materially and socially bettered, as they conceived its bettering, that they expected to see continued. An abundance of food and game, the pleasure of the hunt, additional health of body and fleetness of limb, with no scrambling for the means of livelihood, were for many its characteristic features. If the region men inhabited kept Winter lingering too long in the lap of Spring, or the fiery orb of day perpetually ablaze with heat, they pictured life beyond the grave in terms of the contrary. Even in the Osiris-cult, the bodily life is the one imagined. In Jewish eyes the recompense of virtue was length of days in the land the Lord their God had given them, a numerous progeny, and the prosperity of the nation at large. The rewards of the next life were conceived as not exceeding the analogies of this. Nowhere will you discover the idea that man is to be raised to a higher order of being, and have the life of God communicated to him, over and above his own, for an intensive personal development without cease.

Will you unearth this idea, think you, in the Mystery-Religions of the Graeco-Roman world—at Eleusis, say, or among the worshippers of Attis, Osiris, Isis, Cybele, Demeter, and Iacchus? The phrases "salvation," "union with deity," "communion with the divine," "deification," "rebirth," "sonship," and "eternal life" are all to be found somewhere or other in these pre-Christian cults; and this fact has been spread before the faithful by a thousand anti-Christian pens, as if it offered proof irrefragable that Christianity is neither original, nor divine, but a medley, and a pagan one at that. Very clever, also very false and irrelevant, this ruse of the comparative historians to draw attention away from difference in thought to similarity in phrasing. In the Mystery-Cults the expressions quoted all mean absorption into the divine, metamorphosis, transformation, becoming one with deity. They expressly teach that salvation is the loss of selfhood and personality in the sea of absolute Being—the exact opposite of the meaning which Christianity has given these terms. And so far from disproving the originality of the Christian idea of salvation,

they constitute the strongest proof imaginable that Christianity never went to heathendom for its beliefs or doctrines. The religion of Christ expressly declares that salvation consists in right relations to God as person to person. The Mystery-Religions all declare it a relation of impersonality to impersonality, and that is why their ethical influence was nil. Personal union with God on the intimate plane of friendship, without destruction of individuality—such was the “mystery” which St. Paul said “was not made known in other generations.”<sup>1</sup> None of the Mystery-Cults ever suspected the existence or possibility of this enduring personal relation, and we challenge the historians of Comparative Religion to adduce evidence that they did.

Let them come forward, for instance, with historical proof that the Christian idea of *personal* union is the same as the pagan idea of *mystical* union, and derived therefrom. St. Paul mentioned his mystical experiences—yes, but he did not boast of them, and he also told the Corinthians that rational self-control is better than the gift of tongues and more befitting. “The relation of the individual Paul to Jesus the historic Person is never lost in a vague and impalpable experience.” Certainly, he who said, “I know partially now, but *then* I shall know completely, as already I am completely known,” had no idea that his selfhood was to cease, and that salvation consisted in its ceasing. No! He was to share in the Divine Life *really* as well as morally; *and in person*, not mystically, as the pagan dreamers dreamt. St. Paul preached no transformation of humanity into deity, but an uplifting of man’s whole being, nature, and powers—his reclothing with a dignity far beyond his natural belongings and deserts, his admission into the immediate society of God in the greatest personal intimacy conceivable. Some have thought, because of St. Paul’s insistence on the ethical character of the New Life, that this latter meant for him in the last analysis no more than a superadded ethical relation of man to God. But such as these forget that in insisting upon its ethical character, the Apostle to the Gentiles was not proclaiming its nature so much as delineating its distinction from the ancient cults, and pointing out its redeeming difference from them in the special influence it had on conduct. Bend things, therefore, as you will, distort this phrase or that out of all semblance to its original meaning, and still you will not ever, as a matter of history, be able sincerely to avoid the conclusion that Christ Jesus was the first to

<sup>1</sup>Eph. iii. 1.



preach salvation, neither as a mere human immortality awaiting man, nor as an absorption into the Divine with a consequent loss of selfhood, but as an admission into God's immediate presence, a sharing of His nature, a partaking of His life, an enjoyment of His beatitude—face to face, person to Person, friend to Friend; all the lowly natural relations of creature to Creator transcended and overcome. *Cantet nunc Io chorus angelorum!* History has had no lights or heights or tidings such as these. The pagan "incarnations" were of *ideas*; the Christian Incarnation, of a Person. The pagan "salvation" meant the extinction of individual human existence in the Divine; the Christian, its hallowed and perfected preservation in the company of God forever.

It is idle to deny the original character of the Christian concept for still another reason. Primitive peoples conceived God very personally, so much so, in fact, that cultured races, remembering the malignant fling of Xenophanes, that lions had as much right to consider God a lion, as man to imagine Him a person, grew ashamed of the mannish notions of their ancestors and went to the opposite extreme of depersonalizing the Divine. It was this reactionary tendency in history which led Comte and Spencer wrongly to imagine that the progress of religion consists in the gradual elimination of the idea of personality. It does not. Religious progress consists in the progressive purification of this idea in the human understanding, and of this progress Christianity is the living witness and example. Yielding neither to primitive ignorance in conceiving God as mannish, nor to cultured pride in making the Divine impersonal, Christianity took a proportional view that avoided these extremes. God was not for the Christian the impersonal, intelligent World-Soul imagined by the *élite* of Greece and Rome, but an independent Being subsisting in a rational nature as we subsist in ours, without any of the deficiencies that cling to human selfhood and its powers of intelligence and will. The mannish associations of personality all fall away and cease to trouble, when the term is proportionally understood. The progress which the religion of Christ made in history over all the ancient religions resulted in no small measure from its purified reassertion of personality, both human and Divine. What the affirmation of human personality meant to society at large may readily be conjectured from the fact that in the Roman Law, it was only by the sufferance and condescension of the State—by a *factio iuris*, in other words—that an individual might be called a person. The idea that he is

an independent subject of right did not exist until Christianity proclaimed it.

The disdain felt for primitive religious notions by the cultured folk of Greece and Rome accounts for the odd fact that the best of their philosophers never probed the idea of personality, never undertook to clear it up. Even those who spoke of God as person had no definite notion of what personality is. The Supreme Self-Conscious Intelligence meant to them self-consciousness at most. The relation existing between intelligence or self-consciousness on the one hand and personality on the other was never explicitly worked out. Heraclitus, Plato, Aristotle, Philo, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca refused to touch the sordid idea. Pride of culture—the feeling that a man of learning should not think or speak in the terms of unlettered folk, dominated philosophy then as now. And then as now the pride of men prevented them from seeing that a primitive religious idea might be right in principle, however much wrong and crude it may have been in the interpretations it received. So far was this disdain of the primitive carried, so repugnant had the idea of a personal First Cause become, that intermediaries of all sorts—semi-divine beings or demiurges—were invented, to whom the unseemly work of creating and providing was entrusted, while the Supreme Intelligence monopolized its beatific life, without a thought of mortals. Into this “divine” life, men might be absorbed, but related to it as personal co-sharers—never! Out of such an intellectual environment, needless to say, the concept of the beatific vision could not have come. And when it did burst out of the Christian movement as a new star in a sky that had so few, it shone in a darkness that for the most part no more comprehended it then than now.

There are some who have tried to show that the Christian idea of personal union and communion with God was borrowed from Neo-Platonism. But all that they have succeeded in establishing is a certain amount of literary resemblance. The idea of a *mystic* union with God through love received a clear expression from the pen of Clement of Alexandria, who died before Plotinus was in his teens. So that if any borrowing was done, it must be charged to Plotinus and his successors, who had the pages of the Scriptures and the writings of such as Clement to consult. And then again, the Christian Alexandrian did not need to borrow. He had before his eyes the revealed concept of the beatific vision,<sup>2</sup> which declared

<sup>2</sup>Matt. xviii. 10; 1 Cor. xiii. 12; 1 John iii. 2.

that He Whom he now saw as in a mirror darkly, would later, face to face, be seen. This quite naturally suggested to devout and ardent souls from the very dawn of Christianity the idea of *experiencing through love*, in the present life, that intimate personal union which Christ had promised for the next. St. Paul himself wished to depart and be with Him Who struck him from his horse on the road to Damascus. Christian mysticism, Christian gnosis of a distinct and special kind was contained in the revealed concept of the beatific vision and suggested by the special idea of personal union which the faithful had. It is a domestic product, not a foreign importation. It was their own distinctively Christian *knowledge* that the mystics wished to turn into *experience*, when they sought through love to anticipate the joys of sight. They were exploring the Personal Reality Whom Christ had preached and taught, not the lower, naturalistic religious conceptions of the heathen world about.

The Neo-Platonic movement at most and at best represents the exaggeration and debasement of a distinctly Christian concept. Its fine language, its suggestive imagery had a literary influence on the development of Christian mysticism; but that it was the originating source, the actual well from which the Christian mystic drew his notion of personal union with God through love in this life, and through undimmed vision in the next—not even Harnack could prove such plagiarism a fact of history, though dear knows he spared no efforts to that end.

The same may be said of the supposed borrowing of the notion of "union with the Divine," from the liturgy of Mithraism. No document of that cult exists, older than the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era, in Diocletian's time. Generously allowing two hundred years off this for the development of the ideas contained in the Parisian papyrus, we are still well within the possibility of Christian influence on its composition. Even Dietrich<sup>3</sup> disclaims any intention of proving the historical dependence of Christianity on the liturgy of Mithra, and urgently requests that he be not so interpreted, having previously consoled himself with the reflection that sometime in the future, documents will be discovered, clearly revealing Christianity and Mithraism as both no more than outgrowths of an ancient pagan cult.<sup>4</sup> Hopes, however, are not proofs. Nor is there the least likelihood in the present instance that they ever will be. There was no idea of union with God on the

<sup>3</sup>*Eine Mithrasliturgie*, Leipzig, 1903, p. 95.

<sup>4</sup>*Op. cit.*, pp. 44, 45.

personal, social plane of intimacy and friendship—either expressed or implied, in any of the ancient philosophies, liturgies, or religions. The glory of that sublime conception is Christianity's alone.

The transcendence of the Christian idea of union with God is not surprising. We should be led to expect as much, from the exceptional character of all the distinctively Christian ideas. No man can point out in the faith Christ taught a single religious conception that was not elevated and transformed by its contact with His person. Jewish Messianism, pagan ideas of union with the Divine, baptism, rebirth, penance, or what not else, received from His lips a meaning they never knew before. The dreadful mistake that critics make is in viewing Christ as the initiator of a new religious movement, and in not seeing that He is also, and principally, the revealer of a mystery. "If Jesus had only been the initiator of a new religious movement, and not in any way the revealer of a mystery, His disciples never would have translated their religious emotions into those new beliefs, so disconcerting, and yet at the same time so coherent and so high."<sup>5</sup> Take the custom of the sacramental meal among pre-Christian peoples. The fellowship it expressed was between the participants, not between the participants and God. The idea of salvation which it inculcated was the forfeiture, not the perfecting, of personality. It has no more resemblance to the Eucharist than the modern science of astronomy to the astrology of the ancients. Here as elsewhere it is the differences, not the resemblances, that count. So that the prodigious labor of working up the resemblances of Christianity to other cults, by Dietrich, Pfleiderer, Holzmann and others—all with a view to discrediting the former religion by its *outward* likes and similars, is labor lost and purpose unachieved.

For the point to be proven is the continuance in Christianity of the old religious conception of man's union with God. Can any one establish that thesis historically? Not until he can prove that Christianity has no higher idea of this union than the one that prevailed in the heathen world. We have already shown from history that Christianity has an immeasurably higher conception of it, and that this is what really constitutes its superior dignity and worth. A new religion, basing itself on the distinct, special, and revealed relation of man's union with God on the mutual plane of personality, raised to the dignity of friendship, would naturally repeat, in expressing itself, many of the rites, devotions, and prac-

<sup>5</sup> *Les Origines du Dogme de la Sainte Trinité*. Par J. Lebreton. Preface, p. xxiii.

tises of religions based on the general relation of creature to Creator. The expression of supernatural religion would thus result in resemblances to the natural religions it had transcended, transformed and overcome. But that is not to say that the religions thus resembling are identical in origin and principle, or that the old rites have been taken bodily over and made a permanent part of the superseding cult. Such a statement is not history, and in the minds of those who make it, the understanding of what constitutes originality does not seem to be very clear.

What would these critics? Is their idea of the originality of a religion a complete disparity between it and all religions other? What warrant have they for thus identifying "original" with "dissimilar?" Cannot origins be distinct, and the derivatives therefrom resemble? Is the originality of the American Republic to be questioned, because it has features that can be found in those of Greece and Rome? Is it not enough to discover differences of soul beneath the resemblances of body—differences of principle amid the similarity of detail? Should not the comparison be of wholes, and not of fragments torn from their total respective contexts in which alone their distinctness lies? Difference, not disparateness, constitutes originality. Newness of thought is its distinguishing mark, not oddity of development. The original and the peculiar are not necessarily one. Why, then, recite the resemblances of Christianity to the other religions—why not cling to the point and show that these other religions had the same genetic idea and informing principle? The new wine of Christianity cannot be poured back into the old bottles of paganism, neither can these latter be refilled with it—they would burst asunder in the process, as the Master Himself said they would, in the parable of the gourds.

The conclusion to which this long series of considerations has brought us is the originality of the Christian doctrine of life and conception of religion. This conclusion will be disputed. Nothing escapes that fate in these speculative, unhistorical, and prejudging times. But if the reader will take care to note that the method of disputing it consists in a forced attempt to lift pagan thought up to Christian levels, by detaching a phrase here and there, and filling it with a meaning it cannot be proved to have had in the minds of its original employers, he will not mistake interpolation for history, but forearm himself mentally against those who would deprive him of his historical sense as they have deprived themselves of theirs, to win a point against revealed religion,

Of all the religions in the world, the last that could be described as a syncretism or amalgam is the Christian. First of all, the Apostles were, as Fairbairn says, too completely ignorant of other theologies and philosophies to be affected by them.<sup>6</sup> Nor can this fact be offset by supposing that a sufficient period of time elapsed before the writing of the Gospel, to allow of their becoming technically acquainted with the religions of the heathen world. The most that has been, the most that can be, proven is that the old pagan terms were in general circulation, pretty much as the biological phrases concerning "heredity," "survival of the fittest," "variation," and the like, are now used by speakers and writers who have no technical acquaintance with the science of biology itself. The Apostles were conversant with these terms in the popular, not in the technical sense, and might well have used them with telling effect to carry the new Christian idea into the minds of those infested with the old pagan notion of absorption into the Divine. "It is sheer hypothesis," says Professor Kennedy, "to ascribe to Paul any direct acquaintance with Mystery-ideas *through the medium of literature*;" and he goes on to add, after a long and detailed investigation, that there is practically no phrase used in the Pauline vocabulary, for which a source cannot be found in the Old Testament,<sup>7</sup> without recourse to the Mystery-Religions at all.

Nor is this the only reason for believing that Christianity is original. The way it began and grew furnishes a decisive refutation of the whole syncretist theory. The Christian religion started, not as an "articulated skeleton of doctrine,"<sup>8</sup> but as an empirical intuition of the divinity of Christ Jesus, and it did not explicitly grasp all that this intuition contained, for hundreds of years. The critics overlook these historical facts, and deceive the faithful by their unscholarly oversights and incompetence. Obsessed by the fallacy that similarity of terms implies identity of ideas, they invite the reader to share their obsession, never proving anything, always taking connections for granted, ever supposing without historically establishing the truth of the things supposed. Will you ever find them stating that Christianity is the outgrowth of a unique historical Person, and that in consequence of this fact it must first be studied particularly, not comparatively? Will you ever find them admitting that it grew, not by personifying the object of its worship, but by exploring the wonders of His historical Person and

<sup>6</sup>*The Philosophy of the Christian Religion*, p. 518.

<sup>7</sup>*St. Paul and the Mystery-Religions*. By H. A. A. Kennedy. Pp. 118, 154. Italics ours.

<sup>8</sup>Fairbairn, *op. cit.*, p. 518.

teaching? Man's historical sense is slipping. See that yours keeps fast to its moorings, with an extra anchor out to windward, where the winds of doctrine blow.

How was the new idea of man's union and communion with God received? With inexpressible joy. Martyrs died for the New Life, and maidens gave over their bodies to be burned for it, who would not have sacrificed a little finger for the whole pantheon of the pagan gods. The thought it roused in all minds and hearts was the thought of the condescension, the generosity, the prodigality of God's goodness in sharing His life with man in the intimacy of a personal friendship forever to endure. God had treated man far above his lowly rights and poor deservings—generosity was the term on every lip, and it set the world afire, kindling a new morality, reacting on all the social standards of the time, creating a larger perspective for judging men, movements, and events, crowding selfishness to the wall, and letting charity soften justice in a way the world had not known before. The Greek Fathers explained the New Life under the formula of "deification," taking care to rid the phrase of the false association it had contracted from its use in the Mystery-Cults. "Gift" was the favorite expression among the Latin Fathers—the unprecedented gift, the sublime example of God's complete and unreserved self-giving unto men. It was the bestowal of a bounty, the conferral of a privilege, to which man had no right or claim. When the barbarian hordes overran Europe with fire and sword, the New Life was preached to them. It tamed the savage spirit in their breasts, and was veritably the leaven that helped powerfully in socializing this vast mass of unassimilated human material. It embodied "the good news" of the Gospel, and had about it a grandeur that proved a great social force in democratizing humanity spiritually, long before its social democratization could have come. It suggested the greatest synthesis of human thought that has ever been attempted—nature and grace, miracle and natural law, teleology of nature and teleology of man. It brought eternal values into the lowliest deeds done in time. It made a spiritual success possible in a life where temporal ventures are for many doomed to failure. It promised something to the cripple and the outcast, that could be won independently of the great social accidents of health, wealth, position, success, and power. There never was, and there never will be on this earth, a universal democracy like that which the Supernatural offers.

In the thirteenth century, the unique character of the Christian

conception of man's union with God, the transcendence, in other words, of the idea of the beatific vision, struck the theologians of the time as something so extraordinary, revelation alone could have been its source. And the writer of these pages is free to confess that it has truly and freshly struck him in like manner, when, wading through the bewildering mass of material gathered from all quarters by the modern Comparative Science of Religions, he saw it suddenly loom up before him as the solution of all the so-called "evidences" which this science has of late been urging against the originality of the Christian faith. For, where will you find this noble and transcendent idea of man's future, this sublime conception of the function of religion and the meaning of life? Will you find it in the Eleusinian or Orphic mysteries, with their promise of "everlasting" life to those who commune with some deity during their earthly span of years? There is no reason to believe, and no one has ever been able to prove, that the pagan mysteries at any time taught monotheism or saw in "everlasting" life any more than a purely human immortality and happiness. Will you discover the idea in the ancient sacrificial meal where the communicant is supposed to receive supernatural powers from the entrance of some deity or other into his spirit? Monotheism is again lacking. The relation of man to God as person to person, of human beings actually sharing the divine life and having it createdly reproduced within them, is nowhere discoverable. Nay, there is a dim consciousness, ever growing clearer, that perfect union with God is possible only through a divine sacrifice in reparation for sin. Six centuries before Christ the search for this perfect sacrifice began afresh—the thought that it had to come was in the mind of the race from the first toddling steps of its infancy. Clement and Cyprian tell us that in an effort to find it, they tried all the mysteries of Greece in vain.<sup>9</sup> That divine sacrifice, that "perfect union of man with God" Christianity alone has, alone has claimed to have, of all the religions that have been. Let the critic explain how it was that Christianity dared put forth that colossal claim, if the mystery which Christ revealed was made up of an amalgam of pagan notions, instead of being the fulfillment of that dim and dumb expectation of mankind existing from the beginning, which linked the thought of the sacramental meal with the thought of the divine sacrifice, whereby alone could man's perfect union and communion with the one and only God be brought about. Personal assimilation to the

<sup>9</sup>*Introduction to the History of Religion.* By F. B. Jevons. Page 414.



very life of God Himself—where will you unearth this idea of assimilative union in the ancient religions, and yet Christianity starts out by preaching it as the *raison d'être* of everything within its bosom.

Who of all the pre-Christian folk, primitive or ancient, ever had the Christian idea that we are made partakers of God's nature by grace, of His knowledge by faith, of His power by hope, of His goodness by charity? And who among them ever dreamt that God's life was to be communicated to us over and above our own? If Eleusis knew that, would its sacred drama have consisted of choral odes and dances? And if Eleusis also knew that this personal sharing in God's personal life is the meaning of the sacraments, the fruits of the sacrifice, the reason of the mysteries; and could someone have told the Eleusinians that the sacramentals—holy water and all the rest—were instituted as constant reminders of this our personal union and communion with the beatifying Lord of all, to Whom we are knit by the ties of a personal friendship, and not by the shackles of the one-time fearsome slave; and could someone still further have informed them that all the external acts of religion are either an expression of this exalted personal union with God or an incitation thereunto—the expression and the incitation having no other origin, end, or aim than to conserve, foster and develop that special divine life, of which Christ is the sacrificial author, God the bestower, and the Church the channel—do you think that the poor devotee of Demeter, Iacchus, and Persephone would start prating about the resemblances of the Christian religion to the ancient cults, or fill his soul with the redeeming joy of the world-wide difference between the two? To imagine Christianity inspired, directed, controlled, or originally influenced in its beliefs, practices, and devotions, by the lower motives of religion in general, by the naturalistic conception of union with God, by the "magic theory" of the sacraments, by the superstitious use of the sacramentals, by the mumbo-jumbo of Hottentot and Polynesian, is the grossest misconception and calumny that ever claimed the patronage of history or the verdict of science.

We were speaking of the thirteenth century and the profound impression made upon its thought by the idea of the beatific vision. The uniqueness of the notion was not immediately detected. Time and reflection were required before it stood out clearly in the galaxy of revealed concepts as no ordinary star. Hugh of St. Victor, Peter the Lombard, William of Auxerre, and William of Paris caught glimpses of its commanding significance and worth. But it

was reserved for Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas,<sup>10</sup> to cast the discovery into scientific form. Humanity had its own excellence, they said, and could be studied in itself, apart from revelation and from grace. It might have been created for a purely human destiny, and never have been raised above that level; in which case, it would have had its own life to live, and for that its naturally inherent powers would suffice. But to have its life assimilated to the life of God, it would have to be reëquipped with an assimilative principle proportionate thereunto, and this principle is grace, not nature. To live the life of God manifestly requires more than to live the life of man. To be united with God in the perfect personal union of friendship, man had to have the power and capacity for this union created within him. It did not naturally exist, his powers of nature having been given him to live his own life, not God's. And so the wondrous thought stood out, that the New Life spoken of in the Gospel is a special and super-added life. It has its own sources, motives, receptivities, and powers—it is a higher life which man is free to take or leave at will. Did he choose to remain on a human level, he might do so, but were that his choice, no development awaited him after death. Friendship offered and spurned has its consequences, and these it lies in no man's power to command or change. Out of reflections such as these, based, not on the general history of religion but on the special history of Christianity, the technical, scientific concept of the supernatural took form and grew. This scientific concept is the intellectual equivalent of the Gospel phrases. It refunds into the empirical descriptions of the New Life therein set forth. The unfailing testimony of the Fathers, especially those of the East, stand sponsor for it in beauties of speech and ardor of soul that betray no lessening. It is no invention of scholastic subtlety, no creation of minds pious; and those who think most lightly of it should remember the words of Kant, repeated later by Professor James, to the effect that a gambler's choice is final, and no recalling knows.

Time wore on, and with its wearing the modern chapter of our story came. The New Life ceased to be a reality, it became first an external relation, then an ethical ideal, and finally sank out of recognition among philosophers generally. How this extinction came about, and to what influence it was due, may be briefly told in closing.

The Lutheran doctrine of original sin was a travesty on the traditional Christian view. It portrayed man as having lost his

<sup>10</sup> *La Dogmatique*. Scheeben. Traduction Bélet. III., pp. 499 ff.

spiritual faculties of intellect and will in consequence of the Fall; and what more feasible in a theology so aberrant than to supplement this misconception with another, which declared that Christianity had actually restored these never lost spiritual powers of man? The effect of this loss-restoration theory—the falsest ever!—was to identify the supernatural with the natural spiritual life of the human soul; and once that identification became accepted, it meant that the religion of Christ had forfeited its chief claim to originality and distinction. Grace ceased to be regarded as that distinct, special, superadded, supernatural life which had been the joy of a united Christendom from Pentecost to the Reformation.

Natural mysticism was the first form which this identification process took. A certain portion of the soul, it was claimed, had escaped deterioration when man fell. The depravity preached by Luther was not total—some progress still was possible owing to the divine spark that survived within. The cultivation of this “divine region of the soul” lasted a long time in the *Theologia Germanica*. But when Hegel, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, proposed the theory of indefinite progress, the doctrine of the unlimited perfectibility of man, the liberalist Protestant movement attached itself at once to this most hopeful emotion and substituted it for the traditional Christian concept of the supernatural life.

History not only began to be read in the light of this theory of Hegel's, the future also began to be projected on its screen. Socialism, utopian and scientific, thrust the idea of individuality aside. The old pagan conception of the individual as a mere fraction in the unity of the State again received assertion. Personality, both human and divine, disappeared in the impersonal philosophies of idealism. Existential judgments were abandoned, and value-judgments proposed as a stop-gap in their stead. The organization of life under the idea of a personal God was broken up. Religion became identified with mysticism, as it had been in pre-Christian days. The old mystic notion of “union with deity” in the sense of transformation and absorption into the Divine, was proposed by Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Emerson, and a host of others too numerous to mention singly. The idea of personality which had cut Christianity clear from all religions other was extinguished. The lovers and choosers of their human heritage had spurned the additional offer of a heritage divine, and with that spurning went out of general recognition the most inspiring and the most disciplining conception of life that had ever emerged in the history of humanity.

## FROM A PARIS HOSPITAL.

BY COMTESSE DE COURSON.



HOSPITAL for wounded soldiers is not only a first-rate school for learning lessons of patience; it is also, from another standpoint, an excellent means for acquiring a clearer knowledge of the French peasant or workman *at his best*. Our stricken fighting men are ennobled by their conscientious performance of a supreme duty, and chastened by the suffering that was its immediate consequence; on these receptive Latins the effect of both the duty and the pain is remarkable, especially when to these influences is added that of a hospital, where professional skill, gentle kindness and a religious spirit go hand in hand.

It often came to me as a surprise to remember that before the war, these docile, prayerful soldiers were merely rough peasants or workmen, absorbed by the daily "struggle for life." Those of whom I write, with whom I have been in touch, almost daily, for nearly two years, are not a select few, set apart for their merits. They were brought to the hospital, where I made their acquaintance, by the order of the military doctors of the "gare régulatrice," where the wounded soldiers from the front are told off to the different Paris hospitals.

Thus, taken at random, these obscure fighting men, of whom we only knew when they arrived that they were sick or wounded, may be truly said to represent the average French peasant or artisan. Among our stricken guests, all the French provinces are sampled and when, day after day, I noticed how distinctly the characteristic traits of the Norman, Breton, Provencal or Parisian were revealed, I realized, once again, how logical and sensible was the ancient division of France into provinces, how meaningless the monotonous "départements!"

The hospital, to which I refer, stands in a shady garden and is directed by nuns, fully trained and certificated, who in times of peace nursed the sick poor of the busy suburb, where they have been established for over half a century. They rule their charges with a tactful hand, and the mere presence of these disciplined, soft

spoken, gentle Sisters, creates an orderly and kindly atmosphere that influences both their lay helpers and their patients.

There is a sensation of being "at home" in our hospital, and the men feel it keenly: "*on est ici en famille*," they repeat, and their attitude is that of docile, well-behaved children over and over again. A surly and suspicious patient has visibly altered in this friendly atmosphere; in a few weeks the charm works and the ungracious newcomer not only fits into the picture, but, after leaving the place, writes letters that prove the impression received was more than skin deep.

The arrival of our patients is always a moment of poignant interest. I remember how, in December, 1914, in the afternoon, an ambulance car stopped at the door. In it were four soldiers stricken with typhoid fever, but the ward for fever cases being full, the nuns regretfully declined to receive these newcomers. Then from the car issued imploring voices: "We are driven from one hospital to another, we are so weary, *ma soeur*, do take us!" The appeal could not pass unheeded, room was made for the tired men, whom the sodden trenches of Champagne had reduced to this pitiable condition.

One of them, a young soldier from New Caledonia, was to find not only bodily health, but also spiritual life within the hospital, and we may believe that his Guardian Angel prompted the Sister's charitable acquiescence to his admission. The son of an unbelieving father, who had married a Protestant, the lad had not been baptized; he had grown up in a respectable and hard-working atmosphere, but outside any religious influence.

Once, in Champagne, just before an important attack, a soldier-priest stood up in the trench, where George L—— and his comrades were waiting for the signal: "We are to go forward," he said, "we have a strenuous duty to perform, kneel down, make an act of contrition, and I will give you a general absolution." George L—— did like the rest, when he bowed his head under the priest's hand. The solemn Latin words that he did not understand seemed, nevertheless, to bring the message of another and happier life beyond the one that he was about to risk. The memory of the incident haunted him and, on arriving at the hospital, he asked for a catechism and studied it assiduously. This thoughtful boy assimilated the different points of doctrine with marvelous facility.

Our chaplain is not only a learned, but a prudent, priest, and

the would-be convert was left to make his way freely and deliberately towards the fold of the Universal Mother. The workings of his mind are expressed in an account of his conversion written by himself; it ends thus: "From being only a French soldier, I am now a soldier of Christ. His Cross is the flag that I must carry and defend; I will keep my promises and never be a deserter, a traitor or a coward." George L—— was baptized in the hospital chapel on March 6, 1915, and the next day he made his First Communion. The boy's earnest face and the happy look in his eyes were good to see. A banquet, where the hero of the day sat at the place of honor, and a solemn Benediction, where our soldiers sang patriotic "cantiques" in the flowered and lighted chapel, crowned the festivities. "A day like to-day ought never to end," said a wounded soldier, on whom the cordial spirit of the "fête" made a deep impression.

Among the wounded men from Arras, who arrived in June, 1915, was a Parisian; he had spent three days in a hole made by shells. There, gravely wounded, suffering cruelly from thirst, he would have died, alone and uncared for, if one of his comrades had not crawled up to him at night and dragged him away. This stricken soldier was eventually finally cured, after months of careful nursing; he was before the war "*marchand de quatre saisons*," and helped his old mother to push a hand barrow full of vegetables through a Paris suburb. "It is a nice trade," he often remarked, "even if I limp, even with a wooden leg, I can keep it."

The maimed and suffering soldiers who came to the hospital after the offensive of last September were in excellent spirits. Months of fighting with no apparent result, weeks of comparative inaction in trenches, where they shiver and soak, depress our men. An attack in the open, a hand to hand fight fires their spirit, and the knowledge that, on a given point, they have been distinctly victorious makes suffering and death acceptable. Among these September arrivals were some very young soldiers, whose faces lit up when they described the advance of September 25th; one was a middle-aged adjutant, who had escaped from a prisoner's camp in Germany, with a map and a compass in his pocket. Walking at night, hiding in the day, feeding on raw vegetables that he picked up in the fields, he reached Holland, was shipped to England, and thence hurried back to the French front.

At first our men are silent, except the Parisians, whose war stories must be taken with a certain reserve. The more timid

peasants have to be tactfully encouraged to talk; it is only after weeks of intercourse that they really feel at home. We soon discover that the subject nearest their heart is their home, the particular corner of France where they work, live and die. In certain unproductive regions, the country folk are often tempted to desert the country and flock to Paris. In general, however, they are passionately attached to their soil, and lovers of the land are more numerous than its deserters. Among our fighting men, the fact cannot be disputed.

"I wonder how the harvest is getting on at home," said a laconic territorial from the north. Part of his shoulder was blown away. He lay with wide open eyes, that saw, beyond the dull hospital walls, the waving corn fields, where old men and women were feebly grappling with difficulties brought on by the war.

"I am thinking that close to my house the fields of violets are in bloom," said an unintelligent and reticent southerner, who only became animated when we touched on his "*petite patrie*." Unseen violets, basking in the sunshine of Provence, glorified the hospital atmosphere where this silent soldier lay dreaming.

Another southerner, after many months spent among us, volunteered to describe his home. From that day the ice was broken between us, and I was treated as a privileged friend of this particular region. His black eyes lit up when he described the olive fields, the fruit trees, the flowing rivers, the hills covered with aromatic plants, that give perfume and flavor to the famous honey of Narbonne.

Another pleasant characteristic of our men is their affection for their officers. "If the officer is good, the men are good," said one. "My officer saved my life," remarked another, whose wound had been dressed in the trench by his lieutenant. "Our Captain was like a father," added his neighbor, "he tried to make us suffer as little as possible and never sent us into danger if he could help it; he always risked more than we did and, because our post was a dangerous one, he saw to it that we should have proper food and clothes. We would have followed him anywhere."

Our men are generally good soldiers, if they are not *all* heroes. Some write to the Sisters that if the choice were offered to them, they would rather return to the hospital than go to the front. This may be only a delicate acknowledgment of the kindness with which they were treated; at any rate, it is a fact that when at the front even the gray-haired territorials are simply heroic. "I

have seen them," said an officer, "march to almost certain death; tears sometimes rolled down their cheeks when they thought of the lives dependent on them, but I never saw them flinch or hang back or hesitate." The fighting spirit of their race springs into flame on the battlefield, and these peaceable gardeners, vine growers and farmers become the admirable soldiers that are now, and for months past have been, holding Verdun.

I remember how a "Bordelais," not a soldier, but a vine grower by profession, described the tragic retreat of August, 1914, with the enemy in close pursuit: "We were so sleepy that three of us walked arm in arm, with the agreement that the middle one should sleep as he walked, supported by his comrades, who then took their turn. When we were close to Paris, we were told to turn about and attack. We forgot completely that we were hungry and sleepy, and ran forward as if we were going to a wedding."

Our soldiers in the hospital are like big children, easily pleased and amused. The Sisters never lose an opportunity of giving them a treat; one day, in early spring, all those who could do so, went to St. Cloud, under the care of the superintendent and doctor of the establishment. They went and returned by train; the lamest and weakest motored. They came back wild with delight, carrying cowslips and violets, having been made much of by Sisters belonging to the same order as their kind nurses. The suburbs of Paris, decked in their spring garb, seemed a paradise to these men, some of whom had spent months within the walls of a hospital, and their peasant souls revived in the free air and bright sunshine of that memorable outing.

Occasionally, tickets are sent to the superintendent for concerts or matinees, which, although they do not always thoroughly understand, our men conscientiously admire. Visits to the "Musée des armées," at the "Invalides" are always a success, and the sight of trophies taken from the enemy a delight; another kind of excursion once gave them a pleasure that goes far to show how receptive is the Latin temperament. Our chaplain, who knows every stone of ancient Paris, occasionally takes a group of men to visit some old churches in the fast changing quarters on the left bank of the river. Thus the Carmelite Convent, in the rue Vaugirard, where in September, 1791, over one hundred priests and three bishops were murdered under circumstances extraordinarily pathetic and tragic, is comparatively unaltered, and to it our chaplain has often conducted our soldiers. They come back much impressed,



and their comments show that they completely entered into the spirit of the visit. It not only interested them deeply—they naturally love an emotion and a drama, but it may, we secretly hope, correct past impressions on the subject of the “glorious” Revolution. A visit to Versailles, where their guide carefully explained the history of the Palace, may have the same effect. Our chaplain was amused at the professional interest with which some of them, who are workmen, examined the woodwork, gilding, flooring of Louis XIV.’s state apartments. “How well the people of those days worked,” they said. Their guide promptly seized the occasion to explain that contrary to what is taught in the French lay schools, civilization, art and industry were not the product of 1789. The old France that built Versailles had its grandeur and its glory, as our men could see for themselves.

Under the direction of a musical Sister who knows how to stimulate their good will and to bring out their hidden gifts, our soldiers take a leading part in the singing in the chapel, where spirited “cantiques,” adapted to the time of war, remind them of their past trials and future perils. Again, at the procession of Corpus Christi last June, our men worked vigorously to prepare an altar in keeping with a military hospital. They surrounded it with guns, swords and helmets and, of course, a generous display of flags. The day of the procession was absolutely cloudless, and it was pathetic to see, lying or sitting round the altar, the more gravely wounded. Upon these broken men, whose future in many cases is overshadowed forever, the Blessed Sacrament, carried in solemn procession, bestowed its helpful benediction. I remember how, at that moment, the trenches, their perils and hardships, seemed very far away! All was brightness, flowers, music, peace and joy; the horrors of war were hidden by the Presence of the Son of Peace.

Yet, a few minutes later, I was met face to face with the anguish that war brings in its train: standing in the entrance hall of the hospital, waiting till the procession was over, was an old couple from Poitou; he in a “blouse,” she in a tight-fitting “coiffe,” and both bowed with grief! Their son had been brought to us from Arras, grievously wounded, and on hearing the news they hurried to Paris. They told us, in halting words, how they were once the happy parents of three sons: “Better boys you never saw; they loved us and loved our farm.” Of the three, one was killed, one had been wounded and was just recovering, the other lay upstairs stricken unto death. When they were taken to his bedside,

the three sobbed together; the soldier, a brave man, who had won the "croix de guerre," was the gentlest of patients: "merci, priez pour moi," he kept saying, and when we saw his parents we understood that his home training had fostered the gratitude, respect and religious faith that made him so sympathetic. A slight improvement having taken place in his condition, his parents, whose farm was left empty, went home. But a month later he grew worse, and, although wired for, the old people arrived too late. At the last the dying man's mind wandered, only his love for and thought of his parents remained clear: "Tell them that I love them; I want 'maman,'" he kept repeating.

When, at last, they came from their far-away village, they found that, like all the fighting men who pass away at our hospital, their son lay under the big crucifix, framed by tri-colors, that, since October, 1914, has looked pitifully down upon eleven dead soldiers. His bandaged head and injured face at rest, his hands clasped over his rosary, his sufferings over! The old people knelt down and sobbed, and it seemed too pitiful for words that grief and loss such as theirs should be multiplied thousands of times throughout the fields of France!

Our patients being Latins, naturally delight in patriotic speeches, spirited war songs, "cantiques" with a martial ring, flags waving in the sunshine. Several among them, to whom the "croix de guerre" and "médaille militaire" have been awarded for distinguished service, were privileged to receive their decorations in the hospital itself, at the hands of a general officer delegated for the purpose by the Governor of Paris. The programme of the ceremony is always the same, but it never fails to impress our men and their friends. Our first "décoré" was an Algerian soldier; then, two months ago, three Frenchmen were so honored; one had lost his foot, another his memory, the third, quite a young fellow, was hopelessly lame and partially paralyzed. Our last "décoré," a gardener from Normandy, lost his right arm at Arras; this quiet, peaceable man is, his "citation" proves it, a hero in his way; since his arrival among us not a word of complaint ever passed his lips, only expressions of gratitude for kindness received.

The ceremony took place on a radiant spring morning; the lilacs and laburnums of the garden were in bud, and the fresh young leaves stood out against the blue sky. All the men who could walk, or even stand, were present and they marched past the Commander who presided to the sound of "Sambre et Meuse."

Some were on crutches, others on sticks, their faded blue uniforms telling of past hardships and dangers. The hero of the day bore himself bravely, though his features quivered when the officer addressed him. Under the trees stood the kindly nuns, the friends of the hospital, the nurses in their Red Cross uniforms and, best of all, the "*décoré's*" children: a rosy Norman maiden and a little recruit of the "*classe '15*," keenly interested and innocently proud. In after years when, as must happen, the maimed and stricken soldier realizes his loss, the picture of an April morning, when his sacrifice was fully recognized by his grateful country, will prove a happy memory.

After the ceremony the directors of the hospital, the doctors, friends and patients, assembled for a big banquet, where the hero of the day occupied the place of honor. The nuns had adorned the refectory, not only with flags and inscriptions, but with big bunches of flowering gorse that brought before the dreamy eyes of a Breton soldier visions of his native "*landes*," garbed in their spring clothing of gold and green. On this and other occasions, the pathetic group of our wounded soldiers manœuvred under the command of a tiny sergeant, whose diminutive height contrasted humorously with his determined expression.

His story illustrated a fact to which we cling, when the horror and the pain brought by the war press too heavily. This fact is the wonderful dispensations of Providence that allow the war and its attendant hardships to bring salvation and peace to many ignorant souls. Our sergeant, the son of a Paris hairdresser, was never baptized and brought up without any religion. "He shall choose his own creed," said the father, who was early left a widower. When the war broke out, L—— was rejected for active military service on account of his height. Finding that his protestations were of no avail, he concealed himself in a train bound for the front, and on arriving presented himself to the military authorities, who impressed by his intelligent and determined attitude, finally accepted him.

In the same company as L—— there happened to be a soldier-priest, the Abbé R——. He belonged to a religious Congregation, and was studying in Rome when the war broke out. He immediately returned to France, took up his military post at the front, and soon acquired extraordinary influence over his comrades. In the intervals of his military duties, that he performed excellently, he used to preach short sermons that delighted the sol-

diers. Sometimes in a church, half destroyed by the shells, or else in a barn or even in the open, he delivered spirited addresses, full of faith and patriotism, that raised the men's souls above the weariness and hardships of their daily routine. From these gatherings, L—— carefully kept away, although, as he afterwards confessed, he felt strongly attracted to the brave, cheerful and generous soldier-priest. Sometimes he shed tears in secret, so great was his mental disquietude, but foolish pride and shyness kept him back. At length, one day last summer close to Arras, L—— made up his mind to speak to Abbé R——. He poured out his doubts, anxieties, aspirations, listened to his new friend's explanations, and finally decided to ask for baptism. It was at the time of the famous attack that, if it had succeeded, might have opened the road to Lille and Lens, and L——'s regiment, being ordered forward, the Abbé baptized him that same day in a half ruined house, close to Arras. Ten minutes afterwards, L—— was in the heart of the battle, his soul illuminated by an extraordinary feeling of security and peace. He fought like a lion till a German bomb disabled him, and obliged him to lie for three days and nights in a big hole, after which, with incredible difficulty, he crawled back to the French lines.

It was the Abbé R——, then on leave in Paris, who supplemented the ceremonies of L——'s baptism in the little chapel of our hospital and, curiously enough, the young sergeant's father was a well-satisfied spectator of the ceremony! The boy's recollected expression, his firm voice, when he made the responses, delighted us as much as the sympathetic personality of his friend, the soldier-priest.

Another month passed; one day when I arrived at the hospital, I found our sturdy little soldier in tears: "I have lost more than a friend," he sobbed, and he told me how the Abbé R—— had been killed by a shell at the front, in Lorraine. A woman in deepest mourning often came from that day to visit Sergeant L——. "It seems to me," she said, "as if in him I find something of my dearest son," and the young convert, who had never known his own mother, naturally took up a filial attitude towards Madame R——.

Incidents such as these illustrate how the workings of God's loving care for His children can draw good out of the evils of war; they cast a ray of light upon the sea of pain that surrounds us, and lead our thoughts from present suffering to future and lasting happiness.

## HAWKER OF MORWENSTOW.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.



SINCE the day when Saul of Tarsus set out upon the road to Damascus, by how many and by what strange ways men have come to the City of Peace! Augustine, drawn by the cords of a mother's love, came "wearied out with delusions;" Newman came with inevitable steps along the Via Media to the highway of Rome; Huysmans, through the lust of the eyes for beauty, attained to the beholding of the Ancient Loveliness; Retté stumbled up the dark paths of diabolism; Raupert fought his way through the danger-fraught wastes of spiritism. But perhaps the exceeding wonder of God's ways with souls is not so strikingly exemplified in any of these as it is in the case of one who dwelt beside the gate of the city all the years of his life, and only pushed it open with his dying hands.

Robert Stephen Hawker, for many years Anglican vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, died on the morning of August 15, 1875, and on the eve of his death he was received into the Catholic Church. The storm of controversy aroused by this event was perhaps a natural result, and need not be renewed here. Hawker's tongue, which had never been slow at repartee, was silent in death, and he could not reply to his accusers, but he had not left himself without an apologia. It has been said of him, not with any suggestion of reproach, that he was more of a poet than an apostle, and there is scarcely a line of his poetry, much of which is of a very high order indeed, which does not bear witness to his ardent love for all that is Catholic, the love that begets belief.

This grandson of the Calvinist Dr. Hawker, to whom the Rev. Richard Polwhele felt called upon to address a remonstrance against his "fanaticism" in favoring the Methodists, was, in the providence of God, sent shortly after ordination in the Established Church to the parish of Morwenstow. His glebe was the stow or station which St. Morwenna obtained from King Ethelwolf as "largess for God." And so in Cornwall of the saints, of which the place names are a glorious litany, where the wells are holy and the rocks are blessed, Hawker's soul settled down like

a homing bird. The curtain is very thin which shuts off the unseen from Celtic eyes, and he, by kinship of spirit and long dwelling in lonely places, came to share that insight into the supernatural which distinguishes the race, and which enabled a Russian soldier, dying on a recent battlefield, to be perfectly understood when he asked to be made "Catholic like the Irish."

The shouting of the sea, in its perpetual attempts to carry by storm the battlemented rocks of Morwenstow, can be heard to a great distance inland, and here in a rocky hut among the cliffs Hawker made his verses. Small wonder that they are resonant with the rumble of waves. They were not sailors' chanties, in the manner of Masefield and Kipling, for this singer beheld the spirit of God moving over the face of the waters. Indeed, for him, "the earth was full of the mercy of the Lord." He heard His voice in the sea (it was incomprehensible to him that Wordsworth could not bear its face); the stars were His signal fires, the winds His messengers. It was this bent of his mind which helped him to read and translate into living speech the almost forgotten language of symbolism, the language born of that faith which reared the great cathedrals and thrust into oblivion by the unfaith which pillaged them. He displayed impatience when the moulding in his church was referred to as a good specimen of zigzag. It was nothing of the kind; it was the rippling of the lake of Genesareth, the breathing of the spirit over the baptismal waters. This five-angled figure was the seal of Solomon, "wherewith he ruled the demons," the gargoyle's mocking mouth represented the "grin of Arius;" the tower window set out of its proportional place in the wall betokened the drooping of Our Saviour's head in the moment of His dying. He had special predilection for the pentacle of Solomon, for with the ichthys he used it as his personal seal, and there is constant reference to it in his poems, notably in *The Southern Cross*, where it appears as the star which led the Wise Men to Bethlehem.

His cosmogonic theories show the influence of Cabbalistic studies. Space was a created thing, that cone-shaped part of God's presence wherein the planets whirl, the fixed centre of which is the star Alcyone. To the first and supernatural element wherewith it is replenished he gives the name of "Numyne;" within this move the grosser elements of light and air, and from it are derived the substance and form of angels and all spiritual things. The Rabbinic oracles have been interpreted as bearing witness so explicitly to such Christian doctrines as the Trinity and the Redemption, that

numerous Cabbalists have been led thereby to embrace Christianity. It is not surprising, therefore, to find them making use of Hawker's lips for the praising of the "Mater et Filia Dei." It is very like desecration to quote detached verses from *Aisha Shechinah*, a poem which has been called "almost inspired," but it is well to remember that the following lines preceded Francis Thompson's majestic rhapsody, *Assumpta Maria*, by many years.

Lo! where they pause, with intergathering rest,  
The Threefold and the One!  
And lo! He binds them to her orient breast,  
His manhood girded on.

The Zone, where two glad worlds for ever meet,  
Beneath that bosom ran:  
Deep in that womb, the conquering Paraclete  
Smote Godhead on to man.

But he is never weary of singing the praises of this Lady Paramount. To him she is "Mary undefiled," or even, in the child-like Cornish phrase, "Modryb Marya—Aunt Mary." "A blushing brown," he insisted, like the stem of the maiden-hair fern, was the color of Our Lady's hair, and when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined he triumphantly wore a silver medal in commemoration of the vindication of his Lady's honor.

In *Ephphata*, written in 1840, although he asserted at the time that his understanding of the sacramental presence was not that of the "Roman dissenters," in the words of the blind man to the page, who pities him in that he is unable to see the bread and wine transfigured by the splendor of the sunlight, he gives an adequate defence of the "mystery of faith:"

Thou wilt behold, thy lips may share  
All that the cup and paten bear;  
But life unseen moves o'er that bread,  
A glory on that wine is shed;  
A light comes down to breathe and be,  
Though hid, like summer suns, from me.

*A Legend of the Hive* is based on a Cornish superstition which would prove, if proof were needed, that for blasphemy there must be faith. In it is told how an old woman whose bees would not swarm, stole the Sacred Host and placed it in the hive, and how the "nation of the bees" reared a waxen shrine about it, and there was heard

From those golden cells  
A sound as of some psaltery near,  
Or soft and silvery bells;  
A low sweet psalm that grieved within  
In mournful memory of that sin.

That Hawker eventually came to believe in the Real Presence seems evident from two glorious lines in *The Quest of the Sangraal*, where he speaks of

The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful Wine  
Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood.

This mystic had special devotion to the angels. The floor of his church was strewn with sweet herbs "for angels to smell at;" he was convinced that they were his own familiar visitants; he preached to his people of their guardianship, and in his verse he sang of their hovering presences. "Ask God for strong angels," was his advice to a young man going up to Oxford. Next to St. Morwenna he cherished a devotion to St. Cuthbert. He wore a stole copied from one which had been found in the saint's tomb, and remembering Hawker's fondness for the birds of the air, it is interesting to recall the legend of the crows who, in nest-building time, stole the thatch from St. Cuthbert's hut, and on being severely reprimanded for the theft flew off in dismay, but returned after three days to signify by their crestfallen demeanor their desire to apologize. It is related that Hawker was at one time very desirous of raising a crop of beans, but a scarecrow dressed up in his old cassock only had the effect of attracting the jackdaws, who came in their hosts to greet their friend.

But perhaps the most startling of all his devotions was that to the Sacred Heart. On his coming to the church at Morwenstow, which was one of the oldest in England, he found, to his great delight, carved on its oaken benches the symbolic cross and nails and the heart pierced with a spear. It is a matter of record that Hawker had woven into his sweater a crimson cross, to mark the place where

The hard centurion's cruel spear  
Smote His high heart.

It is conceded that all of Hawker's verse has not the ring which proves it immortal coinage, but in *The Quest of the Sangraal* he left "a magnificent fragment," which stirs the reader to the conviction that here was a loss to Christian literature which cannot



be too deeply regretted. This chant was written six years before the publication of Tennyson's treatment of the same theme, and if there be any advantage in the comparison it is on the side of Hawker. For he brought to the subject a vivid faith in the reality of the Grail story, a qualification which the Laureate himself acknowledged as requisite, and Alfred Nutt, perhaps the foremost authority on the literature of the Grail, says that with the exception of Tennyson's *Sir Galahad*, Hawker's unfinished poem is "the finest piece of pure literature in the cycle."

There was nothing of the neo-Celt about the vicar of Morwenstow, and probably the comparative researches of modern folklorists, tending to show that the Grail cycle is a Christianization of previously existing pagan legends, would have held little interest for him. He dwelt among the cairns and tors which remembered Arthur and his knights, and he would have cared nothing at all that Galahad has his prototype in the Amadán Mor, and that Percival's feats are paralleled by the boy-deeds of Finn. There is something of the mid-Victorian gentleman about Tennyson's *Arthur* when he stands up beside Hawker's towering "son of Uter and the Night."

True, we are not permitted to witness his demeanor up to the hour of his "passing," but it is hard to connect pathos with his heroic stature. This is one "in whose pulses beat a thousand kings." His voice rings out above the bombarding sea, and silence holds his warriors while he rallies them to the quest. Surely a thunderous shout is his answer when he breaks off in the midst of describing his Lord's Passion to exclaim:

Ha! Sirs, had we been there,  
They durst not have assayed their felon deed,  
Excalibur had cleft them to the spine!

Hawker's *Merlin* is in reality an interpreter of portents and an arbiter of doom, "the ashes of whole ages on his brow;" and his knights are "a battle-shouldering kind."

In this poem Hawker dwells at length on a subject which always holds a fascination for him, the exploration of "the fields of air" and the significance of "the four winds of God." For to the ancients from whom he drew his lore the four quarters of the world were dedicate. The West, in Hawker's phrase, is "a Galilee, the shore of men," the North was demon-haunted, there

Storm broods, and battle breathes, and baleful fires  
Shed a fierce horror.

## On the South

Lord Jesu from His mighty tomb  
Cast the dear shadow of His red right hand.

In the apportioning of the regions of the quest it is fitting that Galahad, who achieves the Grail, should be allotted the East, for this is "the source and spring of life and light."

In his *Footsteps of the Former Men*, which in a sense can scarcely be called prose, he has a radiant passage explaining the symbolism of burial: "Because the east, 'the gate of the morning,' is the kebla of Christian hope. . . . we place our departed ones with their heads westward, and their feet and faces towards the eastern sky that at the outshine of the Last Day, and the sound of the archangel, they may start from their dust like soldiers from their sleep and stand up before the Son of Man suddenly." But the clergy, who are to sit with Christ in judgment, were buried in contrary posture. "It was to signify that it should be their office to arise and to 'follow the Lord in the air,' when He shall arrive from the east and pass onward gathering up His witnesses toward the west."

No notice of the vicar of Morwenstow would be complete without at least a passing reference to his eccentricities of character. His dress, whether liturgical or otherwise, was extraordinary. While performing his official functions he wore a purple cope and scarlet gloves, and his customary daily attire was a poncho, which he called "St. Padarn's vestment," and a pink brimless hat. By his own confession he was a shy, nervous man, not lacking, however, in what Hans Christian Andersen claimed for himself, "the courage of a poet." He was prodigally generous, a prodigious smoker, and was quite without the efficient virtues. He was credited with sharing all the picturesque superstitions of his flock, but there is more than a hint of the tongue in the cheek as he regales his Saxon friends with old wives' tales. For he had a robust sense of humor. It might be said of him, as Bacon said of Blessed Thomas More, that "all his life he had an excellent vein in jesting." Sometimes this was exhibited in what seems to those with half beliefs a fierce intolerance. But though Hawker may have believed only half of what his Church stood for, it could never be said that he had a half belief in anything. Wesley, he used to say, had persuaded the Cornish people to change their vices. On one occasion a Nonconformist minister said he presumed that Hawker would object to burying a Dissenter. "On the contrary," said the

vicar, "I should be too happy to bury you all." One of his stags had attacked a Rev. Mr. Knight, and when his bishop expressed surprise that he allowed the animal to live: "Oh, there is no harm done, my lord," said he, "he is a very Low Church parson." He was fond of telling a story about a servitor who dreamed he had gone to hell, and when his master asked him what conditions there prevailed, replied: "Oh, pretty much the same as upon earth, the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

Hawker's most formidable critics were not those who resented his becoming a Catholic, but those who could not understand his not having done so years before. For they who have never known anything but the fullness of light streaming from the Sun of Justice, find it difficult to understand the gropings of those wandering in what the Lancashire dialect calls "the edge o' dark." But it is the sincerity of such gropers that made it possible for Newman on making his submission to Wiseman to assure him that he would obey the Pope as he had obeyed his bishop, and for the monks of Caldey to exchange the Bishop of Oxford for the Bishop of Menevia without changing their habit or their name. Hawker, one of his biographers assures us, next to Christianity loved the English Church. That this is quite consistent with leaving the English Church we have on the authority of Monsignor Benson, who did both.

Hawker had been an undergraduate with many of those who led the Oxford Movement. It is characteristic of him that he "did not take to Pusey." But he rejoiced at Newman's conversion, and was in correspondence with him and Manning shortly before he died. In *Ichabod* he mourns for Cardinal Wiseman's death:

Hush! for a star is swallowed up in night!  
A noble name hath set along the sea!

In this poem the Pastoral "from without the Flaminian gate" is described as

A lordly echo from the eternal Rock.

The Cornish moors are traversed by mysterious tracks which the people say were made by the feet of angels, but which Hawker explained were the paths of pilgrims traveling to the holy wells and shrines. These were the ways trodden by the vicar of Morwenstow, and they brought him at last to "the city of Sarras in the spiritual place."

## COLUMBIA.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L.H.D.

FROM ocean clasp, the patriot sees  
To ocean clasp, a vision rise  
Athwart the light that circling flees  
From fourfold vested skies.  
O let the eyes endazzled feast  
On crowned country flashing forth—  
The cresting pearls from out the East—  
Frost flame of diamond North—  
The slanting rubies of the West—  
The opal South, a myriad tone—  
So cry exulting: "Grandest, best,  
First jewel in earth's zone,  
Columbia, creation's crest,  
My Native Land, my own."

Thy name is music in the dumb,  
Dim haunts of bitter exile far:  
To slaves the thought of thee shall come,  
Uplighting as a star.  
From chained toil and lashed despair  
Thou dashest scourge and fetters down  
Giving, from hands with freeing fair  
To branded brows a crown.  
O freedom's pride and hope's bequest  
To lands in thralldom hopeless grown,  
Thy voice rings as the grandest tone  
Earth's harmony can own,  
Columbia, creation's crest,  
My Native Land, my own.

The smile of peace upon thy hills  
Like flash of victory shall rise  
To mountain height: the strength that fills  
Thy God-like spirit lies  
As waves that rule the ocean's might.  
Sweep pure the breath of generous field,  
Thy gracious firmament alight  
That storms may never yield.  
Come North or South or East or West  
All nations, climes, from zone to zone,  
And bow at her benign behest,  
Earth's sovereign state alone,  
Columbia, creation's crest,  
My Native Land, my own.

## THE ANONYMOUS POET OF POLAND: SIGMUND KRASINSKI.

BY MONICA M. GARDNER.



URING the years succeeding the Polish rising of 1830, Poland passed through a martyrdom that gained her the title, which she has never since forfeited, of the nation in mourning. It was then, when the Polish race groaned under all the miseries of an oppressed people, that a poet rose, pointing steadily to a brighter future, teaching the high spirituality that he believed would save his nation. Driven by tragic circumstances to conceal his name it was as the Anonymous Poet that Sigmund Krasinski gave his country some of her greatest song and her noblest national psychology.

There were few outward events in his life. His history lies in his own tortured soul, and in the development of the message that out of his pain he found for his country. He was born in 1812 of a princely house, and died in 1859. His father had been a distinguished general in the Polish Napoleonic legions; but he stood aside from the national movement of 1830, forbade his son to take part in it, and finally accepted favor at the hand of Nicholas I., the bitterest persecutor of the Polish nation. Thus there fell upon Sigmund the tragedy that wrecked his life. He was henceforth torn between love for an adored father and his passionate patriotism. His position in his own country became impossible. Under the eye of the Russian Government, he wandered abroad for the rest of his life, consumed with grief for his nation, compelled by filial loyalty to refrain from acting and speaking according to the dictates of his heart, tormented by mental and physical sufferings that his anguish at his father's conduct had brought upon him, and which carried him to his grave before his time.

He devoted his life to one thought and one aim. He saw his country the victim of a terrible and inexplicable fate. Why one nation had been singled out for unceasing persecution; how the condition of Poland could be reconciled with the ordering of divine Providence; what hope there was for Poland in the future that would enable her to maintain her existence against the efforts of three powerful conquerors to stamp it out; these were the

mysteries that Krasinski set himself to discover. For years he toiled to find the light that would save his nation. It was at the cost of his heart's blood. He wandered in doubt and despair before he won those heights where he stands as one of the noblest of moral and national teachers.

When, compelled as a boy to remain passive while his young compatriots laid down their lives for Poland, his bitter lamentation had been that he might do nothing to serve his country. Yet he found that work for her which still, more than half a century after his death, lives on. By his poems and dramas the Anonymous Poet taught, warned, consoled his people: always under the veil of secrecy. For not only did Krasinski's peculiar position forbid him to disclose his name, but discovery by the Russian authorities meant Siberia for himself and danger to his father. Published abroad in common with all Polish writings at a period when such works were banned by the censor, and when author and reader alike knew that Siberia awaited them if discovered, Krasinski's words to his people were smuggled into Poland, and there read furtively behind barred doors. But, although Krasinski's work is national, he yet remains a poet and a teacher for all humanity. He carried the doctrine of suffering to its noblest conclusions. His patriotic mysticism, as in the case of the Hebrew prophets, is equally applicable to each human soul. And further, for the sake of Poland, his gaze penetrates into the great moral questions affecting the destiny of all mankind, such as the spiritualization of a world he saw ruled by brute force, the Christianization of the relations between states and governments.

It is in five works that Krasinski must chiefly be studied: *The Undivine Comedy*, *Irydion*, *Dawn*, *The Psalms of the Future*, and *Resurrecturis*.

*The Undivine Comedy*, the prose drama which Krasinski wrote at the age of twenty-one, is entirely unlike the rest of his writings. Its theme is not national, which fact alone makes it exceptional in Krasinski's history. Its strange terseness, its indications of a situation or a character in a few words are uncharacteristic. It was written in the first shock of the poet's private tragedy, and of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed his nation after the failure of the Rising. The months preceding his conception of the play had seen a boy's youth shattered by pain; and hence the pessimism, the irony, the pitiless penetration into the secrets of the human heart that give *The Undivine Comedy* its peculiar power.

In the early thirties of the nineteenth century it seemed as though Europe were hastening to a social cataclysm. *The Undivine Comedy* is the dramatization of the future class war, ending in universal ruin. But the first part of the play is devoted to the domestic history of the man who, when the scene changes to public life, is the champion of the aristocracy against the people. Henryk, a decadent egoist and poet, has lived for the sake of art, playing, so to speak, to the audience, till his emotions are worn out, and he himself can hardly draw the distinction between genuine and artificial feeling. Krasinski's ideal of a poet was one whose poetry vented itself in deeds, in the struggle of the spirit: the man who plays with words and worships poetry for its own sake will be destroyed by that very mistress.

When the play opens, Henryk is weary of his dreams, and takes to himself a wife. She is the loving, domestic woman who watches over a husband's comforts, and can never understand him; and the end of the marriage is soon told. Henryk quickly tires of her; and abandons her and his infant son to pursue his own fancies, impersonated in the play by a demon maiden. At the christening feast the father is absent, no one knows where. The selfish, callous guests look on curiously at the distraught mother, who, as the child is christened, adjures him to be a poet so that he may gain the love his father has denied to her. Henryk, duped by the demon he has followed, returns to find his wife in the madhouse. The scene in the asylum is placed by Krasinski's countrymen among the finest in the drama. Amidst the cries of the insane resounding on all sides, wild, blasphemous ravings prescient of the coming upheaval of the universe, the mad wife, still gentle and devoted, tells her husband that she, too, has become a poet for his sake, and then expires in his arms.

The son of this disastrous marriage grows up with the double curse inherited from his parents. Blind and mad he talks to his dead mother, and tells his fancies in verse. Thus Henryk sees the vengeance of his deification of art. He wanders in the mountains, carrying with him his barren heart. Faith, desire, and love are gone. Nothing is left to him in a crumbling world. Then the temptation to ambition assaults him: and he takes upon himself the part of the leader of the aristocracy.

Here ends the domestic drama with its atmosphere of unbroken dreariness, its glimpses of effete men and women in whom, with the exception of the wife and nurse, there is no touch of tenderness

or moral beauty. In the second part of *The Undivine Comedy*, the revolution has broken out. On one side are the survivors of a rotten nobility, gathered together in their last stronghold, under Henryk's command; on the other, the lower classes, goaded into ferocity and revolt by centuries of oppression. The latter are led by Pancracy, the apostle of cold reason, whom no softening influence can affect. Each band is presented by Krasinski with the same merciless severity. Love is absent from both. Truth is with neither. In an *Undivine Comedy* all must fail. One by one, Henryk's adherents, cowards and timeservers to the end, desert him. His son, after recounting to him the vision he has seen of his father's eternal damnation, is accidentally killed, as useless in death as he had been in life. The revolutionaries capture the castle, and with the cry: "Poetry, be thou cursed by me as I shall be cursed for all eternity," Henryk flings himself down a precipice, damned "because he had loved nothing, and worshipped nothing except himself."

But even then the victory does not rest with Pancracy. The new world is in the hands of his hordes. He stands on the ramparts where Henryk met his death. He sees rising as a pillar of fire over the mountains the figure of the avenging Christ, cross in hand; and, struck to the earth by the "lightning of that glance before which he who lives must die," he falls dead, crying "*Galilæe, vicisti!*"

The general impression left by *The Undivine Comedy* is that of something akin to pessimism and of an unrelieved gloom, sufficiently explainable by the circumstances under which Krasinski wrote it. And yet it shows strong foreshadowings of the future teaching of the poet who saw victory for a nation and for the human race only in the Cross, and destruction where love was not.

In the drama *Irydion* that appeared in 1836, Krasinski's thought takes several steps forward; and here he speaks more directly to his nation. At that time Poland was ground down under Nicholas I.'s retribution for the national rising. Krasinski's own heart was on fire with hatred for the oppressor of his country. *Irydion* represents the spiritual victory which crowned the poet's hard-fought battle over himself. The play is his warning to his nation that lust for vengeance will bring moral death and destruction upon the conquered.

*Irydion* must be read between the lines, for in those days of peril its author was compelled to speak in an allegory. The Greek,



Irydion, has dedicated himself to work revenge upon the Rome who enslaved his race. He goes about the streets of the Imperial City with an aspect of amity, but in reality forging plots for her overthrow. He bribes the barbarians and gladiators to his side, and gains over the prætorians by treachery. It matters nothing to him what he sacrifices: Rome must be brought to the dust, by whatever means. He gives his beautiful sister, despite her tears and prayers, to the Emperor Heliogabalus, by which means the half-childish young Cæsar becomes as wax in his hands. He feigns Christianity, and intrigues in the catacombs to win in the name of Christ the younger Christians to his conspiracy.

But there is a stronger power than his behind him, impelling him forward, and that is the guardian and preceptor who has brought him up, Masynissa (Mephistopheles). Krasinski's Mephistopheles is an old man, full of majesty and mystery, who seeks to ruin souls by playing upon their nobler, not their baser, desires. He is the satan of history whose incitement to the use of evil means even in the holiest of causes is the bar to the spiritual progress of humanity. His enmity is with the Rome that lies beyond Irydion's knowledge, "whose feet stand not on seven hills but on millions of stars." Dissension in the catacombs, formerly the abode of brotherly love, is the weapon with which he will attack Christ.

He therefore instigates Irydion to dupe Cornelia, the Christian virgin whom her fellow-believers hold for an inspired saint. She is driven by *Irydion's* wiles into frenzy and, persuaded by him that he is Christ, she runs through the Catacombs, bidding the Christians rise in arms. And yet it is in the catacombs that the avenger is brought up against the one element which causes his failure. On the night that he has appointed for Rome's destruction, he waits in vain for the Christians. Hastening to the catacombs, he finds the Pope and the elder men trying to restrain the hot-bloods, while through the tumult rings Cornelia's cry to arms. Exorcised by the Pope, Cornelia returns to herself. She confesses that Irydion has misled them all. "I forgive thee," her last words to him. "Pray to Christ." She dies, a figure depicted throughout with the peculiar delicacy and beauty of touch with which Krasinski paints his women. Irydion is now unmasked. He knows that his cause is doomed. He rushes to the battle, and fights to the last. Then, when all is lost, he steps upon his sister's funeral pyre and prepares to die. Masynissa sweeps down, and carries him away to a mountain top in the Campagna.

Rome lies, still invincible, in the distance, her palaces flashing to the sun. Irydion casts himself to the earth in the anguish of his despair. Was the Hellas he had loved only a shade? What is left to him? If Cornelia's God were indeed God, he would now call upon Him. Masynissa acknowledges Him as God, but also as his own "eternal enemy." Let Irydion renounce Him forever, and Masynissa will cast him into a slumber to last out centuries till he shall awake to behold the downfall of Rome.

Irydion consents. He sinks into a trance in a cave outside Rome. He lies there while the barbarians sweep over the Roman empire; while nation follows nation, ruler, ruler; till at last he rises—in, of course, the days of Krasinski himself. Masynissa leads him through the desolated Campagna, past the broken tombs and aqueducts, through the ruins of the Forum, till they halt in the Coliseum. While wandering through the Coliseum, Krasinski when a boy of eighteen, was inspired with the idea that embodied in *Irydion* later, after his soul had been swept by fires of passion and suffering—the beloved thought of his youth, as he always called it. So it is in the Coliseum that the final struggle for Irydion's soul takes place at the foot of the Cross that stood there in Krasinski's time. The ampitheatre resounds with the wailing of the martyrs whose blood was shed there. The light of the moon streams into it. Above is the angelic form of Cornelia, pleading for mercy upon him who wronged her. Below is Masynissa seeking to drag his prey from where he stands, prayerless, beneath the Cross. "Immortal enemy," cries Masynissa, "he is mine because he lived in vengeance and he hated Rome." "Oh, Lord," cries Cornelia, "he is mine because he loved Greece." In the scheme of *Irydion* love must prevail, because its work is stronger than that of hatred. Krasinski wished to convince his nation that love is constructive, and that hatred must bring ruin and failure upon him who wields it. Irydion is saved at the plea of love, because although he had hated he yet had loved, he had loved Greece. But because he had hated Rome and used the weapon of hatred for his country, he is only saved at the cost of a second test. In the divine sentence pronounced upon Irydion in the Coliseum, Krasinski speaks straight to the nation for whom he had written the play, whose temptation was that of his Irydion:

"Go to the North in the name of Christ. Go and dwell among the brothers that I give thee. There is thy second trial. For the second time thou shalt see thy love transpierced, dying;

and the sufferings of thousands shall be born in thy one heart. Go and trust in My name. Be tranquil before the pride and oppression of the unjust. They shall pass, but thou and My word shall not pass. Go and act. Although thy heart shall faint in thy bosom, although thou shalt despair of Me Myself, act ever and without rest. And thou shalt rise, not from sleep as rest, but from the toil of ages; and thou shalt be the free son of heaven.'

"And the sun rose above the ruins of Rome. And there was none whom I might tell where were the traces of my thought. But I know that it lasts and lives."

After that point in his national teaching, Krasinski wavered. Overpowered by the sight of his nation's sufferings, he sank into a labyrinth of spiritual darkness whence he could utter no consoling message to his nation, for his own faith had staggered.

"Then sank my soul," says he in his *Dawn*, "into that chaos of doubt where all light is changed into eternal night. Ah, I lived, lived long in that deep abyss, driven by wild rage and a measureless despair. Like Dante, during life I went through hell."

At this time he wrote only confused allegories, tinged with pantheism, of small literary value. Yet through them there runs that one golden thread of Krasinski's passionate love for Poland. He went on searching in every school of thought for the clue that would give him and his nation the hope that would save both. After seven years of travail and anguish, he could sing in *Dawn* of the "joy of faith, the mighty strength of hope" that had returned to his soul: "how the mist becomes the golden house of God."

Briefly summarized, the conclusion in which Krasinski found satisfaction was this. As the conquests of Julius Cæsar paved the way to the spread of Christ's religion, so the conquests of Napoleon were to precede the application of that religion to political relations. As Christ's death was the price of man's redemption, so the death of one nation—Poland—was the sacrifice appointed to purchase the Christianization of the world political. That regeneration could not be accomplished until the crime of Poland's dismemberment was repealed. Her restoration then will be the portent of the world's reformation. Her death was but the earnest of her resurrection. Purified by the penal fires that she had thus endured for the sake of humanity, she shall rise to glory, the herald of the new epoch of humanity.

This, the great word of Polish Mesyanism, Krasinski sang in

*Dawn.* The poem consists of a series of lyrics. The setting is the lake of Como on which the poet, by the light of the moon, floats in a boat with the woman he calls his Beatrice—Delphina Potocka—who likewise inspired the genius of Poland's most inspired musician, Chopin. In lines impregnated with the grief of the Pole, the poet sings of a life-giving sorrow, love and self-sacrifice. He bids Beatrice look to God with faith, because for the sake of His own justice He will restore Poland. "To-day sighing is the country's only name," but who loves cannot die: who died for others lives in human hearts as their incitement to noble deeds and spiritual uprising. The oppressor can destroy the body, not the soul.

These musings lead to three visions. In the first, the host of Poland's great dead rise from their graves in the steppes, and tell their son that to Poland life will again be given, and that we grow from pain, not from ease. The same multitude next appear flashing with heavenly light over the lake; and amidst banners, swords, and shields, above which towers the Cross, rises the figure of Our Lady of Czenstochowa, to whom Poles to this day give the title of Queen of Poland. At the head of the Polish warriors she sweeps to the second victory over the serpent, the prelude to the Christian rebirth of the world. The third and last vision, one of the most pronounced expressions of Mesyanism in the Polish language, is that of Poland, crowned by her sorrow as the great archangel of humanity, leading mankind over oceans of light across the skies to the very feet of the Creator where, as another Dante, the Polish poet may gaze no more.

"Throw off sadness, throw off terror." He knows what pain and labor still remain; but "the new world all rejoicing like a flower shall bloom to God." Now he understands the riddle of pain. All is clear. "The idea shall never pass away." His country, the apostle of that idea and the harbinger of the new epoch, is "no more to me my country merely, but is faith and right." In an ecstasy of mystic rejoicing, he who had known himself what it was to draw near the gates of hell, thanks God "for pains of body, for pains of soul, for the century of our torments, because, though we are weak and poor, yet from our sorrows has begun Thy kingdom on this earth."

"We believed in eternal pain and toil. They were but the sanctuary's entrance, but the step upon the stairway. They were but the night of merit."

Human heart, where now thy shame?  
Look into thyself, oh, gaze!  
Where were tears and lamentation,  
Lo! to-day of heaven's high mercy  
Is the second house of God.

That strong hope, or rather conviction, remained the keynote of all Krasinski's subsequent work. It is true that his poetry is always—and inevitably—sad; but nothing henceforth could ever shake his faith in his nation's future. *Speravit contra spem* was the motto that he loved to quote.

When he finished *Dawn*, he considered that he had delivered his message; and in its concluding lines he said that he would string his lyre no more. But his poetical gifts were given entirely to his country. Moments of great national stress and danger arose, in which the Anonymous Poet felt himself compelled again to address his people; and under these circumstances the famous *Psalms of the Future* appeared.

Of these *The Psalm of Love* was written first. In 1845, a party of young Poles were preparing an insurrection on democratic lines. The hour was not ripe for such a movement in a country whose national life was stifled and abnormal, and Krasinski who, albeit a mystic and a dreamer, possessed a piercingly clear political acumen, foretold that social revolution would too likely bring about a fratricidal war. He had now firmly grasped his spiritual standpoint. He proclaimed that there was one only hope for his nation. Moral integrity and purity, as he had said in *Irydion* and said with far greater precision in his *Psalms*, would alone save Poland. His *Psalm of Love* (1845) was the only warning he could send to his compatriots: and there in impassioned accents he entreats them to carry their arms against evil only, to shun the murderer's knife. Such weapons were those of the human race in its infancy; but now the toil of the angels must be ours. "It is time to cast off every stain, and by that very act to conquer slavery." "There is but one godlike truth, that is fruitful in deed: transfiguration by love." He points to self-sacrifice as the hope of nations. The sufferings of the body inflicted by the oppressors of Poland are to him nothing. "The swarm of evil thoughts which grow where there are fetters, the spirit of the nation corrupted, that only is the pain of pains." The part of the Pole is to prove that: to be a Pole is to live nobly and to God."

"Oh, my Poland, thou art on the threshold of thy victory. Let it be only seen that thou art the eternal enemy of all evil; and then shall the bonds of death be broken. In the last moment, when death struggles against life, amidst the sobs of despair, the wails of dying lips, in the strength of thy martyrdom overcome that moment, conquer that pain, and thou shalt rise as the queen of all Slavonia, to dry human tears, to rule the world of souls." With that great vision of Mesyanistic longing before his eyes, small wonder that the mystic poet of Poland returns again and again to his cry of warning: "Throw aside your murderous weapons," cast off every temptation that will most surely thrust the nation down from the road of glory prepared for her.

Krasinski followed up *The Psalm of Love* by those of Faith and Hope. *The Psalm of Faith* sets forth in highly mystical terms the impulse of the soul to its Creator: how first passing "through the pains of hell, the trials of purgatory," it cleaves its way through endless spaces till, "putting on body and soul more radiant," it reaches Him "Who is Being, Thought, and Life—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." We must give back, inasmuch as in us lies, to Him Who created us those worlds He has given us to fashion, "and live in Him eternally, by eternal love."

From his private confession of faith, Krasinski passes to that of nations. God gave to each nation some special inspiration, thus giving each her peculiar calling. Some are chosen out to bear His Cross, and hence Krasinski easily reaches his own nation. "Though the world shall give her pain so that she might even despair of hope, may she hold out in unheard of suffering, for she is anointed in Thy spirit if she is not ashamed of her crown of thorns, and will understand that Thou lovest without measure the sons whom Thou dost crown with thorns, because the thorn steeped in blood is the everlasting flower with which Thou shalt give fresh youth to all humanity."

He concludes the Psalm with a mystic analogy between the destiny of the human race and the life of its prototype, Christ: "Who bore all thy vicissitudes within His flesh, Who showed thee all thy hopes. Thou must pass through toil and pain, and be transfigured like Christ, leaving in the pit below all that deceives and all that pains; and thou shalt take to thyself spiritual knowledge and the eternal and unfinished love."

*The Psalm of Hope*, in accents joyous such as we seldom find in Krasinski's work, proclaims the speedy advent of the Paraclete

which shall transform a wornout world, when all shall see that Poland's grave was "the cradle of the new dawn."

It was after Krasinski had published his three first Psalms that in 1846 the catastrophe, exceeding his worst fears, fell upon his country. The Austrian Government instigated the ignorant Galician peasantry to rise against their landowners, and an appalling massacre took place. Krasinski beheld his beloved nation, the victim of the moral evil that he had feared for her more than any other misfortune, thrust down from the high calling he had prophesied for her. His grief and horror shattered his physical frame, and he was for long at the point of death. Yet, even during those terrible days, when body and mind were reached by suffering, when despair might well have seemed his only refuge, the force of his conviction did not perish. "I am dying," he wrote to a friend, "but the idea will conquer." Scarcely able to put pen to paper, he still struggled to help and strengthen his country; and he wrote the poem which he significantly called *The Psalm of Grief*.

Disaster and failure surrounded him; but he still sang of the eternal truths by which his people would surely be saved. He still bids them expect the dawn. Brotherly love will redeem even those who stand on the very brink of the abyss. Poland shall still shine forth as the radiant angel triumphant over sin and sorrow. "Thus she rises from the dead:" so *The Psalm of Grief* ends in the accents of hope.

In the same year—1848—that *The Psalm of Grief* was published, Krasinski closed the great Mesyanistic poetry of Poland with that noblest of poems, *The Psalm of Good Will*. He who had taught perhaps more consistently than any other poet the doctrine of suffering as the redemption of men and nations, reaches, in his last Psalm, to those heights of victory that crown the long wrestling of a life. His prayer for his country is that she may gain her own resurrection through holy deeds. The gift of God is "a life worthy of the Cross, that Cross which brings us to Thy stars." But here, as always, Krasinski makes the national resurrection conditional: and this it is that gives him his high place as a moral teacher. He predicts a future for Poland so glorious that to a less idealistic nature than his and his countrymen's it might seem only a dream; yet it is far more than a poet's fancy. It is a great moral ideal, carrying with it the sternest lessons of struggle and obligation. For that future is only dependent on each son of

Poland's individual conquest over temptation. It is only to be won by a perpetual warfare against evil in its every shape.

In *The Psalm of Good Will* Krasinski, therefore, sets before his people's vision the image of their temptation in language equally apposite, which is the case in all Krasinski's work, to the soul of every tempted and suffering man and woman as to a whole nation. He sees the tempted standing on the narrow isthmus above the abyss. Their wings are ready for the resurrection, their lips about to intone the hymn of joy, when the darkness, rising from the pit, rolls against them: "Eternal death where Thou art not." If but one glance, one step, be turned towards it, all is lost.

"Defend us, Lord, be Thou with us!" is the poet's cry. He calls in agony upon the name of Mary, the name "with which upon their lips millions of Polish souls have gone to death." He sees her rising above suns and space, kneeling at the feet of her Son, pleading for his land. Hell is powerless against her. Then the poet pours forth the majestic prayer that closes this, the last Psalm of the Future. He asks of God, "not hope, it is strewn as a flower; not the destruction of our foes—their destruction dawns on to-morrow's clouds; not the weapon of power, nor any help, but only a pure will. We beseech Thee, Thou Who hast ordered to the being of man, puny in strength and little in his birth, that he should grow even as the angels by the might of sacrifice, be suspended between the abyss and Thy kingdom, surrounded by perishing governments and shattered ages, oh, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we beseech Thee create in us a pure heart, renew our thoughts within us, from our souls root out the tares of sacrilegious falsehood, and give us that gift, eternal among all Thy gifts—give us good will."

There was little that Krasinski could now add to his work for his nation: and with *Resurrecturis* his mission ended. Part, at least, of this poem was written in great agony of mind during the days following the Galician massacres, when the poet's craving to help his country battled against his wrecked physical frame. He could not finish it then, and it was not published till 1852. It may, therefore, be taken as the last word of the Anonymous Poet to the people for whom he had lived. In truth it stands as his final triumph over bitterness and despair.

"This world is the eternal Golgotha for each. In vain the spirit writhes when wounded by pain. There is no halting place in the tempest of this life. Fate mocks us every moment. Must we



then be without heart and like a stone? Be a murderer among murderers, a criminal among criminals? Let us lie and hate, and give the world back what it gives us. Let us eat and drink, and be numbered with the stupid and the happy."

No. Rather "be as the calm in tempest, the eternally beautiful in the eternal battle of life. Be as a sister's tears to the unhappy; a home to those who are driven forth from home, hope to those who have lost hope. In the hell of this world be the power that conquers death with the stronger power of love. What the world has called a dream and mirage, make living, make a faith, a law."

Such, in brief, is the teaching of the Anonymous Poet of Poland. That teaching still remains among the great spiritual possessions and forces of his nation. A contemporary political Polish writer points to the moral of *Irydion* as a conquered people's guiding star. There are those among his countrymen who confess that the day they first read Krasinski was the spiritual epoch of their lives. The Polish nation has held consistently to the ideals that her poet urged upon her. Those ideals have saved her morally; and it appears as though the hour were now approaching which Krasinski with a faith undaunted by exterior circumstances never ceased to foretell, when her sufferings shall be crowned with victory and resurrection.

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## MEYER'S THE CATHOLIC CHURCH UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

BY PETER GUILDAY, PH.D.



STUDENTS of English history will welcome this translation of one of the most important publications of the Prussian Institute of Rome. In his preface to this edition, Dr. Meyer explains that originally he planned the work as a brief introduction to a study of England and the Catholic Church under the Stuarts. The introduction soon grew into a book, and those who have been using the work in German for the past five years have never regretted its expansion into a thick volume of five hundred pages. Mr. Meyer asks himself in this volume: *At what time and to what extent did the Catholic Church lose its footing on English soil? Was it reduced through force or through change of opinion? What were the strongest weapons, both spiritual and temporal, which Rome employed to regain her lost dominion? How did the scanty remnants of the Catholic Church in England persevere and develop under the pressure of the penal law?* He soon found that these questions could not be answered without recourse to many hitherto-unpublished materials still in the archives of Europe; and, in an appendix covering twelve pages, he gives us a chronological list of these unpublished documents, in order to facilitate the student in obtaining a general view of these new sources of information.

The author's intention, when he first published this volume in the original in 1911, was to bring the work to a conclusion in two subsequent volumes, for which he has gathered material. This will bring the subject up to the Act of Toleration of 1689. Catholic scholars have here for the first time a volume on English history based upon the original documents; for, although Tierney's edition of Dodd contains almost a thousand documents of the highest importance to a thorough knowledge of the history of Elizabeth's reign, they form rather a running commentary of contrast to the text and are so badly misused through Tierney's prejudice against the Society of Jesus, that the work loses almost entirely its historical

<sup>1</sup>*England and the Catholic Church Under Queen Elizabeth.* By Arnold Oskar Meyer, Professor in the University of Rostock. Authorized translation by the Rev. J. R. McKee, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.60 net.

value. Dr. Meyer lays bare, for the first time, the collections of the Vatican Archives, and especially the dispatches of the different Nuncios, which form the thread of his history. Apart from the Roman and Italian Archives which he has used, he has taken care to consult the Archdiocesan Archives of Westminster and the rich treasures of the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library. To no other living scholar does he owe more than to the eminent English Jesuit, Father John Hungerford Pollen, S.J.; and while his conclusions are at times at variance with those of the English Jesuit historian, the reader can have very little doubt, as he peruses these wonderfully entrancing pages, that it is to Pollen's numerous contributions on the subject, published in *The Month* from 1900 to the present time, which have mostly influenced him and directed him in his study of this important period. The translation has an additional point of interest, in the fact that it appeared after the outbreak of the present war, and its appearance is a proof of the superiority of scholarship in general over the national prejudices which have been strengthened so intensely during the past two years. Dr. Meyer examined this English translation, and added notes throughout its pages which bring it up-to-date from the standpoint of the literature on the subject.

It is a very natural question, which even one who is not a scholar may ask: how was it possible for the English Queen, in the short space of two-score years, to turn her country from the Catholic faith? Dr. Meyer's answer to this problem is based upon the premise, that when Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, it was difficult to tell with which religion, Protestant or Catholic, the future of the country lay. The Spanish Ambassador, Count de Feria, reckoned the Catholics as two-thirds of the population; but this estimate has no basis except his own surmise, for it is impossible, even at the present day with all our knowledge of the documents, to say to what an extent crypto-Catholicism existed in the country. There is no doubt that the great apostasy in the reign of Elizabeth was due, first of all, to the collapse of the spiritual forces of the Catholic Church. With the exception of one or two years, the country was without bishops from 1558 to 1685; religious life had been abolished by the suppression of the monasteries under Henry VIII. and by the Acts of Uniformity and Allegiance passed during the first months of Elizabeth's reign. There was, moreover, a *hiatus* in the spiritual life of the country from a Catho-

lic standpoint from the day when the bishops were deprived of their dioceses down to the arrival of the Jesuit missionaries, Pearsons and Campion, in 1580; and the linking of the political and religious interests of Catholics in England with those of Spain and the Papacy brought about a situation as poignant as any in history. The numerous plots, feigned and otherwise, for the removal of Elizabeth from the throne, to all of which Meyer holds that the Papacy had given its full sympathy and moral support, placed the Catholics of the country in the serious dilemma of choosing between Elizabeth, national independence and the Protestant religion on the one hand, and on the other a Catholic sovereign, subjection to a foreign power and the Catholic faith. There is little exaggeration in saying that "the bloody question" which was the outcome of this bitter antagonism induced many who were Catholics at heart to throw in their lot with the apostate English Queen. Elizabeth's excommunication by St. Paul V., on February 25, 1570, though richly deserved, unfortunately carried with it the sentence of deposition, and it turned the remnants of the Catholic Church in England into two hostile camps of reconcilables and irreconcilables; from that time down to the end of her reign the two parties which had arisen among the refugees on the continent—the *Spanish* party and the *Scottish* party fought *per fas et nefas* for the success of their candidates. The decline of English Catholicism, though still a mooted question, can be said to date from this time. Dr. Meyer holds that the arbitrary calculations in favor of the existence of a Catholic majority in England in the days before the Armada are useless for serious statistical purposes, and that the memorials of the time proving this were framed to stir up the courage of Catholic Europe for the celebrated Enterprise. In all probability, he says, the Catholics numbered at least one-half the population in 1558, but owing to the Northern Rising, the excommunication and the exile-movement which set in very early in Elizabeth's reign, the number of Catholics was reduced by the year 1580 to hardly more than three per cent of the population.

The most interesting part of Dr. Meyer's volume is the history of the English Counter-Reformation which began with the founding of the seminaries, colleges and convents on the Continent, under the influence of leaders like Cardinal Allen and the celebrated Jesuit, Father Pearsons, and which developed during its first ten years, 1558 to 1569, one of the greatest apologetical schools in Christendom. Louvain was the centre of this English Counter-

Reformation movement until the establishment of Douay in 1569, and from Douay it spread to the English College at Rome and to the English foundations in Spain and Portugal. The basis of the English Counter-Reformation—it must be remembered that all were Englishmen and that the Catholics who took part in the movement were of the same sturdy, vigorous type as their Protestant opponents—was not only one of spiritual outlook but of temporal force as well. Its real beginning can be seen in the Jesuit Mission into England in 1580, and its first great triumph was chronicled in the failure which centred around Blessed Edmund Campion's capture and horrible execution. From this date down to the end of her reign, England was networked with secular and Jesuit missionaries, who, at the risk of their lives, went about from house to house reconciling heretics, consoling consciences and bringing the Bread of Life to the famished Catholics of their country. The growing power of the Counter-Reformation was met by a species of persecution which has never been paralleled in the history of any nation, pagan or Christian. The excessive cruelty, which contains only too many records of the most unspeakable forms of martyrdom, turned the scales against the persecutors themselves; and towards 1590, when the most blood-stained years of Elizabeth's reign were drawing to a close, a revulsion of feeling against all this barbarity seems to have gained the upper hand among the people. The more intimate our knowledge is of these missionary priests, Dr. Meyer points out, the more we must regard them "as men of strong manly character, steadfast in their belief and unruffled in their obedience—men whose self-control seldom failed them and whose seriousness was seldom disturbed, and who were transfigured by their victory over the world and filled with love for all men without distinction—men who, amidst the most terrible torments and ill treatment, remained free and unconquered, because for them martyrdom was the crown of life. . . . . The cruelties of Topcliffe make our blood boil even at the present day, but Southwell, who had been tortured ten times, had no harder word for him than 'Thou art a bad man.' To accept calmly the most insulting speeches and to answer without bitterness was a point of honor with every priest, especially the Jesuits—their schooling at the seminary stood the test when tried by this fiery ordeal." We are here in the most heroic period of English Catholicism, and as the cruelties mounted in degree and ingenuity, the heroism of the Catholics mounted to heights never reached before nor since.

The latter half of Dr. Meyer's book deals with the political aspect of English Catholicism during this period. With the organization of the Enterprise under Philip II., the increasing weakness of Spain and the growing strength of England became apparent. After the Armada, there was what might be called, without any desire to use the phrase in its modern meaning, a period of watchful waiting, of waiting for the death of a Queen who has placed her name upon the blackened scroll of persecutors with Nero and Caligula. It has a period also of internal quarrels among the Catholics, the beginning of disagreements on questions of policy, and especially on the question of the Succession. There were misunderstandings also among the clergy on the matter of its organization, and the period dealt with in Dr. Meyer's book closes with the unfortunate Archpriest Controversy. One wonders, after summing it all up, whether or not there is a solution in Dr. Meyer's conclusion that it was in the name of the national sentiment and of the national conception of the State that liberty of doctrine and practice was denied to the small Catholic minority; that, owing to their foreign connections, Catholics seemed the most dangerous of all the State parties which kept aloof from the Anglican Church. It is a point of view which explains too easily, perhaps, the persecution of the Catholics, the apostasy of so many of the old Faith, and the triumph of Protestantism; but it must not be forgotten that this point of view can never be fully accepted in the light of the bigotry for Catholicism which has been so firmly implanted in the English soul. The history of the Catholic Church in the England of Elizabeth's time is one of the most glorious pages in the annals of the triumphs of Catholicism, and there is no doubt that the views expressed here by a scholar who is neither an Englishman nor a Catholic, will tend greatly towards a more objective grasp of this painful period of English history.

## RESISTANCE IN THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

BY H. SCHUMACHER, D.D.



IN the December number of the *North American Review* appeared an article under the headline *Christ Non-resistant*, penned by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes. The essay, supposed to be a defence of the New Testament spirit against its profaners, must have led the readers to quite incorrect conclusions about the attitude of the New Testament towards the problem in question. Hence an answer may not be amiss, in spite of the great amount of time and energy which have already been devoted to the subject. The article concludes with a strong and sarcastic verdict against all those who do not share the author's opinion: "If a person does not believe in non-resistance, why should he not, like Nietzsche, confess honestly that he does not believe in the Gospel of Christ?"

But even the casual reviewer of two thousand years of Christianity will see that an absolute and unconditional non-resistance was never observed and never regarded as an integral part of the creed of the followers of Christ. Nor was it ever believed to be a real demand of Christianity to suffer every humiliation, every unjust attack on honor and life, to suffer anything in the world with patient non-resistance. Are law courts and prisons really considered as the offspring of anti-Christian spirit? Does real Christianity condemn those institutions? Thanks be to God, it does not. "We all know that the doctrine of non-resistance, literally fulfilled, would soon remove man and his civilization from the earth."<sup>1</sup>

But to come directly to the point, we know that Christ Himself was at times a "resistant." He was such when He asked the officer who struck Him on the face, by what right he did it?<sup>2</sup> And when He cleansed the Temple, and "overturned the tables of the money-changers."<sup>3</sup> Even Dr. Holmes concedes that this constitutes an act of open violence. St. Paul was a "resistant" when he appealed to the Roman Emperor at the moment when he faced

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn Underhill, in *The Hibbert Journal*, 1915, p. 500.

<sup>2</sup> John xviii. 23.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. xxi. 12.

injustice;<sup>4</sup> when he "withstood Cephas to the face;"<sup>5</sup> when, as a Roman citizen, he refused to be scourged,<sup>6</sup> and when he hurled "anathema" against those who preached a different Gospel.<sup>7</sup>

Dr. Holmes bases his theory of non-resistance upon four facts of the Gospel: "All the serious doubts ever raised in contradiction of the assumption that Jesus was a non-resistant are based upon one or all of four brief passages in the Synoptic Gospels. If we dispose of these, the whole case in opposition falls to pieces." In fact, the "case in opposition" would not even be touched if all the four passages could be explained as instances of non-resistance, as we shall show later. Let us now look at the four "facts."

The first passage is Mark xiii. 7: "When you shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, fear ye not. For such things must needs be, but the end is not yet." Dr. Holmes answers this: "Is it possible that there is no difference between saying that it is inevitable that certain things shall happen in the future, and saying that it is right and proper that such things should happen?" Certainly, there is a great difference, and Dr. Holmes is right to some extent in saying: "He (Christ) said what would be, not what ought to be." But just here, where Dr. Holmes stops, the problem begins. Despite his seemingly accurate distinction, the careful reader must feel at once a deplorable lack of distinction. For as soon as we speak of resistance, we must suppose someone who is *resisting* in defence, and someone who is being *resisted* or who is *attacking*. The act of the latter provokes the act of the former. Then the question arises, which of the two components of war-resistance is approved and which is not, or are both rejected by Christ? Now, Christ Himself in the Temple gave us an instance of *aggressive resistance* against the money-changers showing thereby that even this kind of resistance has His sanction under certain circumstances. *A fortiori* He gives His approbation to *defensive resistance*, as is exemplified by His own conduct against the officer who struck Him. From Christ's own conduct we see clearly that both the *offensive* and the *defensive resistance* may be justifiable in some cases and unjustifiable in other circumstances, while the *cause* of the resistance may be wholly deplorable, as Jesus Himself certainly deplored the happenings in the Temple as well as those before the High Priest.

What is the basis for the justification of either species of resistance? Jesus Himself furnished us the canon by His question to the offending officer: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of

<sup>4</sup>Acts xxv. 11.<sup>5</sup>Gal. ii. 11.<sup>6</sup>Acts xxii. 25.<sup>7</sup>Gal. i. 8.



the *evil*; but if *well*, why strikest thou Me?"<sup>8</sup> The same rule is employed by St. Paul, when he appealed to the Roman Emperor:<sup>9</sup> "If there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me to them." In other words: *defensive as well as offensive resistance may be right, if the motives, the purpose and the object are right, and they are wrong if those factors are wrong.*

The second passage, quoted by Dr. Holmes, is Matt. x. 34: "Do not think that I came to send peace upon earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword." It was easy to refute this passage as one directly favoring war. No critical exegete of the New Testament will base on the word "sword" in our Gospel-verse a direct defence of war, and we can entirely agree with the author that this word has to be explained figuratively, perhaps according to a "vivid Oriental fashion." But the principle of war is contained therein, since the whole sentence breathes the spirit of resistance. Dr. Holmes himself must confess: "What Jesus was emphasizing here. . . . was the radical and therefore divisive character of the Gospel." And again he admits that the verse must be understood from the standpoint of another word of the Lord: "I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." Does it sound like non-resistance when we hear that word "division" and repeatedly that term "against?" Certainly, this word of Jesus does not predict war with arms and guns, but war with the powers of heart and will. Yet the preaching of non-resistance would speak in entirely different words: "I came to bring harmony between father and son, absolute obedience of the daughter towards the mother and charity of the daughter-in-law towards the mother-in-law." But in the actual words of Christ we find the contrary of all we would expect from one who preached absolute and universal non-resistance.

Certainly, Jesus did not come with "the distinct purpose to break up families;" but He did come with the distinct Gospel that they sometimes have to be broken up for motives higher than obedience. He did not come to send individuals and nations against one another, but with the clear Gospel that they may resist one another for principles higher than peace. Both justice and right stand higher. They cause divisions! And "such divisions"—here are the words of Dr. Holmes, this time in their right place—"were not to be welcomed, much less plotted and planned, but were

<sup>8</sup> John xviii. 23.

<sup>9</sup> Acts xxv. 11.

to be accepted when they came. They were simply the altogether regrettable and yet inevitable results of the proclamation of a new truth, a new commandment, a new age." But the new age has to deal with human nature like the old one.

The third passage is found in Luke xxii. 36-38, telling the episode of the sword at the Last Supper. "And He said to them: When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, did you want anything? But they said: Nothing. Then said He unto them: But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise a scrip, and he that hath not, let him sell his coat, and buy a sword. . . . . But they said: Lord, behold here are two swords." The passage has been variously interpreted. The exegesis of Theophylact gives the most natural solution by rendering the meaning of the verse this way: Be manly for you have to undergo many adversities, which he indicates by "sword." Buy a sword, *i. e.*, so provide for yourself like those who have to undergo wars and many struggles. Sonnenschein<sup>10</sup> arrives at the direct conclusion: "In this passage, I see a plain approval of the principle of armed defence."

The last passage, quoted by Dr. Holmes, is the scene in the Temple.<sup>11</sup> "He began to cast out them that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of them that sold doves; and He suffered not that any man should carry a vessel through the Temple." This passage is indeed the "most serious of all" against Dr. Holmes' contention. His concessions are strikingly clear: "That this event took place as recorded is unquestionable. That it constitutes an act of open violence is similarly unquestionable. . . . . What we have here is a well-authenticated violation of the principle of non-resistance."

But, how then is it possible to avoid the conclusion that Christ Himself was a "resistant?" The answer of Dr. Holmes is truly astonishing, and presents an exegesis which cuts the Gordian knot with the sword: "This episode is chiefly remarkable in the life of the Nazarene, not for anything which it teaches in itself, but for the inconsistency with the rest of His career. Never at any other time, so far as we know, did He precipitate riot or Himself assault His enemies. But this time, He did—this time He failed to live up to the inordinately exacting demands of His own Gospel of brotherhood. Nor is the circumstance difficult to understand! Jesus came to Jerusalem tired, worn, hunted. He knew that He walked straight

<sup>10</sup> *The Hibbert Journal*, 1915, p. 865.

<sup>11</sup> Mark xi. 15-18.

into the arms of His enemies, and undoubtedly, therefore, straight to His own death. Weary, desperate, confused, He came to the Temple to pray. . . . . What wonder that a mighty flood of anger surged up in His soul and for the moment overwhelmed Him! What wonder that He seized the rushes from the floor, and swept the place clean of its profaners. . . . . This was a moment of defeat and not of victory. . . . .” One scarcely credits one’s eyes in reading such exegesis. From the standpoint of Christian orthodoxy it would mean blasphemy, from the standpoint of critical interpretation it means a poor attempt to escape an inexorable fact and its inevitable consequences.

If Christ is the norm for our Christian civilization, His actions and examples must be accepted in their integrity. To select sayings and acts of Christ according to one’s own taste, and to reject others, which are not pleasing to such personal taste, and then pronounce the rejected words or example a “defeat” and violation of Christ’s own principle is to destroy the absolute value of Christ’s teaching and, indeed, of Christ Himself. “He that is not with Me, is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth.”<sup>12</sup>

Certainly, Jesus Himself was never conscious of such a “defeat.” He gave clearly the reason for His resistance: “My house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves.”<sup>13</sup> He could face His enemies with the remarkable question: “Which of you shall convince Me of sin?”<sup>14</sup> But a failure in the observance of His own principles would have been a sin. Nor did His disciples understand it as a “defeat.” On the contrary, they considered it a proof of His divine power, a sign of His divine mission and a fulfillment of the Old Testament prophecy: “His disciples rememebered that it was written: The zeal of Thy house hath eaten Me up.”<sup>15</sup> What right have we to reject the obvious meaning of the words of Christ by declaring Him overwhelmed by weakness or passion? What right have we to declare: “Much more true to type was Jesus’ conduct on the remarkable occasion when he was confronted by the mob with the woman taken in adultery?” The teaching of Christ is not now more true, and again less true to type, it is always the norm.

The difference of conditions on each occasion is very clear. The different manner of Christ’s action is not to be explained on the assumption of a perfect and imperfect application of His principles, but by the difference of the circumstances. In John viii. 11

<sup>12</sup> Matt. xii. 30.<sup>13</sup> Matt. xxi. 13.<sup>14</sup> John viii. 46.<sup>15</sup> John ii. 17.

Christ dealt with a sinful, but repentant, woman; therefore He applies His principle of mercy: "The bruised reed He shall not break, and smoking flax He shall not extinguish."<sup>16</sup> But in Mark xi. 15-18 Christ is confronted with impenitent profaners of the Temple, therefore He applies the principle of justice. But both principles belong to the teaching of Christ; one does not exclude the other. And both principles and their application belong consequently to Christianity.

Dr. Holmes continues: "Even though every one of the four (passages) were to be interpreted as our militant friends would have us believe, and even though the four were to be multiplied to fourteen and forty, we would still be obliged to hold to the non-resistant character of Jesus' life and teaching." The reason assigned for this by Dr. Holmes is "three general facts in regard to the work of the Nazarene stand unimpeachable."

The first is this: "The whole spirit of Jesus' life..... is that of a man who believes profoundly in the gospel of love..... The whole burden of Jesus' teaching is that of the gospel of forgiving injuries, doing kindness and fostering good will." We have to state here again a fatal absence of distinction. The above-mentioned features do not represent the *whole* spirit of Christ. Besides the words of love, forgiveness and kindness, we find equally emphasized His spirit of inflexible justice against all unrepenting evil-doers. It is just as vital an element of Christ's teaching as is His message of love. The innumerable instances of His accusations against the Scribes and Pharisees, the condemnation of Judas, the prophecies of the rejection of Israel, of the destruction of Jerusalem, of the horrors of the Last Judgment, the parables of the tares, the fishing-net, the uprooted plants and the blind leaders of the blind, with the threatening words: "Every plant which My heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up,"<sup>17</sup> the wicked husbandman, the marriage of the king's son, the great supper, the barren fig-tree, the good tree and the bad, the Pharisee and the publican, the rich fool, the faithful steward, the ten virgins, the closed doors, the five talents, the pounds, the rich man and Lazarus, are just as "unimpeachable" facts of Christ's searching justice, as the parables of the prodigal son, the lost sheep, the physician, the good shepherd are instances of His great mercy. But to brand all the examples of Christ's justice and resistance as "occasional lapses from His own august ideals," as "inevitable violations of His own

<sup>16</sup>Matt. xii. 20.<sup>17</sup>Matt. xv, 13.

self-imposed precepts," whereas "at His best moments, He sought to turn the other cheek" is a misinterpretation of Christ and His Gospel which has nothing to do with unprejudiced exegesis, much less with the belief in the absolute authority of Christ.

The second "unimpeachable" fact, we are told of, is the conduct of Jesus during His Passion. Here Christ "made perfectly plain the import of His doctrine." In the Garden of Gethsemane three things were at stake: His own life, the life of His beloved disciples, and the whole destiny of His "reform movement." "What shall we say when we see Him refusing to use the sword offered by Peter, to defend His disciples and perpetuate the work which He had established? If ever, there is excuse or reason for the use of force. . . . Here, if anywhere. . . . are sanctions for violence. And yet Jesus steadfastly refused to avail Himself of them." He concludes with the statement: "Anyone who can look upon Gethsemane, the Sanhedrin, the house of Pilate and Calvary, and deny that Jesus was a non-resistant, seems beyond the reach of reason."

There would be some truth in Dr. Holmes' statement, if he had expressed it in this way: Christ was at those occasions non-resistant, instead of: He was simply *a* non-resistant. Though there are even in the history of Christ's Passion instances of resistance, as the condemnation of Judas<sup>18</sup> and the objection to the officer,<sup>19</sup> we will take it for granted that we find here in Christ a spirit of perfect non-resistance. It is one thing to be non-resistant under certain circumstances and at a certain time, and another thing to be *a* non-resistant.

Dr. Holmes asks: "What shall we say when we see Him refusing to use the sword offered by Peter?" The answer was given by Christ Himself. He might, if He wished, have prayed to His Father and the Father would have sent Him "more than twelve legions of angels," which very passage is more than ample proof that God Himself sanctions, at times, definite physical resistance. But Christ will not make the prayer for "*How then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that so it must be done?*"<sup>20</sup> He showed clearly that He had the power and justification to resist: "As soon, therefore, as He said to them: I am He; they went backward, and fell to the ground."<sup>21</sup> Did He not explain why He was non-resistant when He said to His enemies: "*This is your hour, and the power of darkness?*"<sup>22</sup> Are we not informed by Matt.

<sup>18</sup> Matt. xxvi. 24. <sup>19</sup> John xviii. 23. <sup>20</sup> Matt. xxvi. 54. <sup>21</sup> John xviii. 6. <sup>22</sup> Luke xxii. 53.

xxvi. 39 that it was the will of the Father that He accept the cross in the spirit of non-resistance? If Christ, under those circumstances, according to the eternal decree of the Father, was non-resistant, we are not thereby warranted in making the generalization that He was *a* non-resistant?

The third "unimpeachable" fact is the attitude of the first followers of Christ. They "were so convinced that He was non-resistant," we are informed, "that even in the face of the cruellest martyrdom the world has known, not one of them lifted the sword in self-defence." The first Christians avoided even entering the Roman legions as soldiers, and the first among all reasons was the "simple fact that conversion to Christianity was understood to involve conversion to the ideal of non-resistance. To draw the sword, even in the public service of the country, was known to be a flagrant violation of Jesus' law and example of life."

Now whoever is acquainted with the history of the early Christian martyrs knows not only their non-resistance, but knows also of their opposition and determined attack, in words and works, against the injustice and tyranny of their persecutors. The actual spirit of resistance was alive in them; that it was not carried to physical rebellion was in part, at least, owing to the fact that such rebellion would have been unavailing.

Any attempt at self-defence would have rendered the condition of their fellow-Christian brothers only more difficult. The only possible self-defence would have been the denial of the Christian faith. But this was treason to the mysteries of their religion. And the fact that thousands of the early Christians served as soldiers and officers in the Roman army, is sufficient answer to the charge that they refused to bear arms.

The teaching of the Gospel, in its integrity, renders any theory of absolute non-resistance, as the teaching of Christ, untenable. Mutual love and forbearance are the rule of the New Testament; but love and the championship of right and justice, even by physical means, do not exclude each other.

Military persons play an important and an especially honorable rôle in the Gospel. In Luke iii. 14 we read that soldiers went to St. John at the Jordan: "And the soldiers also asked him, saying: And what must we do? And he said to them: Do violence (in the original: Do not extort money) to no man, neither calumniate any man; and be content with your pay." If they had, in the eyes of St. John, an immoral profession he would have told them at once,

since he gave them moral counsel, to abandon their detestable service. In Matt. viii. 5-13 we meet with the famous figure of the captain of Capharnaum. We hear him praised by Jesus as a hero of faith: "When Jesus hearing this, marveled; and said to them that followed Him: Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel."<sup>23</sup> But if the captain's profession was against the ethical ideas of Christ, He would have advised the soldier, before He praised him, to return to an observance of the common principles of morality.<sup>24</sup>

The illustrations in the parables of Christ are many times taken from the field of war and the profession of warriors. In Luke xiv. 31 we hear of a "king, setting out to give battle to another king," and he considers beforehand if he will be able to carry out his plans. Such preparation is compared with the preparation for the Kingdom of Christ and recommended for imitation. If the example were in itself immoral, Christ would not have asked His disciples to imitate it.

In Luke xi. 21, 22 Christ compares Himself with a warrior who is fighting against Satan. "Even in the parable this language would be a blasphemy, if the military calling were something evil."<sup>25</sup>

In Matt. xxii. 1-14 God Himself is represented as a belligerent king employing war as a scourge and a punishment. "But when the king had heard of it, he was angry, and sending his armies, he destroyed those murderers, and burnt their city."<sup>26</sup> This punishment was destined for those who had killed the messengers of the father who invited the guests to the marriage feast of his son. War against murderers could not be more clearly justified than by the figurative example of God Himself, and the approval of Christ using such a parable for instruction.

But how can we reconcile with this spirit of resistance the great non-resistant texts from the Sermon on the Mount: "You have heard that it hath been said: An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other; and if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him; and whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him other two."<sup>27</sup> If we decide to take these texts literally, we must also take literally passages such as: "I say to

<sup>23</sup> Matt. viii. 10.

<sup>24</sup> See also Mark xv. 39.

<sup>25</sup> Bishop Faulhaber.

<sup>26</sup> Matt. xxii. 7.

<sup>27</sup> Matt. v. 38-41.

you, not to swear at all.”<sup>28</sup> Or: “When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth.”<sup>29</sup> Or: “When thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber and, having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret.”<sup>30</sup> Or: “Be not, therefore, solicitous for to-morrow.”<sup>31</sup> And if we stick to the letter of these passages, which even at first sight reveal their figurative character, we find Christ Himself acting just in a contrary way when He resisted the officer who struck Him! What is more, we have to fall from one absurdity into another in daily life: we have to hide our left hand from the right when giving alms; we have to lock our rooms when we pray and public prayers are not allowed at all. We can well understand Powell’s verdict in *The Hibbert Journal*:<sup>32</sup> “*The non-resistant . . . . .* need not detain us seriously. If true to his principles, he may be briefly set aside in any practical emergency, *non-existent*.”

Even if they were to be taken literally, they could be binding only for the single individual who may give up a private right which is at his own disposal. They never can establish a *social norm*, as Bishop Faulhaber pointed out very well. “The rulers of the State are not free to sacrifice, without drawing the sword, the sacred rights of the people and of the country. Personal perfection may demand the sacrifice of *personal* rights; but to give away the coat of *others*, to forfeit the right of one’s *fellowman*, would be injustice; to sacrifice public rights of the nation, would be treason.”<sup>33</sup>

Evil cannot be excluded from the history of the world in spite of Christ. As long as the fight between good and bad is raging in *human hearts*, so long shall war continue between justice and injustice. “There must be peace within our individual souls,” says Powell<sup>34</sup> rightly, “before we are freed from war.” To deny the right of war means to deny the existence of evil in this world. But evil is not expelled by its denial. Evil is unfortunately enduring amongst mankind, and resistance to evil is at times both obligatory and necessary.

The Christian religion is not a phantom dealing with non-existing and non-resisting ideals, but a practical religion, dealing with realities. It could not extinguish resistance and war, but it has striven to make both abide by the law and example of Christ, and thus to lessen both the cruelty and the frequency of war.

<sup>28</sup> Matt. v. 34.<sup>29</sup> Matt. vi. 3.<sup>30</sup> Matt. vi. 6.<sup>31</sup> Matt. vi. 34.<sup>32</sup> 1915, p. 415.<sup>33</sup> Bishop Faulhaber.<sup>34</sup> *The Hibbert Journal*, 1915, p. 416.



## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER XII.



It was a strange thing, this going back to his own home town—back, feeling like an impostor. The old station had not changed, a little blacker perhaps, the red bricks wearing a heavier coat of coal dust, the tin roof undistinguishable beneath its layers of cinders, the platform and the waiting-room badly in need of paint. But the long line of iron-armed chairs had remained unmoved, and the same ticket agent had grown grim and gray behind the bars of his window—bars that proclaimed his honesty and long and faithful service, but which had been as confining as the grating of a cell.

The town had not grown perceptibly in fifteen years. Like many other cities of the South it had seemed a finished product; its few industries and suburban farms were flourishing; its citizens looked for no inflated prosperity. If business was a trifle dull it was due to no lethargic condition of their own. It was easy to blame everything to political changes and the government in Washington, for there was enough of the Confederacy left to be critical of Northern men and Yankee methods, and wherever these old soldiers congregated they talked politics with the same vim and disapproval that had helped to hasten on the war. There were several favorite gathering places. The drug store was one of them. "Doc" Mattox had a tall prescription counter that concealed his argumentative visitors from his potential customers, and Doc Mattox realized that it was well for the integrity of his business to have them concealed, for he could not explain to everyone that he had acquired a certain sixth sense which enabled him to prepare the deadliest compounds undisturbed by the volubility of his guests. Then there was the hotel, the largest and oldest one in the town, the arches of the lobby were supported by columns painted to imitate white marble, and the paint had worn away in spots or been scratched away by the inveterate smokers who filled the faded plush chairs at all hours of the day and night, and who contributed nothing to the upkeep of the establishment. Once the proprietor had timidly and diplomatically suggested that the chairs were intended primarily for the patrons of the hotel, but his remonstrance made no impression.

"That's all true enough, Si," said Major Carter (skillfully sending a stream of tobacco juice into a convenient box of sawdust), "but you ain't got enough guests to fill em, and we boom your business

just settin' here. Makes your place look popular. Have a julep on me? Must have eaten something that didn't agree with you."

How familiar the old place looked to Walcott, how cheap, how shabby, as he was whirled by it in Anne's luxurious car. Why there was his own old office occupied now by a pretty Italian fruit vender, who was busily engaged polishing apples on the sleeve of her ragged sweater; there was the tiny lunchroom where he had so often gone at noonday for a mug of milk and a piece of pie when he had not had time to go to the club, which was three squares away; there was the tailor's shop, the fat little German who used to press his trousers had evidently prospered, for he had added a plate glass window and a shining gold sign to his door; the shoe shop across the street had grown two stories, and a large department store had been built on the lot at the corner where a second-hand bookseller had once hopefully displayed his musty wares.

The place was having a strange effect upon Walcott; he felt a wild and surprising impulse to jump out at his own office door and take that buxom Italian girl by the shoulder and order her away, while he flung her fruit into the street. Why he had planned and built that office—it was his first attempt at building anything and, in the enthusiasm and egotism of youth, it had seemed to him an enduring monument. He had chosen the furniture with so much care, and he had sent to New York for at least a dozen catalogues before he had selected a safe with a satisfactory combination. Even his father had grudgingly admitted that it "looked like business," and now it seemed a sort of desecration to have the place filled with speckled edibles and a peanut roaster blocking the front door.

But the car sped on, and Walcott had grown old enough to smile at his own unreasonable impulses, but they had brought with them a certain sense of gladness; the ardor of his youth had not entirely vanished as he had believed. The insensate streets had for the moment magically obliterated the years, and Anne was waiting for him, waiting perhaps on the white pillared portico he knew so well. His spirit had grown solitary in its world of memory; he was barely conscious of the other inmates in the car.

Out into the country the highway seemed even more familiar, why nothing had changed, the trees might be a few feet taller, the honeysuckle, browned by the frost, might cling more closely to their trunks, but the gray worn fences still guarded the road, while the blackberry bushes, their brambles all revealed, tangled themselves into a defensive barrier around Farmer Mason's apple orchard, which had tempted him beyond resistance in his boyhood. And still the automobile drove on, past the small stream where his bare baby legs had shivered in the cold, past the fields where his father's horses had been

pastured, past the farmhouse where the friendly milkman had brought him one day, when he had wandered away from his nurse and been lost in an illimitable patch of scrubby pines, then along the river road to the broad avenue of poplars that led up to Anne's old home.

Why had he come? He was a fool to come. All his old illusions about Anne were crowding back upon him. There had been no change; nothing had changed; the fifteen years had withered away, the disfigurement on his face was forgotten; Anne was standing on the porch, the sunlight glittering on her hair, her hands outstretched to welcome him. Who were these other people that they should intrude upon them here? Then reality came to his rescue, he was in a dream, and he must rouse himself or he would do something, say something that would make his present position appear fantastically absurd to a critical world. His greeting to Anne was scarcely audible, but she was tolerant of peculiarities in men, half the time she attributed them rightfully to an effort to conceal their admiration.

A young mulatto boy showed Walcott to his room and unpacked his suitcase, laying out his evening clothes with a deftness and precision that showed long and careful training. In the tiled bathroom, adjoining the room, a warm bath, faintly perfumed, was waiting to remove the grime of travel. Anne was certainly not lacking in consideration of her guests' comfort. It was a relief to Walcott to dismiss this young body servant with a generous tip; of late years any sort of personal service worried him; he certainly felt capable of dressing himself even with those refractory studs that the Senator had insisted on buying him. Dinner was at seven, the boy respectfully reminded him; it was now quarter past five, that gave him an hour and three-quarters to bathe, dress and readjust his mind to his most difficult position.

The room was charming in its old-fashioned simplicity, a tall mahogany high-boy stood in one corner, a quaintly carved dresser opposite, a four-poster, its valance fringed and stiff with starch, occupied one wide wall space, a flight of carpeted steps led up to its reposeful heights; the chintz curtains of the window were parted, permitting a wide view of the river, and the green-shaded reading lamp, already lighted, glowed more brightly as the twilight deepened in the room.

Walcott stood like a statue by the window looking out into the shadowy garden. There was the boathouse where he had so often moored his canoe on summer evenings; there was the old tennis court where he had always played so indifferently, blinded by Anne's beauty; there was the rustic summerhouse, with its twisted rose vines, where Anne had promised to be his wife. What madness had led him back after all these years? He leaned his head against the

frosted windowpane, and the cold seemed to bring him back to a saner mood, a wiser judgment. He was a stranger, a stranger in this town, this house, a stranger to Anne. He would play his part to the end. Nothing could be gained by revelation now.

When Walcott came downstairs it was a few minutes after seven o'clock, and the other guests were waiting for him in the library. Besides the Major, Ted and the Bolivars, there were some people from the neighborhood; an angular girl of the undistinguishable type, who played the part of convoy to her pretty débutante sister; a benign old gentleman introduced as Dr. Fairfax, and an elderly lady with bobbing curls, a distant cousin whom Anne rescued periodically from some sort of genteel "Ladies Home" to act as chaperon on occasions of this sort, when it seemed more conventional for a beautiful young widow to employ some sort of companion. As Walcott looked curiously around the familiar library where he and Anne had read poetry to each other, when the days were too stormy to spend in the garden, he noticed that there was a luxuriousness about the room which it had not possessed in the old days. Anne had been too wise to allow modernity to invade itself, but she had skillfully added to the furnishings; the long sofa was covered in some wonderful hand-made tapestry, heavy brocade curtains falling over net shut out the darkness, some excellent reproductions of period furniture filled the spaces that heretofore had been barren, and many of the old books had been rebound in leather, their color harmonizing with the rich Oriental rugs and the soft tones of the wall paper.

The dinner was served with the bounteousness of the old Southland; an aged butler in brass-buttoned livery waited upon the table, ably assisted by his two grandsons, who had been brought up with a deep sense of privilege in being permitted to act as his understudies. There was a graciousness about their service as if they were an integral part of the hospitality of the house, a solicitude for the appetites of each individual guest, a trait engendered by tradition, not by training.

Walcott was conspicuously silent during the whole of the meal, and he scarcely tasted his food. Not until the ladies left the dining-room and the men turned to their cigars and wine did he rouse himself. Ted was sitting next to him, a thin-stemmed wine glass held between his fingers. He had called upon the old butler to bring the decanter of brandy from the sideboard.

"Wine is all very well for women," he said, "but I'd like something stronger after that icy ride through the wind."

But before the decanter was brought Walcott laid his hand upon Ted's arm. "Will you come out on the porch with me?"

It was a blundering method of procedure, but Ted, looking into

the white, strained face, thought that Walcott was stricken with a sudden passing illness and required the air. He was not lacking in courtesy or kindness, and he rose quickly, offering his arm to the older man to assist him to the door.

Walcott, seeing his advantage, leaned upon Ted's arm with some heaviness, and they passed unquestioned out into the hall. The Major was engrossed relating some of his experiences on the battlefield, and the Senator was listening good-naturedly, his patience superinduced by the pleasure he found in his present comfortable quarters. He had always acknowledged publicly that he hated visiting. Hotels were always available, and gave one a sense of liberty that no private house could convey, so this present experience was a novel one, and he was beginning to enjoy it; Anne's plans for the morrow had suggested no restraint. He and the Major and Walcott were to spend the day in the open.

As Walcott and Ted stepped out upon the wide portico Walcott released his nephew's arm.

"You won't forgive me for this," he said frankly, "but I wanted to talk to you out here."

"Well, it is a little chilly," suggested Ted humorously.

"There's a steamer rug lying in that chair," said Walcott, "put it around you; I won't keep you long."

"And you?"

"I don't mind the cold, it clears my brain."

For the first time Ted viewed him doubtfully. Certainly this disfigured stranger was acting in an incomprehensible way. Walcott felt the force of the unspoken criticism; he knew that he was managing the affair awkwardly; he had tried the same method before in the slums of Liverpool when he had distracted a laborer with his full pay envelope away from a grog shop, and brought him home sober to his wife and children. But Ted was different. He should fight with a rapier and he had chosen a bludgeon.

"To tell the truth, I'm embarrassed," he said, and he began to walk up and down the bricked portico. "It seems that I'm a born meddler and you've every right to be offended."

"Well, I waive my rights," said Ted good-naturedly. He had wrapped the steamer rug, toga-like, around him, and now he leaned resignedly back in the rustic rocker and lighted a cigarette.

"It's a beautiful night," he continued, "that moon alone would make a man forgive any injury you might offer. I think I can guess why you brought me out here, my friends have done it before—wanted to cool my blood, thought I was drinking too much—almost always do—but what I can't understand is why you should feel any special interest in my habits."

Confession was very close to Walcott's lips. "Polly," he said after a moment's pause. "I promised Miss Polly."

"A guardian angel by proxy, hey?" laughed Ted. "Polly ought not to worry her head about me; I'm a hopeless case I'm afraid. I've told her so a dozen times."

"Don't, don't say that," said Walcott with more feeling than he cared to show. "Polly says you are flinging your life away."

"Perhaps," agreed Ted lightly, "but then I don't know that life is such a valuable asset, if one can't get what one wants to make it tolerable."

"And what do you want?"

Ted threw his cigarette into the tall shrubbery, and getting up he joined Walcott in his restless pacing up and down.

"I thought that question was obvious to all beholders. I want Anne, Mrs. Van Brun."

"And she?"

"She's as indifferent as the stars above us."

Walcott's heart seemed to quicken within him. Suppose Anne had not been indifferent to Ted. The mood of the morning was strong upon him. Anne was his, she had promised to marry him; Ted was but a stripling, and Polly was in love with him. Of course Ted would marry Polly. Why did the boy talk such madness in the moonlight? Then the travesty of his dreaming overwhelmed him. Anne was a power that he had always had to reckon with, but she could have no part in his life now; he had passed beyond all youthful folly. Why had he come back, back to these old scenes so vibrant with memory that the past seemed more real than the present? Why had he come back to play the fool? Then his vision grew clearer; he had come on Ted's account, to establish an intimacy, a friendship with Ted and he had made a bad beginning.

"Mrs. Van Brun is very beautiful," he said, and his voice seemed to come from a great distance. "Once my life seemed ended by a woman, but I found there was something else, many other things, to make life tolerable after I thought it was over."

"Oh, I know," agreed Ted a bit impatiently. "Love stories are so old they fail to be interesting. Most men outlive two or three, but I'll not outlive mine."

Walcott saw his eyes turn towards the blackness of the river.

"You don't mean?"

"Just that."

"That's idiocy," said Walcott, and his hand fastened upon the arm of the younger man. "You don't know what you are saying."

"Perfectly," replied Ted with irritating calm. "I've said it often to Anne, and I've said it to Polly. To tell the truth Polly frightened

me a little with her supernatural sense; she's so sure of judgment and immortality, but I haven't Polly's creed to cling to, have you?"

"No," admitted Walcott, and again he felt that futility of argument that he had experienced so often in his work among the desperate and degraded. What valuation could he put on life to a man who openly despised it?

"Polly's right," he said, "she must be right and that's where I fail always."

"Fail?" repeated Ted.

"Fail to impress you," answered Walcott humbly. "A man's got to infuse the supernatural into life. It's the only argument for achievement, for existence. Believe me I have seen every phase of life, but it all comes back to Polly's viewpoint in the end."

"And if we haven't got that viewpoint?"

"God help us," he said.

There was a sudden blaze of light from an open door and Anne herself stood on the threshold, her blue satin shimmering in the moonlight, her white arms and shoulders daring the pinch of the cold.

"We want music, Ted, music—moonlight sonatas. I came to look for you. Someone said that Mr. Walcott had spirited you away, and here you are courting pneumonia."

She came between them and slipped a soft arm in theirs, and stood for a moment looking up at the moon which had fought its way through a billowy cloud line, and now shone serenely in the open sky. She was acutely conscious that the moonlight etherialized her brilliant beauty, and her arms resting in those of her guests seemed a special mark of confidence. Anne might not be capable of falling in love herself, but her methods were murderous to a man's peace of mind.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

The next day the men spent in the marshes. One of the stable boys acted as guide, and Anne planned every detail of the expedition in the light of long experience. Her father had entertained shooting parties in the prosperous days of her childhood and, because she had heard every phase of the sport discussed, she could explain the unusual bend of the river and the position of every dangerous suck-hole. She provided maps, pocket compasses; she had inherited a rack of guns from which the guests could make their own selection; there were several boats in the boathouse if they chose to float down the

river instead of taking the shorter cut through the low-lying meadow where the decoys had been artfully placed. The lavish lunch packed in well-equipped baskets was all that hungry men could desire. Anne's preparedness could not fail to excite grateful admiration after three hours spent in the open. Walcott's familiarity with the country caused the Senator to comment:

"You're a born woodsman, Walcott. Bless my soul! if I don't believe you're kin to an Indian scout; I never saw that fallen log; I'd been up to my neck in that mud hole if you hadn't warned me away. Where's that black fellow that was leading us?"

"He wasn't bringing us the shortest way and I knew it. No nigger is coming this way if he can find a way round. The county graveyard is just beyond."

"Ghosts in the daytime?" laughed the Senator.

"Hants," answered Walcott, "hants and night doctors."

"Night doctors?"

"Well, it's plain, Bolivar, that you haven't lived long in the South. Your education has been neglected. Night doctors and body snatchers are close akin. Night doctors lurk around graveyards after nightfall to catch and dissect the living—blacks preferred. Body snatchers have the grace to rob only the graves, considerably leaving the coffin for the next needy member of the family."

"Don't be so ghoulish," said the Senator. "Dead men's things are not to be despised. Believe I'm standing in the late Van Brun's boots this blessed minute. Any number of pairs in that storage-room with the guns; Mrs. Van Brun advised me to put on a pair. Glad I did, my own would have soaked up the river. This is different from hunting grizzlies, hey Walcott? but it's good sport—glad I came, aren't you?"

"No," answered Walcott shortly, "sorry."

"Satisfying guest you are," said the Senator. "What's the matter?"

"Fool to come," said Walcott.

"Hm," grunted the Senator, "you just won't enjoy yourself. Think you'll be missed in a few committee meetings. Well you won't. Government managed to scrape along for a number of years without us. What you want is a little relaxation; that's what Mrs. Bolivar is always preaching to me. Reformers are never satisfied. Think you can alter the world with a little legislation? Well, you can't. God is in His heaven—keep on telling yourself that—I believe dying is going to be mighty interesting to those of us who are not afraid."

"Interesting?" repeated Walcott.

"Well, we'll all know then why so many incomprehensible things



happen. Why we are all living in the midst of a melodrama this blessed minute. Here's Polly in love with that Ted Hargrove and Ted in love with Mrs. Van Brun, and Mrs. Van Brun—well she's a heart-hitter, been at it some time, and knows every rule of the game, cruel as a catamount. Well, I take that back, she's my hostess—that was just a friendly warning. You may get into the mess yourself."

"Don't worry," said Walcott, and he strode on a little in advance.

He was glad the conversation had ended here. He did not want to discuss Anne. Though he knew that the feeling he had for her was like the reflected image in a glass; he feared it and he found himself playing with it as children chase shadows in the twilight. Can a man ever entirely obliterate his past when every experience goes into the moulding? If individuality is part of our immortality, can those who mark a crisis in our lives ever go forgotten?

Duck shooting is silent, serious sport, in which congeniality of companionship is felt not heard nor seen, and Walcott was glad that it was so. The gray marshes seemed very restful after the turmoil he had passed from, for there was something undeniably exciting about his present position that not many men could share. To wander through familiar places in the guise of a new personality—to be counted dead and yet to stand unknown amid the living. No doubt his death was registered somewhere in that old graveyard with its sagging stones. He would have stopped to investigate if the Senator had not been with him.

The Senator naturally dispelled all grewsome daydreams, his great physical strength, his enthusiasm in the sport of the moment, his matter-of-fact attitude towards the world, and his acceptance of its realities. Before the morning was half-over Walcott's vision had cleared, his fear of detection seemed unreasonable, and Ted's threats of suicide meant nothing but the usual ranting of a love-sick boy. After all there was a lightness about Ted that seemed to preclude strong emotion. Walcott watched him hopefully as he floundered through the mud with the rest of them, concealing himself behind his blind of brush, apparently as eager for a good day's sport as any man among them. And the ducks came flying towards the decoys, and the men blazed away as happily as a crowd of boys making a Fourth of July holiday, urged on by that primitive simplicity, bordering on savagery, to which some men can return at will. Tearing their way through the matted bushes, falling into bog holes, wading out into the half-frozen river, they forgot themselves as completely as they had in their boyhood when they stole away from school armed only with a bean shooter to aim at sparrows, or a length of string and a crooked pin to bait with wriggling worms. At noontime they tramped

back again into the woods, and made a fire that roared its way against a great gray boulder that seemed hollowed out for a chimney place, and while the mud dried and caked on their boot legs, they whittled sticks to roast their birds with a vigor, urged on by the hunger of a cave man. And when at dusk they reached the light and warmth of Anne's home they all had that sense of physical weariness that brings with it a delightful consciousness of repose. Hot drinks were waiting before the fire, and the ducks were carried away to complete the menu for dinner. The ladies were not visible. Anne never greeted her shooting parties on their return.

"Men don't like to be seen all mud stained," she explained, "and I myself prefer clean linen."

In this she may have been right, but Mrs. Bolivar did not agree with her; she wanted to say that she would have welcomed any visible sight of virility in Ted Hargrove or the Major, but she remained politely silent.

When Walcott arrayed in his evening clothes came downstairs for dinner, Mrs. Bolivar met him in the hallway. He saw to his surprise that she was dressed to go out.

"I have had bad news from home," she said; "the children have the measles. The baby was ailing a little when I left him, but I had a trained nurse, and I thought it was only a new tooth or two. Now Polly has telegraphed that Jack and Bobby have not been exposed to the contagion, and that if I think best she will bring them here."

"Here?"

"Well, I don't mean exactly here," Mrs. Bolivar smiled at the suggestion, "but I thought I explained that Polly's own home is near here, and she is willing to take charge of the twins. She knew, of course, that I would go home at once."

"Yes, of course; I suppose it would be wise to get them away from the sick ones if you can."

"But it seems an imposition on Polly's poor old mother. I don't know Mrs. Maxen, but you know the twins and—well you know you wouldn't recommend them as a rest cure."

"She won't mind," said Walcott, with an assurance that would have seemed strange to her if she had not been so distracted by anxiety. "I'll take them off myself if you want me to."

"Take them where?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," he answered after a moment of reflection. "They would never do in a hotel—Mrs. Maxen's is the place for them, Polly is right. Mrs. Maxen will enjoy mothering them, and then you see she will have Polly."

"Yes, I had thought of that phase of the situation. It's hard for Mrs. Maxen to have Polly away from her, but I suppose the old

lady is more contented in her own home. I believe she has a faithful colored maid with some outlandish name to take care of her."

"Jezabel," exclaimed Walcott, "that little nigger grown up to some use at last."

"Yes, that's it," said Mrs. Bolivar, "you seem to have exchanged all sort of confidences with Polly; you know so much about her past and present."

There was a suggestion in her words that did not escape Walcott. She had told him half a dozen times that Polly would make a very desirable wife and, though no courtship seemed in progress, she pounced upon little promising signs with a candor so altogether friendly that its tactless quality needed no apology.

"Of course I always turn to you in every domestic cataclysm," she continued. "You really are a very helpful person."

"Lord! I wish I were."

"Well, you are Walcott. Somehow I'm always conscious of your strength."

"Strength," he repeated with a mirthless little laugh. "I'll tell you right now I'm the consistency of putty. Just that impressionable—press me on one side and I sink."

"Well, I won't argue the point just now, for I want you to help me out."

"Of course, I'll go back to Washington with you; I'll be glad of the chance."

"Now don't say that; I hoped you were enjoying yourself. Aren't you having a good time?"

"Of course not."

"Don't you enjoy duck shooting?"

"Not here."

"Your manners are extremely bad, Walcott; I'm sure that Anne has reduced this sort of entertainment to a fine art. Our week-end parties were very different camping on canvas cots in the starlight with mules and greasers and dogs and an occasional rattler to make it exciting."

"I believe it was safer."

"Now what do you mean by that?" They had passed into the library where a dull fire burned upon the hearth, the lamps had not been brought, for the other guests had gathered in the drawing-room on the other side of the hall. Walcott was grateful for the darkness.

"My dear Mrs. Bolivar," he began with an attempt at lightness. "Do you think I'm an ornament in a crowd like this? You know I haven't any small talk; I haven't been to the opera in years; I don't know a popular play or a popular novel. I never go into society if I can avoid it. This time I was dragooned."

"You forget the duck shooting," she said, "why, Alec is actually enjoying himself, and he is as much of a social outlaw as you are. Don't voice your discontent before him or he will be sure to share it, and I want him to stay here a day or two longer at least. You must keep him."

"Why, he won't let you go to Washington alone."

"That's all nonsense, I'm quite capable of traveling two hundred miles in a parlor car. I'll take a taxi from the station. I've telegraphed Polly to bring the twins to her mother's, and I want you two men to stay here and arrange matters for me. Of course we can't let the children with their appetites descend upon Mrs. Maxen, who is as poor as a church mouse, without making some sort of provision for them, and the house may be horribly unsanitary—some of these old places are. None of us has ever been there, and we may have to get a nurse to look after the children; we can't expect Polly to do everything, and they will need toys to keep them amused—and you might be able to hire a pony phaëton in the neighborhood—and then there's the Romney portrait."

"The Romney portrait! My sluggish mind refuses to follow. Am I to kidnap your illustrious ancestress before Bobby punches a hole in her head?"

"Oh, I know I'm a bit incoherent, but I'm listening for the car that is to take me to the station, and there really is a great deal to think of in such a short time. Alec is upstairs packing, and I want you to stop him. A man will always listen to the masculine point of view when he's tired of the feminine. Alec asked an artist or an art dealer or some sort of man to come down and appraise that Romney portrait, and now he insists upon leaving, though the man is due some time to-morrow or next day—the man cannot go to Mrs. Maxen's alone."

"Why not?"

"Why, I think there would be something brutally business-like about it. After all Alec is Mrs. Maxen's cousin, and Polly is such a dear and to come to the neighborhood and not notice her mother in any way except to send a cold-blooded art dealer to find out whether her great-grandmother is genuine or not."

"Genuine?"

"Whether she's a real Romney or a make believe. It seems to place the old lady under suspicion."

"Which old lady?"

"Now Walcott you're trying to be stupid, the Romney portrait is not an old lady in spite of her hundred years or so. She's immortally young and quite unfaded according to Polly. Now you know the dealer's mission need not be divulged, he can just happen along with

the rest of you, and he can give you his opinion later on. We want to do the fair thing, but if the portrait isn't a Romney, Alec does not want it."

"It's as complicated as a moving picture plot. I can't exactly see why my presence is essential—pony phaëtons, toys, measles, eighteenth century portraits, it's no wonder the modern woman suffers a nervous breakdown. I'm sure you need me to take you home."

"Now please, Walcott," and her voice showed marked irritation. "Will you please go upstairs and convince Alec that there is no sentimental reason why he should go home and take the measles when I want him to stay here and look after the twins. If you're rude enough to break up the house party after I leave it's none of my business, but I don't want to have your departure laid to my door."

Walcott realized that she was very much in earnest. It was not often that he had seen her vexed, so he went obediently upstairs and knocked at the Senator's door.

"Oh, come in, Walcott," said the Senator. "You seem to be a sort of domesticated umpire. I'm sure Mrs. Bolivar sent you to reason with me. We seem to be in a devil of a fix. Half the children sick, other half homeless. I feel I ought to go back with Mrs. Bolivar, though I'm never any use at such times. Last year the trained nurse turned me out without apology, told me I was exciting the patient, promising him drums and horns and all sorts of things—fever went up two degrees."

"I know you're a fifth wheel to a coach," said Walcott reassuredly. "Pitch those things out of your valise and stay on and see that art man to-morrow. Mrs. Bolivar has set her mind on it."

The Senator paused in his packing. "I had forgotten that art dealer," he said.

"Well, he hasn't forgotten you, and the twins are coming, and I'm sure you will be more use at this end of the line. Nobody dies of measles. We have our orders from Mrs. Bolivar who possesses a genius for generalship. I'm to hire a pony phaëton."

"For what?"

"For the twins, and select a nurse for the twins, and buy toys for the twins, and you're to arrange about some sort of a board bill at Mrs. Maxen's and buy the Romney outright. Buying portraits, Bolivar, is something entirely out of my line."

"I'd forgotten about that art dealer," said the Senator. "Would you know a Romney if you saw it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well I'm not sure of my own judgment either. Polly told me that it had always been spoken of as a Romney, but then there are myths in every family. I was at that exhibition at the Grafton

Gallery when Romney had his real revival. The trouble was he painted too much—had to I guess, food and lodgings knock the best out of nearly every man. Lady Hamilton made him—her portrait sold for one hundred thousand. Truth is I don't know how to value my ancestress unless I get someone to appraise it. Of course she hasn't Lady Hamilton's reputation, the Lord be thanked for that, but as a picture—"

The Senator was launched upon his favorite topic. While he talked Walcott deftly shied brushes, collars, cravats into the bureau drawers that stood yawningly open:

"It's all settled," he said when the Senator paused for a moment. "I knew it was before I came up here. Matrimony engenders obedience in a man. We will go to the station with Mrs. Bolivar, and then we will return to wrestle with the situation at this end of the line, though for my part I should prefer to return and catch the measles."

"Well, I don't know," admitted the Senator, "we'll have one more day in the marshes. To tell the truth I was just beginning to enjoy myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## New Books.

**COLLECTED POEMS.** By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

**SINGING FIRES OF ERIN.** By Eleanor Rogers Cox. New York: John Lane & Co. \$1.00 net.

Within the past few weeks a new and tragic interest has attached to Irish poetry, or rather, perhaps, the age-old tragic interest has but sprung up with a new crimson in its flame. Much that one thought forgotten has taken on vitality again—wounds which one fancied healed, or healing, have opened wide like scarlet poppies. And beyond the story of to-day and yesterday looms the curiously ironical fact that in the days of the old deeds and the old dreams, Ireland was the land which decreed that no man should make her laws who was not able also to make her poems!

Excepting only William Butler Yeats, there is probably no name more significant in the "Celtic Renaissance" of the past two decades than that of George W. Russell, in literature known as "A. E." A mystic and dreamer, he has dominated contemporary readers—and writers—with something of the spaciousness of enveloping twilight since those early volumes, *Homeward* and *The Earth Breath*, published in 1893 and 1895. From these books, and from the later *Divine Vision*, the present valuable collection has been made, adding a few recent poems which the author himself believes "of equal mood." There is no gain-saying the penetrating dignity and beauty of this body of work—if indeed one can apply the word body to anything so ethereal. For "A. E." moves among vague and immense dreams, pale with the hunger for beauty, the "nostalgia for sweet, impossible things" of which another Celt, Fiona MacLeod, wrote so passionately. The concrete loves and tragedies of men have interested him only as symbols and shadows of the "proud procession of eternal things"—spectres of humanity pressing toward some bright, far-off Bird of Dreams. There are moments in which this Irishman is as plaintively pantheistic as the Bengal dreamer, Rabindranath Tagore. There are others, as in "The Christ Sword" in which he grasps the very primal truth of Christianity. And the force of his imagining is as vivid as the most modern "imagist" could desire. The drawback at once and the fascination of his verse is its atmosphere of white, moonlit melancholy—the quality of which Mr. Russell him-

self speaks in the preface of the present volume: "When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy. . . . I should have parted the true from the false, but I have not yet passed away from myself who am in the words of this book. Time is a swift winnower, and that he will do quickly for me."

So much for truth in the dream. And now comes a new Irish poet, writing in our own New York, and finding her truth in the Celtic deed. Some two years ago Eleanor Rogers Cox delighted many readers by a slim but artistic volume entitled *A Hosting of Heroes*—songs of the old half-mythical knights and kings and ladies who made bright the dawtime of Ireland. These poems, with brief epics in like vein, make up the newer volume. There is real music and real spirit in her songs of Queen Maeve and Emer and Deirdre—the *singing fires* which play, till the end of time, about the head of Ængus of the Golden Dreams. And "The Sleeping Knight," a recent and a searching poem, belongs quite equally to to-day and—who knows?—to-morrow! Miss Cox has been fortunate in capturing for her volume two notable designs, most happily archaic in spirit, by the young Belfast artist, Mr. John P. Campbell. Altogether the book is one which lovers of Celtic romance will want to possess—and one which will cause the author's future to be followed with interest.

**COUNTER-CURRENTS.** By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

This volume is made up of nine essays which attracted much attention during the past three years when they appeared at intervals in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Contrary to custom, they gain rather than lose effectiveness when read collectively, for they blend into a rounded whole of which the intention is indicated by the title, while the dominant note is sounded in the heading of the first essay: *The Cost of Modern Sentiment*.

Sentiment, Miss Repplier tells us, is subjective, and a personal thing; it cannot with safety be accepted "as a scale for justice, or as a test for truth." Our modern sentiment concerns itself chiefly with the conditions of labor, the progress of women, the social evil, and, of late, the question of peace and war; and among these it



has so rioted unchecked that it now imperils our social welfare. In the excesses of its unreasoning sensibility it obscures and confuses the issues of morality and individual responsibility, especially in women; of courage, endurance, self-discipline, of war and patriotic service, of duty to one's country, whether native or adopted. The case does not rest upon generalities: in support of each count, Miss Repplier brings forward records of extravagant action or speech. "The injury done by loose thinking and loose talking is irremediable," she says; and her incontrovertible indictment of these prevalent evils is an achievement of close reasoning and accurate expression. Her wit and satire play with all their accustomed brilliancy upon the follies of sentimentalism, but most in evidence is her conviction of the menace that looms behind these fatuities. The book was sorely needed. Warnings and protests have been voiced from time to time, notably in Catholic publications, but there was lacking what is here contributed—a clear, comprehensive presentment in a form readily available to the average reader, of the unpopular truth regarding the matters that occupy so much of the popular mind. It is stringent criticism, but not merely destructive. Miss Repplier commands an inexhaustible stock of forceful and appealing illustrations of the worth of the older standards that are attested by centuries of experience. These suggestions will inevitably incur the reproachful designation "reactionary"—the favorite word of opprobrium among those who ignore facts and proceed upon the assumption that activity and progress are interchangeable terms: yet it seems scarcely possible that even intelligences thus safeguarded can entirely escape the author's penetrating shafts, save by leaving the book unread.

*Counter-Currents* possesses the double value of an acquisition to literature and a manual for students of this bewildering period. All the elements that constitute Miss Repplier's distinguished charm are present, and she is, as ever, prodigal of ideas, scattering broadcast terse, pregnant sentences, any one of which would provide a thriftier author with material for an entire essay. To all this is joined a vital human significance infrequently found in the subjects that have been her choice hitherto. What some of us have inarticulately felt, in part, she has phrased, with a perfection that most of us can but covet. This her finest work will not only fulfill the highest expectations of her readers, but will also greatly increase their number, and will be recognized as partaking of the nature of a public service.

**CRIMINALITY AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.** By William Adrian Bonger. Translated by Henry P. Horton, with an editorial preface by Edward Lindsey and an introduction by Frank H. Norcross. The Modern Criminal Science Series. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5.50 net.

To the first part of this number of the series, Dr. Bonger of Amsterdam, Holland, contributes his monograph, entitled *A Systematic and Critical Exposition of the Literature Dealing with the Relation Between Criminality and Economic Conditions*, to which, ten years ago, honorable mention was given by the juridical faculty of the University of Amsterdam. But the author has brought his review of the literature up to the date of June, 1914. The bibliography begins with Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. The second part of the work presents the author's own views on the relation of environment to crime. His conclusion is expressed in the words of Quételet, "It is society that prepares the crime."

We absolutely disagree with his conclusion, and yet much valuable help is to be found in his collation of the literature, and everyone will sympathize with his subsidiary conclusion given in the words from Manouvrier who, treating of the prevention of crime, said: "The maxim to apply is, act so that every man shall always have more interest in being useful to his fellows than in harming them."

It is interesting to find how thoroughly the author disagrees with certain criminological theories that are now being reduced to practice, save the mark! as if they were obvious first principles. He expresses his contempt for the theory that sterilization may be an effective method of reducing the army of criminals. He says: "One should be inclined to ask if the advocates of sterilization have never heard of Australia where a considerable number of inhabitants have descended from the worst of criminals, and where yet the rate of criminality is low." Dr. Bonger suggests that "sterilization would be about as useful against the flood of criminality as an effort to stop a brook in its course with a bottle."

While Dr. Bonger from his socialistic affiliations emphasizes too much the economic factors in crime, he throws many interesting side lights on present-day criminality, and makes it very clear that economic factors, as all must admit, play an important rôle in criminality. He deprecates such teaching as the *quasi-moral* precept "honesty is the best policy," or that widely-taught axiom for success in life, "every man for himself." Such teaching cannot

fail to lead men of inferior moral calibre into the commission of crime, whenever they feel it may be to their advantage. Inasmuch as the environment is readily improvable, while heredity is much less hopeful, Dr. Bonger's book has more promise in it than the discussions on "the born criminal" and "the criminal degenerate" which have been so common in recent years.

**BLACKFEET TALES OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.** By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00 net.

The apparently increasing interest in the true lore of the North American Indian will gain fresh impetus from this authoritative book. The author, an old frontiersman whose intimate knowledge of his subject extends over many years, gives a brief, effective account of the first entrance of white men into the Blackfeet country, and of his own return to it, after long absence, in the summer of 1915, to visit this people whom he calls his own, and to live their daily life with them, as of old. As they travel through the country that was once solely theirs, revisiting places to which the whites have given uninviting substitutes for the old Indian names full of poetical significance, stories are told while the lodge fire burns and the pipe makes its rounds. In the telling of these legends and folk-tales the author appears only as an interpreter: they are narrated with a simplicity that does little more than convey the meaning. Whatever of literary opportunity may be lost is, however, compensated for in the effect produced of absolute genuineness. There is fascination in them, and both the stories and the author's fleeting disclosures of himself fasten our attention and touch our sympathies.

The appearance of the book, with its many illustrations from beautiful photographs, does credit to the publishers.

**TACT AND TALENT.** By Irish Priests. 35 cents net.

**THE WRITINGS ON THE WALLS.** By Conall Cearnach. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 35 cents net.

These slender twin volumes lead one to wonder a little why it was thought necessary to put forth matter so well worth while in a form so easy to overlook. They are made up of short essays and articles on miscellaneous subjects that are of interest to an intelligent reader. The themes are occasionally religious, more generally secular, and frequently humorous; but whatever the na-

ture of the topic in hand it is treated thoughtfully and with leisured grace, and considerable information is scattered through the pages, imparted informally and entertainingly. The tone throughout is so urbane that one thinks of them as desirable traveling companions, responsive to demands for beguilement of tedious quarter-hours; but after they are laid aside we realize that a longer time is requisite to efface the impressions we have received, and that we would gladly repeat the experience of reading, for instance, such portions as: *Croagh Patrick*, *Two Sea Scenes*, and *Patriotism and Language*.

**MICHELANGELO.** By Romain Rolland. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.

It was a happy thought to choose the Venusti portrait of Michelangelo as the frontispiece of this volume. Study the portrait before you begin to read the text; notice the rugged face, the sweep of the brow, the strength of the nose, the inspired eye of the seer of visions and the dreamer of dreams; notice likewise the furrowed forehead, the seared cheek, the petulant mouth, the whole expression furtive, hunted and haunted. Then turn over the pages of the book and admit that the pen of M. Rolland has drawn no less skilfully and revealingly than the brush of Venusti. The universal power of the master who left no form of the fine arts, not even poetry, untouched, and who "touched nothing that he did not adorn," receives full meed of acknowledgment and reverence. But, just as in Michelangelo's own painting the shades seem to exist for their own sake rather than to strengthen the lights, so, in reading the sordid story of genius crippled by private enmity and political cabal, the impression grows that their success lay rather in his weakness than in his enemies' strength.

Though a short biographical sketch is given, the book is concerned chiefly in setting forth the relations of Michelangelo with Julius II. and succeeding Popes, and with the Medici in Florence. The monumental works, like the tomb of Julius II., the "Last Judgment," and the dome of St. Peter's, are described in detail and with a wealth of appreciative sympathy; and there is scarcely a plan or cartoon that has not its word of explanation. There is also a lengthy chapter on his relations with Vittoria Colonna, under whose influence his most beautiful verses were inspired.

Having taken as his theme Michelangelo's life as an example of the influence a great man may have on his age, M. Rolland

devotes his last chapter to summing up his data to show that this special genius realized itself in the most simple and abstract forms in which the senses play the least part and the spirit the greatest, and that, therefore, by him and through him the elegant subtlety of the Quattrocento was swept away forever. But this purely interpretative section is less happy than what precedes; the tone is a little morbid, the philosophy involved, the conclusions somewhat arbitrary. In general, however, the tone is elevated, the style highly imaginative, characterized by stirring figures well sustained and especially well rendered into English by the translator, Frederick Street. The twenty-three illustrations of the volume are an art gallery in miniature.

**THE FORTUNES OF GARIN.** By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.40 net.

The last quarter of the twelfth century and the wooded hills of southern France form the picturesque background of this mediæval romance. Impregnable castles on dizzy heights, rich knights and poor, a bishop, an abbot, high-born ladies, crusaders, troubadours and the usual supernumeraries, are woven into a story full of varied color and charm.

The hero has many wonderful adventures, overcoming them all in turn, and seems equally at home as the poor esquire of an obscure lord or the court favorite lately returned from the Holy Land with honors and gold. In the beginning of his career he rescues a maiden in distress and fights her unknown assailant, who proves to be a dreaded power in the neighborhood and the villain of the tale. Fearing the result of his quarrel young Garin "takes the Cross" and joins a company of departing crusaders, determined to win his spurs of knighthood and prove himself worthy of a noble lady whom he has seen at a distance, but whose face was hidden by her veil. It is refreshing to read that this unknown heroine is not the most beautiful princess of her time, but leaves that distinction to her stepmother, and that the two ladies are ever on the best of terms.

Garin returns from over seas at the right moment to rescue a princess and her besieged castle from the unknightly villain, and to find in her not only the lady of his dreams, but the maid, masquerading as a shepherdess, in whose defence he risked his life at the beginning of his fortunes.

Altogether it is a good story graphically told, and bearing more

than one resemblance to an ancient tapestry in the permanence of its characters. The hero is always the hero; the princess always the heroine with never a deflection; the villain is always the villain with never a redeeming trait; the bishops and monks are ever of the time-serving, table-loving variety, and the rank and file so grouped about the background that they never obtrude into the brilliant picture designed to show forth the trials and glories of their masters.

**WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN AMERICA.** By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: John Lane Co. \$2.00 net.

This volume with its excellent illustrations—over two hundred in number—covers the art museums of the United States from Boston to San Francisco and longitudinally from Minneapolis to New Orleans. It is not intended as a thorough guide to the different galleries, but rather as a help to those whose taste is in the forming, or who want to see the best and are unaware of its presence.

The pictures are described in clear, simple language with no technical flourishes, but entirely from the Non-Catholic viewpoint, which is apt to see far more to admire in the homely interiors and portraits of Holland than in the spirituality and symbolism of the early Latin dreamers. As usual in a work of this kind the author's personal tastes and prejudices are clearly seen, and more than once the reader wishes she had consulted *his* tastes and prejudices: for many favorites are ignored or dismissed with faint praise.

As a whole the volume cannot fail to interest the home-keeping traveler who knows a thing or two about art, and it will doubtless come as a revelation to many readers that the inimitable paintings of the old masters of Europe are so numerous in this country.

**LUTHER.** By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Translated by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Volume V. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.25 net.

The fifth volume of Father Grisar's monumental *Life of Luther* discusses the ethical results of the reformer's new teaching, the dishonesty of his polemics, his melancholy, superstition, doubts and devil-mania, his attitude toward the Council of Trent, his literary labors and his views on society and education.

Father Grisar, as usual, never makes a statement about Luther's character or teachings without giving his readers ample references to prove his point.

Human reason, according to Luther, becomes in matters of religion "a crazy witch," and the will also behaves quite negatively towards what is good, whether in ethics or religion. As he put it: "We remain as passive as the clay in the hands of the potter." "All the damned," he adds, "were predestined to hell, and, in spite of their best efforts, could not escape eternal punishment." If we add to this his teaching concerning the overwhelming power of the devil, we readily see that Luther negated any real ethical responsibility. His false teachings on faith and justification led to the antinomianism of Agricola, and his disparagement of good works, together with his anti-biblical doctrine of the certainty of salvation, led to what Harnack called "a hugh decline in moral ideals and practical Christianity."

Father Grisar quotes Schwenckfeld's testimony concerning the practical results of Luther's teaching. He wrote: "If by God's grace I see the great common herd and the poor folk on both sides as they really are, then I must fain admit, that, under the Papacy and in spite of all its errors, there are more pious, God-fearing men than in Lutheranism. . . . How many have I heard, who all appealed to the Wittenberg writings, and who, alas, are to-day ten times worse than before the Evangel began to be preached."

This was to be expected, for Luther denounced the chastity, poverty and obedience of the convents as "nothing but blasphemous holiness;" he denied the distinction between the natural and the supernatural order; he ignored the fact of actual grace and the supernatural life, which was incompatible with his theory of the non-imputation of sin; he carried subjectivism to its furthest limits, and exalted his own personal views and feelings into a regular law; he taught principles that were subversive of all liturgy, and eliminated from the Mass everything that referred to its sacrificial character; he arbitrarily set aside the old Catholic teaching on the sacraments, the divine authority of the Church, the principles of Christian asceticism, and the necessity of good works, and left his followers subject to the uncertainty of a varying, contradictory and unauthoritative individual conscience.

Luther sometimes speaks of his new gospel bringing forth "simplicity and godly piety." But there is little evidence of either virtue in his controversial writings. "His hate was without bounds, and his fury blazed forth in thunderbolts which slew all who dared attempt to bridge the chasm between him and the Catholic Church."

They also evidence his natural lack of charity, his irritability and

quickness of temper, his outrageous conceit, his gross obscenity, and his shameless dishonesty. With regard to the last-named vice Father Grisar writes: "In his relentless polemics against the Church—where he does not hesitate to bring the most baseless charges against both her dignitaries and her institutions—we might dismiss as not uncommon his tendency to see only what was evil—eagerly setting this in the foreground, while passing over all that was good; his eyes also served to magnify and distort the dark spots into all manner of grotesque shapes. But what tells more heavily against him is his having evolved out of his own mind a mountain of false doctrines which he foists on the Church as hers, though in reality not one of them, but the very opposite, was taught in and by the Church."

Students of psychology will be interested in the two chapters of the present volume which discuss in detail Luther's hopeless pessimism, his continued melancholy, his superstitious fancies, his fanatical expectation of the end of the world, his terrors of conscience, his so-called combats with the devil, and the like. His conscience often worried him even to the brink of despair, and doubts often arose in his mind concerning his pet doctrine of justification, and the truth of his often proclaimed divine mission. Still "he resolutely steeled his conscience against even wholesome disquietude and anxiety, and of set purpose he bore down all misgivings."

Some of Luther's admirers have claimed that he prepared the way for the modern State. Father Grisar shows conclusively that Luther had not the slightest conception of the principles of liberty current in the civilized States of to-day. In proportion as the rulers of the municipalities which favored his cause grew more numerous, he conferred on them full powers to stamp out the Catholic faith, and even made it their duty to do so. He warmly defended the principle that in every country uniformity of worship and doctrine must prevail. Religious freedom and the sacred rights of conscience never even entered his mind. It is rather amusing to find Luther styled to-day, by the unthinking, the friend of liberty and democracy, for he ever identified himself with the insufferable absolutism of the German princes of his day—so much so, that his enemies used to call him "a foot-licker of the princes."

Father Grisar devotes a most interesting chapter to Luther's German Bible. He admits the excellence of its translation from the point of view of its German, while pointing out its many mistakes



and inaccuracies. He also shows how widely the Bible was known even before Luther's day, and to what an extent it was studied among educated people. A list is given of the German translations of the Bible before Luther's time. Luther, as a matter of fact, borrowed a good deal from them, although he never acknowledged his indebtedness.

**THE GERMAN CLASSICS.** Masterpieces of German Literature.

Translated into English. New York: The German Publication Society. \$90.00.

The German Classics is the first work issued by the German Publication Society in pursuance of a comprehensive plan to open to the English-speaking people of the world the treasures of German thought and achievement in literature, art and science. The twenty handsome volumes before us cover the past one hundred and fifty years from Goethe and Schiller to Hauptmann and Clara Viebig. The most representative writers of each period are presented to us in excellent translations, and eminent scholars of American and foreign universities furnish us with biographies and critical estimates of the principal authors.

As a rule the chronological order has been followed throughout. The first three volumes have been devoted to Goethe and Schiller; Volumes IV. and V. contain the chief Romanticists, Jean Paul, Schlegel, Hoffman, the brothers Grimm, and philosophers like Fichte and Schelling; Volume VI. is given over principally to Heine, although some very commonplace letters of Beethoven are added; Volume VII. deals with Hegel, Immermann, Bettina, von Arnim and Lenau; Volume VIII. with Auerbach, Gotthelf and Reuter; Volume IX. with Hebel and Ludwig; Volume X. with Bismarck, Moltke and Lasalle; Volume XI. with Spielhagen, Storm and Raabe; Volume XII. with Freitag and Fontane; Volume XIII. with Heise and Seidel; Volume XIV. with Keller and Widman; Volume XV. with Schoenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche and William II.; Volume XVI. with Wilbrandt and Rosegger; Volume XVII. with Sudermann, Frenssen and Polenz; Volume XVIII. with Hauptmann and the contemporary lyricists, Von Saar, Falke, Dehmel and Hesse; Volumes XIX. and XX. with the Contemporary Short Story and Drama.

As the editor-in-chief well says in his preface: "The crux of the whole undertaking lies in the correctness and adequacy of the translations." Dr. Isidore Singer, who conceived the idea of the German

Classics, deserves great credit for the selection of the many able scholars who have given their time to the usually thankless task of translating. Professor Meyer of Berlin writes the general introduction to the whole series, and sketches in brief but accurate outline the history of German literature from 1700 to the present day; Thomas of Columbia writes the essays on Goethe and Schiller; Thilly of Cornell on the Romantic Philosophers; Spalding of Harvard on Wagner; Howard of Harvard on Heine; Francke of Harvard on Bismarck; Jessen of Bryn Mawr on Nietzsche; Münsterberg of Harvard on William II.; Petersen of Basel on the Contemporary Short Story, etc.

We fail to see the reason for the omission of such names as the scientist Humboldt, the poet Kinkel, the dramatist Laube, the philosopher Eucken, and on the other hand the inclusion of such mediocrities as Beethoven, Bismarck, Moltke, Wagner and William II. A man may be a great musician, statesman, general or emperor without possessing the slightest claim to literary genius. The plea of lack of space, moreover, does not justify the exclusion of historians of marked literary ability.

Many of the writers who appear in these volumes are practically unknown to the American public, and their introduction under such scholarly auspices must needs make for a better understanding of the culture and genius of the German people. A word of commendation must be said for the excellent illustrations, which are copies of paintings by famous German artists.

**ITALIAN CONFESSIONS.** How to Hear Them. By Joseph McSorley of the Paulist Fathers. With an Introduction by His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York. New York: The Paulist Press. \$1.00.

In many of our English-speaking parishes there are hundreds—sometimes thousands—of Italians who never come in contact with a priest unless at a baptism, marriage, sick call, or funeral. It is imperative, therefore, for the English-speaking priest who meets them at such times to know enough Italian to hear their confessions, and to make a direct appeal to them to practise their religious duties.

Many a busy priest may never have an opportunity of thoroughly mastering the Italian language, but he is most anxious to know enough of it to meet the needs of his parishioners. Father McSorley has written this volume as “a first aid” to confessors.

His thorough knowledge of Italians and his extensive labors for many years among the Italians of the Paulist parish, New York City, has eminently qualified him for such a work.

The first three chapters contain model sentences used by priests and penitents in confession; the fourth gives brief conversations on the occasion of marriages, baptism, sick calls, accidents and funerals; the fifth gives suggestions for a model funeral sermon; the sixth contains the marriage ceremony in Italian; and the seventh and eighth present a brief Italian and Neapolitan vocabulary.

Cardinal Farley in his introduction heartily commends this manual to every priest who may be called upon to hear the confessions of the Italian people.

**VISITATIONS OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES IN THE DIOCESE OF LINCOLN.** Volume I. Injunctions and Other Documents from the Registers of Richard Flemynge and William Gray, Bishops of London, A. D. 1420 to A. D. 1436. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., F.S.A. Horncastle: The Lincoln Record Society. Vol. 7.

Since the appearance of the two volumes on *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries* by the present Cardinal Gasquet, much interest has centred around the history of the monasteries and convents in England. This present volume is offered as the first of a series dealing with the monastic history of the Diocese of Lincoln, during the first part of the fifteenth century. It has been thought worth while to edit the memoranda of these two bishops in a separate form, and this work serves as an introduction and a companion to the important records of Bishop Alnwick, which are being edited also by Mr. Thompson. In his excellent introduction, the writer gives us a glimpse into the proceedings which took place on the visitation of a religious house. The bishop was met by the convent or the chapter at the west door of the church, and was taken in procession to the high altar. If his arrival took place in the morning, High Mass was celebrated in his presence; if in the afternoon, Vespers were probably chanted, and the prelate gave his blessing to the people of the neighborhood, who had assembled to honor him. After the conclusion of the Mass the bishop and his clerks went to the chapter room, where the bishop took his seat with the monks seated before him. A sermon was then preached by one of his secretaries or clerks, or by a member of the religious

house. When this was finished, the real business of the visitation began. The Superior of the house acknowledged the right of the bishop to the visitation, and the work of what is called the preparatory inquisition was begun. The monks, or nuns, left the chapter room and then, one by one, presented themselves before the bishop and his attendants. In cases where it was possible, every Religious was examined. These examinations were conducted in strict privacy and every Religious was encouraged to open his heart freely on all matters dealing with the good name of the monastery or convent. Members of the religious house, who were accused of serious breaches of the Rule, then received an opportunity of explaining their conduct, and a suitable penance was imposed. When the members of the religious household had been listened to, they all came before the bishop or visitor, who delivered a short instruction upon the Rule, and upon whatever changes in discipline may have been found necessary for its observance. Sometime afterwards, when the bishop and his assessors had time to compare their notes, written injunctions, like those of which the larger part of this volume is composed, were sent to the House and were read to the monk or nuns by the Superior. It is these written injunctions which form the basis for our knowledge of the monastic life of the period.

The two series or *Injunctions* published in this volume are from the Registers of Bishops Flemynge and Gray of Lincoln. Bishop Flemynge was consecrated at Florence on April 28, 1420, and though much of his life was spent as ambassador to foreign courts, his activity in visiting the monasteries and convents of his diocese prove him to be a zealous bishop, and one who realized the necessity of constantly guarding over the monasteries under his care. His successor, Bishop William Gray, was consecrated on May 26, 1426, as Bishop of London, and was transferred to Lincoln, April 30, 1431, three months after Flemynge's death. From a close examination or collation of the dates in these *Injunctions*, we can follow the two bishops from one place to another in their diocese; and the author has given us a chronological list of the Houses visited from 1420 to 1436. The list of monasteries and convents which Mr. Thompson gives in an appendix, contains the names of one hundred and thirty-six separate Houses which were in existence in the Diocese of Lincoln during the period covered by this volume. In this list several classes of religious foundations have been omitted: Houses of friars who represent a

different type of Religious, with which the present volume is not concerned; Hospitals, of which there is an excellent list in Clay's *Mediæval Hospitals of England*; Houses of the military orders; and alien priories, such as those which consisted of two or more monks acting as agents for a foreign abbey.

The editor acknowledges his dependence upon Gasquet's *English Monastic Life*, and shows throughout the book a sympathetic appreciation of the religious life of the period. It is noteworthy, he says in one place, that when Bishop Alnwick visited Bourne Abbey, he found it necessary merely to endorse and confirm Bishop Flemynge's *Injunctions* of some twenty years before. Whether the standard of piety was the same throughout the diocese would be hard to say; but no one who reads the documents in this present volume can fail to be edified by the perfection of the religious life of this bygone age. Students of mediæval history will welcome the very efficient glossary which forms a large part of the supplementary matter of the book, where a mediæval term, which has hitherto been shrouded in obscurity, is here explained clearly and fully. A complete index of persons, places and subjects, and the counties of Lincoln mentioned in the book is given at the end. The book is excellently printed, and is a fine example of the scholarly work done by the Historical Societies of England.

**RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENTS.** By R. H. Charles. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

The purpose of the present volume is to show by some examples that there is no break between the Old Testament and the New; that there never was a period of complete silence during which Old Testament truths would have been left untouched until resumed by the New Testament writers. The religious message during the three centuries that preceded the New Testament times are to be found in the Apocrypha (our Deuterocanonical Books) and still more so in the Pseudepigrapha (our Apocrypha). This literature is the link between the two Testaments, and the "New Testament represents in one of his aspects the consummation of the spiritual travail of Israel's seers and sages and especially of those of the last two centuries."

Dr. Charles' authority in the field of Apocryphal Jewish literature is unquestionable. He himself has edited most of the sources

out of which the present summary is drawn; more recently he has published a practically complete collection in his two large volumes, *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English with Introduction and Critical Notes*, etc.

Many of the subjects chosen for treatment are of prime importance for the proper interpretation of the New Testament, *e. g.*, the Kingdom of God, the Messias, and the doctrine of a future life. In fact, the book is interesting and scholarly all through, and although we are unable to follow the author in every one of his assertions, yet the reader is sure to gather abundant and reliable information from the pen of a specialist whose work is the result of personal and long acquaintance with the documents themselves.

The present work forms part of The Home University Library.

**THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN OLDEST JUDAISM.** By Frank McGloin, LL.D. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$1.00 net.

The present volume contains a careful criticism of all the Scriptural texts and of all the Jewish traditions of the early and mediæval rabbis on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity in Jewish thought. While some of the Biblical texts are rather benignantly interpreted, and some of the Jewish writers are pressed a little too far to prove a point, the writer is to be commended for treating a subject which as a rule receives scant attention in our theological textbooks. As Bishop Blenk says in his preface: "Dr. McGloin proves three things: First, the Patriarchs, Prophets and other great personages among the Jewish people had an explicit faith in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. Second, the Doctors of the Law, without arriving at so distinct a knowledge of the mystery as the Patriarchs and Prophets possessed, yet understood it with some clearness. Third, the Jewish people in general had not an explicit knowledge of the Blessed Trinity."

**CATHOLICISM IN MEDIÆVAL WALES.** By J. E. de Hirsch-Davies, B.A. London: R. & T. Washbourne. \$1.35.

No living scholar is better acquainted with the history and literature of Wales than Mr. de Hirsch-Davies, a well-known Anglican minister of North Wales who became a Catholic some four years ago.

The present volume is a reproduction, much enlarged, of a

paper he read at the National Catholic Congress held at Cardiff in July, 1914. In an opening chapter he takes to task Mr. Willis Bund who, in his *Celtic Church of Wales*, had maintained that early Celtic Christianity was identical with the religion of modern Non-Conformity. He proves conclusively that from the earliest period the Church in Wales celebrated Mass, believed in the seven sacraments, honored the Blessed Virgin, and was in communion with Rome.

Most of the book deals with the Middle Ages beginning with the laws of Howell the Good, who died in 907 A. D. The authorities quoted have been ignored by most scholars, because they were written exclusively in the vernacular. They consist chiefly of monastic chronicles and poems written by the bards of the courts of the Welsh princes. They set forth accurately and in detail the pure and undefiled Catholicism of the Mediæval Church in Wales. They loved "the sweet Mass, a medicine to the soul and a true blessing to the body;" they prayed to "Mary, the Virgin, the pure lady, Queen of heaven;" they called the priest the "soul father," and confessed their sins to him; they prayed to the souls in purgatory; they practised fasting; they went on pilgrimages to Rome, the Holy Land and to their own home shrines.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF EUROPE.** By Charles Sanford Terry.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Charles S. Terry, Professor of History in the University of Aberdeen, has just completed the third volume of his *Short History of Europe*. Volume I. embraced the period from 476 to 1453; Volume II. from 1453 to 1806; and Volume III. from 1806 to 1914.

In a textbook of some five hundred and fifty pages, Professor Terry has succeeded in giving the student an excellent outline of the history of Europe from the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire to the outbreak of the present European War.

The book is remarkable for its condensation, literary style and broad grasp of the factors that caused the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, that formed the modern Kingdom of Italy and the German Empire, and that led to the present European conflict. Of course he writes throughout from the standpoint of an Englishman who talks of Germany's "unabashed barbarity," and who doubts her moral sanity. He shows no grasp whatever of Papal infallibility, which, he declares, "riveted the fetters of illiberalism on

the Church." He believes that Pius IX.'s *Quanta Cura* "declared war upon the whole trend of political thought, placed the civil under the heel of ecclesiastical authority, asserted the Church's monopoly in systems of national education, gave to its laws supreme sanction, and postulated the subserviency of civil codes."

**MY LADY OF THE MOOR.** By John Oxenham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.

The best part of the artificial tale is the account Mr. Oxenham gives of the ever-changing aspects of the moor in fog and storm and sunshine. The story centres about an unreal Lady of the Moor, to whom the author fantastically assigns the unique office of guarding of the Blessed Sacrament in a lonely chapel on Dartmoor. She boasts of two lovers, one of whom is a thorough scoundrel who has seduced the sister of the other. Through this wonderful lady's influence, the second lover, after five years imprisonment for attempted murder, nobly pardons the villain, and in a manner altogether inexplicable brings him to the feet of the Lady of the Moor.

**LINCOLN AND EPISODES OF THE CIVIL WAR.** By William E. Doster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

General Doster was Provost Marshal of Washington in 1862, and fought in the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns of 1863. His official duties in Washington brought him in daily contact with President Lincoln, his cabinet, and the chief army officers of the Civil War. In the present volume he draws for us a great number of clear-cut portraits of Stanton, Seward, Chase, Wadsworth, McClellan, Halleck and others.

He also describes in detail the management of the Old Capitol and Carrol prisons of Washington, and relates many an interesting incident of provost duty with regard to runaway slaves, the seizure of contraband, the arrest of spies, the control of saloon and gambling dens, and the offering of bribes.

The most valuable part of his book is his lecture on President Lincoln, which was originally delivered at Lehigh University, February 12, 1909. In it he gives many examples of the President's kindly humor, infinite tact, intense determination, and unbounded faith in the triumph of the Union cause. In view of the much-discussed question of President Lincoln's religious views, General Doster quotes Lincoln's own words to Mr. Deming:

"I have never united myself to any Church, because I have



found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to a long, complicated statement of Christian doctrine which characterizes the articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any Church shall inscribe on its altar, as its sole qualification of membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, Thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that Church will I join with all my heart and all my soul." Although an indifferentist, President Lincoln attended while in Washington Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church.

**NIGHTS.** By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Co. \$3.00 net.

Mrs. Pennell tells us that the story of her "days" during the past thirty years was a story of hard work, traveling through every country of Europe, and visiting all the International Exhibitions from Glasgow to Venice, in order to gather material for magazine articles. Her "nights" were always her own, and she and her husband spent them in the Nazionale of Rome, the Orientale of Venice, the Café de la Paix or the Café de la Regence of Paris, or in a London apartment on Buckingham street, discussing art and literature with some of the best known writers, sculptors and artists.

Her book abounds in striking, clear-cut portraits of Elihu Vedder, William E. Henley, Henry Harland, Aubrey Beardsley, Phil May, J. McNeill Whistler, "Bob" Stevenson and others.

Of Henley—the original of Stevenson's Burley—she writes: "As editor, he roared down his opponents no less lustily than he roared them down as talkers, and he had the strong wit and the strong heart that a man must have to know when to tell the truth. He could not stand anything like affectation, or what people were calling æstheticism and decadence. *The National Observer* was the housetop, from which he shouted that it did not matter twopence what the dabbler wanted to express if he could not express it."

"Henry Harland," she says, "impressed one as a man who never tired, or who never gave in to being tired, either at work or at play—a man who, knowing his days would be a few on this earth, found each fair as it passed, and, if he could not bid it stay, was at least determined to fill it as full as it would hold. He had just the temperament to take up with the mode of the nineties that drove the young men to asserting themselves and upholding their doctrines in papers and magazines of their own. As he talked

so he wrote, and all who have read the witty, gay, whimsical, fantastic talk of his heroes and heroines have listened to him."

"Beardsley," she continues, "saw the satire of life, and he loved the grotesque which has so gone out of date in our matter-of-fact day that we almost forget what it means, and no doubt disease gave a morbid twist to his vision and imagination. Above all he was young, splendidly young. He had the gayety, the exuberance, the flamboyancy, the fun of the youth to do and to triumph. His manner was called affected, as was his art, because it wasn't exactly like everybody else's."

Story after story is told of the eccentricities, whims and peculiarities of the artist's Bohemia by one who seemed to know everybody worth knowing, and to be on intimate and kindly terms with them all. Both Mrs. Pennell and her husband had the happy faculty of making friends with all the younger artistic set of what she calls the æsthetic eighties "and the fighting nineties."

**OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.** From the French of the Abbé Max Caron. Translated by Edith Staniforth. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

This devotional treatise on the hereafter is dedicated "to those who suffer and weep, in order that their sufferings and their tears may not be without hope." In twenty chapters, Abbé Caron discusses the question of personal immortality and the modern objections against it; the vision and love of God; the resurrection of the body, hell, purgatory, and the number of the elect. *Our Home in Heaven* is an excellent book to put in the hands of one who is tempted to rebel against God under stress of some great sorrow.

**CLOUDED AMBER.** By Patience Warren. Boston: Richard Badger. \$1.35 net.

The heroine of this story is an ambitious French Canadian girl, who succeeds in becoming a Broadway star, through the kindness of an old actress, who seems modeled after the well-known Mrs. Gilbert. The author pictures with sympathy the life behind the scenes, and incidentally shows that she differs from the average man's low estimate of the stage people of to-day.

Although the course of true love does not run smoothly, the heroine at last marries a New York society man, and, to the delight of his much scandalized mother, discovers that her own mother was of the same social standing.

The writer, although a Protestant, faithfully pictures the devotion of Catholics at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, and accurately describes the French Canadians and their priests.

**SONGS OF THE SON OF ISAI.** A metrical arrangement of the Psalms of David. By Helen H. Hielscher. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50 net.

In a most modest introduction, Mrs. Hielscher states the motive that prompted her to write this excellent paraphrase of the Psalms. She says: "This metrical arrangement of the Psalms is far from being a complete reproduction of all their beauty and spirit, but as a light wind, blowing over a garden of roses, may carry to the traveler a breath of fragrance that may cause him to lift his eyes to the beauty of the whole garden, so these simple verses may awaken interest in the breasts of the lovers of the beautiful and true, and bring them into more intimate relation with the Psalms themselves."

The author makes no pretense of scholarship in the pages before us. She merely takes the Catholic Bible and translates the Psalms as she finds them in beautiful, dignified verse.

**MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF OUR HOLY FAITH.**

By C. W. Barraud, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. Two volumes. \$3.00 net.

These two volumes of meditations are based on the well-known work of the Spanish Jesuit, Luis de Ponte. Father Barraud begins with a treatise on mental prayer, and follows faithfully his divisions of the spiritual life into the purgative, the illuminative and the unitive ways. He devotes eight special chapters to considerations for retreats of priests, of religious and of laymen, and adds a number of prayers and hymns from the Scriptures and the Divine Office for colloquies.

**THE BEAUTY AND TRUTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.**

By Rev. Edward Jones. Volumes IV. and V. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.00 net.

These volumes complete the series of sermons of Father Heinrich von Hurter, which Father Jones has so ably translated from the German. They cover practically the whole field of dogmatic and sacramental theology. The volumes before us treat of the existence of God, the necessity of religion, the divinity of Jesus

Christ, the glories of divine grace, prayer, Sunday observance, and personal immortality.

The editor has inserted in these volumes a number of his own sermons—on St. Paul, patriotism, and truth and honesty in business—which appear to him to be more suitable for our times and country than those of the original work. He has also incorporated some noteworthy passages from Archbishop Ireland's sermons.

**REVELATION AND THE LIFE TO COME.** New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. \$1.00.

This book purports to be the authentic account of some spirit manifestations to four unnamed persons during the years 1881 to 1886. These friends met together in their homes "to inquire experimentally into the nature of an alleged conscious intercourse with the unseen by automatic or medianimic writing." One of their number went into a trance, and his friends placed a pencil in his hand, which the "spirit" used to write the revelations contained in this book. They are nothing but vague, incoherent reveries, composed chiefly of Scripture texts joined with unintelligent commentaries. They are presented to us as the utterances of spirits, who speak meaningless messages of the other world.

The denial of the true Church frequently leads souls to the superstition of occultism.

**SEVEN FAIRY TALES.** Illustrated. New York: Benziger Brothers. 30 cents net.

These fairy tales from the Spanish and the Portuguese make delightful reading. Enchanted palaces and magical hats, scornful duchesses and wicked barons, noble knights and wonderful fairy-godmothers—all appear in marvelous profusion. The tales are of exceptional merit.

**GOSSAMER.** By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

*Gossamer* is not a novel, but a series of portraits of a modern financier, his wife, who poses as an artistic soul, a money-seeking, unmoral Member of Parliament, an ardent inventor, and an Irish baronet, who cynically claims to be neither Irish nor English, but "a man of no country."

The book takes its name from the financiers of our day, "who have spun gossamer threads, which cover every civilized land with

a web of credit, infinitely complex, so delicate that a child's hand could tear it." The writer gives us his views on Home Rule, the present war, and the spirit of the Irish, the German and the American of to-day. The book is well written, although its humor at times is a bit forced, and its portraits a bit over-drawn.

**THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD.** By Herbert Thurston, S.J.  
St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents net.

Most of the essays in this volume have been published in the pages of *The Month*. They give us a brief but fairly comprehensive sketch of the Catholic practice of prayer for the dead from the first centuries of Christianity down to the close of the Middle Ages. Father Thurston discusses in turn the witness of the first five centuries, the Diptychs and their development, the mediæval Mortuary Rolls, the origin of the Feast of All Souls, the custom of the Month's Mind, and the devotional aspect of prayer for the dead.

A VOLUME which every priest will find of very timely value, and which many of the laity will welcome as an ideal book of devotion, is *The New Psalter*, translated into English from the French of Rev. L. C. Fillion, S.S. *The New Psalter* includes both the Latin and English of all the psalms arranged according to the daily order of the Roman Breviary, together with the various canticles. The author explains briefly the subject of every Psalm, and by brief notes elucidates the more difficult passages. We recommend the book most heartily. It is published by B. Herder of St. Louis, and the price is \$1.50.

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Abbé Texier has written in *A Jésus par Marie* (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 50 frs.) a series of short talks on devotion to Our Lady, founded on the words of Blessed Grignon de Montford, founder of the Sisters of Wisdom and the Company of Mary.

*Leur âme est Immortelle*, by Abbé Lelievre (Paris: Perrin et Cie. 2 frs. 50) are encouraging, hopeful exhortations to the living who have lost their dearest ones in war. The letters which the book presents, written by unlettered farm hands, reveal the wisdom and exaltation which religious patriotism brings with it.

*Pour la Victoire* is a second edition of recent addresses delivered by Monsignor Tissier, Bishop of Chalon. The volume includes sermons, instructions and speeches to priests, to children, to large congregations of men and women. They are replete with devotional fire, oratorical ability, and beyond the inspiration which they must have given when delivered are a valuable index to religious conditions in France, both before and during the present war.

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

### Great Britain.

The war has made many changes in British ways, but none more complete and unlooked for than the adoption of universal military compulsion. Its passage is one of the greatest revolutions in British history, and must be taken as the most striking proof of the determination to carry the war to a successful issue at any cost. Its operation is limited to the period of the war, so that it will lapse automatically when the war is over. A few months ago the introduction of the smaller measure which was restricted to unmarried men and widowers without dependents, provoked so much opposition that it was with the greatest trepidation and anxiety that Mr. Asquith, in fulfillment of his pledge, brought the bill into Parliament. Fears were then felt that miners and perhaps the railway men might go so far as to strike against even this strictly limited measure, and more than one hundred members of Parliament voted against giving it a first reading. The opposition, however, died away, but when from the very small number whom it brought to the colors it became necessary to call upon the attested married men, a more serious agitation arose. Hundreds of thousands of these had voluntarily attested, thereby offering themselves for military service, but there were also a very large number who had held back. When, therefore, the attested married men found that they were being forced to leave their homes, business and families while their competitors who were less willing to serve their country remained in quiet comfort to profit in many cases by their absence, a strong sense of injustice arose which showed itself in the formation of an association being formed of married men to protest. Meetings were held throughout the length and breadth of the land, showing so strongly their sense of injustice, that the Cabinet had to yield. It at first introduced a wholly inadequate measure, which was killed

in one session of the House of Commons. Thereupon it became manifest that the only way to secure anything like that equal sacrifice for all which had hitherto been so conspicuous by its absence, was to make everyone liable to military service.

The bill introduced by Mr. Asquith extends the compulsory principle to all males, married as well as single, between the ages of eighteen and forty-one. It provides also that men serving at the present time with the colors can no longer claim their discharge while the war lasts. It even goes so far as to recall to the army men who have been already discharged if under the age of forty-one. For this hard treatment it is sought, in some degree, to compensate by generous bounties. Exemption certificates granted by doctors are to be revised, as there have been many cases of their having been given without just reason. To bring more effectively to the prosecution of the war all the manhood of the nation, a special reserve is to be formed, in which men will be allowed to remain in civil employ, although liable to be instantly called up in case of military necessity. So great was the change of the mind of the country that the bill was at once accepted, Mr. Asquith vouching for its necessity. No division took place on the first reading; for the second there was a majority of two hundred and ninety-two, only thirty-six voting against, and this small minority was reduced by one in the division on the third reading.

The effect of the law will be to make it possible without anxiety or failure to keep at full strength the armies already enlisted upon the voluntary principle. It must not be forgotten that on this principle more than five million men have already joined the colors, that, in fact, ninety-six per cent of the British armies are volunteers. The new measure is not to add to the number of soldiers, but to supply wastage. For this purpose it is reckoned that there will be about one million one hundred thousand unattested married men to fall back upon, not all of them, of course, fitted for service. Besides this, the law will secure every able-bodied young man when he attains the age of eighteen, the number of whom is estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand per annum. It must be noted, however, that although the armies already enlisted were voluntary in their origin, their status has been changed by the new act, for it requires service until the end of the war, if there are any cases in which it would otherwise have been shorter. A new obligation has been imposed on all citizens without exception. For the married men called to serve, provision is to be made in

order that so far as possible their homes may not be broken up. Grants are to be made for the relief of rent, mortgage, interest, installments, taxes, rates and insurance, up to a sum at the most of a little over five hundred dollars a year. For the poorer among them this will be a substantial alleviation, but for those who have had large incomes which will cease on enlistment, the grant will be inadequate, and there will be among them many cases of serious domestic hardships. It is one of the singular features of this war that in many cases the rich have had to suffer more proportionately than the poor. How heavy a burden is thrown upon the former may be seen from the following statement of the percentage fact, that while a man aged forty, whose income is seven hundred and fifty dollars, has to pay something over twenty-two cents in every pound for income tax and insurance necessary to provide estate duty, the man who has an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year has to pay over one hundred and twenty-six cents in every pound, which works out at more than half his annual income.

The act excuses from service everyone who is engaged in work necessary for the State. This includes not only munition makers and those engaged in factories for the manufacture of the exports necessary to keep up, as far as possible, the balance of trade, but also those who have a conscientious objection to serve as soldiers. This exemption is not absolute, but is restricted to exemption from combatant service. Some surprise has been expressed at the large number of those with consciences so tender as to be unwilling to serve their country, and in many cases the tendency has been to treat them with scant respect. Even non-combatant service occasions scruples in not a few, and it is said that there are at present more than three hundred persons in either civil or military prisons who have refused to obey the lawful orders of their superiors. This so affected one of the principal Socialists, Mr. Philip Snowden, that he threatened a rebellion of British workingmen which would make the Irish disturbances appear sickly pale. He made an impassioned appeal to the distinguished Baptist minister, Dr. John Clifford, to put himself at its head. The very extravagance of this appeal defeated its object.

The effect of the passing of the service bill has been to put an end to a discussion which at one time threatened to divide the nation to its core, as well as to overturn the Government. Its exterior effect has been to convince Great Britain's Allies—and doubt-



less her enemies also—that she is really in earnest. Not that there was any reason for this doubt, if such were really entertained, but the fact that everyone of the nations at war, and no small number of neutral States, had adopted compulsory national service of some form or other for many years, made it difficult to believe that reliance on the voluntary system was compatible with complete devotion to the common cause. Now that this supreme contribution has been made, all ground for distrust has disappeared. The British resolve to leave nothing undone has become evident alike to friend and foe. In France especially where every battle is making a more serious drain upon French blood, the passing of the compulsion bill gives the assurance of an ever-growing British support to supply any deficiency. The most probable explanation of German obstinacy in continuing the attack on Verdun is that she hopes to exhaust the French reserve of men. The increase of the British line in France from thirty to nearly ninety miles, has in fact enabled General Joffre to send the released army to the support of those who have borne the brunt of the German attack. As an illustration of the incredible folly which at times takes possession of men's minds, it may be mentioned that there were those in France who said—it cannot be thought that they believed—that the British have had the intention to drag on the war so that their army might be strong enough to dictate terms to her Allies as well as to her enemies at its close.

Another change which the war has made has been the increase in the cost of living, but there is good reason to think that this is not so great as it looks. The official estimate of the Board of Trade makes this increase to be fifty per cent on an average. The well-known economist, Professor Ashley, as a result of a study which he has made of the existing conditions, thinks that this is an over-estimate, and believes the true amount to be rather more than one-third. "The vast mass of people so far from suffering from deprivation, has never been so prosperous, never so well fed. The rise of living expenses has not been due to restriction of supply; it has been due chiefly to the fact that the people have been able and willing to pay high prices. An important immediate cause has been the rise of freights; but these freights could not have gone on being paid had there not continued to be an effectual demand. The proof of this is not difficult." Food has gone up; this has been remedied by buying cheaper, but equally wholesome, substitutes. Clothing has advanced but little. Increase of rent has been prevented by Government action. On the other hand, the money incomes of the

people, speaking broadly, have largely increased. One of the many evidences adduced by Professor Ashley is that the pawnbrokers' shelves are getting bare. Notwithstanding the submarine campaign and the commandeering by the Government of forty-three per cent of the merchant marine, the total quantity of wheat delivered by farmers and imported into Great Britain during the cereal year, September, 1914, to August, 1915, was not quite one and one-half per cent below that in the previous season. In the first thirty-six weeks of the current cereal year, the supply that has reached the market has been more than seven per cent greater than at the corresponding point of last year, and the amount now "on passage" is estimated by experts to be substantially larger than it was last year. So that it looks as if the designs and intrigues of the enemy were sure of being frustrated. Some think that Professor Ashley's estimate is somewhat optimistic, especially as he writes from a particularly prosperous place—Birmingham. In fact he admits that there are trades that are by no means flourishing which in fact have suffered from the effects of the war. They, however, form exceptions to the rule.

The restrictions upon the sale of alcohol made in consequence of the war have proved unexpectedly successful. Although the amount spent upon drink increased by no less than forty millions of dollars in the first year, this was owing to the high price which now has to be paid on account of taxation and not to the quantity sold. A Board of Control has been appointed which has the power to define the districts within which liquor is to be sold under the strictest of regulations. More than a dozen of these districts have been defined, including London. The restrictions are practically identical with the exception of those made for London. The sale of liquor is limited to two and a half hours in the middle of the day, and to three, or in some cases two, in the evening. "Treating" and credit sales are absolutely prohibited. The report of the result of those measures of restraint issued last May shows that in every area there has been a notable decline in convictions for drunkenness. The figures for London give a fair idea of what has happened. Drunkenness had been rising since 1909, when the weekly average of convictions was eight hundred and eighty-one. It reached the high-water mark of one thousand three hundred and one in 1914, and then fell progressively to one thousand and eighty-four in the first half of 1915 to seven hundred and sixty-three after the Orders of the Board came in force, and to five hundred and ninety-one at the beginning of this year. The decline in drunkenness has been accom-

panied by more regular hours of work, and an increased outfit in the defined areas. There is also much evidence of improvement in the homes and in the condition of the children, and of wise spending on the part of the great majority of those in receipt of war allowances. There has, however, been noticed an undoubted increase of excessive drinking amongst women in not a few of the areas in question. The results seem to indicate that reasonable restraint is more likely to be successful than total prohibition, especially when it is combined with the provision of places of refreshment under the direct control of the State, such as has formed a part of the British regulations.

These lines are being written on the one hundred and sixteenth day of the Battle of Verdun. There have, of course, been days on which comparatively little has happened, but at the present time it is being fought as savagely as at its worst periods. The assertions made by experts that the French have won the day, have not yet been fully verified. All the substantial gains of the Germans were within the first week of the assault, which began on February 21st, and since that time every inch of ground has been contested. Some important successes have been achieved by the Germans within the last few weeks, notably that of the village of Vaux, but on the whole they are as far off as ever from Verdun. On the west of the Meuse, after more than two months of furious fighting, they have only advanced half as far as they did during the first three days after the opening of the attack in February, and they are still some three or four miles from the main line of defence on the Charny Ridge.

Speculation is rife as to what justification there is in the eyes of the Germans for the continuance of efforts which have cost them so dearly. Of so little importance did the French military authorities consider the salient of Verdun that they were anxious to abandon it, and to straighten out their lines along its base when the attack first began. It was only in obedience to the Government, and for political considerations, that it was determined to hold it at all costs. Were Verdun to be lost, the Germans would not be appreciably nearer to Paris. The region near Soissons, which they already hold, is within forty miles of the French capital. Yet for what would be a barren triumph the Germans have sacrificed tens of thousands, have weakened their position before the British

by bringing to Verdun six divisions, and by similar action have hindered Hindenburg from making the long-threatened offensive on Riga and Petrograd. When the Fort Douaumont fell on the Saturday after the assault commenced, the Kaiser announced the success in terms which indicated that Verdun was already in the hands of the Germans. This, coupled with the fact that it is the Crown Prince who is nominally in command of the attack, may indicate William II.'s fear that failure to capture the fortress may be fatal to the fortunes of the Hohenzollern family. Others think that the real reason is rather military than dynastic—that it is an effort to anticipate the general offensive threatened by the Allies, an offensive which would extend through Flanders and France, Italy and the Balkans, and along the Russian lines to Riga on the Baltic. The hope of the Germans was either to force the British and French to use up their reserves of men and munitions by sending troops to the succor of Verdun, or to induce them to make as a diversion a premature attempt at the offensive before they were fully prepared. It is known that the British commander did in fact offer to make an attack in force to relieve the pressure on the French, and that this offer was declined by General Joffre. A third suggestion is that the Germans have persuaded themselves that France can be so weakened by the loss of men which the contest at Verdun is involving, that she will be ready to make peace with Germany on terms which would be advantageous to her.

While attention is of course chiefly attracted by the more exciting incidents of the war, yet in order that the miseries of this dreadful war may be fully appreciated the every day work must not be overlooked. The ribbon of land four hundred miles long which winds across Western Europe is one continuous line of blood, in which there is practically every day one continuous battle. Though only a small proportion of the men may at any one moment be actually engaged, every man stands always under a greater or less intensity of fire all day, and liable by night and day to be thrown into a hand-to-hand, body-to-body death struggle compared with which a bayonet fight is civilized warfare. The conflicts between men fighting at the bottom of narrow trenches are so horrible as to be indescribable, and have led to the invention of weapons suitable to such conflicts.

It was fully expected that the Germans would, as soon as the weather permitted, make an attempt to capture Petrograd. The best opportunity, however, has past. Naval coöperation was neces-

sary, for no landing could take place on the Esthonian coast without its assistance. With the melting of the ice, Russian submarines are at work as well as British. Three dreadnoughts also have been added to the Russian navy. The naval battle with the British, moreover, has so much weakened the German navy that it is very unlikely that it can be of any service for some time to come. The land operations have been hindered by the withdrawal of several divisions of Hindenburg's army to take part in the attack upon Verdun. The German armies in the East have their left on the Gulf of Riga and their right on the Pripet. The Austrians continue the line to the southward, with their left on the Pripet and their right on the frontier of Rumania. The length of the German line is four hundred and fifty miles. This is held by forty-eight divisions of infantry and ten of cavalry, making an aggregate of strength of about one million two hundred thousand. This works out at about one thousand three hundred men for each mile, less than one man per yard. The lines are not, however, continuous as in the West, but form rather a series of fortified posts. Moreover, there is nothing behind, no troops in reserve, nor is there a natural line of defence. Nearly all the region where the German troops are placed was laid waste by the Russians on their retreat, and offers miserable quarters for soldiers. Such is the position of the German armies in the East as described by experts, and it affords little ground to expect that any offensive they may take will be of serious consequences. On the contrary, it renders it doubtful whether they can meet a Russian offensive.

Experience at the beginning of the war of the weakness of the Austrians when left to themselves, may be one of the reasons why the Russians have begun their attack rather upon that part of the line which they hold than on that which the Germans are defending. The result has justified their choice, for they have not only driven back the Austrians, but have broken their line in two and probably even three places—a thing which Germany failed in any one case to do in the attack on the Russians last year. The collapse of the Austrians is not yet complete, and possibly the tide may turn. German help which saved them last year is hardly available now.

The Russian advance in Anatolia, Armenia and Mesopotamia has not made much headway; in fact the armies seem to be on the defensive, and in one or two places to have been driven back. Cossacks, however, have reached the British camp near Kut-el-Amara. German and Turkish attempts to embroil Persia have completely

failed, while the much advertised attempt to invade India is seen to be futile. The invasion of Egypt is no longer expected, although there are hostile forces to the east of the Suez Canal in the Sinai Peninsula. The British, Belgian and Portuguese forces engaged in various districts of East Africa are gradually surrounding the German defenders of the Empire's last colony.

The great surprise of the past few weeks has been the Austrian offensive on the Italian front. Events had for long been moving so surely, although slowly, in favor of the Italians that a reverse was not anticipated. The Austrians, however, had been making careful preparations for an offensive movement. By sheer weight of numbers and a vast concentration of artillery they hoped, in the same way as did the Germans in the case of Verdun, to crush and overwhelm the enemy which had for so long been maintaining a foothold in their territory. The main Italian front on the Isonzo they left alone, and directed their attack from the Trentino along the valleys of the Adige and the Brenta. At least eleven divisions and two thousand guns, many of the heaviest calibre, were here concentrated. The object was to reach Verona. In case of success this would cut off the communications of the main Italian army on the Isonzo, of which Verona is the base, and in this way would bring about the complete collapse of the Italian campaign. Some degree of success rewarded their efforts at the beginning. Count Cadorna followed the same tactics as General Pétain. He made his enemy pay dearly for the advanced positions, but did not waste the lives of his men in defending the indefensible. Holding them long enough to bring up reinforcements he then fell back on his main defences. The Austrians, now they are brought up against these, are unable to make any further progress. Moreover, they dare not weaken their Russian front. On the contrary they are more likely to find it necessary vastly to strengthen it. The Italians have practically inexhaustible reserves of men and guns with which to hold their lines.

The naval battle off the coast of Denmark has been the most sensational incident of the past few weeks. The British look upon it as a victory, but not by any means so complete as it would have been if the German fleet had not retreated. Their detailed official statement of losses and gains has not been published, but its issue will not long be delayed. The German statements have been numerous and varied: the earlier denied, "for military reasons" as they themselves avow, losses which they now admit, and while the British say the main German fleet ran away when Admiral Jellicoe

appeared upon the scene, the Germans style this operation a retirement nearer to its base. Even if the account of the recent battle most favorable to the Germans were accepted as true, the relative superiority of the British navy would not have been altered, and Great Britain would still be as much the mistress of the seas as before.

What will be the character of the active operations against the Germans that has been so long anticipated is still in doubt, although the most recent rumor is that combined offensive of British and French is imminent. This seems probable, as the dominant military opinion favors the striking at the enemy where he is strongest. If beaten there all other parts of his defence will fail. There are, however, advocates of a quite different line of strategy, who hold that this method of attack is not likely to succeed, except with an appalling loss of life. The attempts made last year to break through the German line at Neuve Chapelle, Loos and Champagne demonstrate, if not the impossibility, at least the extreme difficulty, of all such attempts. It is better, therefore, some experts think, to recognize the existence in the West of a deadlock and to seek another road to victory; to reverse in fact the hitherto received maxim, and to look for the enemy's weak spot and then strike at it. Such a spot is Turkey, and the key to the strategic position in the Turkish Empire in Bagdad and Mesopotamia. Bagdad lies open to the Russian armies coming from the east and north; while from the west through the port on the Gulf of Alexandretta, it would not be difficult for the British to land the force now in Egypt, which has been waiting for the invasion now looked upon as impossible. There is, besides, a British army to the south of Kut-el-Amara, which has not been affected by General Townshend's surrender. Operations of this kind if successful would involve Turkey's loss of Syria, Armenia and Mesopotamia—a loss which would lead to the opening of the Dardanelles. This would clear the way for the advance of the Anglo-French army at Saloniki through the Balkans for an attack upon Austria-Hungary. The plan seems somewhat too visionary to commend it to the judgment of practical men, and now that the Russians have broken through the line on the East, it does not seem probable that it will be followed.

## With Our Readers.

HE that robs the young of their enthusiasm and ideals leaves them poor indeed. Enthusiasm for the heroic and the best, confidence in one's ability to attain it is the sole source of spiritual energy; it alone can warm the soul into sustained and successful action. The Catholic Church continually seeks to put before the minds of the young, the noblest and the most perfect examples; and, presenting them, teaches the young that these standards, so far above human nature, are, by the help of grace which will never be denied, attainable. The Church seeks to do this not alone with the young, but with all her children of larger growth. Only by the renewal of confidence, only by a regained optimism can we overcome that self-distrust, and indeed self-disgust, which is the punishment of failure, and reach out hopefully once more to better and higher things.

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BEFORE her children the Church will always, therefore, place the worthier things; the beauty of virtue; the joyousness of its service; the liberty of its obedience; the greatness of its reign. She will urge them not only to shun vice, but to be unacquainted even with its ways. Not the scholar who is learned in things evil and their effect, but the saint who has heroically trod the ways of self-discipline, and attained, is her ideal. She knows well the fight that such self-discipline entails, and therefore does she insist that the heart and the mind feed themselves continually with pure and wholesome things. Keenly does she realize the power of example. When one sees others do well, he is encouraged to do likewise; at least he is ashamed if he does less well. When one see another maintain a high standard, the very effort encourages him to do likewise. One who believes that noble, pure and unselfish conduct is the norm of humankind, whose soul dwells amid the thoughts and examples of those who have so acted, the path of virtue is clear; it is so much the more compelling, so much the easier. Thus Catholic literature, the lives of the saints, studies of their words and works; books that explain the Catholic standard of conduct; the Catholic interpretation of the questions of the day; the novel which, though it never speaks of religion or religious matters, still reveals that it was written by the light of Catholic truth, has the highest value of literature, the-spiritualization of life and the exaltation of character to the Christian ideal.



AND since the printing press has made reading matter accessible to everyone, and as reading maketh the man, there never was a time when literature had such power to mould the souls of men; and never a time when that power was so ill-used.

If we take the popular reading matter of the day we will find that it has fallen to a level that may justly be called disreputable. The monthlies and the fortnightlies of this country that have the largest circulations publish scarcely anything else than fiction or gossip of the stage.

Their deliberate aim in illustration and text is to cater to the lowest passions of men and women. In that they are not, for the most part, positively indecent, although very often the public authority must seize magazines that have overstepped the "far-flung" limit of decency which our day has sanctioned. It would perhaps be less an evil, less disastrous, if they were grossly and flagrantly immoral. Then they would reveal at once just what they are. But the publishers are wise in their generation. They will keep not only within the limit of the law, but, under the cloak of defending virtue; of promoting a saving knowledge of temptation, they will lure the reader into the ways of passion: into the delights of sin; they will lead him to question his own principles; to abandon his strict standards; to make evil good and to envelop his soul with that confounding fog wherein he can distinguish neither day nor night. Reading these stories again and again, wherein the heroine holds debate with temptation; wherein situations positively sinful are pictured as morally permissible; wherein evolutionary ideals of ethics are preached as the accepted thing in the intellectual world—lending itself to these impressions, the mind inevitably accepts a low standard because it believes it is the common standard; it allows itself to be convinced that men and women and boys and girls, as a rule, do these things; that he, the reader, would be singular and peculiar if he acted otherwise; that if he follows what he reads he will have millions in his company.

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THE readers of the common, popular magazine, like the devotees of the modern moving picture, are continually making themselves more and more spiritually deficient. Repeatedly they are allowing their souls to be impressed by visions that, against all resolution to the contrary, are creating within them a low and vulgar concept of life, that will inevitably lower their own conduct, their own estimate of what they can do or what they ought to do. Indeed it would, we think, be safe to say that the soul that gives itself to such dissipation, such unruly indulgence of the mind and the senses will not be in a condition to use properly even divine grace, for it will not be

prepared to see its own duty or to think itself capable in any way of fulfilling it. We do not mention the gain that might be won in using time and mind in the positive application to the thought and the reading of better things. But we do insist on the necessarily disastrous effect of the constant reading of stories that are without character; whose evident purpose is to arouse thoughts of sexual love, and that lead one to believe there is no other thought in the world but that of sex.

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THE evil of which we speak is a growing evil: an evil that is being more and more widely accepted. We can at least be personally resolved to do all in our power to combat it. The most effective way, and one within the power of all, is not to purchase magazines or journals unless we know they are absolutely wholesome. Another effective way is to bring into our homes, for our children and our friends, Catholic periodicals and Catholic books; to make ourselves better acquainted with the great treasury of the world's best literature which is the inheritance of Catholics. Our faithful adherence to high standards is our best means of personal and of missionary work. It cannot but affect and enlighten others; and bring many souls to a knowledge and a love of the light of life—Catholic truth.

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HIS Eminence, Cardinal Logue, the Primate of Ireland, who, a few years ago, it will be recalled with pleasure, paid a visit to this country and left a very favorable impression on the American people, in a recent Pastoral, called especial attention to attempts made in England to pervert the Belgian refugees from their faith.

The Cardinal wrote: "It is very much to be regretted that the splendid charity which has been so generally manifested towards the sufferers from the war should have been, in some instances, marred by a narrow-minded craze for proselytism. It is unfortunate that the Belgian exiles, who have little left except what is their most precious inheritance, the Catholic Faith, should be induced to sacrifice this for some passing temporal benefit.

"From the beginning rumors have been current that in some parts of England attempts were made to exact this sacrifice by differential treatment. In one instance, at least, here at home it is no mere rumor, but an established fact. In a town in this archdiocese, of eight Belgian families three have been perverted, and it is problematic how far the others are safe.

"I feel bound by my office to enter a strong protest against what I regard as a betrayal of trust and a violation of the laws of charity and hospitality. To me, at least, it appears a foolish and unreasonable

betrayal. If some of these Belgians happen to be indifferent Catholics they are not likely to become good Protestants.

"If, being convinced and practical Catholics, they are induced for some material advantage to offer violence to their conscience, even by an outward denial of faith, the influence brought to bear upon them is plainly and positively immoral."

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THESE words from the venerable Cardinal suggests to us a practical thought which seems pertinent to conditions here. It is to warn Catholics against appeals for charity often made, without a proper guarantee that the proceeds will reach the object for which they are ostensibly intended, and not for the purpose of proselytizing their brethren in the Faith. It is because of the danger of such an abuse that the Catholic Church, in her maternal solicitude, while not wishing to restrict their private charities, advises and directs her children to send contributions for any public cause through their own lawfully constituted representatives, and thus make sure that they will be rightfully administered. But the reading of the Cardinal's Pastoral suggests another thought, which reaches nearer home and should be of vital concern to us. We have here, in our own beloved country, refugees, not only from the passing horrors of war, but from other sad and distressing conditions in their native land, who while seeking a living in this "Land of the free and home of the brave," should be left free from the tactics of so-called "uplifters."

For instance, here in our own city, there are a great number of poor Italian Catholics, baptized Catholics. Against the efforts to deceive, to proselyte the poor foreigners, every Catholic should deem it a duty to enter an earnest and solemn protest. We need only quote the words of Cardinal Logue, to describe the conditions at our own doors, and in all sincerity and charity say: "I feel bound to enter an earnest and solemn protest against what I regard as a betrayal of trust and a violation of charity and hospitality. To me, at least, it appears a foolish and unreasonable betrayal. If some of these (Italians) happen to be indifferent Catholics, they are not likely to become good Protestants. If, being convinced and practical Catholics, they are induced for some material advantage to offer violence to their conscience, even by an outward denial of faith, the influence brought to bear upon them is plainly and positively immoral."

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THE immorality of such methods so clearly exposed by Cardinal Logue in his Pastoral to the people of Ireland has been, time and again, as openly and emphatically denounced, not only by our own Archbishop, Cardinal Farley, and other dignitaries of the Catholic

Church in America, but also by many prominent leaders among Protestants. For example, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop Anderson of Chicago, in his diocesan magazine, speaking of the Protestant missionary propaganda in South America, seems in full and hearty accord with us when he says: "It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together. *Perhaps* we can help them by *administering to our own people in their midst and trying to set them a good example. Perhaps* in this way we can help them to be *better Catholics. To try to convert them from Catholicism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant.*"

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IT must be apparent then to anyone who can appreciate the value of cold logic, that those engaged in seeking to make the perversion of the poor Italians a play to the galleries, are pursuing methods either *foolish or immoral*. To the plain, common-sense "man of the street" they must furnish a fertile source of amusement if the matter were not so weighted with eternally tragic possibilities, for he sees the bald inconsistency of such methods. If the uplifters were really sincere in their professed purpose of spreading the kingdom of God upon earth, they would use every means at their command to bring back the stray sheep of their own flock before attempting to deceive and to pervert the Italians. The problem of Church attendance is becoming a more and more serious one for the Protestant denominations. It is well to remember the old adage—charity begins at home. Many consistent and sincere Protestants have publicly deplored and condemned in terms as strong as our own this unworthy method, abhorrent surely to the soul of every honest man.

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WE have received at times inquiries as to why the Church has condemned Maeterlinck's writings. Some, complaining of the severity and even injustice, as they think, of the Church's ruling, maintain that Maeterlinck is a poet who has had no serious intention of attacking religion. It is difficult to see how anyone who has read Maeterlinck, even in a cursory way, can entertain such an opinion. The following extract from the *New York Evening Post*, in a review of Macdonald Clark's *Maurice Maeterlinck*, will make very clear just how anti-Christian and even anti-theistic Maeterlinck really is:

"Somebody once said that a philosophic system only needed a poet to transform it into a religion. Maeterlinck has played this part for modern skepticism. Deeply religious in spirit himself, he has given to pragmatism, that doctrine of the fluidity of all human values, an atmosphere of sacredness, of mystery, and, finally, of pathos, which might well win men to worship at an altar that serves no deity but

empty air. In *Maurice Maeterlinck*, that author, analyzing the Belgian's moral ideas, reaches very much this conclusion. Maeterlinck deeply feels, Clark maintains, the mystery of life.....But when Maeterlinck seeks for explanations he is the skeptical scientist. A personal God does not exist for him, nor a just fate, but only fatality running counter to justice. There is nothing eternal except man's groping forward to some better state, dimly foreshadowed. Even moral law ceases to be a constant quantity, and there remains only the intention and desire of doing right, or what one recognizes as the better course. And finally there is instinct, the subconscious, which transcends all other human forces in power, surpasses conscious morality, and will-power, and, as in animals, really moulds our lives.

"Here, in a way, although Clark does not make the point, is where Maeterlinck's mysticism and rationalism meet on common ground. To the Belgian poet instinct is the underlying principle, scientific and moral, of life. Hence his pointing to the social order of the bees as a model to man, who is governed by the caprice of individual will. Hence also the feeling in all his plays of the futility of an individual's struggle against his own instinct or the instinct of the universe. Here, if anywhere, you feel that Maeterlinck reconciles the injustice of life, of Cordelia done to death by the wicked sisters, with our sense of eternal right. Some mysterious instinct of life is working towards a fulfillment which the finite mind of the victim cannot see. As the bees build their hive and make their honey according to an eternal instinct, little caring about the fate of the just or unjust bee, so mankind goes on, in fact so the whole universe goes on, to some unforeseen, undiscerned but perfectly well-defined end. This, Maeterlinck would say, this being conscious that one is a molecule of the mighty cosmic energy, is our great consolation for having been born."

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## A RULE OF LIFE.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.,  
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SAINT or sinner, some rule of life we must have, even if we are wholly unconscious of the fact. A spiritual director will help us to map out a course of action which will assist us to shake off some little of the dust of this dusty world, and a doctor will lay down for us a dietary which will help us to elude, for a time at least, the insidious onsets of the gout. Even if we take no formal steps, spiritual or corporeal, some rule of life we must achieve for ourselves. We must, for example, make up our minds whether we are to open our ears and our purse to tales of misery, or are to join ourselves with those whose rule of life it is to keep that which they have for themselves. What is true of each of us is none the less true of each and every race—even more true; for each race must make up its mind definitely as to which rule it will follow. And at the moment there is still doubt and indecision in this matter.

“The moral problem that confronts Europe to-day is: What sort of righteousness are we, individually and collectively, to pursue? Is the new righteousness to be realized in a return to the old brutality? Shall the last values be as the first? Must ethical process conform to natural process as exemplified by the life of any animal that secures dominancy at the expense of the weaker members of its kind?”<sup>1</sup>

As to the Christian ideals little need be said, since we know very well what they are and know this most especially, that practically all of them are in direct opposition to what we may call the

<sup>1</sup>R. R. Marett, Presidential Address to Folk-Lore Society, 1915. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxvii., pp. 1-14.

ideals of nature, and exercise all their influence in frustrating such laws as that of Natural Selection. "Nature's Insurgent Son," as Sir Ray Lankester calls him,<sup>2</sup> is at constant war with nature and, when we come to consider the matter carefully, in that respect most fully differentiates himself from all other living things, none of which make any attempt to control the forces of nature for their own advantage. "Nature's inexorable discipline of death to those who do not rise to her standard—survival and parentage for those alone who do—has been from the earliest times more and more definitely resisted by the will of man. If we may for the purpose of analysis, as it were, extract man from the rest of nature, of which he is truly a product and a part, then we may say that man is nature's rebel. Where nature says 'Die!' man says 'I will live.'"<sup>3</sup>

To this it may be added that, under the influence of Christianity, man goes a step further and says: "I will endeavor that as many others as may be shall live and not die." The law of Natural Selection could not be met with more direct opposition. I have said that this is under the influence of Christianity, yet the impulse seems to be older than that, to be part of that moral law which excited Kant's admiration, which he coupled with the sight of the starry heavens, an impulse, we can scarcely doubt, implanted in the heart of man by God Himself. It is a remarkable fact that in many—some would say most—of the less civilized races of mankind we find these social virtues, which some would have us believe are degenerate features, foisted on to the race by an enervating superstition.

Dr. Marett has carefully examined into this matter, and his conclusions are of the greatest interest.<sup>4</sup>

My own theory about the peasant, as I know him, and about people of lowly culture in general so far as I have learnt to know about them, is that the ethics of amity belong to their natural and normal mood, whereas the ethics of enmity, being but "as the shadow of a passing fear," are relatively accidental. Thus to the thesis that human charity is a by-product, I retort squarely with the counter-thesis that human hatred is a by-product. The brute that lurks in our common human nature will break bounds sometimes; but I believe that whenever man, be he savage or civilized, is at home to himself, his pleasure and pride is to play the good neighbor. It may be urged by way of objection that I overestimate the amenities, whether economic or ethical, of the primitive state; that a hard life is bound to produce a hard

<sup>2</sup>*The Kingdom of Man*. London: Constable & Co. 1907.

<sup>3</sup>Lankester, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

<sup>4</sup>*Op. cit.*, pp. 21-27.



man. I am afraid that the psychological necessity of the alleged correlation is by no means evident to me. Surely the hard-working individual can find plenty of scope for his energies without needing, let us say, to beat his wife. Nor are the hard-working peoples of the earth especially notorious for their inhumanity. Thus the Eskimo, whose life is one long fight against the cold, has the warmest of hearts. Mr. Stefanson says of his newly discovered "Blonde Eskimo," a people still living in the stone age: "They are the equals of the best of our own race in good breeding, kindness and the substantial virtues."<sup>5</sup> Or again, heat instead of cold may drive man to the utmost limit of his natural affections. In the deserts of Central Australia, where the native is ever threatened by a scarcity of food, his constant preoccupation is not how to prey on his companions. Rather he unites with them in guilds and brotherhoods, so that they may feast together in the spirit, sustaining themselves with the common hope and mutual suggestion of better luck to come. But there is no need to go so far afield for one's proofs. I appeal to those who have made it their business to be intimate with the folk of our own countryside. Is it not the fact that unselfishness in regard to the sharing of the necessities of life is characteristic of those who find them most difficult to come by? The poor are by no means the least "rich towards God." At any rate, if poverty sometimes hardens, wealth, especially sudden wealth, can harden too, causing arrogance, boastfulness, and the bullying temper. "A proud look, a lying tongue, and the shedding of innocent blood"—these go together.

On the whole, then, we may perhaps conclude that the natural bias of mankind is towards kindness to his neighbor, however much the brute in him may sometimes impel him to uncharitable words or actions. And certainly this natural bias is intensified and made into a binding law by the teachings of Christ. But there is the other point of view set forward in the philosophy of Nietzsche—if indeed such writings are worthy of the name philosophy. "The world is for the superman. Dominancy within the human kind must be secured at all costs. As for the old values, they are all wrong. Christian humility is a slavish virtue; so is Christian charity. Such values have become 'denaturalized.' They are the by-product of certain primitive activities, which were intended by nature to subserve strictly biological ends, but have somehow escaped from nature's control and run riot on their own account."

The prophets of this group of ideals or some such group of

<sup>5</sup>*My Life With the Eskimo* (1913), p. 188.

ideals have no hesitation in telling us how they would direct the affairs of humanity if they were intrusted with their conduct. It will not be without interest to consider their plans and to endeavor to form some sort of an idea of what kind of place the world would be if they had their way. We can then form our own opinion as to whether a world conducted on such lines would be in any way a tolerable place for human existence.

First of all we may dwell briefly on Natural Selection as a rule of life, since it has been put forward as such by quite a number of persons. Never, let it at once be said, by the great and gentle-hearted originator of that theory, who during his life had to protest as to the ignorant and exaggerated ideas which were expressed about it and who, were he now alive, would certainly be shocked at the teachings which are supposed to follow from his theory and the dire results which they have produced.<sup>6</sup>

In the first place such a doctrine leads directly to the conclusion that war, instead of being the curse and disaster which all reasonable people, not to say all Christians, feel it to be, is, as Bernhardt puts it, "a biological necessity, a regulative element in the life of mankind that cannot be dispensed with." It is "the basis of all healthy development." "Struggle is not merely the destructive but the life-giving principle. The law of the strong holds good everywhere. Those forms survive which are able to secure for themselves the most favorable conditions. The weaker succumb." Humanity has had at times evidences of the results of this teaching which are not, one may fairly say, of a kind to commend themselves to any person possessed of a moderately kindly, not to say of a Christian, disposition. But we can study the experiment—in actual operation as we have it—in a race which, of course in entire ignorance of the fact, is actually putting into practice the teachings of Natural Selection, though it must be admitted that the practice has not been successful, nor does it look like being successful, in raising that race above the very lowest rung of the ladder of civilization. Captain Whiffen<sup>7</sup> has given a very complete and a very interesting account of the peoples whom he met with during his wanderings in the regions indicated by the title of his book. And he tells us that "the survival of the most fit is the very real and the very stern rule of life in the Amazonian forests. From birth to death it rules the Indians' life and philosophy. To help to preserve the unfit would

<sup>6</sup>For a discussion of this question, see *Bernhardt and Creation*, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, F.R.S. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1916.

<sup>7</sup>*The Northwest Amazons*. London: Constable & Co. 1915.

often be to prejudice the chances of the fit. There are no armchair sentimentalists to oppose this very practical consideration. The Indian judges it by his standard of common sense: why live a life that has ceased to be worth living when there is no bugbear of a hell to make one cling to the most miserable of existences rather than risk greater misery?" Let us now see the kind of life which the author, freed himself no doubt from "the bugbear of hell," considers eminently sensible—the kind of life of which only an "armchair sentimentalist" would approve; a kind of life, it may be added, which will appear to most ordinarily minded people as being one of selfishness raised to its highest power.

To begin with the earliest event in life. If a child, on its appearance in the world, appears to be in any way defective, its mother quietly kills it and deposits its body in the forest. If the mother dies in childbirth the child, unless someone takes pity on it and adopts it, is killed by the father who, it may be presumed, is indisposed to take the trouble, perhaps indeed incapable of doing so, of rearing the motherless babe. That the child, in any case, immediately after birth, is plunged into cold water, is not perhaps a conscious method of eliminating the weak, though it must operate in that direction. At a later period of life should any disease believed to be infectious break out in a tribe, "those attacked by it are immediately left, even by their closest relatives, the house is abandoned, and possibly even burnt. Such derelict houses are no uncommon sight in the forest, grimly desolate mementoes of possible tragedies." When a person becomes insane, he is first of all exorcised by the medicine man and, if that fails, is put to death by poison by the same functionary. The sick are dealt with on similar lines, unless there is or seems to be a probability of speedy recovery. "Cases of chronic illness meet with no sympathy from the Indians. A man who cannot hunt or fight is regarded as useless, he is merely a burden on the community." Under these circumstances he is either left at home untended or hunted out into the bush to die, or his end is eccelerated by the medicine man. The same fate awaits the aged, unless they seem to be of value to the tribe on account of their wisdom and experience.

All these things placed together give us a perfect picture of life under Natural Selection, and having studied it we may fairly ask whether such a rule of life is one under which any one of us would like to live. In every respect it is the antipodes of the Christian rule of life, and of that rule of life which civilized countries,

whether in fact Christian or not, have derived from Christianity and still practise. The non-Christian rule of the Indians is one under which might is right and no real individual liberty exists, all personal rights being sacrificed to the supposed needs and benefit of the community.

So much from the point of view of Natural Selection, but it would appear that those who have given up that factor as of anything but a very minor value, if even that, have also their rule of life founded on their interpretation of nature. Thus Professor Bateson, the great exponent of Mendel's doctrines, who has told us in his Presidential Address to the British Association<sup>8</sup> that we must think much less highly of Natural Selection than some would have us do, has his opinion as to the rule of life which we should follow. According to his view, "Man is just beginning to know himself for what he is—a rather long-lived animal, with great powers of enjoyment if he does not deliberately forego them. Hitherto," he proceeds, "superstition and mythical ideas of sin have predominantly controlled these powers. Mysticism will not die out: for those strange fancies knowledge is no cure; but their forms may change, and mysticism as a force for the suppression of joy is happily losing its hold on the modern world." We seem to catch an echo of the age-long phrase, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." To pause for a moment in the general consideration with which we are concerned, let us ask ourselves exactly what is meant by mysticism—by which of course religion is indicated—as "a force for the suppression of joy?" It cannot be supposed that a person occupying the position of President of the British Association could possibly suggest that unbridled lust, drunkenness and gluttony—sins forbidden by Christianity and also by the common consent of all decent people—it cannot certainly be suggested by him that, the sway of "mysticism" being removed, all such things will become not merely lawful but actually commendable in the sacred name of "joy."

Such a suggestion in the case of such a person is ludicrous, and we must search further for an explanation. Possibly it may be found in the fact that Puritanism, which sixty years ago had a great hold upon English middle-class families, had a whole catena of sins unknown to Catholic moral theologians. In the young days of the

<sup>8</sup>Two addresses were delivered by him in Australia in 1914, one at Melbourne, the other at Sydney. This meeting was almost simultaneous with the outbreak of the war, the experiences of which ought to have considerably modified some of the opinions therein expressed.

present writer it was a sin to go to a theatre or to a dance; it was a sin to play any game on Sunday except that of putting together dissected maps of the Holy Land, and so on with other matters of innocent amusement, such as games of cards even where no stakes were at issue. If such be the "sins" alluded to, it may be suggested to those who speak of them in such terms, that they are unknown as "sins" to the only complete and authoritative system of moral theology in existence, namely, that of the Catholic Church. If these be not the "sins," the reproach of which having been removed, we may commit and thus add to the joy of life, it is at least pertinent to ask what are the "sins," so that we may know of what "mysticism" is depriving us.

To return to the main thesis, let us see what is the rule of life suggested by the writer in question. He would prevent the marriage of definitely feeble-minded persons and unions in which both parties are defective. As to this something more will be said when we arrive at the discussion of the next work upon our list, but this may be said at the moment, that to speak of these afflicted creatures in the terms to be quoted is certainly not in consonance with Christianity, nor even in accordance with common pity or courtesy. The expression criticized is this: "The union of such social vermin we should no more permit than we would allow parasites to breed on our own bodies." It is hardly a charitable attitude towards the afflicted. Then again we are to reform medical ethics. It is "wanton cruelty" to keep alive a child which being diseased can never be happy nor come to any good, consequently it should be quietly put to death. The medical man, perhaps newly fledged, is to be infallible and to know what is going to become of the child. He is to decide on his course as to its life, forgetful of the fact that some of the most unpromising infants have developed into men and women who have left their mark upon the world. The present writer, on behalf of the profession to which he belongs, utterly repudiates such a suggestion as not only immoral but giving an opening for the most deadly crimes. Some parents at any rate are anxious to get rid of superfluous children, and some medical men—alas that it should have to be said—are needy and prepared to sin for a sufficient bribe. What an opening for crime when the destruction of the child is at the discretion of the medical man. Yet we are invited to contemplate "a reform of medical ethics." Then we are told—remember this was in 1914—that a decline in the national birth-rate is on the whole rather a matter for congratula-

tion than otherwise. "Statisticians tell us that an average of four children under present conditions is sufficient to keep the number constant." So we may assume that one of the provisions of the new rule of life should be that no family is to consist of more than that number. There is this to be said of these and the other statements which we are considering in this article, namely, that one and all of them are based on hypotheses which by dint of constant consideration on the part of those who support them, have become to them the Law and the Prophets. "An hypothesis," says Captain Marryat, a shrewd observer, though not a man of science, "is only a habit—a habit of looking through a glass of one peculiar color, which imparts its hue to all around it."<sup>9</sup>

We have just been considering a suggestion as to the prevention of marriages between feeble-minded and other defective persons, and this brings us to the consideration of the last question on our list, that of the so-called "eugenics," as to which we shall no doubt hear a good deal after the conclusion of the present war, and as to which many manifestoes have been issued in the past. The term and the suggestion we owe to the late Francis Galton, one of the kindest of men, and one who exercised during his lifetime a great influence in the world of science. We need not go back to his writings, but may content ourselves with a brief consideration of the proposals put forward in a recent work by a biologist of real distinction and, it may be added, put forward with studious moderation and, save on one point, of which more shortly, dealt with in such a manner as to avoid offence against good taste.<sup>10</sup> The writer begins that part of his work with which we are here concerned by pointing out the undoubted fact that there has been no advance in human intellect throughout historical times. This is true of countries as it is of individuals. Galton long ago pointed out that the little country of Attica between 530 and 430 B. C. produced fourteen illustrious men, that is one to each four thousand three hundred of the free-born, adult male population, a thing never repeated by any state however high its civilization.

Not to burden these pages with the list, it may be said that the names include those of Aristotle and Plato, than whom no greater intellects have since flourished. Discontented at this want of progress we are invited to ask ourselves whether there is not some

<sup>9</sup>In *The King's Own*, not one of his best novels and certainly one of the least known.

<sup>10</sup>*Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men*. By Professor E. G. Conklyn. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1915.

way in which the human race can be improved, and we are bidden to turn our attention to another matter, much debated during the past seventy years, that of Artificial Selection. We are told that breeders of cattle can chalk up on a door a drawing of the ideal bull, and by careful breeding produce the animal of their imagination, and we are invited to deal in a similar manner with the human race. Let us note in passing that artificial selection is an interference by man with the laws of nature as known to us: as its name tells us it is an "artificial" thing, and in no sense a return to natural conditions.

We have seen what life under Natural Selection would be like; let us now study the picture presented for our admiration of life under the artificial variety. There has been no improvement in the human race, we are told, because "there has been persistent violation of all principles of good breeding among men."<sup>11</sup> Let us, therefore, treat the human race as if it occupied a stockyard. Of course feeble-minded persons are not to be allowed to form unions. So far we may go with our author, for all will admit that those who are not fully *compos mentis* are incapable of entering into a true marriage and, if they should be restrained from that, should *à fortiori* be restrained from irregular unions. Any person who has studied this matter at first-hand knows that these unfortunate and much-to-be-pitied individuals require protection from themselves, and that the best thing for them and for humanity is to protect them under comfortable conditions, as we now do those whom we recognize under the term lunatics. But the suggestions of the eugenists go much further than this. "We may confidently expect that in a very short time the marriage of the feeble-minded, hopelessly epileptic or insane, the congenitally blind, deaf and dumb, and those suffering from *many*<sup>12</sup> other inherited defects which unfit them for useful citizenship will be prohibited by law in all the States"<sup>13</sup> (*i. e.*, U. S. A.). This is sweeping enough but there is more to come. "The study of heredity shows that the normal brothers and sisters, and even more distant relatives, of affected persons may carry a recessive defect in their germ-plasm, and may transmit it to their descendants though not showing it themselves."<sup>14</sup>

Clearly then they should be restrained from marriage, though the author admits that "it will be more difficult, perhaps an impossible thing, to apply rigidly the principles of good breeding to such persons and to exclude them from reproduction." After all, though

<sup>11</sup> Conklyn, p. 408. All the paginal notes in the remainder of this article are to the same work. <sup>12</sup> Italics mine. <sup>13</sup> Conklyn, p. 421. <sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 421, 422.

we were beginning to forget it, there is such a thing as human nature! Leaving the "normal brothers and sisters and even more distant relatives" aside, let us contemplate the enormous horde of human beings comprised in the classes mentioned in an earlier paragraph. It is no good preventing the marriage of such persons if at the same time the possibility of irregular unions exists.

There are only two methods of preventing these. One is "the general sterilization of the inmates of all public institutions, which is urged by some of our modern crusaders."<sup>15</sup> It is hardly necessary to say that such a proposition is wholly contrary to the teachings of moral theology, a matter which would no doubt in no way affect the extreme eugenist. But it is so revolting to human nature that we cannot imagine any civilized, not to say Christian, community giving their approval to it. The other method is to shut all the persons concerned up in concentration camps under armed guardians and surrounded by barbed-wire inclosures, the males in one series of camps, the females in another.

Now apart from the horrible lessons of Norfolk Island, which can surely not have been wholly forgotten, can such a state of affairs as that just sketched really be contemplated as in actual existence? We have conceded the case of those *non compos mentis*, and theirs is a grave enough problem, but multiply it by, say, five, as we should have to do to include the other classes, and is the proposition one which is in any way conceivable? So much for negative or restrictive measures, but we are not to be limited to them. "Positive eugenical measures are much more difficult to apply and are of more doubtful value."<sup>16</sup> No doubt; and anyone who, even with all the facilities possible, set about trying to breed geniuses would be a fool or a madman. "Could anyone have predicted Abraham Lincoln from a study of his ancestry?" our author very pertinently asks. Yet we are told that we may look forward to the dawn of a day when we shall know enough about heredity—the night is still one of inspissated gloom—to direct marriages scientifically, and when Jack and Jill will be united under a scientific formula and not by the sweet influences of affection. Further, willy-nilly, those who ought to marry must marry and, since the only object of their union is the production of children, must, so we understand, produce offspring or suffer the penalties of the law. This we gather to be the eugenistic teaching from the one offensive suggestion to which we have already called attention. The author is distressed by the fact that the celibacy of our clergy and Religious

<sup>15</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 422.

<sup>16</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 423.



of both sexes, withdraws from parentage many of those who, from a natural point of view, would be the most desirable parents of the future generation. No doubt from the natural point of view this is so, and our author shows his real hand when he tells us that "if monastic orders and institutions are to continue they should be open only to the eugenically (*sic.*) unfit."<sup>17</sup> Now if men and women who desire to refrain from matrimony for the love of God are to be prevented from so doing, unless indeed they are "damaged goods," it is perfectly clear that no lesser plea for celibacy can be accepted. To the registry office—of course it would not be the altar—all the sound in mind and body must resort whether they wish to or not. Such are the teachings or some of them laid before the youth of the Northwestern University in the N. W. Harris Lectures for 1914.

The first thing which all the theories dealt with in this paper reveal is a total want of perspective, for they proceed on the hypothesis—which no doubt their authors would defend—that this world and its concerns are everything, and that the intellectual improvement of the human race by any measures, however harsh, is the "one thing needful." But beyond this the persons who hold such views seem to have entirely overlooked the fact that their proposed state would be one of the bitterest and most galling slavery imaginable by the mind of man, a form of slavery that never could persist if for a moment it be conceded that it could ever come into operation. *Naturam expellas*—it is a well-worn tag but none the less true. You remove all religious considerations; you abolish the "bugbear of hell" and the "mythical ideas" which contemplate the existence of such things as sins. You then arrange, irrespective of any such trivial considerations as mutual affection, that the marriages of the healthy shall be in accordance with the teachings of the fashionable scientific theory of the day, a theory which may be out of date in a decade. Having done all this you still expect the persons thus mated to cleave only to one another, and shut your eyes to the facts of nature. The whole thing is ludicrous when looked at from the point of view of common sense, but how few take the trouble to contemplate these schemes as they would be in operation. Did they thus contemplate them they would see that, apart altogether from any religious considerations, they are wholly impossible even from a purely political point of view. That they are intolerable to Catholic minds, indeed to any Christian mind, goes without saying.

<sup>17</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 431.

## THE BARDSTOWN CENTENARY.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.



THE dioceses of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Bardstown were created by Pope Pius VII. in the same year—1808. Bardstown was then in conspicuous company. She is to-day a city of perhaps two thousand five hundred inhabitants; of these, about one-half are Catholics; about one-half also are negroes. Bardstown is the county seat of Nelson County, Kentucky. The town was formerly called Beardstown, after one, Beard, who planned and platted the little city at a time when Kentucky was a backwoods region of Virginia. Virginia also claimed General Thomas Nelson, after whom Nelson County was named when in 1784 it was established by act of her general assembly. Bardstown lies thirty-nine miles southeast of Louisville, on the Springfield branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and on the old, but well-maintained, Louisville and Nashville turnpike. This much said, Bardstown's longitude and latitude may be omitted.

Bardstown has much local pride and many reasons therefor. She is the oldest town in the State—after Harrodsburg. She claims that on her Town Fork of Rowan's Creek, John Fitch navigated a steamboat model before Fulton succeeded in a similar undertaking upon a larger stream; and to sustain her claim she points to Fitch's grave a few rods from her courthouse and, in the courthouse, to his will and testament, in which he avers: "I know nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feelings as a turbulent wife and steamboat building." Bardstown has Federal Hill, the ancestral Rowan homestead, still "in the family"—dueling pistols and all—and noteworthy for at least two reasons, to wit: the much loved song, "My Old Kentucky Home," which was written by Stephen Foster while he was a guest at Federal Hill, and for the story that Henry Clay, while a guest at Federal Hill, won at cards from "Old Judge Rowan" the latter's money, servants and Federal Hill itself. This is tradition, which also states that the Great Pacificator courteously declined to accept from his host aught else but his cash. Bardstown has a single family which,

in three generations, furnished the States with three Governors, one United States Senator, a Cabinet Officer and several military officers of rank, Union or Confederate. She was once known—by how many it would be impossible, obviously, to say—as the Athens of the West. She saw Buell and Bragg with their seemingly endless and tired legions pass through her streets, and on her streets she saw soldiers fall as rifles crackled. She has a population characteristically intelligent and courteous. But, of all things in which she takes a pardonable pride, the old Cathedral of St. Joseph stands conspicuously first. And in this cathedral that was, interest is not local only.

On July 16, 1916, began a five days' celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of this, the first cathedral west of the Alleghanies. Sermons were delivered by Archbishop Glennon; Bishop O'Donaghue, of Louisville; Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J., and Rev. William Talbot, S.J., both of the last named are children of this old cathedral church. Nine sermons in the church and five outdoor addresses were heard during the celebration. Rev. C. J. O'Connell, pastor of the church, who has spent his entire priestly life in Bardstown, as President of St. Joseph's College or pastor of the church—he was at one time both—had secured also other speakers, men, clerical and lay, who have been closely associated with the life and history of Catholic Bardstown. Is it reprehensible—for it certainly is true—that Bardstown's people think well of one another? A memorial monument was dedicated on Thursday, July 20th, the last day of the centennial celebration. The one purpose of these festivities was to prevent future generations from forgetting what Bardstown has been.

The diocese of Bardstown, when created by Pope Pius VII. on April 8, 1808, embraced the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, with jurisdiction, until other dioceses should be set up, over the Northwest Territory. Bardstown was the see, therefore, not only of the two States mentioned, but of a territory that has become the States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, one-half of Arkansas, Wisconsin and Iowa. Out of the original diocese of Bardstown, twenty-eight dioceses, five of them archdioceses, have been created. The diocese of Louisville, to which city the episcopal see was transferred in 1841, when Louisville was a city of just over twenty thousand inhabitants, now embraces only twenty-two thousand seven hundred and seventeen square miles of territory, which lies in the western half of the State of Kentucky.

There were, of course, reasons why Bardstown should have been selected for the first see in the West. Kentucky was the first State settled west of the Alleghanies, and was filling up rapidly from Virginia and Maryland, from Pennsylvania and North Carolina. The Catholic settlers, who came principally from Maryland, took up lands chiefly in Nelson and Washington, adjoining counties. Bardstown was the second oldest town, and one of the largest towns in the State; it had a considerable number of Catholics, mostly Marylanders, and was surrounded at inconsiderable distances by other Catholic settlements. Bardstown was thus the natural centre for Catholic activities west of the mountains.

Three distinct elements at first were included in the Catholic population of which Bardstown was made the ecclesiastical centre: an Irish element, comparatively small, but active and varied; a Maryland element comprising the bulk of the Catholic population; and a French element almost entirely clerical. The Irish Catholics settled chiefly near Danville, on Hardin's Creek and on lower Cox's Creek, the last-named neighborhood being still known in and about Bardstown as "Irish Ridge." Gaelic is said to have been for years the every-day language here. A negro servant was once sent by one of these Irish farmers to bring back some goods from a merchant in Louisville, who happened also to be an Irishman. The negro spoke with a marked Irish accent. The merchant became violently angry at what he took to be a negro's mockery. Thereupon the surprised and frightened colored man broke out into a plea for mercy in pure Gaelic. The first priest in Kentucky, sent by Archbishop Carroll in 1787, was Father Whelan, an Irish Franciscan. The first physician known in Kentucky was an Irishman also. This was Dr. William Hart, who, after living at Harrod's Fort for several years, moved to Bardstown, where he donated the land on which the first church building in Bardstown was erected. A monument erected a few years ago through the zeal of Rev. C. J. O'Connell and the generosity of his congregation, marks the spot where this first church stood, one mile northeast of St. Joseph's Cathedral. Many of the early school teachers in Kentucky were Irish Catholics. Theodore O'Hara, author of *The Bivouac of the Dead*, and honored during life and after death by his native State, was the son of a noted Irish teacher, Kane O'Hara, of the Danville settlement. One of Lincoln's teachers, if not the only one, is said to have been William Riney, an Irish Catholic.

These Irish Catholics came as individuals and in family groups; the Maryland Catholics mostly in colonies. The first known Catholics in Kentucky, strange to say, came from Virginia. These were William Coomes and his wife. Mrs. Coomes was the first school-mistress in the State. The first settlers from Maryland, who came in greatest numbers soon after the Revolutionary War, took up lands in and about the geographical centre of Kentucky. The counties of Nelson, Marion and Washington form a group preponderantly Catholic to-day. In these counties there are not probably fifty foreign-born persons. The population is overwhelmingly rural. Lebanon, the county seat of Marion County, may have as many as three thousand five hundred inhabitants; Bardstown, the county seat of Nelson County, as many as two thousand five hundred; and Springfield, the county seat of Washington County, as many as one thousand five hundred. These are the largest towns. The quality of the faith of these people may be judged from the fact that three religious sisterhoods sprang from among them: the Sisters of Loretto in 1812; the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth in 1812 (although it was 1816 before the first vows were taken), and the Dominican Sisters in 1822. The mother houses of these sisterhoods are still, all of them, not further than five miles from the sites upon which they were first founded. This region is high and rolling, with deep-cut stream channels, picturesque, and of greatly varying fertility, reaching into the "bluegrass" lands to the north and at times past to the chains of blue "knobs" which range from east to west in the south. In this region, rural churches are numerous and many of them very old. Even post office names declare the Catholicity of the region: Calvary, Lebanon, St. Mary, Loretto, Holy Cross, Gethsemane—none of these being connected with the numerous Catholic institutions. In these three counties are found convents and academies at Loretto, Nazareth and St. Catherine; the colleges of St. Mary and St. Joseph; the Dominican mother house in the United States at St. Rose and the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane. Even a considerable portion of the negroes—a majority, possibly, of church-going negroes—are Catholics. A church for colored Catholics was completed about a year ago in Lebanon by Rev. Joseph A. Hogarty, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, at which the Catholic negroes had worshipped for a hundred years. Excepting the parishioners of this colored church in Lebanon, the Catholic negroes of this section attend the same churches as the white people, having usually a special part of the

church assigned them—sometimes the gallery, sometimes the pews of a certain aisle, sometimes the rear seats separated from those in front by a cross passage.

Smallest, but possibly most important of all, was the French element in Catholic pioneer Kentucky. Soon after Father Whelan, the first priest there, came Fathers Badin, DeRohan and Barrières, Fournier and Salmon. One can form some idea of the missionary conditions of that time from the fact that one of Father Badin's missions was an Indian village three hundred miles to the north-west. Father Badin's log chapel at this place was the first home and church of Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., founder of the University of Notre Dame, and the nucleus of that great institution. This log chapel fell into decay, but loving hands erected, upon the very spot, an exact reproduction known to-day as Badin Chapel. In this log chapel on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, priests of the mission band of Notre Dame say their daily Masses when not on the missions; to it come many pilgrimages, and beneath its floor lie Father Badin's remains. Father DeRohan's name will not be forgotten as long as Rohan's Knob, at Holy Cross, a beautiful peak standing alone five miles from the nearest range, lifts its head apparently above this range and all the surrounding country. Of these priests and numerous others that came from France, including Bishops Flaget, David and Chabrat, many were well connected in Europe, and were able to secure for the churches in Kentucky, and in particular for the cathedral church, pictures and other ornaments of superior merit. The influence of the early French missionaries must have been very great, for experienced pastors say that Catholics in Kentucky still show unmistakable traits of French discipline.

Of this new branch of the church, then, Bardstown was the see, and its St. Joseph's Church the cathedral. In its pastors it has been more than twice blessed. Its first was Father David, afterward Bishop David, of Bardstown. Bishop David did not long remain bishop. His first episcopal act was to appoint Bishop Flaget, his predecessor, vicar-general with as ample powers as possible, and then he himself resigned, thus compelling, in a sense, the reappointment of Bishop Flaget, who in this way became the first and the third Bishop of Bardstown. Before 1848—in which year the Jesuits took charge both of St. Joseph's College and of St. Joseph's Church—the cathedral had as pastors: Father Francis Kenrick, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore; Father Martin John Spald-

ing, afterward Bishop of Louisville and Archbishop of Baltimore; and Father John McGill, afterward Bishop of Richmond. During the twenty years from 1848 to 1868, during which the Jesuits were in charge, the pastors were: Rev. P. J. Verhaegan, Rev. F. X. DeMaria, Rev. Charles Truyens, Rev. J. DeBlick, Rev. F. J. Boudreaux, Rev. Thomas O'Neil and Rev. John Schultz, all of the Society of Jesus. From 1868 to the present time, there have been but three pastors: Rev. Peter DeFraine, Rev. John Reed and Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell, the present pastor. Father O'Connell is a native Kentuckian; he is of the family of the "Great Emancipator," strikingly like him in appearance and possessed of a notable gift of oratory. He was a student at Louvain. But most interesting in the present connection is the fact that he has been pastor of the old Cathedral since May, 1879, that his entire priestly life has been spent in Bardstown, and that he is one that can appreciate the historical and artistic features of his century-old parish church. He has lavished care and personal means upon the building, renewing here, preserving there, but losing nothing historical and changing no line; so that to-day the old church stands just as strong as ever, and in all likelihood fairer than she ever stood before.

Outside, the church looks Greek; inside, Roman. It would be almost purely classic but for the steeple. Because of the portico which, with its six Ionic columns, extends across the front, the steeple seems to be set upon the roof. The spire rests upon a square tower in which, for nearly a century, a wooden clock brought from Ninove, Belgium, by Father Nerinckx, founder of the Sisters of Loretto, marked the hours. A new clock costing a thousand dollars raised by the townspeople, Catholic and Protestant alike, replaced the old, worn-out one in May, 1915. The wooden clock from Belgium is responsible for the erection of a steeple upon a structure almost purely classic. In Father Nerinckx's journal, written in Flemish and published in 1825 by J. G. LeSage Ten Broeck, to whom Father Nerinckx presented it, he writes: "I might also have told you how they managed to build the steeple of the Bardstown cathedral. The funds were exhausted, but the architect, who gave proof of the most ardent zeal for the completion of his work, bethought himself of a new plan to raise the new funds. The clock which I brought from Ninove, in Flanders, and which is a truly wonderful timepiece, suggested to him the means of exciting the people to renewed exertions. He placed it in the front wall of the

church, the two little silver-toned bells striking the hour. The people acknowledged that so beautiful a clock should adorn a steeple, and they consented to a subscription, which realized enough to complete the work."

Louis Philippe was in Bardstown during his exile from France. The writer is not an authority upon this point of history, but he is familiar with the tradition as it exists in Bardstown, and Father O'Connell, who should be as good an authority as any living, says: "It is certain that Louis Philippe was in Bardstown on two different occasions, in 1817 for a few days, and in 1831 for a year. Bishop Flaget befriended him in Havana, Cuba, in 1808, and here in 1821." Certainly the large, sweet-toned bell, hung in the church tower just above the clock, is the gift of Louis Philippe. The story of the gift was recorded, in casting, in the metal of the bell itself.

In the church are several beautiful, rare and valuable pictures. Over the altar hangs a magnificent "Crucifixion" by Vanbree. Among those around the walls are two Van Dykes, St. Peter with the Keys and St. Mark the Evangelist; a Murillo, the Blessed Virgin crowned in heaven; and a Rubens, the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, held to be the finest picture in the church. Mr. Oscar Raab, connoisseur, who restored these paintings in 1903, and who has done much similar work in various parts of the world, said that, west of New York, no paintings are to be found equal to these. In statuary, too, the church is rich. Seven niches in the outside of the front wall are set with statues of the Four Evangelists and of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; and in the church yard are two handsome monuments, erected in 1908, (the centennial of the Bardstown diocese), which are mounted with the figures of Bishop Flaget and of Archbishop Martin John Spalding.

The pastor's house beside the church, a two and a half story structure of unpainted brick, erected in 1819, was once St. Thomas' Theological Seminary and, in early days, the home of the Bishop and of his clergy as well. Moreover, it accommodated in its basement the first classes organized in the new St. Joseph's College (1819), the later buildings of which institution still stand in its rear, on the five-acre tract purchased by Bishop Flaget for \$800.00 for the seminary site. This purchase is interesting in that the manner in which Bishop Flaget secured the necessary money has been carefully recorded. A clock maker, who had been a Trappist lay Brother



and had remained behind and worked at his trade in Bardstown when the Trappist Fathers left for Europe, had expressed a desire that Bishop Flaget should come into possession of whatever property he might leave at his death. He met his death one holiday as he was returning from the church to his home. With a servant, he rode into the Beech Fork, half a mile below the church, to ford the stream. It had rained; the water was high, and horse and riders were swept away and drowned. The court, on proper assurances of the deceased Brother's expressed purpose and of Bishop Flaget's intention to use the money to build a seminary, declared the bequest lawful, and allowed the Bishop to enter into possession, the amount of the bequest being two thousand two hundred dollars. Forty-seven priests were the fruit of this first diocesan seminary.

Events move slowly in Bardstown. The old cathedral has had an unexciting history. In 1889 a strong wind blew off a part of the steeple, and the metal sphere at the top of the spire beneath the cross which surmounted it was found to have been shot full of holes—soldiers during the Civil War having found it too tempting a target. In 1902 sparks from a neighboring house which was going up in flames ignited the roof. Mr. William McGill, a parishioner, and nephew of the Bishop McGill who had once been pastor of the church, walked out upon the roof and extinguished the blaze. Bardstown at that time had no adequate water supply, and there was great anxiety for the treasured edifice among Catholics and Protestants alike.

To-day the first Bardstown cathedral is doing the service of a typical small-town church. States and Territories are no longer subject to the spiritual authority of its head; its parish now may spread over fifty square miles, the town of Bardstown proper covering probably one-half of one square mile. On Sundays and holidays long lines of vehicles from the country crowd the hitching racks on either side of the broad, quiet street in front as they have crowded them from a time beyond living memory. But the great spiritual work of the parish goes on vigorously, for the Faith is dear to these people, and their pastor—their pastor now for over thirty-seven years—is untiring in his devotion and energy. In his parish, nothing escapes his eye; among his parishioners, none escape his care. His seven hundred colored parishioners, adding greatly to his burden, prove this. He has five church societies: a Girl's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; a Boy's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; St. Joseph's Colored Burial Society; St. Joseph's

Society for Older Members, and St. Joseph's Colored Brass Band. In addition he has ninety colored children in St. Monica's Colored School, taught by two devoted Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. I met one of these children, one morning last summer, as he started from his little cabin home, four miles out in the country, and this dialogue ensued:

"Where do you go to school?"

"Ah go to Bardstown, to the Sistahs."

"Do you walk in every day?"

"Yassuh."

"Don't you get tired?"

"Naw, suh. Ef ah git tired walkin', ah run a little ways."

"You'll be late to-day, won't you?"

"Naw, suh; ah won't be late."

"At what time does your school take up?"

"Hit teks up when ah git dah."

It is certain that there is more peaceful cheerfulness in this old Catholic region than in any other part of Kentucky—and Kentucky is a cheerful place.

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## THE MERCY OF THE MOON.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



THE patio was bounded on two sides by crumbling, broken adobe walls and a row of cypress trees, which traced on the deep purple of the early night sky a flowing arabesque of velvet blackness. On the other two sides were the dismantled, broken cloisters of the old Franciscan Mission, the arches of which yawned like the caves of strange mysteries. Above them looked the ruined, roofless church that had been shattered by an earthquake a century ago. Father Neville took me through a gap in the cloister wall into an open space beyond, and then through another gap into the roofless nave of the church, facing the lofty arch of the sanctuary.

"You've never been here at full moon," he said, "and I could not let you go without seeing it."

"Thanks, Father," I whispered.

The beauty that was about us seemed akin to the peace that passeth all understanding. It produced awe, like the celebration of a sacrament. Over our heads the huge dome of the immense summer sky soared without a trace of cloud. It shimmered, like a crystal bowl, with the molten splendor of the moonlight. Faintly purple, it was gemmed here and there with a few, large silver stars. The magic of the moon evoked within the dusky purlieus of the ruined church apparitional shapes and hues. In the narrow, empty window niches, set high in the lofty walls, patches of weed and grass cut inky silhouettes against the sky. Arches and pillars and broken walls threw shadows that here were black like splashes of india ink, and there like washes of withered lilac, or blots of pallid purple or faint blue. From far away came the muffled booming of the surf.

We stood for a long time in silence. And before the high mood that held us could be dulled by commonplace speech, it was transmuted into a mood poignantly human and familiar. From the village street, hidden behind the farther wall of the church, there suddenly arose, like the gush of a warm, perfumed fountain, the sound of a resonant, throbbing woman's voice, singing, accompanied by plangent guitar music. A Spanish song of love—of love suc-

cessful, love finding and winning its own: the theme wherewith poetry and music allure men and women onward through all the illusions and all the mistakes.

The priest turned and smiled at me. "The ancient bewitchment!" he said. "The sorcery of the moon! The sky-witch is weaving her magic to-night. Ah, she causes us poor parish priests a lot of trouble, *amigo*, a lot of trouble!"

"I can remember the time when it caused me some trouble, Padre," said I. "But it was worth it all!"

"Let us return to the house, and I'll tell you about my present trouble," said Father Neville. "You are a wise man from out the great world; perhaps you can help me."

As we returned through the ruins the splendid, triumphant song died away. The next instant we checked ourselves abruptly. Scarcely had the song ceased before we were aware of a bitter sound of sobbing. Near us, somewhere in these shadows, somebody was crying her heart out, for there was no question as to the sex of the unseen weeper. It made me feel very queer at my heart. The priest listened intently, then tip-toed here and there, and soon he found her—a little, slender girl huddled in a corner with her face in her hands.

"Lola!" said he.

She sprang hastily and in fright to her feet. The moonlight fell upon her piteous lips and wet, lustrous eyes.

"Lola! Little one! Has it come to this? But tell me!" he said in Spanish.

I passed on. This was none of my affair. But I felt a genuine pity and concern for the child. I have a daughter of my own, who, too, no doubt, some day will know the sorcery of the moon. And I thought: "O Moon, queen of love! Be merciful to poor little Lola—show mercy, O Moon!"

It was a pagan prayer—but the night itself seemed pagan; it seemed to thrill with the nocturnal spells of the spirits of nature.

Presently Father Neville rejoined me. He looked so grave and troubled that I restrained my wish to question him. We returned to our chairs, on the pavement before the part of the old mission which he inhabited, and we watched the moon rise over the dark mass of the church and flood the patio with its mystical luminosity. By and by we heard the love song rise again, accompanied by the rich guitar; and far away, also, there was the laughter and cries of the young people in the village.

"They dance and sing and laugh under the moon," murmured the priest. "So has it been since the beginning. And it will go on until—when? How long, O Lord, how long shall this-strange pageant of earth-life, this mystery-play, go on?"

"Just so long as men and women make love beneath the moon," said I.

"Yes, *amigo*, you are right," said the Padre. "Which reminds me," he continued, "of my little moon-child, Lola. It is her affair which is troubling me. I must try to bring it to some order. Maybe you can help me, when I go to speak to old Polonia."

"Of course I will, if I can," I said. "In fact, I've already offered up a prayer for Lola."

The dear old Padre looked comically astonished. "You prayed? You! To which of your heathen deities, may I ask?"

"To Luna," I replied. "I beseeched her to show mercy to the child caught in her spell."

"Now, this is something a little more than strange," said the Padre. "For of a truth, *amigo*, the curse of the moon has lain heavily upon Lola and Lola's family for many years."

"How so?" I asked.

"Come with me and I'll make Polonia tell the story," said he.

We crossed the patio to a breach in the outer wall, and passed into tree-shadowed street of adobe houses of the better sort. In front of one that stood apart from the others, in a garden pungent with the scents of many flowers, but roses chiefly, we found a tall, lean old woman busily at work watering her blooms. She dropped her pot and broom and snatched at and kissed Father Neville's hand; but despite these signs of reverence for him, it seemed to me also that she appeared put out or embarrassed, or maybe a little frightened by his coming.

"And how is Don Miguel?" he asked, in Spanish, after the greetings and introductions were over.

"Ah, Dios, to-night is his bad time, and it will be very bad, Padre!" she exclaimed, and further speech bubbled volubly. "At twelve to-night the madness will come upon him, as it does each month, for to-night the moon will be at the full. Cursed be its witchcraft! For twenty years its evil eye has blighted my Miguel. See, I have put him in his bed, for he is safer there, where I may watch over him like a child. Ah, Dios!"

Sighingly, she pointed through the window. We could see the

white head of an old man propped on the pillows. He seemed asleep.

Suddenly, from far down the dusky village street, there came the music of the guitar, and the voice we had heard twice before—soaring in song again, rich and sweet and thrilling; the song of triumphant love; but now something, the distance, perhaps, seemed to give the strain a tone of melancholy.

“The song is sad,” Father Neville said.

“Ah, Dios,” said Polonia, “love brings the sadness, Padre, *si, si!*”

“And nothing but sadness, Polonia?”

“Ah, but yes, Padre! Many things as well as sadness!” And old Polonia sent a swift glance darting toward old Miguel.

The priest turned a stern face upon her, and lifted an admonitory finger.

“And you have made love that should be sweet and good very sad and cruel for your poor little Lola, and her sweetheart, Emilio Aguilar,” said he. “And you have not good cause, Polonia; and I am much displeased. You have offended Emilio so much that he has been cruel, and turned from Lola, and the little one’s heart is breaking.”

Polonia looked frightened and startled. “Has he indeed deserted the child because I did not welcome him? Ah, Dios, the young men are no longer bold! It was not so when I was young. Ah, no, no, no! But truly, my Padre, I did not dislike Emilio more than any other young man, but—but Santa Maria knows my heart, I could not bear to let my little Lola go from me.”

“Do you not consider that you may ruin her life, even as you and Don Miguel spoiled the life of her mother? Polonia, you are wrong!”

Polonia bowed her head—to hide, I thought, the look of hard stubbornness upon her face; but I may have been wrong, or else her heart changed quickly, for when she raised her head again, there was no stubbornness, but a wistful sorrow in her face and voice as she murmured: “It is true, Padre! We were wrong; and God punished us sorely. Ah, Padre, it is all very strange, and to-night my mind runs upon it more than ever before.”

“Speak on, Polonia, and relieve the mind of its memories,” the priest said, very gently. “Peace comes that way.”

“Ah, Padre,” she said, “to-night is so much like that strange night; but so different, too, just as my garden is the same, but so

different; and I the same woman, only different, too. I am old; ah, Dios, that is the great difference! And my garden is old; it no longer will grow the flowers that in the old days God watered for me. The soil was so rich, they came of themselves; now, it is work, work, work! There are only a few left now, you see; the roses, truly, and a few of the *flores de san Pedro*, of which we used to weave the crowns for the old people when the Padres washed their feet on Holy Thursday. One warm night in summer when the moon was just at the full—so round and so bright that it looked like the bright sun of the daytime—Miguel and I were in the garden. We were very sad. We were thinking of our daughter Padre, the first Lola. Ah, Dios, even now I dislike to tell what all the world knows, how she ran away with Francisco Morales, a man in no way fit for her, and of a family far below ours, Padre. Ah, *si, si*, Padre, you shake your head, and truly pride is a sin, but so it was—I must tell the truth. And besides my sadness because of Lola's marriage, I had my worry about Don Miguel. He had grown so strange and moody since Lola went away. His strength was leaving him, and old age coming before its time.

“By and by he went into the house, without saying a word, and I remained in the garden. All alone I stayed there, how long I know not, but until very late; and the sadness grew and grew in my mind, like a black cloud growing in the sky; and I was full of fear, and knew not why.

“Presently, I looked up, like one who awakens, but truly I felt more like one who is in a strange dream, and knows it is a dream! What a sight I beheld! Never before was such a thing seen in the heavens! As when two horses are brought out into the road and made to race one against the other, and he who starts them cries out ‘Santiago!’ and they race at full speed to the end of the course, so ran the blazing moon across the heavens from the middle of the sky even unto the west. *Si, si*, Padre, the moon quivered and shook and at full speed it raced all the way to the brow of the hill in the west. Then it turned and sped back again as fast as it had gone. Ah, Dios! Such a thing surely never happened before in all the ages of the world! And when it arrived at the middle of the heavens, and was very red, there began to come out of it a bubble—a bubble like to those that the children make when they take a little reed and dip it in water with soap, and blow, and the bubble comes out from the reed and grows bigger and bigger and bigger. So the bubble that came out from the under

side of the moon grew bigger and bigger and bigger, and shone very bright. Then like a wheel it whirled about. As when a boy puts a little wheel of paper on the end of a stick and runs forward and whirls the wheel, so whirled the great bubble on the moon.

"And, ah, Dios, what frightened me more than all, the whole world turned red! The trees along the fence, and the roadway in front, and the old church over there at the mission, all were very strange, and red as if the light fell upon them through a piece of red cloth covering all the sky. And my rose bushes were red, and the fence, and the little pathways in the garden.

"Now, all this happened very quickly, and just as I was recovering from my first astonishment I heard Miguel calling in a strange voice, very awful, and my heart stood still, and I forgot the strange moon, and the world all red, and ran to him where he was tottering out of the house. He caught my hand and cried in a weak voice that in the red moonlight he could see Lola our daughter walking in the garden, holding out her child to us, but she was dead! Ah, *misericordia*, señors, how he frightened me! I told him he but dreamed, or that his illness caused a fever; but he believed, and, ah, Dios, I also when in the morning came the news that Lola had indeed died during the night, giving birth to her child. And now, every month when the moon reaches the full, Don Miguel is stricken by a madness, and so he remains, bewitched, until the waning of the moon. To-night it will be the same."

Polonia ceased, and for a time nobody spoke. Father Neville moved forward a pace or two and stared intently down the dusky street. A strange impulse came to me. Without pausing to consider it, I said to Polonia:

"Señora, the wise men of ancient times declared that the moon is angry with all who interfere between the loves of men and women. Don Miguel and you were unkind to your daughter in her love-time, and now, the Padre says, you are being unkind to the daughter of your daughter, in her love-time. Señora, if you should cease to be unkind, who knows but that the moon might now show mercy, and take her evil eye from Don Miguel?"

She gazed at me as if fascinated. And then Lola herself—obeying, as later I discovered, Father Neville's orders—entered the garden. With her was a tall, stiff young man, very grave, and haughty, as he fronted Polonia. But the old lady put all his dignity to rout by throwing her arms about him, and the next moment little Lola was doing her best to hug them both.



The priest beckoned to me, smiling, as we stole away.

"How," I asked, "do you interpret Polonia's story?"

"She saw a great meteor crossing the sky at a time of an eclipse. I have investigated the matter. The bubble was the moon emerging from the shadow. And it is a fact that Polonia's daughter died that night, and that ever since Don Miguel has suffered from this lunar madness." Father Neville smiled. "It was a paganish suggestion that you gave to Polonia, but I should not wonder if it worked."

Later on, the Padre sent me word that Don Miguel had passed the full of the moon without a trace of the former trouble. Call it a cure by mental suggestion, if you like—or the mercy of the moon. Anyhow, such are the facts.

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## IN DESOLATION.

BY A. E. H. S.

SINCE I may not give the sweetest  
Flower of all which Thou desirest,  
Perfectness of life, and sweetest  
Worship; yet, since still Thou first

This my very life, so broken  
As I cast it now before Thee,  
And the words I leave unspoken  
Were not worthy to adore Thee;

Let my life's abasement name Thee,  
That none other is above Thee,  
Let my lips, still silent, claim Thee  
Worthy that all men should love Thee.

## MAKING DOGMA USELESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



THE idea that dogma is superfluous erudition was first broached in 1637 by René Descartes, the founder of modern philosophical method.<sup>1</sup> In 1798 Immanuel Kant, the creator of modern philosophical criticism, devoted a special volume to the subject, in which he elaborately sought to establish the contention of Descartes. This volume—*Religion Within the Bounds of Pure Reason*—is the classic source of modern religious indifference. Almost from the day of its publication the axiom began to circulate, that a man's creed has no influence whatever on his conduct.

What value, from an historical point of view, did this volume of Kant's possess? Were its conclusions the result of painstaking investigation and inquiry, or downright prejudgments that set history aside? And did either Descartes or Kant, at a time when passion clouded judgment, have the requisite scholarship and openness of mind to pronounce decision on so momentous a matter, world-concerning in its settlement, soul-risking in its sweep? Let the reader judge for himself from the tale we are about to tell, unfortunately all too briefly, but, we hope, with fair-mindedness enough to let the truth that is sometimes crushed to earth rise again and recover its pristine stature.

A man's fitness as a judge—we are speaking only of philosophers—depends upon his ability to approach the evidence without any set purpose or preformed idea. This requisite Kant did not have. The supreme passion of his life was to prove that *knowledge did not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of action and conduct*. The judgment he pronounced on the dogmas of the Christian religion was simply the application of this prejudice, and his conclusions were all accordingly foregone—they were not the decisions of an unbiassed judge. Not only did Kant have this prejudice of view and purpose himself, he impressed it on the subsequent course of modern philosophy, though the writer must confess that the usual way of designating it is not "prejudice," but "progress." This prejudice—to put it plainly—dogmatically declared, in advance of all investigation and in general, that knowledge exists for *acting*, not for *knowing*, and that the worth of Christianity consists, not in

<sup>1</sup>*Œuvres de Descartes*. By Victor Cousin. I., 129.

the new and uplifting *ideas* which it brought into the world, but in the programmes of conduct and the plans of action which it suggested. The categorical imperative of the moral law, Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt *not* do that, was for Kant the pure essence of religion, and the sole reliable kind of knowledge to which it may attain.

Kant had already divorced thought from action in philosophy some seventeen years before. He worked his ruling prejudice out in that field first, and then approached the study of Christianity with the same fixed idea and purpose in mind. The result could have easily been foreseen. Conduct was divorced from creed, morality from religion, action from dogma. The positive teachings of Christianity were all displaced and supplanted by the moral conscience and its imperative commands. The meaning of "faith" was cut down from a belief in revealed truths to the simple acceptance of a code of ethics. Not a shred was left of the historical Christ to create obligations beyond the ordinary dictates of the "inner voice." Supernatural religion and supernatural law with all their positive inspirations and ordinances were swept away. And all because Kant had approached the study both of philosophy and religion with the dogmatic assumption that human knowledge exists for acting only, for knowing not at all!

The effect of the application of this destructive principle was to take religion out of the field of history altogether, to turn it away from the service of God to the service of man. The way Kant managed this transformation of Christianity into a mere system of ethics shows that he stopped at nothing, divine or human, but hacked his way through relentlessly. He redefined all the Christian dogmas until the Gospel verily seemed naught but his own philosophy in disguise, he so rephrased their meaning. The doctrine of original sin was the first to be subjected to the new reduction process. He took every vestige of history out of it and filled it with the meaning of his own philosophy when he declared that the primeval fault is nothing else than the discord of will and sensibility so plainly apparent in man. "Regeneration" is declared to be "an effect of divine grace," but the regenerating influence of the latter is set down as accessory—man has his own power of moral improvement and need not trouble himself about divine assistance.

The dogma of the Incarnation was the next to be made impersonal and unhistorical. The only last end of creation possible,

said Kant, is the realization of moral good by man. The "ideal type" of the moral man may be said to "proceed from the essence of God," to have "been in God from all eternity," to be "His Son," and "the Word by which all things are made." The "Son of God" is the moral ideal, and it does not matter whether this moral ideal ever became incarnate in an historical person. The faith we should have in Christ, the faith that makes us "just" in the eyes of God, is faith in the moral law.

The doctrine of the Trinity was reinterpreted to mean that in God, the Moral Governor of the universe, the three functions of holiness, goodness, and justice are to be found combined. The coming of the Paraclete is explained as the announcement of indefinite progress. Holiness—which Kant negatively conceives as "the renunciation of sensible joys"—is not a communication to us of God's Holy Spirit, but a dignity won by our own character-building efforts. As the Paraclete is indefinite progress, hell is indefinite regress—the perspective of further falling which the wicked ever have before them—a regulative idea that bids us act as if our faults knew no condoning after death. The "new man," the "Son of God substituting Himself for the sinner and justifying him before God," the "death to sin," and "the crucifixion of the flesh," "the descent from heaven," the "virgin birth," the "temptation in the desert," the "Sinless One"—are all interpreted by Kant as meaning the acceptance of the pure principles of morality—his own philosophical system, *and nothing more!* And that is how the Gospel of Christ came to be identified with Kant's philosophy, how religion ceased to be religion and went over into morality, how all that was new, distinctive, and transcendent in Christianity took on a common ordinary appearance, for no other reason than the temperamental judgment of a Pietistic iconoclast—the greatest negative dogmatist that ever lived, who used the meagre remnant of the Christian religion surviving in his own soul, as the test and standard of what that religion was and is in history.<sup>2</sup>

It was written in the fates that a man, upon such a destructive mission bent, should totally misunderstand the meaning, and not see the moral influence, of the Christian dogmas. The reader of the two articles—*What is Dogma?* and *The Originality of the Christian Doctrine of Life*—already published in these pages,<sup>3</sup> must be well aware by this from their perusal, that the Christian

<sup>2</sup>For the preceding, see *Kant's sämtliche Werke*, Hartenstein's edition (1868), pp. 120-284. Also: *Kant*. By Théodore Ruysen, pp. 331-359.

<sup>3</sup>THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, July, 1916.

religion owes all the newness of its moralizing power to belief in the divinity of Christ Jesus, to *historical* faith, in other words, and not to philosophical erudition. The dogmas of Christianity, as we previously took occasion to point out, are not learned philosophical theories, but spontaneous empirical concepts—immediate seizures, so to speak, of the wondrous historical fact that the Son of God deigned to become partaker of our humanity in order to make us partakers of His divinity. The title of Christianity to distinction from all other religions, historically speaking, lies here. It grew up out of belief in a Person the like of Whom the world had never seen. Its dogmas are about Him, not about ideas. Its conception of our union with God is through Him, and through no other agency. It claimed from the very beginning to have a moral system of its own, as superior to Natural Ethics as Revealed Religion is superior to Natural Religion or “Natural” Theology. It never for a moment believed that learning was an indispensable requisite for salvation.

The “modernists” thought they were making every Catholic theologian wince when they quoted for his benefit and enlightenment the remark of St. Ambrose of Milan, that “God does not wish to save the world by dialectics.” Not a Christian in all the ages whose soul would not have reëchoed with the heartiest amen to this observation of the noble Roman tribune who converted St. Augustine. In all the periods of history but the modern, men had sense enough to distinguish between saving faith and theological erudition. In all times but ours, it was realized that Christianity—by the very fact of its being a public, and not a private religion—had to make the intuitional knowledge of the first faithful, *communicable to others*. A religion not founded on mysticism, but on the personality of God and man, a religion that had new *thoughts* as well as a new *life* to communicate, could not do the half-hearted thing of appealing to the human will and affections, to ethics and experience; for salvation consisted in knowing no less than in doing, in intellectual assent no less than in attitudes of will. Christianity was too big, too noble to be exclusive—its mission was to sanctify the intellect as well as the heart and conscience. Christ did not come to save the *ethical*, but the *real* human person, and the ethics of salvation is not the lights by which the pagans lived, nor the principles on which they acted, but faith, hope, and charity, together with the whole *comitatus* of special virtues that accompany these three.

Immanuel Kant tried to prove all this historical knowledge superfluous—unrelated either to religion or morality. Obsessed by the idea that knowledge is for acting, he did not allow himself to see that it is also for knowing, but took the first half of the fact and used it to overthrow the other half—an expedient which would never have deceived the world so easily unless the world had already become more than willing to be deceived. The way he tried to force his thesis through is a sample of the method and the man. He took the historic faith described in the last two paragraphs, distinguished it from rational faith or the belief that “duty is a divine command,” and then declared that Christianity is nothing more than this rational faith picturesquely presented under a “mystic envelope,” which it is the business of criticism to remove. The sole foundation and unique criterion of religion, he complacently affirmed, is the moral conscience. Why? Because the moral conscience is immediately given, whereas the concept of religion has to be deduced; obviously not a reason, but an excuse—a masking of his real intention which is to make religion morality and morality religion, as if the two could be made one, either historically or psychologically, by the mere fact of one’s saying that they were.

And he goes on joyously to the additional “observation” that Religion is not an historical creation, but the inner act by which a man takes cognizance of himself and his place in the universe—another unsupported assertion that comes with due propriety from a thinker so modest, he was good enough to identify the Gospel of Christ with his own system of philosophy! The result of this identification enabled Kant falsely to claim and say that what one finds over and above the moral in the historic faith of Christendom must be set down for erudition (*Gelehrtheit*), false worship (*Afterdienst*), and sacerdotalism (*Pfaffenthum*).<sup>4</sup> It has no more religious value, he thought, than “the prayer-mill of the Thibetan,” and must be replaced by “a pure faith in the moral law.” Thus spake the philosophical Pietist who brought over from philosophy into religion an assumption not only not proven, but incapable of proof in either sphere—the idea namely, that knowledge is exclusively for acting, and not at all for knowing. On this all that he said depended.

There is only one point in the foregoing with which we feel called upon here to deal. It is Kant’s conception of dogma as erudition. We wish to point out the fact that Kant never made an historical or critical study of the origin, nature, and meaning

<sup>4</sup>*Kant’s sämtliche Werke*, Hartenstein’s edition (1867), VI., 275 ff.

of the Christian dogmas. His opinion of their worth was not the result of investigation, but of philosophical and religious prejudice. The consequence was that he grossly confounded them with theological treatises or scientific studies of religion and morality—the which they are not and never were. The world has gone on for a century repeating this gross misconception based on no more authority than that of a man who never studied the question he decided, but prejudged it offhand, and with an arrogance seldom, if ever, before equaled in the history of philosophy. The idea that dogma has no influence on conduct started in the circumstances we have lengthily described. And these are not such as to commend either the idea, its author, or abettors. Inquiry into the origin of the axiom that behavior is unaffected by belief shows that there is nothing more behind this current phrase than the erudition-theory of dogma. And as this theory is false, all the inferences based upon it are of the same nature. The question of the influence of dogmatic belief on human action is, therefore, an open question. So far from having decided it, Kant did not even understand the terms of the thesis. The problem of the moral utility of dogma has to be put in a way quite other than the Kantian before it can rightly come before us for solution, and that way we shall now consider.

To those who declare the Christian dogmas inoperative in the field of conduct, and of no practical avail for life, we should like to put the question—whether in all candor of mind and from an historical point of view they think it can be asserted, that extra motives for acting, extra standards and extra sanctions of action, not to mention extra sources and extra means, are or have been without creative influence on morality in the course of history. Christianity brought all these additional moralizing agencies into the world, and in this fact lies one of its indisputable titles to distinction from all the religions and ethical systems that went before. Granted that high morality was taught in spots by Aurelius, Seneca, and Stoics generally; granted, even, that by making a mosaic of pagan utterances, you might be able to piece together the Sermon on the Mount, and show that high heathen converse was held on such ideas as the unity of the race and the brotherhood of man, you will still not be able to prove that these ethical utterances were vital, practical, effective, and reforming. Your “pure morality” theory will reveal its impotence then as now, and betray its lack of motive force, its inability to translate itself from an academic deliverance into a living principle of moral action. Aristotle confessed as

much, when he prefaced his great treatise on ethics with the mournful admission that it would prove useless either to hold back his fellowmen from evil or to urge them on to good. The Stoic idea of human equality did not undermine the despotic conception of the State, or change the way in which the individual was regarded. Morality, divorced from Religion, could not put itself into effect.

Suddenly the divorce ceased. A religion appeared, preaching a New Life in which conduct and creed were intimately united, the one flowing from the other as from its never-failing fount. *Action* was wed to *knowledge*—to the knowledge that God is person, that Jesus is His Son in very truth, that the ultimate end of conduct is union with the Father through the Son—a union effected by grace and crowned by the indwelling of the Blessed Trinity in the souls of the just. This new religious knowledge of man's relations to God, *as person to person*, gave morality an absolute end, motive, standard, sanction, and source. It cleared up the obscurities of natural ethics, the dim precepts of the natural law. It studded the mental heavens of the individual mind with a galaxy of revealed concepts. The idea of supernatural law, supernatural life, supernatural means of obeying the one and living the other, filled the souls of men, and blossomed forth into a conduct and character that astonished and unsettled the heathen world. Idols came crashing from their niches; individual human life took on a value it had never had before; the "fruits of the Spirit" grew and multiplied; labor, hitherto in disrepute among freemen, because of its association with the slave, received a dignity it could never otherwise have won for itself at the time; infanticide, suicide, polygamy were attacked; charity organizations were formed, that did their work of relief more discriminately than those of our own day, and for higher motives; the idea of serving one's fellowmen, because that is the appointed way of serving God and attaining the maximum of Divine and human good, spread over the earth, and bore unaccustomed fruit; freedom of conscience was asserted in the political order, and better treatment of the slave demanded in the social; the economic sphere was made to feel that men were stewards and trustees of property, rather than absolute owners, free to do with their possessions what they would, regardless of the interests of the less fortunate; and lives were lived, and characters were built up, of a kind not found among the cultured peoples of antiquity. An elevation of thought and action became general, the like of which it had not hitherto lain within the power of "ethical systems" to bring about.



To what was this great moral awakening ascribable? To the dogmatic belief that Jesus is the Son of God, and to no other cause. Christianity would have perished, if it had been a religious or ethical experience merely, with no dogmatic ideas to make experience more than subjective, to make faith itself something nobler and higher and worthier than a "trustful leap in the dark." The religion of Christ could never have survived a world of enemies without and within, nor made the headway it did among the cultured, if, as Kant so wrongly thought, its dogmas were "superfluous erudition"—a "mystic envelope" concealing a system of "pure morality." The ineffectiveness of moral ideals when not accompanied by firm belief in the eternal realities of revealed religion need not go further back than Kant for convincing illustration and proof. His system proved as inoperative as Aristotle's ethics, as Seneca's reflections—there was no commanding and inspiring belief in a personal God, to give it lasting and living expression, to take it out of the abstract and bring it down into the concrete world of conflicting ambitions and desires. It had no sanction.

A convenient way of dismissing this consideration is to say that religious sanction is an appeal to a low form of utilitarianism, which invites men to be moral because of the future consequences which evil doing brings—an unseemly point of view that does much to justify the feeling "that religion and morality are best apart." To which the reply is that pedagogy must not be confounded with theology, nor a means of reaching the unenlightened intellect be mistaken for the essence of Christian doctrine. The love of God for His own sole sake is the perfect charity which Christianity teaches. But the fear of the Lord is also the beginning of wisdom for many—we mean, of course, reverential, not servile fear. Teaching the evil of sin through its future consequences is an indirect way of letting men see that the ultimate Christian sanction of morality is the union of man with God through Christ—"an eternally present relationship, into which temporal distinctions do not enter."

The intellectual conviction that this relationship exists constitutes the distinctive soul of Christian morality. There is nothing "mystical" about it, though it has often been expressed in mystic terms. It is personal to the core, and needs but to be apprehended—no "experiencing" is necessary to give it dominion over our lives and conduct. When we surrender our whole being to its sway, the service of the intellect, the service of the heart, and the service of the

will are not the dubious consecration of ourselves to some abstract figment, like "the greatest good of the greatest number," or the future well-being of the State, but the concrete identification of all our personal interests with God's, our good with His good, His good with ours.

Neither may the triple service mentioned find an all-sufficient object and motive in the resolution to bear one another's burdens and to do what good one can to "the submerged tenth." "The religion of humanity," says Illingworth, "was the invention of Jesus Christ, and would never have survived the storms of the early ages to blossom in the modern world, except under the protecting shelter of the belief that Jesus Christ was God. Plato and Aristotle would have nothing to say to the religion of humanity. Hebrew exclusiveness and Roman pride could not together have created it. It was created by the Christian religion and sustained by the Christian love. And however true it may be that isolated men have, from time to time thereafter, exhibited its power, while denying the source from which it was unconsciously derived, the fact remains that it has never been a social force, except under the protection of the Christian creed."<sup>5</sup> Christianity introduced the socializing idea that the good of God, of neighbor, and of self, is not three goods, but one, under three personal, living relations. Kant broke the triple chord, and tried to rebuild philosophy, ethics, and religion out of one of its detached strands. He made it impossible for man to have that *knowledge* of his personal relations to God, which is the enlightening and distinctive principle of Christian ethics. He left him with a sentimental relation to his own conscience—a relation that he had all through his history, without turning it to any wondrous moral profit or self-redemption.

The social did not make a strong appeal to Kant—he was too much of an individualist to see himself in the crowd. Later, to take revenge on this overstressing of the individual and his conscience, came socialism. It took the Christian concepts of solidarity, fraternity, and equality, struck out the personal relation to God that underlay them, and made neighborliness the sole source, motive, end, and sanction of morality, bidding us sacrifice ourselves in every way for the humanity yet to be. Men began to speak of morality as essentially social, and of altruism as if it were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The Christian religion was roundly denounced for teaching that salvation and morality are primarily individual, not social processes; for having believed from the be-

<sup>5</sup> *University and Cathedral Sermons*. By J. R. Illingworth, pp. 35, 36.

ginning, as it will continue to believe to the end, that the way to reform society is to reform the individuals that go to make it up. Individual morality has social effects—it spreads out fan-shape, and does not stay at the point of starting. Christian dogma exists to preserve man from just such complete subserviency to the State, as would merge all his personal rights in his social duties, and leave not a wrack of his real self behind.

When the Catholic Church bids men believe that if they separate their own individual interests from those of their fellow mortals, they are forfeiting that personal relation of union with God through Christ, in which the meaning of life consists, she is offering a motive and a sanction for social morality, which can be found nowhere else. And when she tells the faithful that their good is not to be sought individually, but in union with God and their fellowmen, she is preaching a religious truth, it is true, but one that has positive social effects lurking in it, more potent than your “pure morality,” or “a fellow feeling for one’s kind.” Neither communistic nor individualistic by nature, but partly both and wholly neither, she refuses to be identified with one or other of these blighting extremes. It was the idea of personality that cut her clear from the ancient world, in which she rose like a flaming star. That idea still cuts her clear from the world of the present. History may repeat itself, and again try ways and thoughts that have long since had their ineffectiveness established, but she who won a victory over the pagan world by the doctrine of the threefold personal relationship of God, neighbor, and man, is not going to lose the fruits of that victory to the modern accentuators of the impersonal in sociology and the indefinite in religion.

The narrower one’s view of life, the less generous and inspiring will be the principles of action deriving from it. The dogmas of the Christian religion are an addition to the sum of human knowledge, and incentives to a conduct in keeping with them, which the unbeliever cannot appreciate, because he has never steered his courses by their lights, nor acted them out himself in practice. The man who has less religion is no fit judge of the man who has more, and the constant bickerings of the former at the latter are but superfluous proof that the greater has never yet in history been fairly comprehended by the less. To judge a fellow being, we must have the same qualities of mind, heart, and will as he. And oftentimes the critic of the man religious, so far from making an accurate observation of his believing kind, does but reveal a soul in which

the Christian springs of action have long since run dry. When we are told by such men as these that religious belief is powerless to influence conduct, we should take it as an unwitting act of self-revelation on their part, not as an observation of ourselves, to whom truth has been committed in its fullness to moralize us the more.

There is more dogmatic utterance in the negative statement that conduct and creed go ways divided, than in all the positive pronouncements of the Church in history. The man who says that dogmatic belief makes no difference in moral conduct, presumes to judge Christian faith by his own inexperience of its promptings, and to settle an historical question of fact by some prejudice or other with which he happens to be imbued. Have such indifferentists studied history before coming to the adverse conclusion which they draw? Not they—it's all a nursery tale for them. And where have they found the good men and true who continue living up to the principles of a high morality? In a world still traveling on its acquired Christian momentum—of all places the last to choose for the proving of their thesis. The world in which we live is not entirely unchristian. The principles of social morality prevailing are not natural ethics at all, but the survival of Christian ideas without the faith that once gave them "might and meaning." Equality, fraternity, solidarity and such like notions all wear the Christian hall-marks of their origin. Public opinion itself is charged with a power mere ethics never could have given it, and never did. The very men who are loudest in declaring dogma superfluous erudition borrow its terms in their social theories, having none more effective in which to address their auditory. The repudiators of the Christian religion are all beneficiaries of it—parasites who would live by the letter, not by the spirit of that which made them what they are. What saves us from complete reversion to paganism is the Christian ideals which have become a permanent part of the ethics of mankind. And these ideals will not be successful for long in keeping the race up to its present levels, unless they are again united with the Christian realities from which they have been torn apart. Detached ideals will never hold us where we are or send us further forwards—belief in a personal God, and in our union with Him, can alone equip us with the power needed to overcome ourselves. The sources of power and action naturally within us are not, as history has shown, potent enough to compass our transformation.

Not all the dogmas of the Christian religion directly relate to

action. Some of them—the Trinity, for instance—concern knowledge rather than conduct. This fact was dwelt upon by Kant, and has been harped upon by a host of others since, as if it clearly justified the view that morality is independent of religion. But unless you deliver yourself over, body and soul, to the favorite modern fallacy that the end and aim of knowledge is action, not truth, the fact has no such significance at all, but one quite other. The Christian religion is a special life, intellectual and moral. The object of grace and the virtues is to assimilate our spiritual life to the life of God. The union of man with God, which Christianity teaches, is a union of personal friendship issuing in moral action, not a merely ethical relationship or ideal. And as friendship requires mutual knowledge for its basis—a service of the mind no less than a service of the heart and will—all who are not professional mind-dividers or religion-reducers will readily see that knowledge no less than action is an essential part of the Christian life. To know God at all, in any real sense, creates within us the desire for further knowledge. The progress of the Christian life is towards the Known and the Loved, not towards ideals, but towards the Personal Being in Whom these ideals are infinitely fulfilled. It is only natural, therefore, that a religion professing to be *more than* an ethical system should proclaim truths to be believed no less than actions to be done. It is the ethical theory of the nature of Christianity that makes dogma look superfluous, and it is in the name of this defective theory that the moral influence of dogma is denied. Men lean upon this reed as if it were really a supporting staff.

Then, too, it does not follow that the doctrine of the Trinity has no relation to the life and action of the individual. It is a "practical proposition" for every individual to know whether Jesus Christ is the Son of God in very truth, and has actually established special means for salvation, which no one who values life at the meaning God set upon it is free to lay aside. And once a man decides for himself the practical question that Jesus is really the Son of God, come in the flesh to tell us who God is, what we are, and whitherward eventually our faltering, but assisted steps will lead, it becomes indirectly practical, I say, for such a one to know Christ in His personal existence and all that constituted His divine selfhood before He came. The "ethical naturalist" of the day sets himself and his little system up as the standard to which Christ and Christianity should conform. And only those who accept so much faith as can be made to dribble through a preconceived

philosophical system of small dimensions will fly in the face of history with such narrow negative dogmatists as these, who use *their* idea of Christ, and *their* idea of Christianity, as a dogma to destroy all dogmas other, as a yard-stick by which to measure God's utterances and man's obedience to His claims.

Which are the dogmas that expand the human soul, and which are those that stifle it? That is the question to be determined, for we are all dogmatists, and none more so than the ethical naturalist who says that dogma is without effect on conduct, basing his theory on a conception of the nature of dogma which would put the veriest tyro in Church History to the blush. Did you ever happen to notice that the man who rejects the dogmas of the Christian faith has to accept a lower creed, and a smaller view of himself and life in their stead? Did you ever distinctly realize that every man believes in some dogma, and guides his life accordingly? Ethical naturalist, scientific eugenist, economic determinist, independent moralist, religious indifferentist, undogmatic religionist, and whosoever else, all build their single-barreled systems and one-idea philosophies on the unhistorical dogmatic assumption that our present level of morality will be automatically maintained, without any conscious dependence upon the Divine assistance, to which the raising of morality to its present condition is historically due.

"The moral philosophy of Greece and Rome was, as we know, their whole religion; and yet it made few great lives possible and passed away with the stately sadness of a dying aristocrat of the old *régime*, retiring in pathetic impotence from the vulgar contact of the religion that was destined to make all things new."<sup>6</sup> Is this to be our fate, to "make few great lives possible?" And was it progress to have returned to this ancient point of view, and to have despoiled the Christian religion of all its distinctive ideas and influences, on the poor warrant, the gratuitous assumption, the arbitrary and arrogant dogma that knowledge does not exist for its own sake, but solely for the sake of action, conduct and behavior? Out of this supposition sprang the theory—now become an axiom—than a man's religious beliefs have no influence on his morals. To which we would say, not so much by way of answer, as to throw out a suggestive reflection, that it is a distinct advantage sometimes to know the *history* of modern philosophy and the pedigree of *some* of its "axiomatic" truths.

<sup>6</sup> *University and Cathedral Sermons.* By J. R. Illingworth, pp. 23, 24.

## A FAMOUS CATHOLIC HISTORIAN: GODEFROID KURTH.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.



HE last year or two Catholic letters and Catholic scholarship have lost many champions who had devoted their pens to the service of Faith and of Truth. Thus the English-speaking world has been deprived of Canon Sheehan, Monsignor Benson and Dr. Wilfrid Ward; France has lost Abbé Vigouroux, who for fifty years marched in the forefront of Biblical studies, and his friend and coworker Abbé Lesêtre; Italy has lost Father Fedele Savio, who for thirty years was associated with the learned enterprises of the Italian Jesuits, and who produced the erudite compilation entitled *Gli Antichi Vescovi d'Italia dalle Origini al 1300*; and Belgium laments the passing of Van Gehuchten, the famous neurologist who died in exile at Cambridge, and more recently still the death of Godefroid Kurth, the pioneer to his countrymen of new methods and aims in history.

Born in the province of Liège in 1847, Kurth, on the completion of his preliminary studies, went to Louvain for the higher course in arts and letters. There he laid the foundation of that painstaking and accurate scholarship, combined with a gift of fascinating literary expression, which ever after distinguished him. Having chosen teaching for his profession, he may be said to have introduced into Belgium a new school of historical and apologetic exposition. Just as Mr. Allard has made his own the history of early Christianity and told with admirable tact and wonderful research the story of the martyrs of the Roman Empire, just as Dom LeClercq is our surest guide through the perplexing labyrinth of Christian antiquities, so Kurth vindicated to himself the Middle Ages, and particularly the rôle his country played during that most interesting period. His writings range between the fifth and fifteenth centuries, and since the days of Frederick Ozanam few have had such a grasp of it as he; fewer still have put their talents as unreservedly at the service of the Church as he did. Kurth was by nature an eloquent apologist, full of sympathy and understanding for the deep, childlike piety of the Middle Ages, and in telling the

stories of the heroes and heroines of these times he invariably carries his readers along with him. Though a layman he contributed two volumes to the series entitled "The Saints," edited by Henri Joly, namely, *St. Clotilde* and *St. Boniface*. Each of these works went through several editions, the former one enjoyed no less than six. The questions briefly touched on in it such as the conversion of the Franks, religion and education amongst the Barbarians, the social condition of Gaul under their government—these he developed abundantly and with a full critical apparatus in his *Clovis*, two large volumes in octavo which merited to be crowned by the Institute of France; while the purely literary history of this and the immediately succeeding periods he told in his *Poetical History of the Merovingians*. Thus these four works may be said to afford an almost complete picture of the state of Gaul between the fifth and the eighth centuries.

Around special episodes or movements of Belgian life he grouped his history of the central portion of the Middle Ages. Three important works treat of this period: *Notger of Liège and the Civilization of the Tenth Century*, which appeared in 1905; *The City of Liège in the Middle Ages* (1910)—a monumental publication in three large volumes, which are a veritable storehouse of information; and *The Charters of the Abbey of St. Hubert* (1903). Interesting sidelights on the same period are thrown by his two opuscles, *What are the Middle Ages?* and *Leprosy in the West Before the Crusades*. This last affords an excellent example of his methods in apologetics, and evinces also his minute and accurate knowledge. The eighteenth century, and particularly the *Encyclopedie*, had ascribed to the crusades, together with a lot of other evils, the introduction of leprosy into Europe. Kurth grapples with the assertion, and simply annihilates it under an avalanche of testimonies culled from all kinds of public documents between the fourth and the twelfth centuries. In this connection his hagiographic knowledge stood him in good stead, and a most interesting and edifying link in his chain of argument is the prescriptions of Church Councils and the heroism of the saints in favor of the lepers.

The varied learning scattered with bountiful prodigality in these numerous treatises is condensed and simplified in his admirable history, entitled *The Beginnings of Modern Civilization*. This study appeared originally as far back as 1886, and immediately obtained attention. Six editions with many retouchings and amplifications have since seen the light. The author is at home in his



subject, and handles his theme in a most masterly manner and *con amore* as well. His object is to trace the gradual unfolding of modern ideas and ideals from seeds latent in the Middle Ages; and he demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Middle Ages, no matter what certain schools may advance to the contrary, were not ages of darkness much less of obscurantism; on the contrary, that the most glorious poetry then thrilled from Catholic tongues; that art and architect, oratory and philosophy vied with one another in rearing aloft imperishable manifestations of the religious sentiment. It would be difficult to paint better than Kurth himself has done, the close filiation existing between different intellectual epochs, and the spontaneous generation, so to speak, by which one art and science begets another.

Nothing would be more interesting to trace than this intellectual progress. One would see in succession on going back through the centuries the budding-forth of literature under Charlemagne; the birth of modern languages; the rise of popular poetry and its great epic poems; the appearance of the songs of love and gallantry; the troubadours and the minnesingers; the drama and all its originalities; the great philosophical and theological discussions of the twelfth century; the growth of natural science under Roger Bacon; the vast intellectual movement springing from the crusades; the elaboration of encyclopedias in which geniuses like St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus or compilers like Vincent of Beauvais summarize the knowledge of their time; the magnificence of the arts which cover the whole of Europe with monuments that have never been equaled; then the great voyages of discovery which from the fourteenth century onwards step outside the bounds of existing knowledge and push back the horizon enormously; then the inventions by which mankind forces the pace, so to speak, of progress and makes new conquests possible.<sup>1</sup>

Kurth was an admirable speaker; he possessed the glorious gift of eloquence, which is common enough among men of Gallic blood and speech, but practically unknown among modern Anglo-Saxons. Hence he was greatly in demand for lectures and conferences. In the winter of 1897-98 he was invited to lecture before the "University Extension for Women" at Antwerp. These discourses he afterwards expanded and published under the title of

<sup>1</sup>*L'Eglise aux Tournants de l'Histoire*, pp. 125, 126.

*The Church at the Turning Points of History.*\* The volume consists of an introduction on the "Mission of the Church" and six lectures on crucial periods in her history. The points selected for discussion are: (1) the Church and the Jews; (2) the Church and the Barbarians; (3) the Church and Feudalism; (4) the Church and Neo-Cæsarism; (5) the Church and the Renaissance; (6) the Church and the Revolution. The essays are eloquent popular expositions of the theses in question, and every line breathes the most ardent Catholicism; in fifteen years no less than ten thousand copies of this book have been sold. Every page is worthy of quotation, and I select, not as better than the rest, but as typical of the whole, his description of the Church of to-day:

Who can deny that to-day, just as in the Middle Ages, the Catholic Church is the highest authority in the world? She speaks to the whole human race in that voice tender and strong which belongs only to her. And she is the only one that can speak to it. In the universal downfall of thrones, schools, doctrines, she is the only moral power that remains standing, and her marvelous superiority is enhanced by the depth of their fall. Whenever she raises her voice, innumerable echoes reply to her from all parts of the world. There is to-day a Catholic school of thought; it measures every idea by the standard of Christian truth, it condemns what she condemns, and embraces what she does not reject. Strong and respected, conscious of its own power, it travels from end to end of the earth; and there is not a single victorious sophism to which it does not oppose a fearless denial. In sociology, in science, in art, in all the manifestations of the intellectual and moral life of peoples, the Catholic school of thought maintains its positions with ever-increasing force and energy. The world does not confound it because it is irrefutable, and the only weapon available against it is a conspiracy of silence. Nor is that all. If we descend from the heights of speculation to the levels of action, the Catholic spirit has begun to take possession again of public life. The Catholic battalions are being reorganized; everywhere the army of the laity is rising. It is the people who are sustaining their clergy, it is the *landwehr* of the Church, who seek to have their share in the good fight.<sup>2</sup>

Nor do these painstaking volumes exhaust Kurth's ardent literary activity. He was a frequent contributor to the learned

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 193, 194.

reviews of Europe, especially to the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique* of Louvain. In this learned quarterly, the organ of specialists *par excellence*, he allowed his erudition to have full and free reign. Thus in the issue of January 15, 1913, he published his *Étude Critique sur la vie de St. Geneviève*, which occupies no less than seventy-five pages of the Review. It is a dry disquisition on the age, value and sources of the different manuscript lives of the Saint, together with a sifting of the theories of former inquirers. After a delicate adjustment of the critical balance, and after posing it (as he thinks) in stable equilibrium, Kurth allows his natural eloquence to assert itself:

But the surest profit that we can draw from the *Vita Genovefae* is to learn to know the marvelous personality of this daughter of France. She is not a Religious in the modern sense of the word, although she was consecrated to God from her infancy, and although she realizes an extremely noble type of Christian virginity. She recalls rather those *beguines* of the twelfth century, who like her remain in the world to do good but with this difference, that there is in the case of Genevieve an originality of character and a virility of temperament that give her a special place among the saints. She is the valiant virgin, who joins to all the attractive qualities of womanhood the courage, energy and initiative that as a general rule belong exclusively to man. Her faith is lively and her piety warm; she possesses the gift of tears; she makes a retreat during the whole of Lent, and imposes frequent penances on herself.....she practises a special devotion to the two great Saints of Gaul, St. Martin of Tours and St. Denis; she performs pilgrimages to the shrine of the former, and she builds a church over the tomb of the latter. But what raises her above her peers, and points her out both to the study of history and the gratitude of her race, is this ardent fire of patriotism and zeal for the public good, which makes of her an elder sister of Joan of Arc. She makes herself on two different occasions the benefactress of her beloved Paris; in 451 she protects it against itself and against the phantoms of a blind despair; later she revivifies it during its days of distress and feeds its famine-stricken inhabitants. But one must read for oneself the pages wherein these two great deeds are told; though the story-teller is anything but a literary artist, one catches, so to speak, the vibrations of a voice full of emotion at the mere memory of the glorious deeds he is recounting.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>*Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, January 15, 1913, pp. 78, 79.

How many writers of history pause thus to draw out for their readers the lessons that history contains? How many or rather how few can point a moral with such tact and delicacy?

For twenty years and more Kurth occupied the Chair of History at the University of Liège. In 1906 he resigned his professorship to become Director of the Belgian Historical Institute in Rome. Recently he had been living in Brussels, where he was stricken down with pneumonia in the last days of January, 1916. Cardinal Mercier, a constant admirer and warm personal friend, visited Kurth on hearing of his serious illness. The dying historian, who had long been a daily communicant, kissed the Cardinal's pectoral cross devoutly and begged his blessing. "My dear friend," said the prelate, "you have long confessed Christ before men, soon He will confess you before His Father in heaven." "Your Eminence," he answered feebly, "it is my humble and confident hope." He died next day full of Christian patience and resignation. To his Church and to his country he has left a noble monument of whole-souled service and unselfish endeavor in the sacred cause of Faith and Truth.

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## THE PROBLEM OF COMPLETE WAGE JUSTICE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



LIVING wage for all workers is merely the *minimum* measure of just remuneration. It is not in every case complete justice. Possibly it is not the full measure of justice in any case. How much more than a living wage is due to any or all of the various classes of laborers? How much more may any group of workers demand without exposing itself to the sin of extortion? By what principles shall these questions be answered?

The problem of complete wage justice can be conveniently and logically considered in four distinct relations, as regards: the respective claims of the different classes of laborers to a given amount of money available for wage payments; the claims of the whole body of laborers, or any group thereof, to higher wages at the expense of profits; at the expense of interest; and at the expense of the consumer.

### COMPARATIVE CLAIMS OF DIFFERENT LABOR GROUPS.

In the division of a common wage fund, no section of the workers is entitled to anything in excess of living wages until all the other sections have received that amount of remuneration. The need of a decent livelihood constitutes a more urgent claim than any other that can be brought forward. Neither efforts, nor sacrifices, nor productivity, nor scarcity can justify the payment of more than living wages to any group, so long as any other group in the industry remains below that level; for the extra compensation will supply the non-essential needs of the former by denying the essential needs of the latter. The two groups of men will be treated unequally in respect of those qualities in which they are equal; namely, their personal dignity and their claims to the minimum requisites of reasonable life and self-development. This is a violation of justice.

Let us suppose that all the workers among whom a given amount of compensation is to be distributed, have already received living wages, and that there remains a considerable surplus. On

what principles should the surplus be apportioned? For answer we turn to the canons of distribution. When the elementary needs of life and development have been supplied, the next consideration might seem to be the higher or non-essential needs and capacities. Proportional justice would seem to suggest that the surplus ought to be distributed in accordance with the varying needs and capacities of men to develop their faculties beyond the minimum reasonable degree. This would undoubtedly be the proper rule if it were susceptible of anything like accurate application, and if the sum to be distributed were not produced by and dependent upon those who were to participate in the distribution. However, we know that the first condition is impracticable, while the second is non-existent. Inasmuch as the sharers in the distribution have produced and constantly determine the amount to be apportioned, the distributive process must disregard non-essential needs, and govern itself by other canons of justice.

The most urgent of these is the canon of efforts and sacrifices. Superior effort, as measured by unusual will-exertion, is a fundamental rule of justice, and a valid title to exceptional reward. Men who strive harder than the majority of their fellows are ethically deserving of extra compensation. At least, this is the pure theory of the matter. In practice, the situation is complicated by the fact that unusual effort cannot always be distinguished, and by the further fact that some exceptional efforts do not fructify in correspondingly useful results. Among men engaged at the same kind of work, superior effort is to a great extent discernible in the unusually large product. As such it actually receives an extra reward in accordance with the canon of productivity. When men are employed at different tasks, unusual efforts cannot generally be distinguished and compensated. Hence the general principle is that superior efforts put forth in the production of utilities, entitle men to something more than living wages, but that the enforcement of this principle is considerably hindered by the difficulty of discerning such efforts.

The unusual sacrifices that deserve extra compensation are connected with the costs of industrial functions and the disagreeable character of occupations. Under the first head are included the expense of industrial training and the debilitating effects of the work. Not only justice to the worker but a far-sighted view of social welfare, dictate that all unusual costs of preparation for an industrial craft or profession should be repaid in the form of un-

usual compensation. This means something more than a living wage. For the same reasons the unusual hazards and disability resulting from industrial accidents and diseases should be provided for by higher remuneration. In the absence of such provision, these costs will have to be borne by parents, by society in the form of charitable relief, or by the worker himself through unnecessary suffering and incapacity. The industry that does not provide for all these costs is a social parasite, the workers in it are deprived of just compensation for their unusual sacrifices, and society suffers a considerable loss through industrial friction and diminished productive efficiency. In so far, however, as any of the foregoing occupational costs are borne by society, as in the matter of industrial education, or by the employer, as by the device of accident compensation or sickness insurance, they do not demand provision in the form of extra wages.

Other unusual sacrifices that entitle the worker to more than living wages, are inherent in disagreeable or despised occupations. The scavenger and the bootblack ought to get more than the performers of most other unskilled tasks. On the principles of comparative individual desert, they should receive larger remuneration than many persons who are engaged upon skilled but relatively pleasant kinds of work. For if the opportunity were given of expending the time and money required to fit them for the latter tasks, or of taking up immediately their present disagreeable labor, they would select the more pleasant occupations, for the same or even a smaller remuneration. And the majority of those who are now in the more skilled occupations would make the same choice. Hence the sacrifices inherent in disagreeable kinds of work are in many cases as great as or greater than the sacrifices of preparation for the more pleasant tasks; consequently the doers of the former are relatively underpaid. If all wages were regulated by some supreme authority according to the principles of complete justice, the workers in disagreeable occupations would receive something more than living wages. Nor would this determination of rewards be in any way contrary to social welfare or the principle of maximum net results; for the superior attractiveness of the other kinds of work would draw a sufficient supply of labor to offset the advantage conferred by higher wages upon the disagreeable occupations. The main reason why the latter kind of labor is so poorly paid now is the fact that it is very plentiful, a condition which is in turn due to the unequal division of industrial opportunity. Were

the opportunities of technical education and of entrance to the higher crafts and professions more widely diffused, the laborers offering themselves for the disagreeable tasks would be scarcer and their remuneration correspondingly larger. This would be not only more conformable to the abstract principles of justice, but more conducive to social efficiency.

To sum up the discussion concerning the canon of efforts and sacrifices: Laborers have a just claim to more than living wages whenever they put forth unusual efforts, and whenever their occupations involve unusual sacrifices, either through costs of preparation, exceptional hazards, or inherent disagreeableness. The precise amount of extra compensation due under any of these heads can be determined, as a rule, only approximately.

The next canon to be considered as a reason for more than living wages is that of productivity. This offers little difficulty; for the unusual product is always visible among men who are performing the same kind of work, and the employer is always willing to give the producer of it extra compensation. While superior productive power which is based solely upon superior native ability, has only presumptive validity as a canon of justice, that is ethically sufficient in our workaday world. Moreover, the canon of human welfare demands that superior productivity receive superior rewards, so long as these are necessary to evoke the maximum net product.

The canon of scarcity has exactly the same value as that of productivity. Society and the employer are well advised and are justified in giving extra compensation to scarce forms of labor when the product is regarded as worth the corresponding price. This remains true even when the scarcity is due to restricted opportunity of preparation, rather than to sacrifices of any sort. In that case the higher rewards are as fully justified as the superior remuneration of that superior productivity which is based upon exceptional native endowments. The amount of extra compensation which may properly be given on account of scarcity is determined either by the degree of sacrifice involved or by the ordinary operation of competition. When men are scarce because they have made exceptional sacrifices of preparation, they ought to be rewarded in full proportion to these sacrifices. When they are scarce merely because of exceptional opportunities, their extra compensation should not exceed the amount that automatically comes to them through the interplay of supply and demand.



The canon of human welfare has already received implicit application. When due regard is given to efforts, sacrifices, productivity and scarcity, the demands of human welfare, both in its individual and its social aspects, are sufficiently safeguarded.

In the foregoing pages the attempt has been made to describe the proportions in which a given wage fund ought to be distributed among the various classes of laborers who have claims upon the fund. The first requisite of justice is that all should receive living wages. It applies to all workers of average ability, even to those who have no special qualifications of any sort. When this general claim has been universally satisfied, those groups of workers who are in any wise special, whose qualifications for any reason differentiate them from and place them above the average, will have a right to something more than living wages. They will have the first claim upon the surplus that remains in the wage fund. Their claims will be based upon the various canons of distribution explained in detail above; and the amounts of extra remuneration to which they will be entitled will be determined by the extent to which their special qualifications differentiate them from the average and unspecialized workers. If the total available wage fund is merely sufficient to provide universal living wages and the extra compensation due to the specialized groups, no section of the labor force will be justified in exacting a larger share. Even though the employer should withhold a part of the amount due to some weaker group, a stronger group that is already getting its proper proportion would have no right to demand the unjustly withheld portion. For this belongs neither to the employer nor to the powerful labor group, but to the weaker section of laborers.

This does not mean that a powerful body of workers who are already receiving their due proportion as compared with other labor groups, would not be justified in seeking any increase in remuneration whatever. The increase might come out of profits, or interest, or the consumer, and thus be in no sense detrimental to the rights of the other sections of laborers. This problem will be considered a little later. At present we confine our attention to the relative claims of different labor groups to a definite wage fund.

Suppose, however, that after all workers have received living wages, and all the exceptional groups have obtained those extra amounts which are due them on account of efforts, sacrifices, productivity and scarcity, there remains a further surplus in the wage fund. In what proportions should it be distributed? It should

be equally divided among all the laborers. The proportional justice which has been already established can be maintained only by raising the present rates of payment equally in all cases. All the average or unspecialized groups would get something more than living wages, and all the other groups would have their extra compensation augmented by the same amount.

Of course, the wage-fund hypothesis which underlies the foregoing discussion is not realized in actual life, any more than was the "wage fund" of the classical economists. Better than any other device, however, it enables us to describe and visualize the comparative claims of different groups of laborers who have a right to unequal amounts in excess of living wages.

#### WAGES VERSUS PROFITS.

Let us suppose that the wage fund is properly apportioned among the different classes of laborers, according to the specified canons of distribution. May not one or all of the labor groups demand an increase in wages on the ground that the employer is retaining for himself an undue share of the product?

The right of the laborers to living wages is superior to the right of the employer or business man to anything in excess of that amount of profits which will insure him against risks, and afford him a decent livelihood in reasonable conformity with his accustomed plane of expenditure. It is also evident that those laborers who undergo more than average sacrifices have a claim to extra compensation, which is quite as valid as the similarly based claim of the employer to more than living profits. In case the business does not provide a sufficient amount to remunerate both classes of sacrifices, the employer may prefer his own to those of his employees, on the same principle that he may prefer his own claim to a decent livelihood. The law of charity permits a man to satisfy himself rather than his neighbor, when the needs in question are of the same degree of urgency or importance. As to those laborers who turn out larger products than the average, or whose ability is unusually scarce, there is no practical difficulty; for the employer will find it profitable to give them the corresponding extra compensation. The precise question before us, then, is the claims of the laborers upon profits for remuneration over and above universal living wages and the extra compensation due on account of unusual efforts, sacrifices, productivity and scarcity. Let us call

the wage that merely includes all these factors "the equitable minimum."

In competitive condition this question becomes practical only with reference to the exceptionally efficient and productive business men. The great majority have no surplus available for wage payments in excess of the "equitable minimum." Indeed, the majority do not now pay the full "equitable minimum;" yet their profits do not provide them more than a decent livelihood. The relatively small number of establishments that show such a surplus as we are considering, have been brought to that condition of prosperity by the exceptional ability of their directors, rather than by the unusual productivity of their employees. In so far as this exceptional directive ability is due to unusual efforts and sacrifices, the surplus returns which it produces may be claimed with justice by the employer. In so far as the surplus is the outcome of exceptional native endowments, it may still be justly retained by him in accordance with the canon of productivity. In other words, when the various groups of workers are already receiving the "equitable minimum," they have no strict right to any additional compensation out of those rare surplus profits which come into existence in conditions of competition.

This conclusion is confirmed by reference to the canon of human welfare. If exceptionally able business men were not permitted to retain the surplus in question they would not exert themselves sufficiently to produce it; labor would gain nothing; and the community would be deprived of the larger product.

When the employer is a corporation instead of an individual or a partnership, and when it is operating in competitive conditions, the same principles are applicable, and the same conclusions justified. The officers and the whole body of stockholders will have a right to those surplus profits that remain after the "equitable minimum" has been paid to the employees. Every consideration that urges such a distribution in the case of the individual business holds good for the corporation.

The corporation that is a monopoly will have the same right as the competitive concern to retain for its owners those surplus profits which are due to exceptional efficiency on the part of the managers of the business. That part of the surplus which is derived from the extortion of higher than competitive prices cannot be justly retained, since it rests upon no definite moral title. The owners have no right to anything more than the prevailing rate

of interest, together with a fair return for their labor and for any unusual efficiency that they may exercise. Should the surplus in question be discontinued by lowering prices, or should it be continued and distributed among the laborers? As a rule, the former course would seem morally preferable. While the laborers, as we shall see presently, are justified in contending for more than the "equitable minimum" at the expense of the consumer, their right to do so through the exercise of monopoly power is extremely doubtful. Whether this power is exerted by themselves or by the employer on their behalf, it remains a weapon which human nature seems incapable of using justly.

#### WAGES VERSUS INTEREST.

Turning now to the claims of the laborers as against the capitalists, or interest receivers, we perceive that the right to any interest at all is morally inferior to the right of all the workers to the "equitable minimum." As heretofore pointed out more than once, the former right is only presumptive and hypothetical, and interest is ordinarily utilized to meet less important needs than those supplied by wages. Through his labor power the interest receiver can supply all those fundamental needs which are satisfied by wages in the case of the laborer. Therefore, it seems clear that the capitalist has no right to interest until all laborers have received the "equitable minimum." It must be borne in mind, however, that any claim of the laborer against interest falls upon the owners of the productive capital in a business upon the undertaker-capitalists, not upon the loan-capitalists.

When all the laborers in an industry are receiving the "equitable minimum," have they a right to exact anything more at the expense of interest? By interest we mean, of course, the prevailing or competitive rate that is received on productive capital—five or six per cent. Any return to the owners of capital in excess of this rate is properly called profits rather than interest, and its relation to the claims of the laborers has received consideration in the immediately preceding section of this article. The question, then, is whether the laborers who are already getting the "equitable minimum" would act justly in demanding and using their economic power to obtain a part or all of the pure interest. No conclusive reason is available to justify a negative answer. The title of the capitalist is only presumptive and hypothetical, not certain and un-

conditional. It is, indeed, sufficient to justify him in retaining interest that comes to him through the ordinary processes of competition and bargaining; but it is not of such definite and compelling moral efficacy as to render the laborers guilty of injustice when they employ their economic power to divert further interest from the coffers of the capitalist to their own pockets. The interest-share of the product is morally debatable as to its ownership. It is a sort of no-man's property (like the rent of land antecedently to its legal assignment through the institution of private landownership) which properly goes to the first occupant as determined by the processes of bargaining between employers and employees. If the capitalists get the interest-share through these processes, it rightfully belongs to them; if the laborers who are already in possession of the "equitable minimum" develop sufficient economic strength to get this debatable share, they may justly retain it as their own.

The foregoing conclusion may seem to be a very unsatisfactory solution of a problem of justice. However, it is the only one that is practically defensible. If the capitalist's claim to interest were as definite and certain as the laborer's right to a living wage, or as the creditor's right to the money that he has loaned, the solution would be very simple: the laborers that we are discussing would have no right to strive for any of the interest. But the claim of the capitalists is not of this clear and conclusive nature. It is sufficient when combined with actual possession; it is not sufficient when the question is of future possession. The title of first occupancy as regards land is not valid until the land has been actually occupied; and similarly the claim of the capitalist to interest is not valid until the interest has been received. If the economic forces which determine actual possession operate in such a way as to divert the interest-share to the laborers, they, not the capitalists, will have the valid moral title, just as Brown with his automobile rather than Jones with his spavined nag will enjoy the valid title of first occupancy to a piece of ownerless land which both have coveted.

This conclusion is confirmed by reference to the rationally and morally impossible situation that would follow from its rejection. If we deny to the laborers the moral freedom to strive for higher wages at the expense of the capitalist, we must also forbid them to follow this course at the expense of the consumer. For the great majority of consumers would stand to lose ad-

vantages to which they have as good a moral claim as the capitalists have to interest. Practically this would mean that the laborers have no right to seek remuneration in excess of the "equitable minimum;" for such excess must in substantially all cases come from either the consumer or the capitalist. On what principle can we defend the proposition that the great majority of laborers are forever restrained by the moral law from seeking more than bare living wages, and the specialized minority from demanding more than that extra compensation which corresponds to unusual efforts, sacrifices, productivity and scarcity? Who has authorized us to shut against these classes the doors of a more liberal standard of living, and a more ample measure of self-development?

#### WAGES VERSUS PRICES.

The right of the laborers to the "equitable minimum" implies obviously the right to impose adequate prices upon the consumers of the laborers' products. This is the ultimate source of the rewards of all the agents of production. Suppose that the laborers are already receiving the "equitable minimum." Are they justified in seeking any more at the cost of the consumer? If all the consumers were also laborers the answer would be simple, at least in principle: rises in wages and prices ought to be so adjusted as to bring equal gains to all individuals. The "equitable minimum" is adjusted to the varying moral claims of the different classes of laborers; therefore, any rise in remuneration must be equally distributed in order to leave this adjustment undisturbed. It is a fact, however, that a large part of the consumers are not laborers; consequently they cannot look to rises in wages as an offset to their losses through rises in prices. Can they be justly required to undergo this inconvenience for the benefit of laborers who are already getting the "equitable minimum?"

Let us consider first the case of higher wages versus lower prices. A few progressive and efficient manufacturers of shoes find themselves receiving large surplus profits which are likely to continue. So far as the presumptions of strict justice are concerned, they may, owing to their superior productivity, retain these profits for themselves. Seized, however, with a feeling of benevolence, or a scruple of conscience, they determine to divide future profits of this class among either the laborers or the consumers. If they reduce prices the laborers will gain something as users of

shoes, but the other wearers of shoes will also be beneficiaries. If the surplus profits are all diverted to the laborers in the form of higher wages the other consumers of shoes will gain nothing. Now there does not seem to be any compelling reason, any certain moral basis, for requiring the shoe manufacturers to take one course rather than the other. Either will be correct morally. Possibly the most perfect plan would be to effect a compromise by lowering prices somewhat and giving some rise in wages; but there is no strict obligation to follow this course. To be sure, since the manufacturers have a right to retain the surplus profits, they have also a right to distribute them as they prefer. Let us get rid of this complication by assuming that the manufacturers are indifferent concerning the disposition of the surplus, leaving the matter to be determined by the comparative economic strength of laborers and consumers. In such a situation it is still clear that either of the two classes would be justified in striving to secure any or all of the surplus. No definite moral principle can be adduced to the contrary. To put the case in more general terms: there exists no sufficient reason for maintaining that the gains of cheaper production should go to the consumer rather than to the laborer, or to the laborer rather than to the consumer, so long as the laborer is already in receipt of the "equitable minimum."

Turning now to the question of higher wages at the cost of higher prices, we note that this would result in at least temporary hardship to four classes of persons: the weaker groups of wage earners: all self-employing persons, such as farmers, merchants and manufacturers; the professional classes; and persons whose principal income was derived from rent or interest. All these groups would have to pay more for the necessities, comforts and luxuries of living, without being immediately able to raise their own incomes correspondingly.

Nevertheless, the first three classes could in the course of time force an increase in their revenues sufficient to offset at least the more serious inconveniences of the increase in prices. So far as the wage earners are concerned, it is understood that all these would have a right to whatever advance in the money measure of the "equitable minimum" was necessary to neutralize the higher cost of living resulting from the success of the more powerful groups in obtaining higher wages. The right of a group to the "equitable minimum" of remuneration is obviously superior to the right of another group to more than that amount. And a su-

preme wage-determining authority would act on this principle. It cannot be shown, however, that in the absence of any such authority empowered to protect the "equitable minimum" of the weaker laborers, the more powerful groups are obliged to refrain from demanding extra remuneration. The reason of this we shall see presently. In the meantime we call attention to the fact that, owing to the greater economic opportunity resulting from the universal prevalence of the "equitable minimum" and of industrial education, even the weaker groups of wage earners would be able to obtain some increases in wages. In the long run the more powerful groups would enjoy only those advantages which arise out of superior productivity and exceptional scarcity. These two factors are fundamental, and could not in any system of industry be prevented from conferring advantages upon their possessors.

As regards the self-employed classes, the remedy for any undue hardship suffered through the higher prices of commodities would be found in a discontinuance of their present functions until a corresponding rise had occurred in the prices of their own products. They could do this partly by organization, and partly by entering into competition with the wage earners. Substantially the same recourse would be open to the professional classes. In due course of time, therefore, the remuneration of all workers, whether employees or self-employed or professional, would tend to be in harmony with the canons of efforts, sacrifices, productivity, scarcity and human welfare.

Since the level of rent is fixed by forces outside the control of laborers, employers, or landowners, the receivers thereof would be unable to offset its decreased purchasing power by increasing its amount. However, this situation would not be inherently unjust, nor even inequitable. Like interest, rent is a "workless" income, and has only a presumptive and hypothetical justification. Therefore, the moral claim of the rent receiver to be protected against a decrease in the purchasing power of his income, is inferior to the moral claim of the laborer to use his economic power for the purpose of improving his condition beyond the limits of welfare fixed by the "equitable minimum." What is true of the rent receiver in this respect applies likewise to the case of the capitalist. As we saw a few pages back, the wage earners are morally free to take this course at the expense of interest. Evidently they may do the same thing when the consequence is merely a diminution in its purchasing power. To be sure, if capital owners should re-



gard their sacrifices in saving as not sufficiently rewarded, owing either to the low rate or the low purchasing power of interest, they would be free to diminish or discontinue saving until the reduced supply of capital had brought about a rise in the rate of interest. Should they refrain from this course they would show that they were satisfied with the existing situation. Hence they would suffer no wrong at the hands of the laborers who forced up wages at the expense of prices.

Two objections come readily to mind against the foregoing paragraphs. The more skilled labor groups might organize themselves into a monopoly, and raise their wages so high as to inflict the same degree of extortion upon consumers as that accomplished by a monopoly of capitalists. This is, indeed, possible. The remedy would be intervention by the State to fix maximum wages. Just where the maximum limit ought to be placed, is a problem that could be solved only through study of the circumstances of the case, on the basis of the canons of efforts, sacrifices, productivity, scarcity and human welfare. The second objection calls attention to the fact that we have already declared that the more powerful labor groups would not be justified in exacting more than the "equitable minimum" out of a common wage fund, so long as any weaker group was below that level; yet this is virtually what would happen when the former caused prices to rise to such an extent that the weaker workers would be forced below the "equitable minimum" through the increased cost of living. While this contingency is likewise possible, it is not a sufficient reason for preventing any group of laborers from raising their remuneration at the expense of prices. Not every rise in prices would affect the expenditures of the weaker sections of the wage earners. In some cases the burden would be substantially all borne by the better paid workers and the self-employing, professional and propertied classes. When it did fall to any extent upon the weaker laborers, causing their real wages to fall below the "equitable minimum," it could be removed within a reasonable time by organization or by legislation. Even if these measures were found ineffective, if some of the weaker groups of workers should suffer through the establishment of the higher prices, this arrangement would be preferable on the whole to one in which no class of laborers were permitted to raise its remuneration above the "equitable minimum" at the expense of prices. A restriction of this sort, whether by the moral law or by civil regulation, would tend to make wage labor a status

with no hope of pecuniary progress. Of the two alternatives this is incomparably the less desirable.

It is true that a universal and indefinite increase of wages at the expense of prices might at length leave the great majority of the laborers no better off than they were when they had merely the "equitable minimum." Such would certainly be the result if the national product were only sufficient to provide the "equitable minimum" for all workers, and that volume of incomes for the other agents of production which was required to evoke from them a fair degree of productive efficiency. In that case the higher wages would be an illusion. The gain in the amount of money would be offset by the loss in its purchasing power. Even so, this condition would be greatly superior to a *régime* in which the laborers were universally prohibited to make any effort to raise their wages above any fixed maximum.

#### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

All the principles and conclusions defended in this article have been stated with reference to the present distributive system, with its free competition and its lack of legal regulation. Were all incomes and rewards fixed by some supreme authority, the same canons of justice would be applicable, and the application would have to be made in substantially the same way, if the authority were desirous of establishing the greatest possible measure of distributive justice. The main exception to this statement would occur in relation to the problem of raising wages above the "equitable minimum" at the expense of prices. In making any such increase, the wage-fixing authority would be obliged to take into account the effects upon the other classes of laborers, and upon all the non-wage earning classes. Substantially the same difficulties would confront the government in a collectivist organization of industry. The effect that a rise in the remuneration of any class would produce, through a rise in the prices of commodities, upon the purchasing power of the incomes of other classes, would have to be considered and as nearly as possible ascertained. This would be no simple task. Simple or not, it would have to be faced; and the guiding ethical principles would always remain efforts, sacrifices, productivity, scarcity and human welfare.

The greater part of the discussion carried on in this article has a highly theoretical aspect. From the nature of the subject

matter this was inevitable. Nevertheless the principles that have been enunciated and applied seem to be incontestable. In so far as they are enforceable in actual life, they seem capable of bringing about a wider measure of justice than any other ethical rules that are available.

Possibly the applications and conclusions have been laid down with too much definiteness and dogmatism, and the whole matter has been made too simple. On the other hand, neither honesty nor expediency is furthered by an attitude of intellectual helplessness, academic hyper-modesty, or practical agnosticism. If there exist moral rules and rational principles applicable to the problem of wage justice, it is our duty to state and apply them as fully as we can. Obviously we shall make mistakes in the process; but until the attempt is made, and a certain (and very large) number of mistakes are made, there will be no progress. We have no right to expect that ready made applications of the principles will drop from heaven.

For a long time to come, however, many of the questions discussed in this article will be devoid of large practical interest. The problem immediately confronting society is that of raising the remuneration and strengthening generally the economic position of those laborers who are now below the level, not merely of the "equitable minimum," but of a decent livelihood.

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## THE PASSION AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

BY M. F. POWER, D.D.,

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IN a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* appeared a very illuminating and consoling article, intended for reading during Passion Week, and which is suitable for Christian perusal at any time, but particularly now when the heart of the whole world is bowed down with overwhelming grief. Its effect must necessarily be to turn the "dark cloud inside out" and show a silver lining. A brief *résumé* and comment is here attempted, so that disheartened readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD may be consoled and encouraged.

At the outset the writer paints the sad picture of present woes. "We are living," he says, "in days of grief and suffering." What else is this hour if it be not one symbolic of an immense and universal sorrow. We cannot help seeing it; every nation of civilized Europe scourged, bruised, broken and dripping with blood ascends its Calvary. Some of the nations, indeed, have already said, "It is consummated," whilst most of the others are already within their agony, rendered doubly cruel by the abandonment of friends and by treachery. In the midst of it all there stands majestic, innocent, silent and unheard, the consoling figure of Holy Church, herself a participant of the suffering, not unlike the Mother who stood once at the foot of the Cross.

In such times as these every thought and affection, every heart and soul should hover around the Crucifix and the Sacred Figure thereon—the Prototype of desolation—"The Man of Sorrows" and at the same time the "God of all consolations," Who in His Humanity has passed through the gate of grief into the City of Peace where there is "copious redemption," redemption of individuals and society, of families and of nations.

Under this aspect of faith and hope, with the unwavering and profound sense of belief, the tremendous cataclysm becomes transformed, and assumes a new being and a new explanation. It is the passion of humanity, but it foretells a proximate and happy resurrection. The Supreme Pontiff at the beginning of the War

presented this view when he said, "All these things induce us to humiliate ourselves under the powerful hand of God that we may come to a new life." The great Belgian Cardinal in his now celebrated Christmas Pastoral of 1914 is of like mind and exclaims, "Let us humiliate ourselves before His justice and let us hope in His mercy. Like holy Tobias let us recognize that He has chastised us for our sins, whilst we know He will save us by His mercy."

The world, then, is full of the awful horrors of war; men the pride of their country fall daily; homes are ruined; families scattered; children dying; cities far from the battle front attacked by the diseases of camp followers; and many and grievous ills prevail. Their cumulative effect on the race must be staggering and appalling, and yet, though it sounds paradoxical, the greater this cumulative force of evil, the larger is the ground for an indulgence in all the pleasures of hope. The reason for this is supplied by St. Augustine, who states quite clearly and convincingly the teaching of Christian philosophy. "That Omnipotent God," writes the Saint, in the *Encheridion*, c.11, "in Whom resides the supreme dominion over all things (as the very pagans confess) would never permit evil in His works unless He was at the same time so powerful and so beneficent as to be able to turn evil into good." This eminently Catholic thought illumines the whole course of human history, and the man of right faith sees in all things the hidden hand of Providence. "To those who love God all things work together unto good." These words of the Apostle were a source of comfort for the faithful of the primitive Church, and turned their sorrow into joy and their weakness into strength. They explain all the heroism, the sanctity, the suffering, the triumphs of the Church, and show her as a real miracle of history, for her story, often reënacted, has been the story of Calvary and Easter morning.

Even now midst a sea of horrors, overhung with clouds that threaten yet greater disturbance, there appears the Pole Star of hope. If we look well about us we shall see that even at this apparently early stage of the combat there are signs world-wide and national of the dawn of a better day.

The writer then proceeds to seek the root of the salutary efficacy of sorrow, and the foundation for the marvelous amount of good, born of profound calamity. He finds it in the moral union that exists between the tragedy that ended in the murder of Love, and the destruction of human beings on the war-swept plains of Europe. He has described war as the "passion of the people,"

and he conjoins it religiously with the passion of the Man-God. Hence he who suffers from a virtuous motive becomes similar to the Prototype, and in a certain manner continues the great Ransom and participates in the Crucifixion. This, of course, naturally redounds to the well-being of the individual sufferer and to the moral entity of which he is a part. In a word it is a restoration for religious and civil society, for the Church and for Country. Sorrow becomes informed with a divine nobility, noble incentive, and a blessed outlook. It is all made clear in the pregnant words of Him Who said, "Blessed are they who suffer," and in the teaching of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that the sufferings of the present are not to be compared to the revelations of future glory. This Pauline doctrine is the capital and cardinal point of the whole Christian life. No worldly ill ought to separate us from the charity of Christ, and the bitter cry born of the mystery of sorrow is tempered and sweetened in the shadow of the Cross, and transmuted into hope eternal. Our road to heaven must ever be by the "way of much tribulation," and we can always take comfort even in the midst of all the ills of life.

The truth is illustrated by the whole history of the Church. Her annals are truly a dolorous passion. The sign of her divinity is surely not in a passing victory, but rather in her constant renewal in the midst of more than a mortal combat. When the blood of her early martyrs flowed in rivers, it only invigorated her and nurtured the seed of faith. In the days of peace she escaped the subtle power of those who pretended to protect her, but who planned her ruin. Heresy and schism likewise attempted her life, but they only shook her for the moment; she still survived. She escaped the barbaric hordes who wished to crush her with physical force, as she also escaped the even more formidable enemy of false learning that created the diabolic forces of the Renaissance, the Reformation and the French Revolution. She will escape, too, the present material and barbaric onslaughts, for the old story is true: "The gates of hell will not prevail."

The present war has been waged, and is being waged, with the blood of the children of the Church in many lands who have united love of God and love of country in a sacred bond. Such sacrifice proves once more that religion only can instill an enthusiastic love of one's native land.

Towards the Crucifix then the tear-dimmed eyes of her children now turn. That is their only comfort, their only solace, their

single hope. Toward the Holy Rood turn also the anxious look of bishops, priests and faithful, and of the Vicar of Christ. All look to that blood-stained Tree, impelled by that mysterious sense of Christ—the really Catholic instinct—ever alive amongst His followers, but more particularly amongst those who bear the galling weight of woe. “My country,” laments Cardinal Mercier, and his is the lament of many a broken-hearted bishop, “is bleeding, and her children fall in thousands in the trenches; her fathers, mothers and daughters are grieving. Why, oh God, all those sorrows? ‘My God, my God, why hast Thou abandoned us.’ And then I turn my eyes upon my crucifix to contemplate Christ—the sweet and lowly Lamb of God wounded to death and bathed in blood—lament dies upon my lips, and the Christian becomes the disciple of God become Man in order to suffer and to die.” The Cross ever speaks of peace and pardon, not of death and vengeance.

So out of evil comes good—out of war will come peace. In the whole world there is evidence to-day of a slow yet sure return to God. France exemplifies it more than any other nation, and she has gone far from God. There is a strong current of mutual help flowing through the hearts of peoples. The spirit of sacrifice is abroad, and man’s solidarity and brotherhood are bound by the heavenly cords of sympathy. The world which was fast accustoming itself to look upon physical pain as the only evil, has had that tendency almost destroyed by the shock of battle, and thoughtful souls look deeper now and see that it is not physical pain that was wrong, but rather moral crimes in men of business and men of state that caused the awful upheaval. If no other good came out of the war, the blood of thousands has not been shed in vain. But we know that the chastising hand of sorrow will labor still, and, having humbled proud man who erstwhile saw his supreme good in material and perishable things, will remove that spiritual blindness which prevented him from seeing God in the things that are and eventually would have prevented him from seeing God face to face. Having learned, through sorrow, the transitory nature of earthly goods, he will be more keen to gather things that neither moth nor time can destroy.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPANISH MISSIONS ON PRESENT-DAY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MARGARET P. HAYNE.



NOT the wildest conceptions of the Mission founders could have foreseen the results of their California enterprises," says George Wharton James.<sup>1</sup> "To see the land that they found in the possession of thousands of rude savages converted in one short century into the homes of tens of thousands of happy, contented, progressive people would have been a wild vision indeed." It is the purpose of this article to show the actual influence of these Mission Fathers, the pioneers of our California civilization, on present-day life in this State; to make it clear wherein this influence consists; and to attempt to prove that the Spanish Missions, far from being as some historians claim, a splendid failure that vanished leaving no trace, did actually accomplish and are bringing about, even to-day, deep and lasting results in the land of their work.

The settlement of Alta California by the Franciscans, coming when it did, was of incalculable historical importance to the future of California. It is to the colonization of California by the Padres that this State owes its position in the American Union; for the Franciscans preserved it for Spain, a weak nation, whence it came through the hands of Mexico, a still weaker power, into the possession of the United States. But for Junipero Serra, the Spanish expedition would have been abandoned on that memorable spring day of 1770 when Portola, discouraged at the failure of his efforts to discover Monterey and disheartened with the hardships and illness at the new San Diego Mission, ordered his men on board ship to return to Mexico. Serra pleaded for twenty-four hours' respite, hoping with all the ardor of his fervid spirit for the arrival of a relief ship which they had sent to San Blas for the much-needed supplies. It was long since overdue, and all but Father Serra had given up hope of its coming. Portola granted his request. Through the long hours he watched, straining his eyes over the sea. Smythe tells us in his history of San Diego: "As the sun went down he caught sight of a sail—a ghostly sail, it seemed—in

<sup>1</sup>*In and Out of the Old Missions*, p. 1.



the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old Presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills, without seeing Father Serra on his knees, pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving." For his prayer had been answered and California's history had begun. Confidence was restored by the arrival of the relief ship *San Antonio*; Portola regained his spirits. The discovery of Monterey and the gradual establishment of the chain of missions followed.

We must never forget that it was to Junipero Serra that we owe the establishment of the Spanish civilization in California. While the military took possession of the country it was the Religious that retained it for Spain. Everywhere in the early era we find the Padres directing and dominating the life of the community. It was Serra's constancy of purpose in those toilsome days that "contended with official blunders and ignorance, with the narrow pride and petty jealousies of rival authorities," and which laid the foundation of a loyal Spanish colony.<sup>2</sup>

Far different would have been the course of history had Portola's expedition been abandoned in 1769, and England or France or Russia been first to establish a settlement in this State. Russia coveted California as an excellent base of supplies for her Alaskan colonies, and shortly after the coming of the Padres began to form agricultural communities and engage in fishing north of San Francisco. The settlements at Bodega and Fort Ross were made in 1812, and the cause of the founding of the Missions at San Rafael (1817) and Sonoma (1823) was the feeling that some barrier was needed against further Russian encroachments. Had there been then no firmly established Spanish civilization, there is no doubt that Russia would have acquired California in course of time by right of prior occupancy, and would not readily have relinquished it.

Let us suppose that England had settled California instead of Spain. Such an English colony, so absolutely isolated from the Atlantic settlements, would not have been apt to claim independent sovereignty. They were separated from the East by thousands and thousands of miles of unknown, mysterious country, and the voyage around the Horn in Revolutionary days took from one hundred and fifty to two hundred days. It is probable that England need have had no uneasiness about the loyalty of any Western settlement made by her.

<sup>2</sup> *Junipero Serra*, by A. H. Fitch, p. 356.

Alta California, however, belonged to Spain, no longer a first-class power, and its future was thereby assured. Thus we see that our Golden State owes its present place in the American Union to the fortunate persistence of the Franciscans in establishing the Missions when they did. As far as California is concerned, it was a case of the fairy opportunity being seized by the forelock.

From the report of Father Lasuen, President of the Missions after Serra, we read that the first houses and churches built by the Fathers were of stakes, plastered with clay and thatched with reeds. The converts' dwellings were built of brush, until finally the Padres persuaded them to erect cottages of adobe with windows and doors. In the Mission buildings boards were first used in place of the plastered mud, next the walls were built of the sun-dried brick, known as adobe.<sup>3</sup> Thatched roofs were first employed, later the success of Father Paterna in burning tiles at Santa Barbara, of yellowish red, copies of those in use in Europe, caused the Missions to adopt the tiled roofs for the more important buildings. Bricks were manufactured shortly after Father Lasuen's administration, but rarely used. Father Serra began the stone church at Carmel, and when the trade instructors came from Mexico in the time of Borica, the Indians in the Missions were taught to cut stone and make mortar.

The architecture of the Missions varies, the constructive form of each being determined by conditions of climate, more or less clear remembrance of model churches in Old Spain, and the supply of Indian workmen at hand to carry out the Padres' ideas. These twenty-one Missions with their combination of Spanish Renaissance characteristics and an originality truly Californian, have left a wealth of motives to be perpetuated in the domestic architecture of the State known as the "Mission Architecture." This is a simple picturesque style which lends individuality to the California houses, satisfies climate conditions, and is suited to the out-of-doors life of the people. The Missions were built, as a rule, in the form of a hollow square, the church representing the *fachada*, with the priest's quarters and the houses for the Indians forming the wings. These quarters were colonnaded with a series of semicircular arches and roofed with red tiles. All the apartments opened on the *patio* or inner court, which generally contained a fountain. The walls were very thick to render the houses secure from earthquakes.

<sup>3</sup>Lasuen's Report quoted in *California and Its Missions*, by Bryan Clinch, vol. ii., pp. 207-210.

A marked feature of Mission architecture was the stepped and curved sides of the pediment, which is seen at San Luis Rey and Santa Inez, and also the series of steps at each corner of the half-domes. The Franciscans also introduced the *campanile* to California, although their bell towers show great variety in style. Eleven of the Missions had separate bell towers, and the lonely *Pala campanile* is unique in the world.<sup>4</sup> Built on a pyramidal base, it is a peculiar pedimental structure, standing alone, and is two stories high, each story being pierced with a bell aperture.

The modern Mission style of architecture may first be considered in the *patio* house of Southern California, to the climate of which it seems peculiarly suited. It is a one-story house, of stucco, plaster, or adobe, or sometimes, alas! cement, which modernity quite takes away the Mission feature. As in the old Missions, the low, rambling house is built about an inner court or *patio*, into which the principal rooms open, and which is the centre of the outdoor life of the people. In the more pretentious houses, there are the arcaded inner walks about the *patio*. The roof is of red tiles, and the house is often surmounted by a heavy wooden cornice. The broad, arched doorways recall the doors of the Mission churches. Many of the California churches are built on the Mission plan. It is a simple and dignified style, and attempts to embellish its severity by making it more ornamental are apt to result in failure.

The adobe house of to-day differs somewhat from that of Mission times, in that it is made with better foundations, generally stone, which rise from one to two feet above the level ground and render it damp proof. The old adobe house was one story on a level with the ground and was often hastily and poorly constructed.<sup>5</sup> The making of adobe houses was first taught in California by the Padres, although the art did not originate in Spain, but among the Pueblo Indians of Arizona. The adobe used by the Fathers was a sun-dried brick made of common surface, clayey soil, with which cut straw was mixed to give it greater tenacity. The walls of these houses, like those of the Missions, were very thick. They were never left rough, but plastered inside and out with mortar, then finished with lime wash generally in some soft color.

As a refuge from wind, cooler in summer, warmer in winter

<sup>4</sup>Mission Architecture in G. W. James' *In and Out of the Old Missions*, pp. 310-329.

<sup>5</sup>*Some Modern Adobes*, by Constance Austin, in *The Overland Monthly*.

than the wooden house, the adobe has no equal in the world. For this we have to thank the Padres, and the best method of making the adobe, according to the "pure tradition of grand art," is still the one taught by the Franciscans, a primitive process in which the tools and mechanical appliances of modern life are useless.

Because of the Missions, California architecture has been stamped with Spanish traditions, which in turn are but picturesque versions of the Italian. The Mission types are always long, low restful structures with sloping tile roof, overhanging eaves, plastered walls and quaint *patio*. A writer in *The Sunset Magazine* calls them "echoes of the highly and carefully wrought Spanish and Italian buildings from which they are derived." Mission architecture is California architecture. Madison Phelps, in his article *The Patio House in California*, says: "Californians venerate the Spanish Mission style as New Englanders do the Colonial."<sup>6</sup>

Five years ago a perplexed housewife wrote to a magazine, asking to be instructed regarding "missionary furniture," which seemed to be so much in vogue in California. Mission furniture has been "missionary" in developing good taste in household furniture, in creating appreciation for the solid and the good, and a respect for wood as wood.<sup>7</sup> The actual furniture used in the Missions was limited to long benches and tables, after the fashion of those used in the refectory of the Middle Ages. Narrow boards were employed in the making, and a mortise and tenon mode of fastening. They were devoid of carving, solid and plain in lines. Some years ago a vogue for furniture after the manner of these Mission models began, which has revolutionized California house furnishing. This style has taught the public the absurdity of the glazed furniture which used to conceal and obliterate the natural grain and texture of the wood, and has shown them the vulgarity of the crude ornate carvings of a generation ago. This is the message of the Mission furniture to the present-day generation in California, and its work is every day bearing results.

California may be said to have a literature all its own. From the remarkable history of its past, writers of that State have a marvelous storehouse of unusual life, picturesque characters and romantic legends to draw upon. The life of the Missions is so closely interwoven with the Spanish and Mexican generations in the State, that any novel dealing with those days naturally brings in

<sup>6</sup>*Country Life*, vol. xxiv., pp. 55-57.

<sup>7</sup>*The House Beautiful*, vol. xxvii., pp. 162, 163.

the Mission background. We see how the Franciscans managed and directed the colony of Alta California, how the life of the people centred about religion, and how a race of men and women grew up, simple, happy and carefree.

Gertrude Atherton in her *Splendid Idle Forties* gives pictures of these golden days in California. Her story of "The Pearl of Loretto," although a legend, gives an idea of the intense religious feeling of the people, and the punishment meted out to a desecrator of sacred things.

Mary Austin's *Isidro* is a novel of Mission life, and tells the tale of a gay young Spaniard who would be a priest, though later we see that fate and love will otherwise. Helen Hunt Jackson's intense human interest in the devoted missionaries and their labors, and later in the pitiful condition of the Mission Indians, is marked in all her works, *California and the Missions*, *A Century of Dishonor* and on her great novel, *Ramona*. Charles W. Stoddard's *Old Mission Idylls* in *The Overland Monthly* gives us pleasant glimpses of Mission days. *Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons*, by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, is a collection of stories drawn from the animals of the Missions, which are interesting from a historical point of view. *El Molino Viejo* tells of the hidden treasure of San Gabriel Mission, and the curse that rests on him who searches for it.

Marah Ryan, whose novels of Aztec times are well known, has written a novel of Mission life in the later days of the Mexican era, called *For the Soul of Rafael*. In this book she voices the old superstition that a curse rested on San Juan Capistrano, the beautiful, ill-fated Mission which has been called the "Melrose of the West" and the "Mission of Tragedies." On the corner-stone of the altar were carved strange symbols, supposed by tradition to be the curse of the Aztec workmen, and except for the cruciform outline of the Mission, no symbol of Christianity was visible in the carving of the church. Around this motif, Marah Ryan has woven a weird and tragic tale.

The life of the Missions has always been a favorite theme with the short-story writers of the State, as the back files of *The Overland Monthly*, *Out West*, *The Sunset Magazine* and *The Pacific Monthly* will testify. Paul Elder, in his *Old Spanish Missions of California*, has made note of numerous California poems dealing with Mission topics. Narrative Mission poems are rare, but notable are Bret Harte's *Don Diego of the South*, and *Fray*

*Pedro's Ride*. Among poems dealing with the spirit and traditions of the Padres and the lessons to be learned from their lives are: *At Carmel Mission*, by Frances Tyler; *The Wooden Cross in the Weeds*, a tale of Friar Jayme's martyrdom at San Diego, written by John Vance Cheney, at one time librarian in San Francisco. Others are *The Mission Grace* and the *Cloister*, by Agnes Gray; *Coronach* and *In a Mission Garden*, by Clarence Urmy; *Ring, Gentle Angelus*, by Charles Stoddard; *Mission Bells*, by Mrs. Volney Howard; *Helen Hunt Jackson*, by Ina Coolbrith, and the *Mission Garden*, by Augusta Dubois.

The foregoing poems, while in no sense great literature, show how deep an appreciation of the California pathfinders lies in the heart of these Western people. Among them the two that may lay claim to a nation-wide recognition are Bret Harte's beautiful *Angelus* and John McGroarty's *El Camino Real*. The former brings a memory of all that was good and true in the life of the past.

Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present  
With color of Romance.

A warning message to a materialistic age lies in the lines:

Within the circle of your incantation  
No blight nor mildew falls;  
No fierce unrest nor lust nor low ambition  
Passes those airy walls.

McGroarty's stirring, swinging verse is in marked contrast to this meditative mood of Bret Harte:

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,  
And the brown Padres made it for the flocks of the fold,  
They made it for the sandals of the sinner folks that trod  
From the fields in the open to the shelter house of God.

This "long and sunny road" of the Padres which stretched for seven hundred miles by the Missions from Sonoma to San Diego, is now being restored as far as possible, and the distance marked by bells hung from iron posts. One may be seen in the heart of San

Francisco's business district, and the stranger seeing it may marvel as he realizes how the romantic past and the materialistic present are interwoven in California's daily life. Along the road where once galloped the couriers of the king, and the gallant caballeros and the brown Padres trudged in search of souls, now passes a modern generation and an alien race. Yet there are not wanting among them those who are loyal to the past and its teaching. The old Missions along El Camino have inspired and thrilled many a heart, and they carry a great message to California's children. "They are here, a graphic lesson on the blackboard, for us, for our children and our children's children *in sæcula sæculorum*; an example in artistic and architectural beauty, in sincerity, in heroism and in the manhood which can do the impossible."<sup>8</sup>

Many have sketched and painted the old Missions, for to an artist, and a California artist, they are as stirring an inspiration as any Old World cathedral. Edwin Deakin, however, may truly be called the Mission Painter. Aside from their artistic value, his paintings were instrumental in arousing the enthusiasm which led to the crusade for the preservation of the Missions and the restoration of El Camino Real.<sup>9</sup>

Father Serra and Father Crespi, as sons of Majorca, were thoroughly familiar with farming life, and the latter's diary makes careful note of the qualities of soil and the irrigating facilities of the various localities passed. The first irrigation ditch line in this State was begun at San Diego in 1795. Some believe this to be the present ruin; although others believe that this extensive work was not undertaken until after the dry season of 1809. The dam is above the Mission at the west end of the Cajon Valley. It is a solid stone wall more than twelve feet thick, coated with a cement of rare durability, which lasted until recent times. The water was brought from the reservoir thus formed in an aqueduct of tiles, and carried down the side of the steep gorge through which the stream ran. Several gulches had to be crossed, but the fall of the channel was so perfectly engineered that it delivered the water in full flow at the spot required, that is, the outlet near the fields to be watered.

The Franciscans taught California the value of irrigation, and the first ditch at San Diego was the beginning of what has been called one of the great miracles in the history of industrial progress—California's reclamation of the deserts by irrigation. From the

<sup>8</sup>Charles Lummis in *Out West*.

<sup>9</sup>*Painter of California Missions*, by Pauline Bird, in *The Outlook*.

beginning success crowned the Fathers' experiments. The Indians were taught to irrigate, the crops were plentiful and the Missions prospered. The Spanish landowners were made to realize that the farmer who irrigates never has to think of drought, and still can always keep his water supply under his control. The water eradicated such pests as grasshoppers and squirrels, as well as fertilizing and renovating the soil.

When the Missions passed away, the Americans learned the lesson. Many of the Southern California towns were built up in the large irrigated districts because of the facilities offered for agricultural and horticultural production. Riverside, the centre of the State orange industry, is an example of this growth. In 1872 there was no settlement where the town now stands, and the whole country was a barren waste. Irrigation in the San Joaquin Valley has meant fortunes to the growers of alfalfa, wheat and fruit. The citrus industry owes its wonderful vitality to the development of irrigation.

Before leaving the subject of water supply, let me quote Father Zephyrin Engelhardt in regard to important work done by the Santa Barbara Mission: "The fountain in front (of the present Mission building) arose in 1808. It furnished the water for the great basin just below, which served for the general laundry purposes of the Indian village. The water was led through earthen pipes from the reservoir north of the church, which to this day furnishes Santa Barbara with water. It was built in 1806. To obtain the precious liquid from the mountains, a very strong dam was built across 'Pedragoss' creek, about two miles back of the Mission. It is still in good condition."

Viticulture is one of the greatest industries of California, and has been the source of immense wealth to the State. The following poem by Charles Greene in *The Overland Monthly*, 1897, gives a happily worded description of the coming of the Mission grape:

'Tis said that the good old Fathers  
Who sought this Western Coast,  
Bearing o'er ocean and desert  
The consecrated Host,

Feared not so much lest hunger  
Of the body drive them back,  
As that wine and oil and wafer  
The sacrament should lack.



So they brought the vine and olive  
And saved the seeding grain  
And set them round the Missions  
Far from their sunny Spain.

And California fears not  
For storm or hostile fleet;  
For Mission grape and olive  
Still grow amid the wheat.<sup>10</sup>

The mother of California vines, the Mission grapevine at San Gabriel, was brought from Spain in 1798 in a gallant three-storied galleon, which landed it at the wharf of San Gabriel. Later grapevines were planted by the Padres in Southern California and were viniferous. This species almost without exception was found to thrive, and since that time viniferous grapes have been grown in California for various commercial purposes. The Mission grape is a very hardy one, black and of delicious flavor. The growth of this industry has been enormous.

At the time the great Serra headed with Galvez the land expedition from La Paz that was to result in the settlement at San Diego, a second land party was sent out in advance to pick up cattle and sheep at Loreto to stock the new colony. By 1834, the year of the secularization of the Missions, there were four hundred and twenty-three thousand head of meat cattle on the Mission property. The entire trade in California during the Spanish era consisted in hides of cattle, tallow and other skins. The first two products were controlled almost wholly by the Mission establishments. During the rule of the Padres the vast area of fertile land in the southern coast countries stretching from the seashore to the mountains was absorbed for cattle ranges, and almost the sole occupation of its inhabitants was cattle raising. To-day stock raising is carried on in the coast counties from Point Conception, north for four hundred miles, and in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Thus the chief industry in Mission days still flourishes, and the State boasts some of the largest stock and dairy farms in the world.

It is interesting to trace the development of sheep raising in California, which is to-day one of the largest wool-growing States in the Union. Mary Austin tells us in *The Flock* that Rivera y Moncada brought the first sheep to California from Velicata in the year of the discovery of Monterey. He took with him

<sup>10</sup> *The Overland Monthly*, January, 1897, p. 24.

twenty soldiers, and was delegated by Serra to bring the flocks to San Diego. "No doubt they at San Diego were glad when they heard the roll of bells and the blether of the flock."<sup>11</sup> Under the careful watching of the Padres, the sheep industry prospered. At the time of secularization, they had increased to three hundred and twenty thousand. Although the wool was poor and not very thick, blankets were woven, shapes were made, and also a coarse kind of cloth called Yerga, which served as garments for the Indians. Deprived of the careful Padres, the number of sheep had fallen off to thirty-one thousand six hundred in 1842. New flocks were imported from Mexico to supply the demands for coarse mutton, but it was a declining industry, until the rush westward in the pioneer days of the fifties brought men who were experienced hands at sheep raising.

The first orange trees in this State were grown at San Gabriel Mission at the beginning of the last century. Later a few were planted at each of the other Southern California Missions and in the gardens of the wealthy Spanish families, never, however, for exportation.<sup>12</sup> It was, however, from the two Washington navel orange trees brought from the Governmental Experimental Station at Washington, that the great part of the present citrus industry has developed.

The Franciscans brought the prickly pear from Baja California and utilized it for fencing, for canals and food; while the leaves chopped and bruised were added to whitewash, much as is to-day advocated by Luther Burbank. There are remnants to-day of the old cactus hedge at San Gabriel, planted by Padre Zabridea, which inclosed hundreds of acres of vineyards and garden. The hedge served both as protection and food, for the Indians were very fond of the prickly pear. The spineless cactus of Burbank is the modern evolution from Baja California's prickly product.

In the old town of San Diego overlooking the valley, Father Serra established his first Mission. Below the Mission at the foot of the hill he caused to be planted the first palm trees in California. These trees are now many years beyond the century mark, and are known as the famous Mission palms. Lemons, figs and pears were first grown at the Southern California Missions. The old olive orchard around San Diego Mission is still bearing. The Mission olives were planted in 1791, and to-day the production of pure olive oil is a leading industry.

<sup>11</sup>*The Flock*, p. 7.    <sup>12</sup>*History of Los Angeles*, by Charles D. Willard, p. 165.

Everywhere the Missions were established, the Fathers evolved flourishing agricultural communities from what had been wildernesses inhabited by the lowest of degraded savages. By the faithful performance and marvelous accomplishment of this task, they established civilization in this State, and prepared it for its great destiny. In a recent article on the San Diego Exposition, the following significant statement was made: "The whole agricultural wealth of the West sprang from the seed he (Serra) planted."

It is a fact not generally known that a full record of births, deaths and marriages was kept throughout California at the Missions twenty years before the first census of the United States. The Mission statistics are an invaluable index to the history and early industrial life of this State, and were always most accurately kept. It is to these records that Bancroft, Hittell and others are indebted for what they have written of California's history.

The one aim, object and purpose of the Franciscans was to convert the Indians. This end they never lost sight of, and the neophytes were taught to lead happy, useful lives only that they might devote themselves to the service of God. The religious influence was the dominating idea of the community. Let us see what traces of this influence are to be observed in the forlorn remnants of the Indian race of to-day. In 1879, Robert Louis Stevenson attended Mass at Mission Carmel. He describes the handful of poor Indians who came down from the mountains with old chant books handed down from many generations, and how strangely touching it was to hear them sing to the Gregorian music. "It was then not only the worship of God, nor an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture where all that they knew of art and letters was united and expressed."<sup>13</sup> These Mission chant books are sometimes found preserved in Indian huts of to-day, stirring reminders of the Golden Age of the Padres. The contrast between the condition of the Indian then and now is unspeakably pathetic.

Bryan Clinch says: "Compared with the fate of the uncivilized native population under American rule, that of the surviving ex-mission Indians indicates that the training of the Franciscans had a permanent efficiency on their customs long after their teachers had passed away.....the moral and industrial lessons of Peyri and Duran have left them widely different from the naked savages who butchered Jayme at San Diego. Mr. Lummis, after

<sup>13</sup> Chapter, "The Old Pacific Capital" in *Across the Plains*.

long experience, declares that if these Indians were given barely half the quantity of passable land that would maintain a hard-working New England farmer, they would easily maintain themselves."<sup>14</sup> And what would have pleased the great Serra best of all, the descendants of his Indians still cling to the religion to whose services he gave his life, and it still gives joy and comfort to their dreary futureless lives.

As a country evolves from its rough pioneer stage, as it progresses in civilization, it begins to appreciate the men of the past and all they have stood for. Such has been the case with California. The interest in and appreciation of our pioneers, begun a generation ago, is ever growing. To-day several thousand visit the Missions where twenty saw them ten years ago. The campaign for the restoration of the Missions and the relaying of El Camino Real has aroused state-wide enthusiasm, and all classes of patriotic men and women have responded whatsoever be their creed. Old customs are renewed which perpetuate the memory of the past. At the breaking of the ground for the site of the present San Diego Exposition, the memory of St. Francis, "Everybody's St. Francis," the great father of all the Padres, was publicly honored.

The celebration began with religious and civic ceremonies, ending with a parade and attendant pageantry representing the twenty-one Missions. The Mission Play, written by John McGroarty, bids fair to be an abiding classic. It is the story of Father Serra, and shows first the coming of the relief ship to San Diego, and gives one an inspiring picture of the Mission days at San Carlos in the height of their prosperity. The last scene is at San Juan Capistrano, when evil times had come, and the Indian goatherd, child of the one brought to the first baptism in San Diego, is seen in the ruined chapel. The play ends with the promise of Señora Yaba to lay the Mission chalice on the Santa Barbara shrine as a memorial of the sacred heroism of the Mission idea. It is modeled on the old miracle play, as Henry Van Dyke says, "like a traveling company of players in the time of Hamlet, only in this case the players stay at home and let the travelers come to them." The play is performed at regular intervals throughout the winter before large and appreciative audiences. Dr. Van Dyke makes this comment on seeing this little masterpiece: "No one can see this play without thinking more reverently of Christianity,

<sup>14</sup>*California and Its Missions*, vol. ii., p. 515.

and perceiving more clearly that there is a great adventure in the heart of true religion."<sup>15</sup> It teaches the inherent nobility of the Mission idea, and perpetuates its memory in the community. There have been already two Mission plays written and acted at Carmel, by an appreciative colony of lovers of art and literature who gather in the old Mission town every summer.

Above the town of Riverside towers the Mount of Rubidoux, crowned by a great wooden cross in memory of the holy Serra. Beneath it is a tablet of bronze unveiled by President Taft in 1909. Every Easter a reverent pilgrimage composed of men and women of all classes and religious beliefs, make their way by foot and by automobile, to the cross to greet the dawn of Easter Sunday. When the first lights of the sunrise gleam above the snow-topped San Bernardino Sierra, a brief religious service appropriate to the day is held in honor of Junipero Serra. It is a pleasing sight in a modern age all too materialistic. Jacob Riis, writing in *The Sunset Magazine*, says of this touching ceremony: "Is this sentiment? If so, it is of a kind we have had too little of too long."<sup>16</sup>

Father Serra's grave in the Valley of the Carmelo has been visited by several pilgrimages of the faithful. The people of California are growing more mindful of what they owe to him. The Governor decreed a state-wide holiday in the fall of 1913 on the occasion of the first pilgrimage of modern times to Serra's grave, and thousands attended. Thus his name is fast becoming a household name, and the long years of neglect following secularization, in which his last resting place was almost forgotten, are now being atoned for.

It is largely to the Padres that California owes so many of its picturesque Spanish names—names, which beside their musical beauty, serve to recall the marvelous history of the State. San Francisco, the Great Western Metropolis, "serene, indifferent of Fate," as Bret Harte calls her, is St. Francis' own, and in its patient endurance of misfortune, its untiring industry, its happy courageous heart, is typical of the spirit of the Brown Brotherhood. Los Angeles, the great city of the Southland, is to those who love her story the city of Our Lady Queen of the Angels. Sacramento is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the staff of life of thousands of our noble pioneers. Santa Barbara was christened by Serra after the fair virgin and martyr who is the patron of sailors and preserves

<sup>15</sup>*The Century Magazine*, vol. lxxxvii., pp. 175-184.

<sup>16</sup>*The Sunset Magazine*, June, 1910.

from perils of the sea. Many of the county names in California are derived from the Mission names. Santa Clara is honored by the protection of the holy Clare of Assisi, the first Franciscan nun. Santa Cruz is the holy Cross, the emblem of our California crusaders. The county takes its name from the lone memorial cross, all that remained of the Mission founded in 1791 by Padres Lopez and Salazar. Ventura is a relic of the beautiful name San Buena-ventura, which Serra gave to the Mission there in honor of the Tuscan Saint, Bonaventure, Seraphic Doctor. San Luis Obispo commemorates St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, and the county derives its name from Father Serra's Mission. San Diego recalls the great day in 1603 when Vizcaino anchored his fleet in the bay of San Diego, and named the same in honor of the day, November 12th, that of St. James of Alcala. San Benito, San Bernardino, San Joaquin and San Mateo, although their names are not directly traceable to the Padres, were called by the Spaniards after saints they had been taught, from childhood, to honor.<sup>17</sup>

What then is the influence of the Spanish Missions on present-day life in California? We have spoken of the historical importance of these settlements, and of their influence on art, literature and architecture. Because of their influence on the latter, a type of building has been created which is good and practical as well as beautiful, and that is highly suited to California. This the Government has recognized by ordering all public buildings in Southern California to be built in the so-called Mission style. We have shown that the Padres were the pioneers, with the exception of mining, in each one of the great industries which have made California world-renowned; that as such they form the first link in the great chain of our Western civilization. What influence have they beside this? The "sordid, money-getting, imaginationless biped" will say that the Missions are an important commercial asset to the State; that just as Switzerland attracts, by her mountains and glaciers, crowds of novelty-seeking tourists; just as the ruins in Italy draw the lire which bring prosperity to that romantic land, so California by means of Missions and Spanish traditions, assiduously advertised in books, circulars, postcards and calendars throughout a blasé world, is coming to be the American playground. The Missions have given it that piquant foreign flavor and dash of the long ago that is necessary to give the proper background.

<sup>17</sup>Origin of county names, compiled by Prentess Maslin under direction of the State Legislature, February, 1903.

All this is undoubtedly true, but there is another side to the question. We should cling to our traditions; we should learn to know and love the lives of our pioneers; we should absorb from their stories great inspiring lessons of nobility, self-sacrifice, manliness, simple practical Christianity. Jacob Riis says: "California almost alone in our land has a tradition that is wholesome and savors of the soil it is rooted in."<sup>18</sup> No mythical chieftains of antiquity, no storied knights of metrical romance are heroes half so inspiring as California's little company of Brother Crusaders with their great-hearted love for humanity and their thirst for souls. Their influence still lives, the good seed has been sowed, and California, grown to maturity, is not forgetting her early teachers.

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<sup>18</sup> Jacob Riis, *Sentiment As An Asset*, *The Sunset Magazine*, June, 1910.

## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER XIV.



RS. BOLIVAR'S feelings were so mixed when she boarded the train for Washington that they defied classification. She would not have confessed, even to herself, that she was so unmaternal as to rejoice over the advent of the measles, but she was glad of an excuse to leave the house party, which she had found interesting but a trifle irritating to her good-natured philosophy, for with all Anne's outward hospitality she consciously or unconsciously placed women at a disadvantage.

There was a perfection of poise about Anne's beauty, her clothes, her home that roused the feminine spirit of revolt, for most women knew that they could never aspire to such a standard. Mrs. Bolivar, after careful analysis, decided that she did not want to attain such superexcellence—a certain amount of imperfection seemed more comfortable and human; but nevertheless when she was in Anne's company she felt that she was failing by comparison. The definite discomfort may have been due to the frailty of vanity, which Mrs. Bolívar flattered herself she had outlived, or it may have been traced to some embryo jealousy—certainly she could not doubt the Senator's loyalty—but his candid critical acknowledgment of Anne's youthfulness sent her healthy mind speeding into unaccustomed channels. She determined to hunt up a new dressmaker and to find a hairdresser who could wave hair becomingly. She even contemplated moving in midwinter, if she could rent a larger house, where the children's rooms could be further removed from the Senator's sanctum and the servants' quarters more attractive. To systematize a home with six children and shifting maids and butlers might be a task beyond even Anne's control.

Then in the midst of these reflections Mrs. Bolivar laughed loud, much to the amazement of the passing conductor, who regarded her as a harmless lunatic for the rest of the trip and kept his eye prudently upon her. But Mrs. Bolivar's saving sense of humor had come to her rescue. Anne was the same spoiled child she had been at the convent, so many years ago, with no depth, nor purpose, nor ideals; her home was an empty show place, wound up with some superficial skill, a place where beauty was paramount, and men were pleased and blinded, and women were badgered by forced meditations on their own discrepancies.



But by the time the journey was over Mrs. Bolivar had recovered her common-sense calm; she was glad that the Senator could have another day with Walcott on the marshes. The friendship existing between the two men was rare in their mutual understanding. There were times when Walcott felt that he was claiming more than he himself could give, but the Senator possessed a frankness that could harbor no suspicion. If he had been told that his best friend had dropped one identity to start life again on a different plane, he would have insisted that Walcott's action was the most logical outcome of a difficult situation, and he would have fought for him with generous energy, though in his heart he might have been a little disappointed at Walcott's lack of confidence.

When the Senator returned from the station dinner was waiting. Anne was careful to express an exaggerated regret at Mrs. Bolivar's departure. To tell the truth she had been quite annoyed by the thought of her house party, in segments there was a certain gloom attached to vacant chairs at a dining table, a certain lack of harmony as if the hostess had blundered in her hospitable calculations; she was very much relieved when she found that the men intended to remain, and she hastily telephoned to one of her more intimate neighbors to come and "fill in." And the friend had hastily adjusted her one evening gown, which suddenly paled into poverty when its owner remembered Anne's Parisian patterns, and she had gone to the wild extravagance of hiring the two-horse hack from the livery to get her there in time, for Anne's invitations were not to be lightly disregarded; they were not as frequent as they had been in the old days when she had to depend upon the town for her diversion. Her marriage had had an isolating effect. It may have been her money or it may have been Van Brun. He did not belong to the South, he had come from some vague corner of the West, where men make money with what seemed culpable rapidity; he had no share in the old South's pride or prejudice; he was willing to contribute munificent checks for the building up of her old home, provided she did not ask him to occupy it. Like many other Americans with the wanderlust, it pleased him to prepare a substantial centre of radius to which he could return when there was nothing else to do. So Anne in her short married career had journeyed far with him; she had been around the world twice, and this fact alone to the untraveled friends of her girlhood seemed to differentiate her as a person of wide experience and cosmopolitan ideas, to whom their loves and sympathies would seem provincial platitudes. But in spite of Anne's apparent remoteness these companions of her girlhood were true to the traditions of their upbringing, and whenever Anne's presence was announced in the attenuated columns of the *Evening Crescent* these old acquaintances gathered around her.

This evening after dinner a gay party drove out from town to welcome her home, and Anne's cordial greeting was all that the most critical could desire, for their homage pleased her. She was like a queen holding court and dispensing the favor of her smile upon her vassals; her old beaux rallied to her colors, forgetful that their allegiance had been diverted in many ways during her absence. And while Anne introduced her unexpected visitors to her house guests, Walcott stood at a little distance seeking the shadow of the doorway. The names were all familiar. Some of these girls he remembered in their babyhood. Why had he come back? Back to a world he had left so far behind him; the world he had purposely disregarded? It had no reality, it was a land of ghosts in which he had no place.

No one paid much attention to the tall, disfigured stranger. He seemed so solemn and abstracted; and the young people were bent on merrymaking. Anne had the drawing-room stripped of its rugs and more cumbrous furniture, and an impromptu ball was soon inaugurated. Walcott was glad to slip away unnoticed through the crowd to seek refuge in the conservatory. It was a charming place added by Anne of late years to give length to the library. A fountain with the marble figure of a child wading in its clear depths was surrounded by rare exotics. Usually the place was lighted by small colored lamps that gleamed like strange blossoms amid the heavy background of foliage, but to-night a full moon shone through the transparent walls and ceiling, transforming the place into a tropical bower. As Walcott made his way to a rustic bench that he had noticed the day before when Anne was exhibiting her orchids, he found that it was occupied.

"Two minds with but a single thought," said Ted lightly. "Sit down, Mr. Walcott. I came in here to escape from the infernal racket of that phonograph. If people are going in for these modern dances, why don't they beat a tom-tom and have done with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Walcott, "but I'm glad of the noise if it sent you in here; I wanted to have a talk with you"—there was a certain joyous eagerness about his tone followed by an awkward pause. He had spoken on impulse. After all, in his rôle of stranger, what could he say to Ted? If he confessed to the part he had played for fifteen years, everything he valued would now, it seemed, slip from him—his present public reputation for absolute honesty, certain philanthropic schemes that needed all the faith he could inspire to gain them any credence. He could not manifest himself among all these people. The story would be too sensational—the yellow journals would cram their columns—there would be no escape from their broad publicity.

"Sit down," said Ted in friendly fashion. "Have a cigarette? Since I made you my confidant last night, I might as well continue my revelations."

Walcott took the proffered cigarette and lighted it mechanically. "Was there anything left to reveal?" he asked with a gleam of his old humor. "I thought we had reached the end of—everything."

"As I said once before," continued Ted undisturbed, "I'm an egotist—know it's very bad form, and yet people are always laying stress on the value of psychology—human documents—all that sort of thing. Since I've met you, you've set me thinking along a new line. I'm leading an altogether artificial life—I feel that you despise it."

"I do," answered Walcott brusquely, "but perhaps it isn't altogether your own fault."

"Then whose fault is it?" asked Ted good-naturedly.

Walcott hesitated. "It might have been your—parents or—guardians."

"I don't know," Ted meditated for a moment. "Both my parents died when I was very young, and I was sent here to live with an uncle. He was a fine young fellow. No doubt he would have had some influence over me if he had lived."

Walcott winced at the words. "You think that—you really believe that?"

"Why, yes. You see I looked up to him, believed in him—would have followed him, and then I would have had some sort of a home. A home does have a solidifying effect on a man. You see my life was reduced to a liquid state and I've let it run."

"Run where?"

"Oh, I've been dissipated and you know it. Polly's tried to keep me straight, but she couldn't exactly stay on the job."

"And—you—think your uncle could?"

"Well, of course he would have been with me if these people hadn't hounded the courage out of him."

"Hounded him?"

"Well, I told you that I had come in here to escape from the noise of that phonograph, but that was only a half truth; I don't like the people of this town. You see my uncle suffered financial reverses before he died, and the people in this town turned on him."

"The whole town?"

"Well, of course, Mrs. Maxen and Polly did what they could to change public opinion."

"And Anne, Mrs. Van Brun?"

"Well, she said nothing, though it hit her harder than anyone else. You see she was engaged to him."

"And she said *nothing*?"

"Well that's rather Anne's way. God only knows what she's thinking. That's one of her attractions, she keeps one guessing."

"And you think she cared for your uncle?"

Ted threw away his cigarette. "She had promised to marry him—that ought to prove it."

"I don't know that it does."

"Lord, that sounds cynical."

"Well, you see she married—Van Brun."

"And an awful chump he was, believe me," said Ted with a mirthless laugh. "I told you she was incomprehensible."

"If she was engaged to your uncle when you were a boy, then she is older than you?"

"Yes, a few years."

"Don't you think that's unfortunate?"

"I don't see it that way."

"I think it makes a difference to a man later on. The truth is I'd like to see you break away from this infatuation."

"And I think I've been very patient," said Ted, "there are limits. You will pardon me, since our interview has been altogether unconventional, if I say that I fail to understand your interest in my affairs."

"I'm a blunt man," said Walcott humbly, "and blundering seems to be a habit. You told me frankly that you were throwing your life away, and I—well just as frankly—would stop you if I could."

"Thanks, I'll be obliged if you don't worry."

"Then I wish you would think a little of Polly."

"What has she to do with it?"

"Why—I think she cares."

"Cares for me? Well we are playing at cross purposes. Since you want frankness, I'll tell you that if Polly has any feeling for me it's altogether sisterly. We are cousins—we grew up together. If she cares for anybody—well—I suspect you can be a little more personal."

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps I don't mean anything except you have been extraordinarily kind to her; she has seen a good deal of you lately. Do you know I think Platonic friendship is rather out of date."

Walcott struggled to conceal his exasperation. "It doesn't seem quite fair to interpret her attitude that way."

"Well, I don't know," said Ted impatiently. "I thought you began this discussion. After all the conventions weren't created for nothing. They are the backbone of social intercourse, when you break them—well, you suffer some sort of a collapse. I shall extricate myself from the wreckage by going to dance with Mrs. Van Brun. Since we are her guests it doesn't seem quite civil to immure ourselves all evening."

He got up and, brushing the ashes from his coat, he passed quickly out of the moonlight into the yellow glare of the lamps.

Walcott watched him go with a deep sense of humility and help-

lessness in the strength of Ted's rebuke. He had gone too far—expected too much. Ted had the right to be justifiably offended. What right had he, as a stranger, to sit in judgment? Ted had been wonderfully good-natured considering all the criticism he had received, but there was a limit and he, Walcott, had exceeded it. He sank down again on the bench Ted had just vacated, and a new viewpoint of his extraordinary position dawned upon him. He had been a craven—a coward to seek refuge in concealment; he had disregarded his chief responsibility and Ted. Ted had paid the penalty, and the boy had been loyal to him throughout, even when Anne was silent and the town believed in his guilt. "I believed in him, would have followed him," Ted's words came back to him with a rush of tenderness that swept away all traces of resentment. Why had he been oblivious to Ted's need of him in all these widening years? Now that the full realization had come to him he felt that he must make a confession to Ted. It was the only way. The boy's right—his own restitution. Perhaps he could be sworn to secrecy. Perhaps he could be made to see what a public confession would entail. Perhaps he would be willing to go away and travel. Those forgotten shares in Bolivar's copper mine would make an extravagant journey possible now, and distance might destroy this hopeless love for Anne. And while he planned he rested his head against the rustic back of the bench and closed his eyes wearily. He was tired—tired of the rôle he had been called upon to play. His life had been so simple in the West, his present personality effacing so effectually his past, but to-night he had been trapped—trapped while he, with the fear of the hunted, had sought sanctuary in this pleasant bower which had seemed so far away from the reality of revelation.

He must have slept—his mind so weary that his body claimed supremacy unawares. The moon with her white hypnotic light soothed him, the air in the conservatory was heavy with perfume. He must have slept, for he could account for what happened next in no other way. He seemed to see Anne coming towards him so close that he had but to lift his hand and touch her gown, and for a moment she seemed to lean over him with loving solicitude, uncertain whether to rouse him, while she studied every line in his face, and then he heard voices—Ted's voice saying:

"You won't relent—you care for someone else?"

The answer was inaudible.

"The Major?"

"No."

"Who?"

"I do not choose to tell."

"But I think I have the right to know."

"Why?"

"Because it is the end of life."

Walcott stirred. He was no eavesdropper. He had been dreaming. It was natural that he should dream of Anne and Ted. He looked towards the fountain. There was only the marble figure of the child, its body bent to life-like liveness as it stood smiling joyfully and unafraid, while the water splashed upward, full of the strange brilliance of the moonlight, and somewhere far away sounded the barbaric music of a dance.

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## CHAPTER XV.

In the morning Walcott's doubts and fears lifted with the white mists from the meadows. There was something clarifying in the sunlight, the routine of the breakfast table, the familiarity of food, Anne's serenity as she planned for another day in the open, and the Senator's jovial enthusiasm over a sport that was new to him. Ted was noticeably silent, but the Major seemed to be in the best of spirits. Some of the gay party who had arrived the evening before had been invited to remain over night, and the big dining-room was full of that conventional cheer that restores life to the normal.

"I'll have to break away from the rest of you this afternoon," said the Senator, "for my small boys are fleeing the measles; I'll have to meet them at the station. Mrs. Maxen has promised to mother them for a few weeks."

"They will enjoy the country," said Anne with polite interest, "I suppose Polly will bring them."

"Yes, the whole thing is her idea. Mrs. Maxen may find small boys annoying—to use a mild adjective."

"Oh, no, she won't," denied Anna hastily, "Mrs. Maxen is the type of woman who doesn't mind anything—you see she's altogether supernatural."

The Senator smiled over his coffee. "Well, of course I can't understand that state of existence. Souls get so deucedly tangled up nowadays, I think mine lives in a deep labyrinth and never gets an airing."

"Don't believe him," interposed Walcott, "his heart and soul carry away his head more often than is good for him."

"Sounds like the Legend of Sleepy Hollow," laughed one of the girl visitors.

"Yes," agreed the Senator with a broad grin, "that's his polite way of calling me a pumpkin head."

Walcott interrupted: "Pumpkins are most desirable," he said solemnly. "They make excellent pies."

"And that reminds me," said Anne, "that I shall have a number of small ones packed in the lunch basket; that train from Washington does not get in until four, so you will really have the whole day before you. If you will give me your map for a moment, I can show you the short cut through the woods to the station."

The Senator went through his pockets. "I believe I left that map on my bureau; I was rather depending upon Walcott for directions, he hits a trail like an Indian scout. Even to an old woodsman like me it's amazing."

"Perhaps he has been here before," Anne replied.

There was something in the tone of her voice that made Walcott look up to find her eyes fixed curiously upon him, but the next moment she had turned to the Senator and said with laughing unconcern: "If we were English women no doubt we would go with you to-day, and what a nuisance you would find us."

The Senator tried to deny this last statement, but he was not used to making pretty speeches to women, and the Major came gallantly to the rescue and begged her with convincing eagerness to accompany the expedition.

"I never shot a gun in my life; I hate the noise, the smell of powder, and all the mud and dirt. I have a busy day before me, a bridge party this afternoon and a dinner of twenty to-night. You must all be home by seven."

But the shooting party did not seem anxious to get away, the dining-room, with its great wood fire and its blooming roses, was a pleasant place to linger.

"You are not true sportsmen," laughed Anne. "If you were you would have all been up at daybreak."

"We are only make-believes," said Ted. He looked very handsome this morning in his shooting togs, the rough clothes accentuating his graceful carriage and the delicacy of his feature. "Make-believes, all of us," he repeated. "So what does anything matter?"

"Ducks matter," said the Senator striving to hide his disapproval of this strange man. "They are so amazingly good to eat."

"But if one doesn't care to eat?"

"Ted, Ted," answered Anne with dangerous sympathy. "You ought to be cheerful at a house party. I don't believe you are well. You haven't tasted your breakfast. You must come home with a better appetite," and she followed the shooting party out upon the broad portico to wish them good luck.

Walcott wanted to walk with Ted, but his nephew, striding on ahead with the Major, seemed anxious to avoid him, while the Senator fell behind as a matter of course. Walcott had firmly made up his mind to confess to Ted that morning, but the time did not seem propitious, he would have to wait his chance.

All night he had lain awake planning the future. He would tell Ted the truth and swear him to secrecy if he could; he would vacate his seat in the House. Such a resignation might prove a nine days' wonder, but after all there were many excuses he could give—failing health might be the most plausible, family affairs, business complications. Other men had resigned—the action would not be altogether unprecedented—then he would travel with Ted. For one whole year he would devote his life to the boy, trying to win him back to better habits, a healthier viewpoint; he would see what a period of readjustment would do, new scenes, new interests, new faces; Ted was pliable—he was too young not to be susceptible. To-night after dinner, when confidences were possible, he would tell Ted the truth.

The second day on the marshes was a repetition of the first. The Senator was the best shot, and his skill was so much applauded that he found it difficult to break away from the party at three o'clock, and take the faintly marked footpath through the woods to the station. But he had not gone far before he heard a crashing in the bushes and Walcott joined him.

"I thought I'd go with you," he said.

"Well, I'm glad to have you, but there really is no necessity, the path is clearly marked."

"I know that, but I thought I'd like to get one more glance of the twins."

"Don't you mean to stick the week out."

"No, I intend to send myself a telegram demanding my presence in Washington to-morrow."

"Grateful sort of guest you are."

"Perhaps that's one of the reasons I wanted to come with you; I'm afraid that I've been really discourteous. Fell asleep last night in the conservatory—didn't go near any of the guests. Every man ought to show some appreciation of the efforts of his hostess. Thought I would send her some flowers to show that I wasn't altogether a boor, and then beat it to town in the morning. I have a little business to attend to in this town before I go."

"And you are going to leave me?"

"I'll send you a telegram, too, if you like."

"Heavens, no, I've got to stay and see that art dealer, and then there are the twins and their board bill. Truth is the board bill is deucedly awkward. Paying your relatives for food in this neighborhood is sinning against their decalogue of decency."

"Polly's got sense," said Walcott; "I'll attend to that."

"How?"

"Send up a lot of things from the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and tell Mrs. Maxen the twins are on diet."



"Polly would know they weren't."

"I'll tell her the truth."

"Well, I'm glad you see a way out. I'll leave it to you. I feel like a ruthless Hun descending on the old lady and carrying off her grandmother."

"You haven't carried her yet."

"Well, I feel sure that I will. I believe she's the genuine article. I've been trying to jog my memory, gathering impressions of my boyhood, and I believe these Canfields were the rich branch of the family and had the money to pay for portraits if they fancied them, while we—well, I believe we belonged to the tin-type class. Never heard of this Maxen who married Marie Canfield. I didn't keep up with the later history you see."

"You didn't miss much in not knowing Hiram Maxen. He was born to open the door of sacrifice for other people."

"How do you know?"

"Heard of him."

"Well, since you know so much about the whole layout I wish you would stay. It isn't quite civil; your getting out anyhow. If you didn't mean to stay why did you come?"

"God knows—my motives were never so mixed in my life. I thought Mrs. Bolivar corralled me on your account."

"And I'm willing to acknowledge that your presence persuaded me, but I believe there was another reason."

"Well then, if you must know—giving reasons is always a mistake—I wanted to get acquainted with Ted Hargrove."

"Hm," exclaimed the Senator. "Drinks like a fish, and you thought you could stop him. Reforming the world is getting to be an obsession."

"I find him very interesting, and he's so young to be flinging his life away."

"Well, I don't think you can stop him. You see he doesn't care. He's not interested in anything but our amiable hostess, and she won't have him—she's no reformer."

"She must know that he's in love with her."

"Of course she knows it—wouldn't forgive him if he wasn't."

"She's older than he is."

"I know, makes it worse—proves blind infatuation. She's got charm, there's no denying that; I'm beginning to believe that you are half afraid she will get you."

Walcott fell prudently behind. "No, not now; it's too late."

"Too late," grunted the Senator. "Never too late for a man to make a fool of himself."

"Maybe not," agreed Walcott grimly, "but after a man has been a particular kind of a fool he's not apt to suffer a relapse."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that either. Can't imagine you lovelorn, Walcott, or the old lady that would turn you down must have been some sort of a paragon if you really cared for her, and if she was a paragon she ought to have recognized a good thing when she saw it."

"Thanks." Walcott hoped to bring the conversation to a conclusion.

They walked along for a while in silence, the path was very narrow and grew more difficult. Their attention was distracted by the fallen branches and brambles that barred the way. Every little brook was swollen to three times its natural depth, for the rains had been heavy this autumn; and one of the streams had grown so wide that it gurgled triumphantly over its high stepping-stones, and the two men stopped, uncertain how to proceed. There were no logs in sight long enough to span the space, and the faint film of ice on the edges of the water deterred them from taking off their boots and wading through.

"We will try two vaulting poles—that used to be one of my chief stunts at college."

"Well, go on," agreed the Senator resignedly. "I may be a bit stiff and rheumatic, but we've got to do something. It's too late to go back and around by the road."

But even with this sensible plan it took them some time to find saplings suitable for their purpose and a longer time to cut them down, for they had nothing but their pen knives for this unexpected wood-chopping, so that when they finally reached the station the train had come and gone, and Polly was standing on the platform trying to persuade a grizzled old hackman to drive her and the twins home. But the old darkey had received orders to wait for someone else, and though Polly was trying to impress him with the fact that the train had not brought his passenger he was unwilling to relinquish the idea that the train would be "back presently," as soon as the conductor discovered that they had carried an important personage beyond his destination.

"It's just a fool notion," said Walcott. "Get up there on the box, old man. You've got a chance to make a five-dollar bill before another train creeps into this station."

"Yes sah; yes sah." The promise of such a stupendous sum seemed to dispel all the old man's doubts; he opened the hack door invitingly and then climbed up to his own seat without further argument; the bony horses made a heroic show of speed and then settled down to a jog trot before they had gone half a square.

"Have you seen mother yet?" asked Polly, her face seemed to radiate happiness at this home-coming, and as Walcott watched her he realized how hard had been her time of banishment.

"Well, not—not yet," answered the Senator in some embarrassment. I intended to call to-morrow."

"She will be so glad to see you, and I know she will be pleased to have the boys. I am afraid life has been very dull for her lately."

"Will she let us holler in the house and hide in the garret?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, she likes noise."

"And play with the cat and the dog?"

"Yes."

"And feed the chickens?"

"Yes."

"And if it snows will you take us coasting?"

"Yes."

"And rowing on the river?"

"Yes."

The Senator laughed. "What a job you have, Miss Polly. It doesn't seem quite fair."

"I think they are very good," said Polly with her arm around Bobby's neck. "I promised them all sorts of things if they would come with me."

"Jack was afraid at first," announced Bobby contemptuously, "he thought there might be tigers in the country, and Miss Polly said she didn't have a gun—but I like tripping—tripping anywhere. If the baby would only *keep* the measles now that she's got 'em, we could stay a long time."

"You're a heartless child, Bobby," said Walcott, trying to conceal a smile. "You ought not to want the poor baby to stay sick."

"But I *do*, Wally. If I said I didn't it would be a great—big—lie."

"I think you had better drop the subject," laughed the Senator. "If a man isn't allowed to confess his feelings until he has some well-ordered emotions to express, half the world would be reduced to silence."

"I was sorry Mrs. Bolivar had to come home," interrupted Polly. "I wanted her to have her holiday."

"She didn't mind," replied the Senator easily, "and after all the measles are not serious."

"No, but I thought you were all having such a good time."

"Well I am. Never shot ducks in my life—fine sport. Mrs. Van Brun is a famous hostess; lets a man do as he pleases, that's my idea of hospitality. Beautiful home, fine billiard room. Glad I came, I feel a hundred per cent better already, but Walcott has a grouch. He doesn't like all this grandeur—dinner parties every night, he prefers paupers to plutocrats."

"And Ted—how's Ted?"

"Very well. We left him just below on the marshes."

Polly turned to Walcott with a look of gratitude in her eyes. "I'm glad he's well."

The Senator did not catch the full significance of her words, Bobby had claimed his attention; the boy was full of eager questions about ducks. Could they fly or did they swim? Did you shoot them or fish for them with flies? Did people make pillows out of the feathers or put them on their hats? Could he go duck-shooting in the morning?

"Don't be grateful to me," said Walcott to Polly in an undertone. "I've done nothing but make a mess of things."

"How do you mean?"

"Every way," he answered hopelessly.

"Oh, no, don't say that. Mother believes that Ted has a lot of good in him; I wish you would talk to her about him."

"I can't—not this afternoon." Of one thing he was certain he wanted to avoid Mrs. Maxen. He felt sure that she would penetrate his personality. Ever since he had arrived on these familiar grounds he had determined that he could keep up no deception in her presence. "I can't go home with this party now. I have a little business matter to attend to. Bobby bang on that window and get these wild horses to stop a minute, I've got to get out here at the florist's and order those flowers."

"Flowers for Mrs. Van Brun," explained the Senator significantly.

Polly made no comment. Her thin face looked pale and tired after her journey, and she pretended to draw her veil a trifle closer to shield her eyes from the sunlight.

Walcott bade them all a cheerful good-bye and, promising the twins a pony phaëton in the morning, he got out of the rickety carriage, and slamming the door with thoughtless energy he turned to investigate the shop window, where a cumbrous wreath of dyed immortelles was the only show of greenery.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

As Walcott passed into the small shop the heavy fragrance of the flowers sent his mind reeling back again into the past. It seemed strange that anything as impalpable as an odor should effect him more than the familiar furnishings of the place. There stood the same battered refrigerator, its smeared glass doors giving one but a clouded view of the tall vases that held the greater part of the stock in trade. How eagerly he used to lean over the oilcloth-covered counter, numbering the roses and peonies, fearful lest the florist, busy with another customer, should make a sale that would leave but the

poorest and faded for his own purchase and belittle his offering to Anne. For Anne had always cared for flowers, and his extravagance in supplying her had been fully appreciated by the begrimed little florist, whose customers usually sought him out only under constraint. Of course he who toiled among the earth worms that beauty might break from bulb and root understood better than anyone else that flowers were luxuries, but there were times when his artistic soul revolted at his patrons' careful calculation of the blossoms in his funeral pillows and wedding bells. If the citizens of this town expected a floral shop to continue solvent and yet to remain open only to mark the epochs in their lives, someone must pay the penalty for such penuriousness, and what more obvious a victim than a zealous, generous lover—a pleasant young man who never questioned the validity of a bill. To-day the old florist hobbled forward on a crutch, his dim eyes resting curiously on this stranger, who seemed too gray for a wedding and too smiling for a funeral wreath.

"Violets!" he exclaimed in answer to Walcott's question! "No sir, I quit raisin' 'em some time back. They ain't showy and it takes time to handle them. Even a hundred at a cent apiece don't make much of a bunch. Thar wan't no demand. Once I knew a young fellow who didn't think nothin' of orderin' five hundred at a nickle apiece, but thar ain't many fools like him."

"No, I guess not," agreed Walcott reminiscently.

"He was in love," cackled the old man, "and the lady had a notion for violets. Roses you say? I'm a trifle hard of hearin'. Red roses? Yes, sir. My son runs the business now and he had some roses here. They ain't as fine as mine used to be. Young folks ain't industrious; they ain't as painstaking. I can send them if it ain't too far. All I've got? Well, I'm mighty glad you come in. My son and I've been arguin' about them flowers. Nobody wants cheerful lookin' roses on a coffin lid."

"Well, it isn't for a coffin exactly."

"I get your meaning," muttered the old man vaguely. "Calculate on stayin' some time?"

"I'm leaving to-morrow."

"Furrin parts?" questioned the old man with the mournful conviction that such prodigal purchasers never lingered long in the neighborhood.

"Washington," answered Walcott shortly.

"Senator mebbe? I'm told it's a fine job but mighty uncertain. Seats in the Senate ain't what they used to be. Never can tell what's goin' on at home. Politics are rotten, so I'm told. My uncle was sheriff in this county once, and they hanged him election night. Sort of took away my spirit for politics."

Walcott smiled. "Well, that was what you might call disspirit-

ing. You'll put the roses in a box with some green for a background? Here's the address and here's my card."

The old man slowly adjusted his brass-rimmed spectacles. "Mrs. Van Brun. Yes, sir. I know the place. If she'd only stay at home business might pick up. I reckon I've sent more flowers to that there house than any livin' being, funerals and all counted in. Once the Mayor died in this town and he had a hack full of flowers, but he never had any before or since, and this here Mrs. Van Brun, who used to be Miss Anne Marbury, is a wonder. She'd make any business pick up. She just naturally has things."

Walcott had no desire to continue the conversation further. He was a trifle afraid that the shrewd old man might suspect that the "young fool" had returned, for this same old man had actually raised flowers to his order, so anxious was he to follow the imaginative flights of his most reckless customer. There was one bouquet that Walcott especially remembered, made entirely of heliotrope with a white starry camelia in the centre and a fluting of embossed paper around the edge, the kind of an old-fashioned bouquet that Anne's grandmother might have carried, and Anne had exclaimed at its quaintness, and her pleasure and praise had seemed such an exorbitant reward for his expenditure of effort that he had returned to the florist next morning and paid him twice the amount of his bill. That bouquet had marked the beginning of his romance, for he had sent it for Anne's debut, and that night, seeing her surrounded by other men, he had realized for the first time that he was in love with her. He was so young that he had never analyzed his feelings before. She had been a part of his life always—they had played together as babies, but the presence of other men, making access to her difficult, had filled him with sudden anger; he wanted to sweep her away from them all, and because she would not promise him the next dance, he had gone out into the garden and paced the box-bordered paths in a fury, questioning this new mental capacity for suffering.

Purple heliotrope had marked the beginning, and red roses would mark the end—roses sent after all these years merely as a peace offering. He had been unapproachable, ungrateful, unmannerly in his isolations. Anne had always demanded some sort of outward tribute from her friends. The roses would show an appreciation of her hospitality—they meant nothing more. He was going away forever—going away with Ted.

But there was one thing more to accomplish. When he passed out of the damp little shop with its insistent earthy odors, he turned into one of the more congested streets. He was not quite sure of his destination now, but a swinging sign bearing the name Joseph D. Frankfort, Attorney, reassured him. He might have known that his conservative old friend would not change his quarters. The door

opened upon a long flight of unpainted steps that led upward to the Judge's office. Once on the landing Walcott hesitated, and then went on to knock on the Judge's black-lettered door.

"Come in."

Walcott entered and stood silent, looking down upon the bald head of the Judge, who turned inquiringly in his swivel chair, and said with his old-time greeting for strangers, "Well, sir—well, sir—what can I do for you?"

The large high-ceilinged room held a disordered library, the desk was deluged with papers, tobacco smoke mingled with the dust made visible in the level lines of light that shone through the diamond-paned window.

Walcott had planned no speech and now that he was here he had no inclination to begin.

"I believe you are one of the trustees for the Thompson estate. I have come to see you about it."

The Judge half rose from his chair, his pointed white goatee seemed to bristle. "No use," he said impatiently—his gruff manner had contributed to his reputation for absolute honesty—"no use to talk, that estate was settled finally and forever five years ago; such a lot of useless litigation; such a crowd of numb-skull lawyers; such a battering of a boy's reputation. I tell you there's not one more cent can be squeezed out of it. You can't get blood out of a turnip."

"What were the assets?"

"*Assets!* what's the use of talking about assets—they fell short about forty thousand dollars, and if I hadn't worked days, nights and Sundays trying to fight off forced sales it would have been worse than that."

"I'm glad it was only forty thousand," said Walcott thinking of his proposed trip with Ted.

The Judge put on his eyeglasses and surveyed his visitor in some bewilderment. He had received many strange clients in his day, but this tall disfigured stranger possessed an air of distinction that did not belong to the weak-minded, the criminal, or the distraught.

"I believe that the confidences of your clients are considered sacred?" continued Walcott.

"Sacred!" sputtered the old man, "of course they are sacred. I'm a Catholic and I believe in the sacrament of confession, but I intend no blasphemy when I say that secrets told me in this room are as safe as they are under the seal."

"I believe you," said Walcott sitting down in the chair that the Judge had pointed out to him when he made his first appearance, "and it is for that reason I am here to bring you the forty thousand dollars—to settle the Thompson estate."

"God have mercy!" exclaimed the old man, "and who—who are you."

Walcott held out his hand to him across the littered table. "Do you remember buying red and white peppermint sticks for a small boy long ago? Do you remember that one day when the boy's hands were very sticky he wiped them on the long tail of your coat, and when you sat down in a cushioned dining-chair you stuck, and the boy's mother spanked him—the only spanking she gave him in her life? Do you remember a garden where roses bloomed and you used to come Sunday evenings and drink tea out of Japanese cups, and your special cup was decorated with a little juggler balancing a fan on his nose, and you used to make up nonsensical rhymes about him for the boy? Do you remember the one that began,

'If a juggler can juggle and jump  
Can a peddler peddle a pump?'"

The ridiculous words had their effect, the old man fell back weakly in his chair, his eyes fixed like one who witnesses a manifestation of the preternatural. "How can you know these things?" he asked hoarsely.

But Walcott went on: "And with the tea were served little cakes—cakes with pink icing and candied cherries on the top—you always saved your cherry for the boy; and then one day you whittled him a tiny boat out of a peach kernel, and then you went with him to sail it in the fountain, and stooping over, you lost your specs. The boy spent the next day wading in the fountain searching for them, and when he found them he was so pleased he wrapped them in a dirty handkerchief and brought them to you—here.

The old man leaned forward now studying every line of Walcott's face, hope struggling with lack of conviction. "Go on," he said huskily, "go on."

"The boy was very wet when he reached you, and you made him take off his clothes and put on your coat, and then you, in your shirt sleeves, carried him home to his mother. That night the boy had a fever and he called out for you in his delirium; you watched by his bedside all night, and at three o'clock in the morning when the boy wanted ice and the supply in the house had run short, you went out and broke the padlock on the ice man's shop and brought back a piece in your hands."

"I did—I did."

"And the next morning you paid the ice man ten dollars for burglarizing his place over night, and the boy's mother cried when she thanked you—only the boy saw!"

"Jim," cried the old man feebly, "little Jim." He grasped Walcott's extended hand seeking reassurance from living flesh, "How can it be—Jim?"



It was a long story that Walcott had to tell and the Judge listened with a feverish interest that no client had ever claimed.

"And this is the secret," he said at last, "the secret under the seal. You mean to go on unknown to the end?"

"Yes if you will help me."

"But the forty thousand dollars—these shares in this copper mine, how are they to be explained?"

"Part of my assets. Forgotten—worthless until now—half a dozen ways."

"Is this all you have?"

"Not quite, there are a few thousand more—my own savings."

"It's a small fortune to give up. You realize there is no legal obligation now."

"Perhaps not, but there are other obligations in the world not altogether legal."

"Thank God," said the old man fervently, "thank God you feel that way. You see I had for the moment forgotten your mother."

"My mother!"

"She was one of God's own saints and I—I loved her. You see we were young together. I remember the summer I came home from the university so full of conceit with my LL.D. I used to argue imaginary cases before her. I had no real ones then, and she used to laugh at me and tell me that legal reasons were no reasons when there was no higher claim. That autumn she married your—father and I—well—well—they were kind to me. I was invited often to the house. There were the Japanese cups and the pink cakes on Sunday evenings, and after that there seemed nothing left but work. Perhaps you will understand why I worked so hard trying to make the estate pay dollar for dollar. I think I would like you to know that I would accept no fee. I wanted to clear your name. Somehow I felt that she might have knowledge of it, and now that you have come back it seems to prove her influence. It's the old law of inheritance that scientists are scouting now, but they can't explain away the power of prayer, the strength of the supernatural. Our bodies will be buried soon—very soon—who can presume to measure the strength of the divinity of our souls? Surely the selfless love of a mother must be part of her immortality. She must care my boy—she must care."

Walcott had buried his face in his hands, he was trembling and a little unnerved from the ordeal of his confession; the Judge's unsuspected love story and his life-long loyalty had touched him deeply, and these old memories of his mother brought a moisture to his eyes.

"I too have felt her presence," he said.

## DIANA'S MIRROR—THE LAKE OF NEMI.

BY EDITH COWELL.



THE pilgrim—if he be a wise pilgrim—leaves Rome for the Lake of Nemi in the evening and in the month of May, with the intention of spending the night at Frascati, in order to rise with the sun next morning, and perform the remainder of the pilgrimage on foot. To carry out this resolution, however, he must be made of stern stuff, in order to resist a dozen temptations to linger by the way.

The desolate stretches of the mysterious Campagna, now golden in the sunlight, now shrouded in ever-changing peacock shaded shadows, which lies at the foot of the Alban Hills; the enchanting vision of Rome, twelve miles distant, a cluster of elusive, ghost-like outlines, with one outstanding, unchanging mark—the dome of St. Peter's; the superb pageant of the snow-topped Sabines, sheltering Tivoli on their lower shapes; the historic villas of Frascati-Torlonia with its wonderful terraces; Aldobrandini with its stately façade; Falconieri with its royal salons and fading frescoes; Muti with its ilex-avenues and its Stuart memories—he must renounce them all. If he is to see Nemi at its loveliest he must press on, past Grottaferrata with its vineyards and its Greek abbey; Marino with its green woods and gray nuns; Castel Gandolfo, where the road mounts up and up to the palace which a Renaissance Pope built as a summer house, overlooking the Lake of Albano.

By this time the heat will be intense, and the most resolute pilgrim will hardly fail to pause for rest and refreshment at one of the eating houses, with shady balconies, wreathed with wistaria and Banksia roses, hanging sharply over the lake. On a calm sunny morning, every cloud in the sky, every house on the banks, is reflected in the water. The pointed summit of Monte Cavo with the squalid huts of Rocca di Papa scrambling up its sides—all lay mirrored in the lake. But let the slightest gust of wind disturb the calm, and the vision is swept away. The lake bears a black, sinister aspect, whirlpools swirl angrily, and the pilgrim is re-

mind of the volcanic origin of this lovely but treacherous sheet of water.

There is little time, however, on this May morning, to study the moods of the lake; another, lovelier still, and far more interesting, is waiting for the pilgrim, behind the further slopes of Monte Cavo. The road still mounting, runs past Ariccia, now famous for nothing but the exquisite pleasant-eyed narcissi which grow in its woods. A few kilometres further, lies Genzano, at the foot of an extinct volcano. In the crater of this volcano is cradled the Lake of Nemi.

Behind a fountain—an excellent example of the *barocco* taste of the decadent Renaissance—in the main street of Genzano, inevitably named the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, rise two almost perpendicular streets, above which, behind a few miserable cottages, the pilgrim takes his first look at the lake, lying thousands of feet below. Its limpid waters are absolutely calm, and in them are reflected every tiny flower, every flaming bush of broom, every blossom fruit tree that jewel the steep, high banks. Immediately opposite, on a high, dark crag, is perched the tiny, gray village of Nemi, clustering near a round-towered mediæval castle, its little houses cling giddily to the sides of a cliff, and press together, as if holding hands for safety. Seen across the lake, in the sunshine, it resembles one of the fairy cities of our nursery tales, where yellow-haired elves in apple-green jerkins and white-plumed caps swarm the narrow streets; where Jack climbs the bean-stalk, and Cinderella drives to the ball in her enchanted coach. Alas! 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view! At close quarters Nemi is squalid enough.

The lake is egg-shaped, and so deep-set that unless the sun is shining the pilgrim has a shock of disappointment, so jealously do the high banks guard the beauty below. But on a May morning Nemi is enchanting. The starch-blue sky is not more brilliant than the still bosom of the waters, and between the two rise the green slopes, brilliant with a million wind-flowers—white, blue and purple—wide-eyed periwinkles, frail hyacinths, and sweet violets. Herds of happy, yellow-eyed long-bearded goats, under the charge of a sun-tanned *contadino* crop the tender herbage. A few oxen spend a hard-earned holiday wandering near the willows. An incessant hum of insects fills the air. A thousand lizards dart over the crags.

As the pilgrim takes the first winding path down to the water's edge, his senses are taken captive by the myriad sights, and sounds,

and perfumes, of the busy spring. But there is one jarring note—the whine of a crowd of ragged, dirty children begging for *soldi*. No stranger escapes this ordeal. At least a score of *bimbi*—most of them with their younger brothers and sisters hoisted on their backs—follow every visitor faithfully down to the lake, doggedly persistent, determined to wear out the patience of the meekest pilgrim, until he gives them *soldi* to départ in peace. Clustering round him, impeding his footsteps, clutching his arms, and trying to get possession of his baggage, they insistently offer their society and their services for the day.

“Listen, signore! I, Beppino, will send away all the others for two *soldi*.”

“Take me round the lake, signore. I know the best paths. *Due lire*, signore, and my dinner.”

“You take photograph, signora? You take me. See! I stand by this tree, so! *Due soldi*, signora!”

“Signore, I am hungry. Last week my little sister fell into the lake. She was drowned, signore. The whirlpool carried her away.”

“He lies,” declare the others calmly.

The wisest plan is to choose the strongest and cleanest boy, hire him for the day (one lira and lunch will be ample) to carry packages, show the water, and pick flowers. His first duty, of course, will be to send the other children off. Usually, however, nothing will vanquish the perseverance of the ragged band. The choicest spirits will follow the pilgrim steadfastly onwards, until the shadows shorten, and the mid-day Angelus rings from the Capuchin convent, and the churches at Genzano, and—delicately far—Nemi. At the first stroke the imps will turn tail, and run home in search of macaroni.

The little guides have one drawback—they invariably try to coax the pilgrim up one of the winding paths, in order to take the high carriage road from Genzano to Nemi. This upper road has its advantages. It is easy walking, and has a view of the sea, which shines like a long, narrow, silver ribbon beyond the yellow wastes of the Campagna. One also gets enchanting glimpses of the lake—but only glimpses. Besides, one misses the flowers; the scent of the violets; the darting of the emerald-green lizards among the gray crags; the peach trees which fling their rose-tinted blossoms over the turquoise waters of the lake. Decidedly to drink the spell of the Lake of Nemi, the pilgrim must turn a deaf ear to

Beppino, bid him walk ahead in silence, and resign himself to spending the day wandering—with many pauses for rest and meditation—round the margin of the lake, even to the discomfort of scores of tiny green frogs, which jump at the dust of a footfall, and throw themselves, with agitated splashes, into the shallow water which laps round the bases of the willows.

An hour's wandering will bring the pilgrim half-way between Genzano and Nemi, those two squalid villages, which stand, scowling at each other, with the lake lying low between them. For centuries there has been a feud between them; a breach which not even time can heal. The Capuchins are the cause. It was they who founded Nemi, and, afterwards, Genzano. And there was the trouble—for when they went to Genzano they took with them their famous picture of the Madonna from the parish church at Nemi. This could not be borne. Nemi, in danger and dismay, loudly demanded that the treasure should be restored, and finally appealed to the Pope himself, and he—Urban VIII.—gravely considering the matter, finally bade the friars restore the picture. So the Madonna was restored, but not the good feeling. Nemi and Genzano still look askance at each other.

If the pilgrim has the whole day before him, he should pay Nemi a visit. Although her superb position above the lake is almost her only charm to-day, yet beguiling legends lend color to her ill-kept streets. In the little square under the shadow of the decaying castle walls, one comes across a neglected church, covered with faded finery. It contains, however, one interesting relic—a crucifix, carved centuries ago, by Fra Vincenzo da Bassiano. The friar, says the legend, worked at it only on Fridays, and after long fasts and meditations on the Holy Cross and Passion. And when the labor of love and tears was finished it was so exquisitely beautiful that everyone guessed what the friar was too humble to disclose—that angelic fingers had helped to fashion it.

Nemi still holds this crucifix in honor, for the little town has preserved its spirit of piety. The modern spirit of skepticism, which has stormed the Alban Hills, and penetrated as far as Genzano, has turned aside, and left Nemi undisturbed on her lonely crag. The people are simple, superstitious, dirty, if you like, but happy, exceedingly hard-working, economical, honest and kind-hearted. Their grapes, peaches, vegetables, and—most of all—their famous strawberry beds provide them with their life's work, an ample provision for their humble needs. The tiny, dark crimsoned *fragole di*

*Nemi* are in demand all over Italy. In Rome and Naples, Florence and Turin, Genoa and Venice, every hotel with a reputation for its cuisine must provide its clients, from the middle of May onwards, with *Nemi* strawberries. One suspects that a good many of them are grown nearer home, for the lakeside terraces, however lovingly cultivated, can only supply a certain quantity. Wherever they come from, however, they are exquisitely sweet and delicate, these little sun-kissed strawberries, even without the cream which foreigners so often clamor for in vain, either because they call it *crema* which means custard, instead of *panna*, or else because cream is not nearly so generally used in Italy as in our country.

The spirit of Genzano is otherwise from that of *Nemi*. It is a very commercial spirit. The crowds of foreign visitors who arrive daily in the season, the money they spend, the clothes they wear, the food—and drink—they demand have all had the effect of turning Genzano into a den of thieves and beggars. The pride of Genzano is in her two restaurants, where visitors can drink German beer, and (so-called) Scotch whiskey, to the tune of *The Merry Widow* on the gramophone, on the balconies overlooking the lake. More than half the tourists who “do” the Lake of *Nemi* only see it from one or other of these balconies, to which touts, dressed as red devils, conduct them. Generally they go away vaguely disappointed in “the view,” after a jolly day among the gramophones, post-cards, and English tea rooms.

Only the wisest pilgrim penetrates as far as the dark crag which holds *Nemi* on its shelf. Here below cultivation begins. The ground is tilled, and tended, and watered, and among the orderly terraces a score of small, wiry folk will pause from their work to gaze wisely and kindly at him. Be sure they will not ask for money! Even the children are surprised at the *soldi* pressed into their hot hands in exchange for their posies. The women who are gathering the sticks, the men who are bending over the strawberry beds, will call a cheerful greeting, and will only be too pleased to give advice as to the best paths, but, offered money, they will invariably reply, with a smile:

“Thank you; we are here to work, not to beg!”

No wonder they and the sophisticated folk at Genzano call each other by unsympathetic names! Nothing is easier to understand!

As the afternoon wears on, and the pilgrim, in his journey round the lake, nears Genzano once more, Beppino sits down on the step of a wayside shrine, where the traces of an ancient Madonna

have been almost obliterated by rain and sun, and tells the tale of a treasure ship, pointing, with dingy fat finger, to the water below.

"Just here, just below here, signore, it lies buried. You cannot see it, no, but Giacomo—he is my brother, signore—he saw it one night....." And so on.

The pilgrim smiles, and pays more attention to the shrine than the story. It is of pink stone, battered and worn. Behind an iron lattice keen eyes can trace the outlines of a primitive fresco. On either side a tiny lamp, tended daily by loving hands, burns in a glass globe. A few wind-flowers and periwinkles are pushed through the grating. A legend, half legible, runs around the edge of the picture.

If faint, or weary, or distressed,  
Gaze upon me, and find your rest.

The wise pilgrim obeys the summons. Disregarding the restless hints of his Beppino, and the enticing strains of the gramophone from the nearest balcony above, he lingers on till the air grows chilly; the small birds chatter; the purple twilight spreads slowly over the hills; the banks grow dark and still, and the perfume of their flowers is borne up by the wind. And then when the moon, rising behind the trees, steals quietly from the clouds, and is reflected in the mirror below, the pilgrim rises, after a last *Avve*, and says good-bye to one of the fairest spots in Italy.

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## New Books.

**POLAND: A STUDY IN NATIONAL IDEALISM.** By Monica M. Gardner. London: Burns & Oates. \$1.25.

"To discover the greatness of her moral strength," says Adam Mickiewicz, "Poland needs but to interrogate her living tradition, her soul." And the Polish soul is made visible by Polish poetry. The tragical life of the heroic nation, which saved Christianity from the yoke of Islamic hordes, and which embodies the noblest qualities and ideals of Catholic knightliness, is faithfully expressed and wonderfully traced out in the masterpieces of her poets. Bismarck is quoted as having said of Poland that her poets are politicians, and her politicians are poets. There is, indeed, some truth in that ironical saying. Polish poets are the true interpreters of the political life and aims of their own country. Gagged by the iron hands of her spoilers, Poland invested her bards with the mission of echoing her cries of distress, her yearnings for freedom, her hopes for a bright and well-deserved future.

In a vivid, dramatic style, Monica M. Gardner has given us an admirable study of modern Polish poetry. The object the author has in view is to make the readers familiar with the idealism and patriotism by which Poland has preserved her life through more than a hundred years of sufferings and oppression. She rightly states that besides being a splendid form of art, Polish poetry is a great movement of national aspirations. The first two chapters of her volume contain a living and poignant picture of the martyrdom of Poland, rent asunder by the most odious crime committed against national freedom.

The following chapters of the book are devoted to the life and works of the great triad of Polish poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki, and also to Bohdan Zaleski and Kornel Ujeiski. Beyond furnishing valuable biographical data, these chapters afford us a deep insight into the spiritual life of Poland. They disclose in touching pages the mystical and patriotic trends of the Polish mind, which has fed itself on the bread of sorrow. We see, in this volume, the image of "a nation in mourning," as it has been portrayed by great poets in their outbursts of hatred, or in their intimate consciousness of a redeeming mission bestowed by God on crucified



Poland. The best gems of Polish poetry are lavishly presented in the pages of the volume, and they enhance its value. It is a supremely difficult task to render in a foreign language the dazzling imagery, and the almost ærial, impalpable beauty of Polish poetry, but the writer has courageously undertaken and admirably performed her task.

Notwithstanding the feeling of sadness produced by the description of the prolonged sufferings of Poland, the book of Monica Gardner opens to us brighter horizons. A beam of light radiates upon the grave where the slain body of Poland has been lying for more than a century. The author believes in the approaching resurrection of Poland. A people which has honored Christian civilization with countless heroic deeds; a people whose heart is possessed of a superhuman love for their own country, and of inexhaustible treasures of undaunted constancy, of moral energies, of intellectual gifts, this people is not doomed to an inglorious death. Through tears and blood, it will wait for the hour of its resurrection, and in the meantime, with Sigmund Krasinski, it will consider its cruel sufferings as a mark of the divine love:

For our souls' and bodies' sufferings,  
For our hundred years of torment,  
We do give Thee thanks, O Lord.  
We are poor and weak and feeble,  
But, from this martyrdom of ours,  
Has begun Thy reign on earth.

**THE THREE RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF OXFORD AND THEIR MOVEMENTS: JOHN WYCLIFFE, JOHN WESLEY, JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.** By S. Parkes Cadman, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Here is a book that is not simply the biography of three leaders of religious thought that had to do with Oxford. It is the history of their times, the concomitant influences that environed them, shaped their habits of thought, and gave them field for leadership. It is not merely Wycliffe, Wesley and Newman; it is the political, social, religious, philosophical, literary aspect of the age into which they were born: Wycliffe and the Later Mediævalism, Wesley and the Eighteenth Century, Newman and the Oxford Movement of 1832-45.

The subjects are displayed with no partisan bias, but set forth with the broad, sympathetic handling of one in admiration for the

character which lives a noble life and thinks lofty thoughts, and is powerful to win by mind and heart whole companies of followers.

The exposition of these histories is made with the ease and perspicuity which only firm, comprehensive grasp of subject can impart, and with a grace and charm of language which is, alas, conspicuously absent from so much of the intensive studies of scholars.

This book of six hundred pages is almost equally divided among the three Oxford leaders; each section closes with a selected bibliography; and a short index finishes the volume.

With respect to the manner and spirit in which the historian records the facts and expresses his views, the Catholic will find little to criticize unfavorably and much to commend; though necessarily he will disagree with the viewpoint many times assumed. The Catholic, for instance, cannot forget that Wycliffe revolted against the authority of the Holy See, declaimed against cherished institutions, and denied Transubstantiation in the Sacrament of the Altar. His present historian scarcely says more, save in matter of detail, than would a Catholic viewing, with regret indeed, the lamentable division in the Papacy, the social and economic condition of the times in which Wycliffe lived, and the flat refusal of the people to support his metaphysical explanation of the mystery of the Eucharist.

Wesley's zeal the Catholic would commend, but he would deplore the fact that it was exercised in a cause they cannot espouse. Articles of belief Wesley did enjoin, but his insistence on the practical side of the Gospel precepts threw out of perspective the dogma and mysteries which the Bible no less clearly sets forth; yet the Bible for Wesley was the sole and sufficient rule of faith. His sacramental system is pauperized by reducing it to two, Baptism and the Eucharist. For him, Baptism is not the communication of grace, but a means to increase it; and in the Eucharist there is not present the Body and Blood of Christ, but only the memorial of Christ whereby the partakers of the sacrament enter into communion with the Body and Blood of Christ.

As for Newman, Catholics will agree that "his most notable achievement was this: that he actually raised the Roman Communion to which he seceded out of the contemptuous misunderstanding and deep dislike of his countrymen to a place in their recognition, if not esteem, which before his appearance would have seemed unattainable." They will applaud the reiterated high en-

comiums and sympathetic appreciation passed upon his life-work and character: that he was one of the spiritual geniuses of the age; the commanding figure of the Catholic Renaissance in England; the greatest apologist of the Roman Catholic Church since the days of Bossuet; the master of a graceful English style, a language which fulfilled the highest standards of the writer's art. They will follow closely and appreciatively the author's characterization of him who to many was and still is the great enigma. But they will regret to see him misunderstood and undervalued because of his leaning and adherence to dogma and his championship of religion founded on dogma, and they will as stoutly object to the author's viewpoint, as to Kingsley's, that Newman was a deft handler of words subtly cloaking over sophistry and skepticism, and, on occasion of the Hampden Controversy, deliberately falsifying the statements of his opponent, and, in Tract Ninety, of attempting "the subjective creation of a historical situation by his manipulation of language."

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE LAWYER STATESMAN.** By John T. Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50 net.

The author has not sought in this volume to give us a biography of Lincoln. He aims solely at correcting certain false ideas that have been current in the United States regarding Lincoln's record as a lawyer, his attitude toward the judiciary, and his views on slavery, reconstruction and universal suffrage. Joseph H. Choate, in an address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute in 1900, declared that Lincoln, although a great President, was not an accomplished lawyer. Mr. Richards devotes most of the present volume to the proof that Lincoln was one of the truly great lawyers of his generation. He appeared as counsel in the Supreme Court of Illinois in one hundred and seventy-five cases, a record rarely equaled by any lawyer, even at the present day. Out of the fifty-one cases in which he appeared alone, the decision was in his favor in thirty-one.

His greatness as a lawyer appears in all his state papers, in his examination of the race question, the subject of reconstruction, and his discriminating review of every other question of governmental policy.

No man ever entertained a higher regard for the judiciary than Mr. Lincoln. For while he severely criticized the judges of the Supreme Court who concurred in the majority opinion in the Dred

Scott Case, he believed that opinion to be the result of the pro-slavery views of Chief Justice Taney and the associate judges who united with him in the decision.

Lincoln always maintained that the Civil War was not fought to liberate the slaves, but that its sole cause was the preservation of the Union. He fully recognized the fact that millions of dollars were invested in slave property, and he gave the slave holders every opportunity to save that property from confiscation. He entertained no feeling of enmity toward the people of the Confederate States, but he strongly maintained all during the war that they were still members of the Union. The war was not to end until every seceding State had renewed its allegiance to the Constitution. There is little doubt that had Lincoln lived the chronicle of strife, oppression and bloodshed which marked the history of reconstruction would never have been written.

When a young man of twenty-seven Lincoln made a speech in which he said: "I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage, who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding females." This is the only mention of "votes for women" ever made by Lincoln, and on this *obiter dictum* alone is based the claim that Lincoln favored woman suffrage.

A final chapter discusses Lincoln the orator. Mr. Richards gives him high praise, for he enrolls him among the foremost orators of any age.

**PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** By Henry B. Rankin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Mr. Rankin was for several years a student in the Lincoln and Herndon law office at Springfield, Illinois. He draws a vivid picture of Lincoln's early years, and brings out clearly the development of his unique personality and genius. He corrects many an error that appears in the *Lives* of Lincoln, and from first-hand evidence proves the falsity of the charges of insanity, infidelity, the failure to meet a marriage date with Miss Todd, January 1, 1840, and the like. He devotes special chapters to Ann Rutledge; Mary Todd; Lincoln's law partners, Stuart, Logan and Herndon; his speeches of national importance; his religion, and his position in history.

The book is rather tiresome at times on account of the fulsomeness of its praise, and the pettiness of many of the details which Mr. Rankin so zealously records. We were tempted to set

the book aside when we found him declaring "that in all the annals of time history does not record a superior to Lincoln, unless it be the Saviour of mankind."

**WORDSWORTH, HOW TO KNOW HIM.** By C. T. Winchester. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

Professor Winchester's *Wordsworth* is one of a series of studies—sixteen in number—of the great authors, published and in preparation under the editorship of Will D. Howe. The purpose of the work is "to inspire an appreciation of the great authors, with enough of each author's text to give an understanding of his work." It would be scant praise to say merely that Professor Winchester's volume fulfills this design. It does much more. It lays bare the poet's spiritual development, with the moral predominates of character, the aspirations, the successes and failures kindly but truthfully brought to light. By tracing the development of Wordsworth's inner nature, the author has taken the only logical means of arriving at a fair estimate of the poet's writings, which vary so greatly in their spiritual fervor and prosy pedestrianism.

While Professor Winchester's study is sympathetically drawn, it is also accurate, in that it brings out the imperfections of the poet's work as well as its excellent qualities. Clear in style and without the brilliant antitheses that obscure rather than enlighten, the book recommends itself to the student who would know the character and writings of the poet of Grasmere. It is a good book to have on the library shelf—authoritative and complete, though not quite equaling Professor Harper's very recent masterpiece on Wordsworth.

**NEW WARS FOR OLD.** By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

What is Pacifism and what is a Pacifist? For a complete answer to this question one need go no farther than the Rev. Mr. Holmes' latest book. A radical advocate of peace-at-any-price, Mr. Holmes has stated the case against force, and has built up a pre-tentious structure in the cause of non-resistance.

To Mr. Holmes there are three problems—international peace, security and life. How best to obtain them is the burden of his thesis. He puts aside all and every kind of force, attempting to show the fallacy of resistance. His sole hope lies in non-resistance.

Hypnotized by his thesis, he traces what he is pleased to call the history of non-resistance—silent on what would militate against him, and gives as exemplars Lao-tse, Buddha, Isaiah, and even our Blessed Lord, St. Paul, the Christian Fathers, the Cathari, the Waldenses, the followers of Wycliffe, St. Francis, Calvin, Erasmus, the Quakers, Emerson, the Unitarians, Transcendentalists and Socialists! Such an array! One wonders if Mr. Holmes, in imagining the compatability of this heterogeneous crowd, stopped to consider the consequences of a Peace Convention attended by these personages as delegates!

It is difficult to read *New Wars for Old* without quarreling with its author. He is, he asserts in his preface, "a student of human history and of human nature," yet throughout his treatise he fails to cope with the practical essentials of life, passes over the clearest evidence, and puts together a structure that has neither stability nor beauty.

The manner in which he handles the subject may be seen in detail in Dr. Schumacher's article in the July CATHOLIC WORLD, entitled *Resistance in the Light of the Gospel*.

**WITH AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS.** By J. J.

Jusserand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The longest and best paper in this volume is the one on Rochambeau and the French in America. It brings out clearly the great help Catholic France gave the colonies in their fight for independence. M. Jusserand draws a good portrait of the disinterestedness, coolness and energy of Rochambeau, and tells us that his brusque and peremptory manner merely veiled his real warmth of heart. He and Washington became great friends, and their combined armies, with the aid of de Grasse's fleet, made possible the victory of Yorktown. At the outset Washington was very much prejudiced against the French, owing to his souvenirs of the colonial wars, and his reading of English books which pictured them as "ludicrous and lively puppets." But the perfect discipline and gallantry of the French troops, the courage and good sense of their leaders during the Revolution soon made a most ardent friend of France. As Jusserand well says: "We did not in that war conquer any land for ourselves, but we conquered Washington."

The other essays treat l'Enfant's planning of the city of Washington, France's estimate of Lincoln, the Franklin Medal, and International Peace.

**MEDIÆVAL CIVILIZATION.** By Roscoe Lewis Ashley. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.10.

This textbook, written for the high schools of the United States, is an improvement on many of its predecessors from the standpoint of historical accuracy. Still we noticed many an inaccurate statement, which we feel certain the author will correct in a second edition. He speaks of a married Catholic clergy without stating that they married against the law of Western Christendom; he exaggerates the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; he calls the Catholic Church in France a national Church; declares that Tetzels sold indulgences; that St. Augustine taught the Lutheran doctrine of justifying faith; he speaks of Elizabeth as not "enforcing her religious laws very strictly;" asserts that Galileo *proved* the Copernican theory; gives the impression that Catholics did not translate the Bible until after the Reformation; and charges the Council of Trent with unfairness, that it was controlled by reactionaries.

As a Protestant, he naturally treats the Papacy as a human institution, and believes in the right of the individual to his own religious belief. On the other hand, he praises the Church for using her influence against private warfare; for fostering learning, and caring for the poor and the sick; for her democracy, and her civilizing influence in the days of the barbarian invasions.

**BELIEF AND PRACTICE.** By Will Spens, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

The fourteen lectures of the present volume were delivered in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, during the Michaelmas term, 1914, to a small audience of Mr. Spens's colleagues and pupils. The lecturer, after vainly trying to distinguish between Liberalism which he rejects, and Modernism which he defends, asks what must be the attitude of a scholar to-day in view of the general discrediting of many of the teachings of the Christian Church. He answers: "The Modernists make clear their acceptance of Catholic experience and their belief that any sound theology must embody this acceptance. The extent of Catholicism, its parallels in other religions, and its power to stimulate piety and devotion, appeared to them to indicate that Catholic dogma ought to explain, however inadequately, religious experience which was both real and formative. The Modernists owed the conceptions, with which they tried to erect a better system, in a large degree to Liberal Protestant

thought; but they felt bound to explain and to preserve, much that Protestant Liberalism began by denying."

The Liberal theologians to our mind, however, have the better of the argument. Men will never long accept religious experience once its dogmatic foundations have been destroyed. Again, if experience is to be the foundation of belief, we are at once landed in pure subjectivism. Mr. Spen's great discovery, therefore, though clothed in a multitude of vague phrases, is merely Luther's private judgment clad in new garments.

**INDIA AND ITS FAITHS.** By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.00 net.

Mr. Pratt, Professor of Philosophy at Williams College, has honestly tried to give his readers an accurate account of the chief religions of India. His volume is in no sense the work of a specialist, for, as he says himself, he does not know the native tongues, nor has he lived long enough in the country to know it at first hand. His is rather the viewpoint of the traveler, who tries to find from personal talks with Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jainas, Mohammedans and Parsees what they really believe.

He describes in detail the religious rites of the people and the philosophy of the scholars; the life of the monks, nuns and ascetics; the offerings to the dead; the holy baths; the pilgrimages; the temple worship; the home life and marriage customs; and the modern reform movements.

In his desire to be fair he often fails to emphasize the vagueness and contradictory character of Indian philosophy, the superstition and externalism of its religious cults, the utter emptiness of Buddhistic atheism and the like. For instance, he tells us that he feels strongly the nobility and beauty of the doctrine of transmigration, that he sees good in the insincere occultism of the theosophists, and that he feels India has much to teach the West in matters of religion.

It is rather difficult to understand what Mr. Pratt really believes. We suppose he would call himself a liberal Christian. The Christianity he would have the missionary present to the Indian is a modernistic type, which would eliminate the Trinity, speak hesitatingly about the divinity of Christ, and of course set aside the miracles of the Old Testament and the inspiration of the New, the fact of creation, and the apostolic succession. He writes: "The attempt to foist Christianity in its present Western garb upon the



Indian as a complete substitute for his old religion is of doubtful wisdom." He would have Indian Christianity comprise some of the beliefs and institutions of India. But he admits that he is not a theologian.

The volume, too, is spoiled by many an inaccuracy and many a contemptuous reference to Catholic doctrine and practice. He unfairly compares the obscene sculptures of the temples of Central India to the carvings of Notre Dame; the hypnosis of the yogis with the ecstasies of the Catholic saints; the pagan washing in the sacred Ganges with the Catholic teaching on baptism; the adoration of the bloodthirsty goddess Kali with the Catholic's veneration of the Blessed Virgin; the Upanishads of the Hindu with the Bible.

He ridicules the selfishness of the Catholic idea of merit, and the insistence on saving one's own soul; he asserts unblushingly that St. Augustine denied the freedom of the will, like a modern Mohammedan; that Christians believe immortality is not based on the nature of the soul itself; that it is provincial to identify religion with creed; and utters words of scorn against the monasteries of South America, and the Spaniard's extravagance in buying crowns for the Madonna.

**STUDIES IN TUDOR HISTORY.** By W. P. M. Kennedy. London: Constable & Co. \$1.50.

Professor Kennedy of St. Michael's College, Toronto, in these essays deals with "the ideal of Tudor government." He discusses in turn the strong and purposeful reign of Henry VII.; the divorce of Henry VIII.; the literature and character of the Edwardine Reformation; the failure of Queen Mary to understand her people; the Elizabethan Reformation; Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Allen and Elizabethan Puritanism. The general reader of these pages will gain a good insight into some of the complicated aims and intricate problems of sixteenth century life.

**ORBIS CATHOLICUS.** A Year Book of the Catholic World. Edited by Canon Glancey. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50 net.

Every Catholic will be grateful to Canon Glancey for the labor and care he has expended in compiling this valuable book for reference. It consists of three parts. Part I. treats of Rome itself, giving us a complete list of the Popes; the Papal chapel and household; the Papal orders of knighthood; the college of Cardinals; the Roman Curia; the diplomatic representatives; the apostolic

delegations. Part II. describes the Church outside of Rome. It comprises the various dioceses of the Catholic world; the hierarchy according to countries and provinces; the abbeys and prelatures; the vicariates and prefectures apostolic, and the religious orders. Part III. gives a list of patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, with date and place of birth, date of ordination, nomination and consecration; the sees each has filled; the offices held before appointment; their home addresses; besides we have the names of all protonotaries, domestic prelates, privy chamberlains, the Knights of St. Gregory, St. Sylvester, and of the Holy Sepulchre.

**VIVIETTE.** By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Locke's latest novel, *Viviette*, is written with all his usual verve, although it is hard to see how his heroine manages to captivate so many hearts. She is a heartless coquette, who seems to take perpetual delight in showing her sex's easy mastery over men. The interest centres around two of her lovers, Austin Ware, a clever, cultured lawyer, and his brother Dick, a stupid and uncouth idler. Viviette deliberately plays one brother against the other, until the jealous Dick is on the point of murder. Every reader knows from the beginning that the tale will have the conventional happy ending, but he wonders whether this ill-assorted pair are to be congratulated upon their marriage.

**THE RUDDER.** By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

This well-written story of contemporaneous American life gains its title from the advice given by one of the heroes, Marshall Cook, to his niece Eleanor: "Even going slow, even using our best judgment, things don't always turn out right. But the dilemma is that we can't drift along. We have got to make decisions. We have each got a rudder, and we must steer ourselves with it the best way we can."

As all the characters in these clever pages steer their vessels by impulse, and most of them are insincere, corrupt, hypocritical or immoral, it is to be expected that they will not steer true.

The heroine, who is supposedly a most brilliant and well-bred young woman, falls in love with a wealthy parvenu's stupid son, whose highest ambition is to be a successful baseball player. His coarse, domineering ways so disgust her that she leaves him after

a few years of married life, to become a social worker, although she is lacking in all the qualities that spell success.

Mrs. Watts' thesis seems to be that our labor leaders are all dishonest "grafters," who simply work under the orders of corrupt politicians. Her picture of modern industrial conditions is unfair and lacks perspective.

**LITTLE DONALD.** By Mrs. Innes-Browne. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

The author gives us a simple, attractive story, related by Grannie to the children gathered about her, of the kidnapping of little Lord Donald of Glenvarlock Castle. How he comes to his own to the delight of his mother and the old servants of the house is told in most entertaining fashion.

**THE HIDDEN SPRING.** By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Quartus Hemmbly, a lumber magnate, owns the town of Owasco—its lawyers, its politicians, its bankers, and its judges. But unluckily in his anger he kicks the hero's favorite dog, and at once the easy-going young lawyer determines to fight this dishonest millionaire to a finish. The story is as exciting as it is improbable, but it is clean and fairly well written.

**WHEN PAN PIPES.** By Mary Taylor Thornton. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.35 net.

The air of old-fashioned romance hangs about this tale of elopements, duels, forgeries, murders and peasant girls and boys, who turn out to be lords and ladies in disguise. We could easily have dispensed with the impossible priest and the dour Catholic lord, who would fain immure one of the heroines within the murky walls of a convent. The sham marriage at the end is also uncalled for, and its stupidity makes the judicious grieve.

**THE IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH TROOPER.** By Christian Mallet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net.

This little book is rich in that personal touch so often absent in official reviews of action at the front. Trooper Mallet of the Twenty-second Dragoons was not a mere observer. His book retells a story of personal experience through strenuous days from the call

to arms to the time when he was wounded at Loos. It is a thrilling narrative, bringing before the readers the farewell at Rheims, the march into Belgium, the destructive fighting back of the lines at Staden, and the fierce grapple at Loos.

**THE FIRST SEVEN DIVISIONS.** By Captain Ernest Hamilton.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is an authoritative record of the work done by the First Expeditionary Force to leave England—how, with the French, it bore as best it could the onward rush of the German armies towards Paris; how the line bent at Le Cateau; how it fiercely locked arms with the enemy on the Aisne; how it fought the bloody battles on the Ypres salient, and how, indeed, it was virtually wiped out of existence. Captain Hamilton has told the story simply and dispassionately. The book, rich in detail and containing much exclusive information, is almost barren of style. The story carries itself. In August, 1914, the First Brigade was swirled into the maelstrom. It consisted of four thousand five hundred men. Three months later it numbered five officers and four hundred and sixty-eight men.

**MOTHER MARY VERONICA, FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERHOOD OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION.** A Biography by

the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

To Catholics the spiritual fecundity of the lives of the children of the Church, is, of course, no surprise, but to many outside her fold such lives must seem strangely wonderful, and perhaps at times to present a baffling problem. This very fecundity is but a proof of the power of the Church to meet and provide a remedy for every need. The work of the devoted nun, whose biography is told in this volume, is but another evidence that the Church in the words of the Gospel constantly draws from her treasury things both new and old.

Mary Caroline Dannant, Mrs. Starr, was born in New York. She was a convert to the Faith, and destined to promote its cause with fervent devotedness. Early in her Catholic life she came under the direction of Monsignor Preston, who was himself a convert. He recognized at once Mrs. Starr's fitness for charitable work, her remarkable powers of organization, and he directed her how to use them. Her first work was to care for children who

were in spiritual danger because of their unfortunate environment. Although handicapped by misunderstanding and opposition the work grew, and in 1886 Mrs. Starr, now Mother Mary Veronica, was chosen Superior of the new Community of the Divine Compassion. The present volume tells of its fostering and its growth. Its direct aim with regard to external work was to assist in the reformation of girls who were exposed to danger by reason of the conditions of their daily lives. Of this work the Catholic Girls' Club was born. The club has proved of untold value.

The inspiring history of the Congregation and all its work is well presented in this biography. The book is illustrated. Mother Mary Veronica died at White Plains, New York, August 9, 1904.

**THE ONION PEELERS.** By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.60 net.

Whimsical as the title of this book sounds, the book itself will be found to be tragic rather than odd. The title is explained by the proverb: "Life is an onion; we weep as we peel it."

The lonely hero must often have been very sad as the days of his much-tried youth sped on, but he had one staunch friend, one firm believer in his star. Providence, for him, was personified in this friend—this rescuer, protector, guide and angel. From the beginning the boy was handicapped by a timid mother who had abandoned her faith, and consequently lost it for her child. The child becomes a cynical doubter. Later he falls under the influence of an atheist, and then he becomes a veritable scourge to the poor, weak mother. At last he awakens to a protecting care and love of her. Thenceforth the cleansing fires of tribulation long sustained did their holy work. Of his protectress and angel guardian we will not tell, preferring that Father Garrold should himself introduce the reader to this very interesting personage.

**WITH THE FRENCH IN FRANCE AND SALONIKI.** By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The last book from the pen of Richard Harding Davis consists of a series of letters written from France, Greece, Serbia and England. They cover the correspondent's visits to various sectors of the Allies' front in Artois, Champagne, the Vosges, Serbia and Greece. It was the exhausting ordeal of this trip into Serbia and the physical strain undergone in the retreat with the Allied armies

at Saloniki that led to the author's sudden death a few months ago.

It would not be difficult to criticize this book as being superficial rather than penetrating; sense appealing rather than thought provoking. And this criticism would be justifiable if the writer had intended anything more than a kinematic portrayal of the striking things he witnessed. His purpose was to catch in the rapidly written letters of a hurried correspondent the big lights and shadows of the scenes he visited. He succeeded well—the accounts being on large impressionistic lines, vivid in color and swift in movement. It is a pity that time was not given the author to condense and arrange, in the quiet of his home, these soul-moving experiences into a master volume. Surely the subject-matter is epic in scope and character.

**YOUR BOY AND HIS TRAINING.** By Edwin Puller. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Puller, former President of the Scoutmasters' Association of St. Louis, has written a practical treatise on what he calls "the eternal boy problem." He has some good things to say on the responsibility of parents, the repressive and suggestive methods of training, children's courts, and the influence of the Boy Scout movement. Like many Non-Catholic social workers, he seems inclined to believe that mere knowledge of sex matters will in itself surely keep a boy to the path of purity.

**MANUAL OF EPISCOPAL CEREMONIES.** Compiled by Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B. Beatty, Pa.: St. Vincent Archabbey Press. \$2.25.

Father Stehle originally planned to publish a revised edition of the Pontifical Ceremonies published by the Rev. J. Hughes in Dublin over sixty years ago. He finally determined to recast and enlarge his predecessor's work, so as to make room for the views of liturgists like Martinucci, de Herdt, Favrin, Schober, and the recent decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. This manual is the best guide to episcopal ceremonies that we have in English. Bishop Canevin of Pittsburgh well says in his introduction: "It will be useful to seminarians as an easy and reliable introduction to episcopal ceremonies; it will be a guide to sacristans as an orderly and complete description of things to be prepared for solemn functions; it will be welcome to masters of ceremonies

as an easy method of reviewing their more extensive liturgical studies; and to priests and bishops it will prove a convenient *Vade Mecum*, to enable them to prepare on short notice to fulfill their sacred offices according to the rubrics."

The same author has just published a pamphlet of some twenty pages on the *Laying of the Corner Stone and Blessing of a Church*; the price of which is ten cents.

**CUBA OLD AND NEW.** By Albert G. Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75.

This book will prove of interest to the tourists, the business man and the scholar, for it gives a first-hand account of the Cuba of today, and a most fair and adequate sketch of its history from the days of Columbus. Mr. Robinson has been visiting the island for the past twenty years, and has met most of the prominent Cubans who have made history during that period. The reader will gain from these pages a good idea of the struggle for independence, the relations between Cuba and the United States, the various States, the various products and industries of the country, its government, politics and commerce.

**THE MIRROR OF JUSTICE.** By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

This little volume contains sixteen sermons on our Blessed Lady. In simple, devout and beautiful language Father Eaton treats of the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Purification and the Assumption.

**THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.** Edited by James Hastings, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

This is the first of a short series of books on the great Christian Doctrines, edited by Dr. Hastings. His aim, he tells us, "is to present the doctrine of prayer in an orderly sequence, and to maintain contact with reality at every step by means of illustration or example." In twenty chapters the author discusses the nature, manner and value of prayer, minor aids to prayer, scientific objections to prayer, and answers to prayer.

We are told at the outset of the volume that "notwithstanding the importance of prayer in religion and life, it finds little place in theology." Of course the author means Protestant theology, for

throughout his volume he ignores almost absolutely the great Catholic saints and doctors of prayer. It is like the play of *Hamlet* with *Hamlet* omitted. The chapter on answers to prayer would hardly satisfy an unbeliever with its improbable account of the cure of Dorothy Kerin and its many unconvincing instances.

**THE GIFT OF IMMORTALITY.** By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.

This volume represents the fourth of the series of Raymond F. West Memorial Lectures, at the Leland Stanford Junior University. They were delivered last fall by the Rector of Grace Church, New York City.

Mr. Slattery tells us that there are three roads which men may travel in their search for the truth of immortality. The first is the road of argument, which he refuses to follow, because he falsely thinks "that we cannot prove immortality in any scientific or mathematical fashion, but merely reason out its exceeding probability." The second is the road of imagination traveled by the poets, among whom he specially mentions St. John, St. Bernard, Dante and Newman. The third is the road of practical experience which he purposes to travel. To his mind the supreme question is, what effect does a conviction of immortality have upon this life which we are now living? He assumes the life beyond death, puts it to a practical test, proves that it has a beneficial effect upon us, and then declares we have a practical reason for trusting the hypothesis to be true.

The book is well written, contains some suggestive thoughts, but it will avail nothing to the man in the street who denies the existence of the world to come.

**THE INSULTED AND INJURED.** By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Maurice Baring, in his *Outline of Russian Literature*, truly asserts that Dostoevsky holds the foremost place in Russian literature, and is in fact one of the greatest writers the world has ever produced. He is great "because of the divine message he gives, not didactically, not by sermons, but by the goodness that emanates like a precious balm, from the character he creates."

The hero of the present story is the novelist himself, ever working as a literary hack for money to keep body and soul to-



gether, and coming in contact, both in prison and out of it, with the lowest type of criminals. His imprisonment in Siberia gave him the power to depict the abnormal characters in whom he always delights. In this gloomy volume we have sketches of the cynical sensualist, Prince Valkovsky; his degenerate son, Alyosha; the epileptic Elena, and her insane grandfather, types which recur time and time again in everyone of his novels.

**THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.** By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

It seems to be quite the proper thing to-day to extol the works of Samuel Butler. Arnold Bennett calls this present novel "one of the great novels of the world;" G. Bernard Shaw is indignant because it made so little impression upon the English public; Professor Phelps of Yale says that "the style is so closely packed with thought that it produces constant intellectual delight." We found the book a rather stupid attack upon Christianity, which the author identifies with dishonest, unbelieving, sordid and worldly Anglican ministers. His hero is an insufferable cad, who while in the ministry a few months is sent to jail for immorality. On his discharge, he marries forthwith an immoral woman, who was once a servant in his father's house. She does not deign to tell him that she had been married before, and that she had not gone through the formality of a divorce. Luckily the first husband reappears after the woman has become a chronic drunkard, and our hero is free again. Of course the only possible way this Cambridge scholar can earn a livelihood is by running a second-hand clothing store. He had learned tailoring while in prison!

We can imagine Butler with his tongue in his cheek all the while he was penning this disgusting story. How anyone could find intellectual delight in it is beyond us. The book is full of flippant denials of everything a Christian holds dear, but there is not the slightest evidence of the author's grasp of any of the problems he so glibly comments upon. Butler like Shaw delights in shocking his readers. College men are incompetents; ministers are criminally dishonest; tenement-house rationalists are supremely clever philosophers; parents are unfit to rear children properly; money is the only real god that men worship; instinct is the one ultimate court of appeal; few men care two straws about truth; a perfect grasp of the Bible means infidelity—these are a few of the "shockers" Butler utters for the edification of the unthinking.

**STAMBOUL NIGHTS.** By H. G. Dwight. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Dwight has given us an unusual collection of tales reprinted from the pages of several of our better periodicals; and he possesses an unusual gift of story-telling. Especially striking is the sure touch with which he uses the commonly uncertain tool of reticence; for over and over again we are stirred at silences that make us feel provoked, but not contemptuous—the sign that a story has been artistically told. Vividly some scene rises out of these pages like a fire-lit group out of the enveloping night, and then as rapidly fades away again into the impenetrable shadow. And we remain anxious for further knowledge. But it is a far country and a little-known people to which we have been introduced, and quite properly the story-teller leaves us engulfed in the impatient sense of dissatisfaction which is the ordinary fate of a Western audience listening to an Oriental. Mr. Dwight writes with what seems to be true local color, so far as the untraveled critic is at liberty to judge; and, undeniably, with a swing such as will endear him to the lovers of action.

**NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN.** By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

A tale of wild adventure, blended with a thrilling love story, stirring enough to satisfy the taste of the small boy and romantic enough for the most exacting maiden-aunt, *Nan of Music Mountain* possesses this attraction too, that it is open and clean. Once or twice there is a sentence or a paragraph that might easily have been excluded in the interest of the very sensitive reader, but on the whole the pages are as innocent as they are rollicking and daredevil, and hence provide welcome food for that large class who like their diet highly seasoned, but insist that it shall be irreproachably pure.

**INSTINCT AND HEALTH.** By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net.

Though Dr. Hutchinson's love of paradox was not quite as completely developed in his earlier writings as at present, it was unmistakably active there; and the book before us gives recurrent instances of his great fondness for exploding "popular fallacies." Then also there is here much instruction on the elementary principles that must be kept in mind by anyone desirous of living a sane life. Not the least advantage of the book is its insistence upon the necessity of getting rid of the valetudinarian viewpoint, if we

would be really healthy. Good health is one of the things that ordinarily should be thought of only in a general way. Following the path of attention to the common needs and the common laws is the surest security for soundness of body and of mind. Air, sunshine, water, sleep, simple, nutritive food are the means upon which reliance should be placed, rather than upon medicines or food novelties or startling idiosyncrasies of diet. This is wise counsel, and our author has done good by constantly insisting upon it.

**ON THE OLD CAMPING GROUND.** By Mary E. Mannix. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

The little Indian maid who rebelled at the kindly care of the Mission sisters and ran away to the Chicago fair with the assistance of a busybody, self-appointed social investigator, found to her disappointment that the great world was an unpleasant place to live in, and that friends as unselfish as the good Sisters were hard enough to find. When she was able to get back again to the Sisters, she was a happy and a converted child. Her own story of her experiences is the continuation of previous tales of the Indians of Cupa, already well and favorably known among Catholic boys and girls.

**PSYCHOLOGY AND PARENTHOOD.** By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25 net.

In a book intended primarily for parents, Mr. Bruce imparts instruction that will prove useful to many of them, not so much by way of providing definite rules and methods, as by imparting a sense of certain principles that must be borne in mind when one is attempting to guide the development of children. The book is an attempt to restate in popular form the chief findings of psychology that bear upon the upbringing of children. Of course it makes no mention of religion. A fair-sized volume is constructed by dint of spreading the science pretty thin; and many illustrative cases, most of them interesting enough, are presented. The reader can get useful hints from these pages, if he has the discretion to make proper application of the principles affirmed.

**FEMINISM: ITS FALLACIES AND FOLLIES.** By Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

This volume is a strong indictment of revolutionary feminism from both the man's and the woman's point of view. They both attack the Woman's Movement on account of its promotion of race suicide, its destruction of the family, its insistence on economic independence, and its "useless and illusory" suffrage propaganda.

IN good time the Franciscan Fathers have issued for the year 1917 *St. Anthony's Almanac*, to which we have had the pleasure of calling the attention of our readers for some years back. Besides being a daily calendar, *St. Anthony's Almanac* contains a list of all the feasts of the Church, the indulgences which may be gained for every month, and many interesting stories and articles.

The price of the Almanac is twenty-five cents, and it may be obtained from St. Joseph's College, Callicoon, New York.

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

*L'Homme-Dieu*, by Monsignor Besson. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs.) This is the thirteenth edition of the conferences on the Incarnation delivered in the Cathedral of Besançon some fifty years ago by Monsignor Besson, Bishop of Nîmes. They discuss the true idea of the Incarnation, the authenticity of the Gospels, the teachings, miracles and prophecies of Christ, His birth, death and resurrection.

*La Guerre en Artois*, by Monsignor Lobbedey. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs. 50.) Monsignor Lobbedey, Bishop of Arras, has written an excellent account of the present war in Artois. Hundreds of eyewitnesses and combatants tell the story of the two bombardments of Arras, the courage of the lay and clerical soldiers, the work in the hospitals, the diocesan clergy who died fighting for France, etc.

The late numbers of *Pages Actuelles* sent us by Bloud and Gay of Paris treat of the *English Inquiry Concerning the Conduct of the Germany Army in France and Belgium*, by Henri Davignon; *The Massacres in Armenia*, by the Abbé Griselle; *The Impressions of an Eyewitness in Alsace and Champagne*, by Fernand de Brinon; *Private and Public Ways of Combating the Evils of War*, by Henri Joly; *The French Press and the War and France Above All*, by Raoul Narsy.

G. Beauchesne et Cie of Paris are also publishing a series of brochures on the war, entitled *Avec les Diables Bleus*. The first two deal with the campaign in Artois and the siege of Verdun.

*St. Thomas d'Aquin et la Guerre*, by Abbé Thomas Pegues, O.P. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The Abbé Pegues is well known in France for his excellent commentary of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, ten volumes of which have already appeared. The present treatise sets forth in clear and accurate language the teaching of St. Thomas on the morality of war.

*Le Chef Catholique et Français* (2 frs. 25); *Le Prêtre, Aumonier, Brancardier, Infirmier*, by Dom Hébrard, O.S.B. (Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie. 2 frs. 50.) The Abbé Hébrard has written two small treatises on the duties and responsibilities of the French priests and army officers who are fighting at present in the Great War. They treat of prayer, sacrifice, Communion, Mass, the interior life, eternal life, the love of country, and the love of God.

*Nos Alliés du Ciel*, by Abbé Stéphane Coubé. (Paris: P. Lethiellieux. 3 frs.) In warm language this volume of twelve conferences calls upon France to remember her celestial Allies as a source of confidence and encouragement. The author shows in each delectable talk how his mother-country has shared through all the centuries the special protection of Our Lady, of St. Michael, the Guardian Angel of France, of St. Genevieve, the Patroness of Paris, of saintly Louis, of Jeanne d'Arc and many others.

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

### France.

The part taken by the French Parliament since the war began has had various aspects.

The spirit of the Third Republic, so far as it is reflected in its representatives, is one of extreme jealousy of the Executive, with a strong desire to keep everything in its own hands. But on the outbreak of the war the Caillaux murder and its attendant scandals had so discredited the existent Chamber and Senate that they had the good sense not to assert themselves, and were willing to leave the direction of affairs in the hands of the President and his Ministers. This went on for a long time, but at last the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies began to assert their heretofore existing functions of control. A number of blunders that had been made, especially by M. Millerand as Minister of War, gave them an opportunity. A demand was made for a secret session of Parliament in order that it might take full control even of the details of the campaign. This demand was resisted by M. Viviani as likely to make things appear both to the country and the enemy as much worse than they really were. The agitation, however, still went on, until M. Viviani's successor as premier, M. Briand, accepted the proposal on condition that the session should be brief, and should be limited to an exchange of explanations. The direct and surface cause was the battle of Verdun. The rapid advance of the attack in its first week, during which the Germans took more ground by far than they have gained in three times as many months, was covertly attributed to want of foresight and preparation on the part either of the Government or of the high military command. The Chamber was desirous of being fully informed on this point. In yielding to this desire, M. Briand not only consented to give explanations about this particular case, but to give precise information as to the condition of French effectives, and the material and

defensive organization in general, and even upon the whole of its general policy. In return M. Briand asked for either the full co-operation of the Chambers, or for a clear demand that his Government should make way for another.

The discussion which took place in the secret sessions must have been very full and complete, for a whole week was devoted to it. The British secret session only lasted two days. The fruit of the sessions was embodied in six resolutions, one of which expressed confidence in the Government, and in its exercise of authority over all the organs of national defence. While strictly refraining from intervention in the conception, direction, or execution of military operations, the Chamber's resolutions declared that it meant to see to it that the preparation of weapons, both military and industrial, should be pushed forward in a way corresponding to the heroism of the soldiers of the Republic. The right was reserved to demand further secret sessions if necessary, and a direct delegation was appointed to exercise effective control, even on the spot, of all the services intrusted with meeting the requirements of the army. These resolutions, although they do not seem to show absolute and unlimited confidence, were accepted by the Government and by the Chamber, the vote against acceptance numbering only eight with four hundred and forty-four in favor.

The Allies being all agreed upon a united prosecution of the war until it results in a decisive victory, have been taking thought for the measures which must be taken in order to reap the legitimate fruits of that victory, and to prevent the resumption by Germany of that commercial domination which she had been on the point of attaining in the markets of the world. At the invitation of the French Government a Conference of the Allied Powers has been held at Paris. These delegates met as representatives of their respective Governments, but had power to do no more than make representations of what they, after mature consideration, thought desirable. Practical effect to their recommendations depends upon the legislative action of each of the States represented. It was no slight feat for the delegates of so many nations, each with interests and economic doctrines of its own, to reach a comprehensive agreement, not merely upon the financial and economic measures to be taken against Germany during the struggle and during the period of reconstruction to follow it, but also upon the main lines of their economic policy on these subjects when the war is over. It is the German economic offensive

that has rendered it necessary for the Allies to form an equally close defensive alliance in the economic sphere. The scheme formed at Paris is so elaborate that it is impossible to do more than to refer to a few of the measures proposed. For the period during the war part of these proposals have already been enforced, but greater stringency is advocated in regard to the prohibition of trade. The Conference recommends that during this period the laws and regulations in the Allied countries which forbid trade with the enemy should be strictly coördinated, and that an absolute embargo should be put on the importation of goods coming from enemy countries. For the reconstruction period, the enemy powers should be refused "most-favored-nation" treatment for a number of years not specified. Protective measures should be taken against dumping and to prevent enemy subjects in Allied countries from engaging in industries which concern national defence or economic independence. For the period after the peace the Allied countries should take measures to make themselves independent of enemy States in the raw materials and manufactured articles which are essential for the normal development of their economic activities.

One of the noteworthy features of the Conference was that among Great Britain's representatives was the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Hughes, and Sir George Foster, the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce. This may be taken as a presage of the closer union of the British Empire which, as Mr. Asquith says, must be one of the results of the war. While the Conference cannot be without considerable influence, full results depend upon the action of the States concerned, especially upon Great Britain. The recommendations go counter to what is almost the religion of the Liberal party. Any infraction of its tenets will, it is to be expected, meet with decided opposition. In fact, Lord Bryce and other men of equal note and influence have already entered a protest.

Germany.

The great naval battle off the coast of Jutland has been the occasion of unlimited jubilation in Germany. England's arrogant presumption, it is asserted, has been rent. The great success of the German High Sea Fleet has made the German heart everywhere beat with vivid enthusiasm. No longer does Britannia rule the waves. The deathblow has been dealt to the Anglo-Saxon idea that Great Britain is the mistress of the seas. The Kaiser declares that the first great hammer blow has been struck, and the nimbus

of the British world supremacy has disappeared. A new chapter in the history of the world has been opened. Berlin and other cities have been be-flagged; holidays have been granted to the school children to celebrate the event. Yet strange to say the blockade of Germany continues as stringent as ever. No ship that rides the waves can get either in or out of a German port to cross the Atlantic. The jubilation over the submarine which has reached this country shows how grateful are the Germans for the discovery of even a small outlet. Hundreds of thousands of British soldiers with supplies and munitions cross and re-cross the English Channel without the smallest fear of molestation from the German High Sea Fleet. The truth is that military reasons dominate not only all that is done in Germany, but all that is said. "For military reasons we refrained till now from making public the loss of the vessels *Lützow* and *Rostock*." This is the statement made by the German Admiralty more than a week after it had given out what it declared to be a complete list of all the losses sustained in the Jutland battle. "In consideration of the impression that might be created abroad, it has up till now been inadvisable to speak about the difficult situation caused by superior force. Never in the history of the world has a people suffered such privations in war as our people have done." This is the declaration of the former Minister of Finance, Dr. Helfferich, now the Minister of the Interior, about the effects of the blockade maintained by Great Britain, a statement which shows that military reasons govern his own department as well. It is the part, therefore, of a prudent man before giving credit to German statements to reflect whether or no there are military reasons to be taken into account.

The British account of the battle differs widely from that of the German. The Admiralty's first report was decidedly pessimistic. Later reports tended to make it less so. The results have given considerable satisfaction, seeing that the ring of steel is as strong as ever, and British control of the seas no less firm. Full and complete, however, the satisfaction is not, nor will it be, for Great Britain looks to a decisive defeat of the German High Sea Fleet. As the Battle of Jutland did not effect this, the British are almost willing to look upon it as a defeat, and some think that the Germans may be pardoned for celebrating their escape as a victory. For, as Mr. Balfour says, the German headquarters know perfectly well that their fleet is in no position to meet the British fleet on even terms.



Evidence accumulates of growing division of opinion on various points with regard to the method of carrying on the war and upon the principles upon which peace is to be made. The Chancellor of the Empire is looked upon by the Conservatives as wanting in due energy, as being unwilling to make full use of the sole means left to Germany of crippling Great Britain—the submarine. He is severely criticized also for giving heed to this country. The political censorship has given ground for many complaints, although it is frankly admitted that there are many things which it is necessary to keep from the knowledge of the public. The censorship of the press is so severe that feeling has found vent in pamphlets, some of which have grievously vexed the Chancellor. One of these is entitled: “The German Empire on the way to become an Episode in History: a Study of Bethmann Policy sketched out and outlined by Julius Alter Very. Confidential. Printed as a Manuscript.” In a speech before the Reichstag, the Chancellor defended himself against the attacks of those whom he called the pirates of public opinion. “Libels and calumnies at home are loathsome, but I accept the battle and will fight it through with all the means at my disposal.” The more moderate policy of the Chancellor seems to have enraged the Prussian Junkers, of whom the Conservative parties are largely made up. His supporters are found chiefly among the Centre and the Social Democrats.

Germany has been beforehand with the Allies in the discussion of the commercial problems which will arise after the war. At a time when her prospects were much brighter than they are at present, when the road from Berlin to Bagdad or even the Persian Gulf seemed to be open, a well-known writer named Naumann published a book called *Central Europe*, which was at first received in Germany as a new commercial gospel. Central Europe, consisting of the German Empire and Austria-Hungary, were to become one economic whole, with the Balkan States and the Turkish Empire as appendages. The trade and commercial arrangements within these borders were to be so beneficial that the other smaller States would feel themselves penalized by being left out, and would seek admission into the fold. Hence would arise a new commercial world, of which Germany would be the centre, at once the support and the reaper of its gains. So great would become her strength that not only her political but her economical domination would be secure. She would herself become a self-contained, self-supporting

community, able to live on its own resources, to defy the rest of the world, and be free from any necessity to enter into commercial relations with it. This great political and economical system, stretching from the North Sea and the Baltic into Asia, would be released from the awkward facts of sea power and freed from dependence on sea trade. Fuller discussion, however, and perhaps the Russian successes in Armenia, have led to grave doubts being cast upon the possibility of realizing this scheme. The leaders of industry, finance, trade and shipping have refused to accept the belief that Central Europe can be made independent of the rest of the world, and have, on the contrary, declared that on no account must Germany turn her eyes from the sea. The inability to do without world markets is now recognized, and indeed it is said that this is the real reason why Germany yielded to the demands of this country, as the preservation of peace with the United States is all important.

#### Italy.

The success which at first Austria met with brought to a head the smoldering discontent which had for some time existed with the Cabinet of Signor Salandra. The war was the result of the burning desire of the people of Italy to relieve all their compatriots from foreign domination. Various sections of the Chambers were as much in favor of yielding to this desire, as Salandra's own party, which was but a small one, yet he had always refused representation in the Cabinet to these sections. When reverses took place, Signor Salandra's request for a vote of confidence was refused. He, thereupon, at once resigned. The new Cabinet has for its head the father of the House of Deputies, Signor Boselli. It has been formed upon a wider, in fact upon a national, basis, similar to that which has been adopted in France and Great Britain, with the object of carrying on the war with greater energy. Liberal Conservatives, Liberal Democrats, Radicals, Reformists, Socialists and a Republican make up its members. As a clear manifestation of national unity, for the first time a member of what is called the Catholic party has been included. Signor Meda, the new Minister of Finance, although he cannot be regarded as an official representative of the Catholic party, for there is no such party strictly so-called, has yet acted with a few other members as a recognized defender of Church interests. Neither he nor his friends were in favor of entering into the war, but, as good Italians, they loyally

supported the Government when once Italy's decision was taken. The only party which has no representative in Signor Boselli's Cabinet are the Official Socialists. Baron Sonnino retains office as Minister for Foreign Affairs.

### Greece.

The Allied Powers have had to take drastic action in defence of their position in Greece.

Invited as they were by M. Venezelos when Prime Minister, their presence has not been at all pleasing to the King, his army officers and a self-constituted dominant oligarchy, who, against the interests of their own country, are in sympathy with the Teutonic powers. Although bound by treaty to protect Serbia in case of its being attacked by Bulgaria, King Constantine failed when Bulgaria took sides with Germany. It was said at the time that there was a secret understanding between the King of Greece and the King of Bulgaria for mutual aid and coöperation. When a few weeks ago Greece yielded up the possession of a fort or two on her eastern frontier to Bulgaria without a struggle, thereby endangering the position of the Allies, the latter felt it necessary to guard against Greek treachery. It must be remembered that King Constantine is in the strictest sense a constitutional monarch, to whom by the Constitution all initiative is denied, that this Constitution was in its inception guaranteed by the three Powers, Russia, France and Great Britain, when they had freed Greece from Turkish rule, that the King's father owed his throne to the same powers, and that the bulk of the people of Greece are supporters of M. Venezelos, who is in favor of the Allies. The King having acted in a way that exceeded the powers conferred upon him, the guarantors of his throne felt justified in protecting both themselves and the Constitution from a would-be usurper. They accordingly demanded the complete demobilization of the Greek army; the substitution of a new Cabinet pledged to an appeal to the voters of the country, the dissolution of the present Chamber which had been elected under abnormal conditions, fresh elections as soon as the electoral body has been restored, and the dismissal of certain police officials who have been under foreign influence. The King, of course, could do nothing else but accept these demands, as Greece is in the hollow of the hands of the Allied sea power, who, by enforcing a blockade, could bring everything to a standstill. A new ministry was at once formed, under M. Zaimis, whose acceptance of office is looked upon as a guarantee that all

constitutional rights will be allowed to assert themselves unhindered. The Chamber has been dissolved, and new elections are to be held during the present month. The blockade was at once relaxed. The Allies took pains to make it clear that they were acting as guardians of the liberties of the Greek people, and general satisfaction is on the whole felt at the solution that has been reached.

### Turkey.

The losses which Turkey has so far sustained have been enormous. Although the British failed at the Dardanelles and suffered the loss of some ten thousand men at Kut-el-Amara, yet they still hold posts some two hundred miles distant from the border of the Turkish Empire. Fear is no longer felt of an invasion of Egypt, and the attempt to stir up revolt in Darfur has been frustrated. The great successes, however, have been achieved by the Russians. Erzeroum and Trebizond are still in their possession, in spite of determined efforts by the Turks to recover the last-named place. The latest reports are to the effect that the Russians are again marching onward, and that they have taken Baiburt, sixty-five miles northwest of Erzeroum. This indicates the rapid advance toward the Turkish capital, while it places in their hands a very important strategic point, the last barrier to further progress. A further blow to Turkey's power is the revolt of the Grand Sherif of Mecca supported by the Arab tribes of West and Central Arabia. They have declared their independence of the Ottoman rule from which they have suffered so long. Mecca and Jeddah have been seized and Medina is being besieged. In the desperate straits to which Turkey is now reduced this revolt may prove to be the deathblow. The Turks have indeed great forces massed in Palestine, but they are so beset with enemies on all sides that they can scarcely spare any to deal with this new threat. The revolt is the outcome of the Pan-Arab movement, the aim of which has been the ejection of the Turk from the Arabian peninsula, and the forming of a great confederation of the Arab tribes. From the moment that Turkey's Sultan became the vassal of Germany and the Kaiser the Protector of Islam the fierce Arabs of the Hejas determined no longer to be subject to such an alien bondage. To them German control of Constantinople meant German control of the holy cities. The Sultan, by accepting it, lost the right to be any longer the Trustee of Islam.

The long-drawn-out trench warfare seems **Progress of the War.** to be nearing its end. Verdun is still the only place at which the offensive is still in the hands of the Germans. Here they have made some progress, but it has now become a matter of still less importance than it ever was whether they reach the fortress or not. A powerful attack made upon the Ypres salient led to the anticipation that a third attempt to reach Calais was contemplated. Here, as during the second Battle of Ypres, the Canadians bore the brunt of the attack, and sustained severe losses. Pushed back at first by an overwhelming artillery attack which destroyed everything, they have since regained most of the lost ground, and have the glory for the second time of having saved the situation. The main event, of course, has been the offensive of the British and French on the river Somme. The way was prepared by the fire of the great guns, with which at last the Allies are now supplied, and by means of which they are able to destroy both the men and trenches of the enemy and to save their own men. Considerable progress has been made, something like sixty-two square miles of French soil having been rescued from the enemy's grasp. The Allies well know that the formidable German line cannot be crushed by a single blow. Long-sustained and costly pressure is anticipated, for which every preparation is being made.

French and British success, however, pales in comparison with that which has attended upon Russian efforts. More than fifteen thousand square miles has been regained, and prisoners, two hundred thousand in number, have been taken, to say nothing of guns and stores. Two-thirds of Bukowina has been occupied, including Czernowitz and Kolumea. So overwhelming has been the victory as to render probable the reports that Austria is suing for peace. Kovel, however, is still offering a stout resistance. For a fortnight things looked dark for Italy. The Austrian offensive came within five miles of the Veneto plain. Then the Russian attack forced Austria to withdraw part of her forces, and Italy forthwith resumed the offensive, and has since been driving back the invader. On this front, also, the attempt of the Central Powers has ended in failure. The numerous War Councils which the Allies have been holding have resulted in harmonious action, so that the Central Powers have to meet the attacks of their enemies at the same time on every side. Only one of the armies of the Allies is quiescent—that at Saloniki.

## With Our Readers.

WE regret very much the necessity to take exception to a statement made by our esteemed friend, the editor of *The Month*, Father J. Keating, S.J. The statement was made by Father Keating in the April, 1916, issue of *The Dublin Review*, in an article, entitled *Civil Liberty in Peace and in War*. Father Keating in speaking of Rousseau's theory of the State: how "it flatters human pride; for it makes man ultimately antonomous in the political sphere; it lends itself easily to measures of revolt, for nothing more serious than human authority stands between the rebel and his desire;" adds: "It has even colored the political speculations of not a few Catholics. The following declaration by the late Father Hecker, for instance, seems to need some qualification to save it from Rousseauism:

'All political authority in individuals is justly said to be derived, under God, from the consent of the collective people who are governed. The people, under God, associated in a body politic are the source of the sovereign political power in the civil State.'

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WE take emphatic exception to the coupling of Father Hecker's name with that of Rousseau. Father Keating says in a footnote: "Father Hecker probably means 'under God' to save the orthodox Catholic doctrine." Had he said "undoubtedly" instead of "probably," he would barely have satisfied the demands of both charity and truth.

The quotation is taken from Father Hecker's *The Church and the Age*, page 81, and is not, in the original, as it is printed in *The Dublin*, a complete paragraph, but only a part of a sentence. The entire sentence, as written by Father Hecker, is as follows:

God has created all men equal in regard to these rights, and therefore no one man has the natural right to govern another man; and all political authority in individuals is justly said to be derived, under God, from the consent of the collective people who are governed. The people, under God, associated in a body politic, are the source of the sovereign political power in the civil State.

Father Hecker's meaning in the context is very plain: the right to rule comes first direct from God, the people may determine who is to exercise that right. Indeed the entire work by Father Hecker, *The Church and the Age*, is a zealous vindication of Catholic principle,

and a declaration that only those principles have saved and can save modern society. To cast upon it the suspicion of Rousseauism is to do it the grossest injustice, for it is as far removed from Rousseau as Rousseau was from the Catholic Church.

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FATHER HECKER, in speaking of the same Declaration of Independence, wrote in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, March, 1873:

In this most momentous crisis, amid the very birthpangs of our infant republic, the people of the United States solemnly declared that the origin of all right, all law, all political organization, all government, and specifically of those which constitute the United States a separate political people, is to be found in the *lex aeterna*, the law of God; that is to say, it is in religion. For what is religion? According to Cicero's definition, it is a bond which binds men to God and to each other. This is the very meaning of the word, which comes from *ligare*, to bind, whence we have the terms ligament, ligature and obligation. Human right is, therefore, something conferred by God. The right to govern must come from God, for we are created equal, and therefore without any natural right of one over another to give him law. The rights of the governed come from God, and are therefore inviolable; but liberty is the unhindered possession and exercise of the rights conferred by God, under the protection of lawful government; and liberty of conscience is freedom to obey the law of the Creator, and to enjoy the blessings which He has imparted to the creature by that law.

"There is a vast chasm between this teaching"—to use the words of Father Lewis Watt, S.J., writing in defence of Suarez in *Studies*, June, 1916—"and the theories of modern defenders of the Social Contract who base political authority solely on consent. Political power is unhesitatingly proclaimed to be of divine ordination, and to rest firmly on Eternal Law."

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AGAIN Father Hecker wrote in *The Church and the Age*, page 124: "And of every form of Government, whether monarchical or democratic, legitimately established, among the Gentile nations of the past, or by Non-Catholic peoples of the present, she, the Church, acknowledges and maintains the divine right."

Throughout the same volume Father Hecker preaches fidelity to the State. He repeatedly says that rightful civil authority is founded upon divine right. "The Catholic Church tends to make the people loyal to the reasonable authority of the State, and her influence strengthens them in the virtues necessary for the public welfare" (page 106).

The words employed by Father Lewis Watt, S.J., in his article already quoted, may be employed in explaining Father Hecker's teaching: ".....Suarez fully realizes the necessity for stability in political affairs, and the disintegrating doctrines of Rousseau find no countenance in his teaching. If on the one side the people has its rights, even against its legitimate governors, on the other it has duties of obedience to all their lawful behests; while the Sovereign (*i. e.*, the Public Person, whether individual or corporate group, charged with supreme political authority), whose whole *raison d'être* is the Common Good, must be ever mindful, in legislation, of the interests of the people. So long as he fulfills his part, he is secure against any just resistance by those under his authority."

As for maintaining any theory that would ultimately make man autonomous in the political sphere, Father Hecker wrote:

"Our American institutions in the first place we owe to God, Who made us what we are, and in the second place to the Catholic Church which ever maintained the natural order, man's ability in that order and his free will" (page 146).

And the whole of Rousseauism is uncompromisingly swept aside by such a sentence as the following: "There can be no compromise with the false principles of atheists in religion, revolutionists in the State, and anarchists in society" (page 160).

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THE *Church and the Age* is not only a defence of the thesis that a republican form of government is not opposed to the Catholic Faith or *vice versa*; but also a protest and a vigorous one against State absolutism. In his Dublin article, Father Keating insists upon the principles of Christianity as a bulwark against absolutism in the State. Father Keating repeats the phrase of Father Hecker that Catholics should not shirk social service; that they should use their influence to further the spread of Christian ideas "in the approaching readjustment of our national life." "It is now," he adds, "that Christianity by the aid of her devoted children has a chance of recovering her own." Father Hecker, in *The Church and the Age*, wrote: "The real question is whether modern society will follow the principles of eternal justice and right and reject false teachers; whether it will legislate in accordance with the rules of right reason and the divine truths of Christianity, and turn its back upon revolution, anarchy and atheism; whether it will act in harmony with God's Church in upholding modern civilization and in spreading God's kingdom upon earth, or return to paganism, barbarism and savagery" (page 132).



THE address recently delivered by the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare as President of the Free Church Council at its recent meeting at Bradford, England, deserves, for many reasons, the serious consideration of all who are interested in the various movements towards religious unity which are a characteristic of the present time. It may not be of direct or immediate interest to Catholics, for it does not show any inclination to accept any other distinctively Catholic principle, but it shows that this particular Catholic principle is making its power felt among a class which has been almost entirely unaffected by those movements towards the Church which began at Oxford.

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IT may, however, be considered of great importance that the desire for unity should become urgent and earnest among that portion of the English people that has adopted Non-Conformist principles. The Oxford Movement has had very little effect upon a class which is called the lower middle. It has been said that those alone who belong to it have fully adopted and made their own the principles of Protestantism—that the upper classes, so-called, consisting of the nobility and gentry, and the lower classes, consisting of the peasantry, who are more or less dependents upon the former, have never been more than nominal adherents of any religious system whatever. Their religion has, broadly speaking, been the State religion. It is in the ranks of the Non-Conformists that the most sincere religious life and deep convictions are to be found, so far as these are possible to Protestants. When it is added that it is this class that forms the backbone of England, the importance of any defection from Protestant principles within its ranks, and any approximation towards those of Catholics, will be apparent.

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MR. SHAKESPEARE speaks with high authority—he is no critical sorehead; on the contrary, he done so much good work for his own Church that he is looked upon as an ecclesiastical statesman. He has been Secretary of the Baptist union for many years, and is the editor of the Baptist official paper. He achieved a remarkable success in raising an immense sustentation fund for the relief of the poorer Baptist churches. It is interesting to note that at a recent dinner given in honor of the great English poets, Mr. Shakespeare was present as the representative of the poet whose tercentenary is now being celebrated. He was elected President for the past year of the Free Church Council which is a union formed years ago for common action of the orthodox Protestants—Wesleyans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Quakers. This post is filled only by men of recognized eminence. Though president of this union

of various Churches he is a devoted Baptist. "No one could ever regard me as an indifferent Baptist. I plan and toil night and day for my own denomination." Hence statements made by him as to the present position of Non-Conformity may be accepted with confidence.

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MR. SHAKESPEARE says that it is certain that things are not going well with any one of the Free Churches. It is not money that is wanting. If a remedy could be found in money, it would be provided at once. What is wanting is numbers. "For years there has been a continuous decline in members and Sunday-school scholars, and unless it can be stayed the Free Churches are bleeding to death." It is not mentioned by Mr. Shakespeare, but it has been asserted in the Baptist organ, that if ten per cent of the Sunday-school scholars were to join the Church its membership, which has been so long declining, would be maintained, but even that small percentage does not join. Mr. Shakespeare goes on to say that "denominationalism is a decaying idea. It makes less and less appeal to the very people upon whom its success depends." A Baptist does not care any more for his own distinctive principles, and this is true not merely of the people but of its most eminent ministers. "They regard themselves as ministers of the Free Church rather than of a particular section. . . . Every great truth or sacred principle is now accepted by the entire Free Church. The things which divide us now are forms of government or an ordinance."

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THIS being the case, it is no wonder that Mr. Shakespeare has to confess, as indeed he does, that "our divisions make no appeal to the conscience and intellect of the best elements of the nation outside the churches." He recognizes the gravity of the statement, but maintains its accuracy. Statesmen, thinkers and leaders, the brilliant young men of the universities, find no justification for separate denominations, and look upon them as an inexcusable weakening of the enemies of materialism and godliness.

Mr. Shakespeare's next reason for his assertion that things are not going well with the Free Churches is of far more importance, and should carry him much farther than he has any thought of going: "We do not feel that denominationalism conforms to the mind of Christ. It may have been the way, inevitable once, or the best possible, but as the grounds of separation disappear, continued separation becomes a sin." He then goes on to give a vivid picture of the evils of division: "Never again in England can we convince those who think and feel and pray and have any vision of the Church Catholic that our present divisions are according to the Word of God and the

mind of Christ." The present system does not lead to success; it is ineffective; it involves an enormous waste of men and money; it brings in competition everywhere, one Church striving to gain adherents from every other; and ministers devoting their energies to keep their hold upon a few faithful followers. The merciless law of competition, which reigns in commerce, is thus applied to the Churches. In a typical village there will be found the Anglican Church, the Baptist, Congregational, Wesleyan, perhaps the Methodist Chapel.

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ANOTHER consequence of denominationalism is the disastrous effect which it is having upon the ministry: "Our most gifted young men are more and more unwilling to risk what the Free Church ministry has to offer. The best young men are not going into the ministry, as the Free Church minister has no chance. A complete reconstruction is necessary. Mr. Shakespeare's last point is that although the numbers of the Free Churches are still enormous, their influence upon the nation is comparatively small. "The ancient universities, great public schools, hospitals, educational trusts and appointments—the government and control of all these flows on apart from one-half of the religious members of the nation."

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SUCH is Mr. Shakespeare's account of the evil effects of the distinctive tenet of the right of individuals to judge for themselves and to establish churches formed upon such a right. It is true, of course, that he vindicates the exercise of this right in the past as necessary for a much-needed reformation. It is not, however, a very whole-hearted vindication, for he says: "Every wise man will seek to reform an institution from the inside. Resignation is the immediate resort of small and ignoble natures." And when he says that historically Non-Conformity had its root and centre in division, and that division too easily became divisiveness, it seems to be an implicit acceptance of the Catholic principle of the supreme duty of preserving the unity of the Body of Christ. Catholics cannot but welcome such an approximation to their own principles by so representative a man, and will watch with interest the practical efforts which are being initiated in the Free Churches to draw nearer to the ideal which Mr. Shakespeare recognizes as our Lord's own.

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WE publish the following letter, for the present without comment:

EDITOR THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

NEW YORK, June 26, 1916.

An article which appeared in your issue of May, 1915, entitled *A Serious Problem*, by Mr. Joseph V. McKee, has been called to our attention and read by us with considerable interest. We have also read a

subsequent article in your issue of August, 1915, on the same subject by the same writer. You have since published the first article in a separate pamphlet. Your writer describes certain conditions, as he sees them, in the public secondary schools of New York City, conditions which to his mind constitute the "Serious Problem." The particular school to which he refers happens to be the one in which we serve as teachers, and because your writer makes unwarranted charges and aspersions both against the vast majority of our pupils and against a large number of our colleagues, we deem it our duty to refute those charges and denounce the aspersions. We regret that the articles and pamphlet were not sooner called to our attention, but we trust it is never too late to satisfy the demands of justice.

Your writer deplors the fact that the public High Schools contain so few Catholic pupils. We desire to assure you that we should likewise welcome an increase in the High School population of this city from all creeds and races, since we believe that the welfare of the community, which these schools serve, will be advanced not only by the higher efficiency which education brings, but also by the liberalizing influence which contact with different races, creeds and classes has upon the individual, an influence without which American democracy must be a failure. Moreover, we have no quarrel with those who seek to enhance the position of their particular creed, race or party, provided they do so to worthy ends and by proper means. We cannot, however, countenance a method which seeks to elevate one sect by calumniating another. Such a method is not only dangerous to our communal welfare, but is wholly unnecessary.

Now, your writer is guilty of having used this very method. For, while he deplors the fact that there are few Catholic pupils in our High Schools, he considers it necessary to point to the large number of Jewish pupils in those schools, and to make against the Jewish pupils a number of grave and false charges—the whole done in a spirit of intolerance unworthy of a publication which voices the sentiments of the Catholics of America. It may be true that ninety per cent of the pupils of our school are Jewish: then ninety per cent of the pupils of our school have been misrepresented and libelled.

Says your writer: "In oral discussion on such topics as 'Is Lying Justifiable?' or 'Is It Wrong to Cheat?' their words constantly show that they (the Jewish pupils) recognize no code of morals and are governed by no motives higher than those originating from fear of detection and consequent loss in money." We, teachers of those boys, denounce that statement as false. We declare that such a statement can originate only in ignorance or prejudice or both. We, who know our pupils, declare them to be at least the equals in moral conduct of any group of boys to be found anywhere. What can be the object of one who circulates such statements against all the members of a race?

We do not intend to linger on the charge that "in overwhelming numbers these students are Socialists or Socialists in the making." We know that this statement also does not, in point of fact, represent the truth. But, while it is your writer's privilege to consider Socialism an unqualified evil, just as it is the privilege of some of our colleagues to consider it an unqualified good, we cannot pass over the charge contained in the following sentence: "Is it not foolish to try to combat Socialism and other attendant evils when we sit back and allow the positions which carry the greatest influence for good or evil to be filled by men who do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines?" The positions here referred to are those of teachers, and the men are the Non-Catholic teachers. Whether by design or accident, the words: "do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines" contain a double in-

nuendo. They may imply, first, that our colleagues take advantage of their position to propagate their individual doctrines, and, second, that the doctrines they "disseminate" they themselves know to be false. Whether your writer's intention was to convey the one meaning, or the other, or both, we repudiate the charge that our colleagues "do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines," and denounce it as a calumny.

In his attempt in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for August, 1915, further to elucidate his position, your writer emphasizes the fact that his original article was intended to rouse the Catholics to the necessity of sending their children to the High Schools. This purpose we heartily endorse. He says, furthermore, in this second article: "This problem, which is essentially a Catholic one, arises not from the fact that the Jewish boys *are* attending our city High Schools, but because our Catholic boys are *not*." If that is the problem, then what occasion is there to complain, as he does, that "although the Jewish people are in a minority, their children possess an overwhelming majority in our High Schools?" If that is the problem, then why should he devote his energies, as he does, to an attempt to hold up the Jewish boys in our schools as a future menace to society, as those who, as a result of education, will be endowed "with greater capacities for evil?" If that is the problem then what need is there to quote a "prominent authority" who "remarked" that "within twenty years these people (the Jews) will be in control of our public education?" What need is there to speak of the Non-Catholic or Jewish teachers, as he does, as men "who do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines?" In brief, if the problem is, as your writer says it is, "not that the Jewish boys *are* attending our city High Schools, but that our Catholic boys are *not*," then why bring the Jewish boys into the discussion of that problem? It may be true, as he seems to believe in his second article, that those Jewish boys constitute a Jewish problem, but is it his intention, as a Catholic interested in Catholic problems, to take up Jewish problems also?

It is our belief that the interests of our community, in the welfare of which both Jew and Gentile are equally concerned, will not be served by the propagation of such sentiments as are expressed in the article in question. We regret that you saw fit to publish it. We regret still more that you have seen fit to reprint it in a pamphlet which is still being circulated. We hope that the present statement from us who are but a fraction of those in our midst who share our sentiments in this matter—this statement, which, in the interest of fairness we are sure you will publish in your magazine—will counteract, in some measure, the unfortunate effect of that article.

Very truly yours,

E. O. Perry, A.B., 148 West 16th Street, Manhattan; Colman Dudley Frank, A.M., 3115 Broadway; Daniel C. Rosenthal, A.M., 961 St. Nicholas Avenue; F. G. Harrowich, A.B., 69 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn; Eugene Jackson, B.A., 672 East 21st Street, Brooklyn; A. Henry Scheer, B.S., 985 Whitlock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.; Franklin J. Keller, Ph.D., 968 Anderson Avenue, City; Gabriel R. Mason, 1107 Forest Avenue, Bronx; Chas. W. Hyde, A.B., 526 West 123d Street; Thomas Mufson, 1703 Madison Avenue; Morris G. Michaels, 115 Broadway; Israel Goldberg, 2039 Hughes Avenue; Bernard M. Paulhoff, 403 Audubon Avenue; Israel Mersky, 953 Faile Street, Bronx; Charles Ham, 280 Sterling Street, Brooklyn; Julius Frank, B.S., 601 West 127th Street; Joseph B. Orliansky, B.S., M.A., 995 East 173 Street; Albert Loewenthan, M.A., 851 Hunt's Point Avenue; Sam Schmalhausen, M.A., 954 Prospect Avenue; Joseph Jablonower, B.S., 1390 Clinton Avenue; Walter R. Johnson, M.A., 165 West 129th Street; G. M. Lapolla, A.B., A.M., 438 West 213th Street.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*A Retrospect.* By a Sister of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. \$1.00 net. *The Wayside.* By V. McNabb, O.P. \$1.00 net. "Master, Where Dweldest Thou?" By Marie St. S. Ellerker. *Meditations for Every Day in the Year.* By Bishop Challoner. \$1.00 net. *Roma—Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome.* By Rev. A. Kuhn, D.D. Part XVI. 35 cents.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*The German Republic.* By Walter Wellman. \$1.00 net. *The Cathedrals of Great Britain.* By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. \$1.75. *The Ultimate Belief.* By A. Clutton-Brock. \$1.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*The Night Cometh.* By Paul Bourget. Translated by G. F. Lees. \$1.35 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

*The Chief Catholic Devotions.* By L. Boucard. 75 cents. *Historical Sketches.* Compiled by A. Drive, S.J. 60 cents. *O'Loughlin of Clare.* By Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Masters of the Spiritual Life.* By F. W. Drake. 90 cents net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

*A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico.* By Edith O'Shaughnessy. \$2.00 net.

STURGIS & WALTON Co., New York:

*Good English in Good Form.* By Dora K. Ranous. \$1.00 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

*A Campaign of Calumny: The New York Charities Investigation. Are Catholics Intolerant?* Pamphlets. 5 cents.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

*Historical Records and Studies.* Edited by Charles H. Herbermann, LL.D.

G. E. STECHERT & Co., New York:

*The Swiss Army System.* By Captain Remy Faesch. 25 cents.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

*Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood.* Edited by P. Colum and E. J. O'Brien. 50 cents net.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, Philadelphia:

*Archæology and the Bible.* By George A. Barton, LL.D. \$2.00 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

*The Sacraments.* By Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. Pohle, D.D. \$1.75 net. *Panis Angelorum.* A Memento of My First Communion. 45 cents.

HENRY FORD, Detroit, Mich.:

*The Case Against the Little White Slaver.* Pamphlet.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY, Berkeley, Cal.:

*Democracy or Despotism.* By Walter T. Mills, M.A.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

*Australia's Part in the Catholic Foreign Missions.* By Rev. J. Morris, P.P. *The Church and the Democracy.* By Dr. G. R. Baldwin. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:

*Pour les Arméniens.* Par Monsignor Touchet. *L'Arménie Martyre.* Par Abbé E. Grisellie.

# THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE CARE OF THE DEPENDENT POOR.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



THE care of the dependent and the sick poor has been and is, throughout human history, one of the most important of social duties and one of the most difficult of social problems. What care is shown in this way is quite a safe index to the true humanitarianism of a particular time. The care of the ailing poor has in our time developed so marvelously, and our hospitals have grown to be so efficient, that we have, and deservedly, been self-complacent about the progress that has been made. Indeed there is a tendency, if not a habit, to forget the depths from which we have so recently risen or, as one medical writer on the subject has ventured to suggest, "the veritable slough of despond in this regard out of which we have only just succeeded in dragging ourselves."

Very few realize how recent is the improvement in hospital organization and how sadly that improvement was needed. Ruled by current ideas of evolution, some writers have supplied themselves with a theoretic history of hospital work. According to it humanity has at last reached a point in its development where selfishness has given place to altruism, and this altruism finds its particular application in helping the indigent sick. Before our time, this stage of humanitarianism had not been reached; or at least sympathy for others was very imperfectly developed, and so our forefathers are, perhaps, not so much to be blamed for the

almost unspeakable conditions which existed in hospitals and, indeed, in institutions of all kinds for the care of the poor.

The presumption is that if hospitals were so bad a century ago, as we know now they were, they must have been much worse a century still further back, and so on progressively until the less said about the hospitals of the Middle Ages the better.

Now any presumption that there is a continuous evolution in hospital organization and in the care of the poor is, like so many other chapters of evolutionary theory, entirely imaginary. It is true that we have reached a fine acme of advance with regard to hospitals, but anyone who thinks that there is a series of chapters of constant progress leading up to our time from crude, thoughtless, unfeeling beginnings in the long ago, will be sadly disappointed. On the contrary, the surprise is to find that *the lowest period in history in hospital organization and nursing came just before our time*. The eighteenth century had much better hospitals than the nineteenth; and the sixteenth better than the eighteenth; and, strange as it may sound to some ears, some of the finest hospitals that the world knows of were erected in the later Middle Ages.

Jacobsohn, the German historian of care for the sick, calls attention to the fact—he calls it a “remarkable” fact—that “devotion to the well-being of the sick, improvements in hospitals and institutions generally and to details of nursing, had a period of complete and lasting stagnation after the middle of the seventeenth century or from the close of the Thirty Years’ War.” The older hospitals had been finely organized, and so their organizations carried them on for a time but in an ever-descending curve, until about the middle of the nineteenth century they had reached a stage of decadence.

Miss Nutting and Miss Dock in *A History of Nursing*, after tracing in the first volume the history of nursing during the centuries before our own, have a concluding chapter, entitled “The Dark Period of Nursing.” The years of which chapter speaks is almost in our own time. “It is commonly agreed that the darkest known period in the history of nursing was that from the latter part of the seventeenth up to the middle of the nineteenth century. *During this time the condition of the nursing art, the well-being of the patient and the status of the nurse all sank to an indescribable level of degradation*” (italics ours).

It was only in 1872 that the trained nurse came to Bellevue Hospital in New York, and that was her first appearance in this



country. Some young English women came over at the invitation of the hospital authorities and organized trained nursing. Dr. Stephen Smith, who is still with us at the age of ninety-five, and who introduced the trained nurse, tells us the story of how the nursing was carried on at Bellevue before that time. It was an extremely difficult matter to recruit any sort of nurses, and the constant problem before the hospital staff was how to secure help even fairly dependable. According to Dr. Smith, not infrequently the "ten-day women," women sentenced to ten days imprisonment for disorderly conduct, were welcomed as nurses.

It seems impossible that that state of affairs prevailed only forty years ago. Dr. Smith further tells us that at first the medical board refused to allow the new trained nurses to care for the men patients at Bellevue. So little was the real spirit of professional work appreciated.

There was so much opposition on the part of the medical board that for a time the ordinary nurses were left in charge of the male ward, and to their lasting credit, be it said, it was the trained nurses themselves who insisted on being allowed to take their places and give their services to the sick men. The trained nurses at Bellevue were quite a curiosity. Visitors, interested in hospitals, came from all parts of the country to learn of their work. The only hospitals which previous to this time had been at all presentable were the Sisters' hospitals, which were always clean and neat, and in which the poor received the best possible care and treatment. Even the Sisters' hospitals were far from anything like the standard of the present-day hospitals, though they were far superior to the municipal hospitals of those days.

The death rate in the mid-nineteenth century hospitals was woefully high, and it is no wonder that the poor dreaded them, and quite rightly feared that entrance into a hospital was almost equivalent to a death warrant. In these pre-antiseptic days, operations were very frequently followed by death. I believe that the first six operations for ovariectomy done in England shortly before the middle of the nineteenth century, all proved fatal. The local coroner declared that he would attend the next operation performed by Sir Spencer Wells, the operator, in order to determine what the cause of death was, and to act accordingly.

In 1870, Professor Nussbaum, of Munich, finding that the death rate in operated cases for the preceding year was about four in five of his patients, declared that he would operate no longer,

since he was evidently with the best of intention only hastening death or making it more painful. No wound was expected to escape infection, and it is easy to understand that no wound did. The expression "union by first intention," which means the immediate agglutination of wound surfaces and their prompt healing without complication or sequela, was still preserved in the traditions of surgery, but no examples of it were seen, and many surgeons doubted whether the term had ever had any real meaning except possibly by accident. Every wound was expected to develop pus, and the one hope of the surgeon was that this purulent secretion should not be of virulent character, but should be of some mild, more or less, innocuous variety, which should not prove too serious for the patient.

When, therefore, the best that could be hoped for was that a patient would suffer only with this less virulent, or as it was called, *laudable pus*, it is easy to understand that the hospitals reeked with infection. No wonder that Nussbaum and others felt that the end of hospital usefulness had come.

The mortality rate in Lying-in-Hospitals was one in ten, and sometimes rose as high as one in five. It was much more dangerous for a woman to give birth to a child in a hospital, than to have an attack of typhoid fever. Typhoid fever itself ran a most fatal course, and it is now well understood that nursing plays a most important part in its successful treatment. About the middle of the nineteenth century, typhus and cholera were both extremely common in large city hospitals, and indeed typhus was not definitely differentiated from its less fatal and less acute sister disease, typhoid, until after the middle of the nineteenth century. Cholera sometimes carried away whole wards of patients in one or two days.<sup>1</sup>

Fortunately after the middle of the nineteenth century, Pasteur's discoveries of the microbic cause of human diseases lifted some of the gloom in which hospital conditions had been shrouded. When challenged at a public medical meeting, about 1870, Pasteur

<sup>1</sup>The general health of New York City was at this time just coming up from a depth of degradation almost unbelievable. The death rate in the city for years before 1866 had been from thirty to forty per thousand, though no city in our climate should have a mortality of more than fifteen per thousand. Dr. Stephen Smith had been one of the principal factors in bringing about a clean-up of the city. He was the commissioner in charge of New York's health between 1868 and 1875. Anyone who wishes to read an account of filthy living, supposed to be utterly impossible in the second half of the nineteenth century, may read Dr. Stephen Smith's book, *The City That Was*.

dared to go to the blackboard and draw a picture of the rosary-like streptococcus which is, so far as we know down to the present time, the cause of puerperal fever. His discovery of the diseases of fermentation; the diseases of silk worms, and the means of overcoming them, attracted the attention of Lister, and then began the epoch-making series of experiments in antiseptis, and the modern era of surgery. It was not, however, until the coming of the trained nurse and the possibilities of meticulous cleanliness, made clear by the introduction of women in charge of hospitals, that the old deadly conditions began to abate, and death rates were satisfactorily reduced.

When one thinks upon the conditions that have been described, it is hard to understand the contrast between this terrible decadence and the splendid work of the preceding period. Jacobsohn writes:

The result was that in this period the general level of nursing fell far below that of earlier periods. The hospitals of cities were like prisons, with bare, undecorated walls and little dark rooms, small windows where no sun could enter, and dismal wards where fifty or one hundred patients were crowded together, deprived of all comforts and even of necessities. In the municipal and state institutions of this period, the beautiful gardens, roomy halls, and springs of water of the old cloister hospital of the Middle Ages were not heard of, still less the comforts of their friendly interiors.

Miss Nutting and Miss Dock in their *History of Nursing* have described the gradual decadence of nursing:

In England, where the religious orders had been suppressed and no substitute organization given, it might almost be said that no nursing class at all remained during this period. It was forgotten that a refined woman could be a nurse, except perhaps in her own family; and even in good homes if an attendant was called in, the sick-room became a scene of repulsive squalor. The drunken and untrustworthy Gamp was the only professional nurse. "We always take them without a character," said an English physician, not very many decades ago, "because no respectable woman will take such work." Even the sisters of the religious orders, though retaining their sweet charm of serenity and gentleness, came to a complete standstill professionally as nurses, on account of the persistent sequence of restrictions which had been hemming them in from the middle of the sixteenth century.

It is pointed out by Miss Nutting and Miss Dock that the hospitals passed out of the hands of women and into those of men. The lesson of history is that women are the only successful caretakers for the sick and the poor, and above all for children. Whenever women are pushed out of positions of authority and become merely subordinates in the charitable work, then abuses flourish and decadence usually comes in with a rush. In recalling the history of the dark period of nursing and of the lowest epoch in the history of hospital organization, the comment of the historians of nursing in this regard may be repeated.

In all of the hospital and nursing work of the Christian era, this was the period of the most complete and general masculine supremacy. At no time before or since have women been quite without voice in hospital management and nursing organization, but during this degraded period they were all but silenced. The ultimate control of the nursing staff, of their duties, discipline, and conditions of living, was everywhere definitely taken from the hands of women and lodged firmly in those of men. Even where a woman still apparently stood at the head of a nursing body, she was only a figurehead, with no power to alter conditions, no province that she could call her own. The state of degeneration to which men reduced the art of nursing during this time of their unrestricted rule, the general contempt to which they brought the nurse, the misery which the patient thereby suffered, bring a scathing indictment against the ofttime reiterated assertion of man's superior effectiveness, and teach in every branch of administration a lesson that, for the sake of the poor, the weak and the suffering members of society, ought never to be forgotten—not in resentment, but in foresight it should be remembered. Neither sex, no one group, no one person, can ever safely be given supreme and undivided authority. Only when men and women work together, as equals, dividing initiative, authority and responsibility, can there be any avoidance of the serfdom that in one form or another has always existed where arbitrary domination has been present, and which acts as a depressant, effectually preventing the best results in work.

Now comes the all-important question as to how and why this sad change came about. Jacobsohn suggests the middle of the seventeenth century as the beginning of the decadence. Miss Nutting and Miss Dock, the historians of nursing, come much nearer

to the correct date, as it seems to me, when they state that "the religious orders having been suppressed and no substitute organization given, it might almost be said that no nursing class at all remained during this period." There is the crux of the matter. The suppression of the religious orders marks the starting point of the neglect of the sick poor; the decline in hospital organization and efficiency, and the beginning of those lamentable conditions that culminated in the unspeakable decadence of the middle of the nineteenth century.

In a single word, the movement that led to the ruin of our hospitals and of nursing was the so-called Reformation. Before that the hospitals had been in charge of the religious orders, and had been under the ecclesiastical authorities. They had not been without abuses. Nothing human ever is without abuses. There were abuses in the old time hospitals that had to be constantly corrected, but the buildings themselves were beautiful, extremely appropriate and the nursing was finely organized.

The best possible proof of the thoroughness of the organization of the old hospitals in every way is to be found in the history of the surgery of the time. Whenever there are good hospitals there is always good surgery and, conversely, whenever there is good surgery there must be good hospitals. Many are inclined to think of surgery as a distinctly and exclusively modern development. Fortunately, as convincing evidence to the contrary, the textbooks of the surgeons of the later Middle Ages have been preserved, and they bring home the fact that there was a magnificent period of surgery during the later Middle Ages. The old surgeons did practically all our operations. They opened the skull for tumor and for abscess of the brain; operated on the thorax for the removal of pus and other fluids; their surgeons intervened very extensively for conditions within the abdomen, and succeeded in doing successful work even under the difficult circumstances presented by the peritoneal cavity.

It would, of course, have been quite impossible to practise such extensive surgical procedures without an anæsthetic, and I know nothing that illustrates better the ordinary ignorance of history than the fact that most people, even most physicians, do not know that there were several centuries during which anæsthetics were generally used long before our time. Anæsthesia is often hailed as a great discovery of the modern humanitarian period, but most of the serious operations done in the more important hospitals

of Europe during the latter half of the thirteenth and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were done under an anæsthetic. We know just exactly what they used, a combination of the tinctures of mandrake and opium, inhaled from a sponge. This produced the desired anæsthetic result, though it is not so good a mode of anæsthesia as ether or chloroform.

It would have been equally impossible to have done such extensive operating without antisepsis. The mediæval surgeons employed strong wine for that purpose, and secured union by first intention—with a linear scar that could scarcely be seen. Some of the teachers of surgery declared, quite as our own do, that if a surgeon got pus in an operating wound which he himself had made through an unbroken surface, there was some fault in his surgical procedures.

With the coming of the Reformation hospitals became government institutions. Religion was now a national affair, and hospital officials were appointed by the government. They worked for the salary that they received, and salaried employees, according to the experience of history, very soon prove inefficient in caring for the ailing or dependent. Abuses multiply, advantage is taken of the dependent poor and of dependent employees. It is not long before all semblance of charitable beneficence disappears, and neglect and disregard for the feelings and sufferings of others become the rule. Under particularly favorable circumstances the coming of such abuses may be delayed, perhaps, for a generation or two; but the lesson of history is that they invariably come when political appointees have an opportunity to exploit the poor.

This attitude of the people after the Reformation is not surprising once it is recalled what the teaching of the Reformers was. The Reformers proclaimed that the only essential element in religion was faith. Good works availed nothing. Luther proclaimed St. James' Epistle, which lays down the doctrine of good works, to be an epistle of straw. Their very religion, then, instead of encouraging rather discouraged the doing of good to others. Protestantism has, of course, completely veered round from this teaching during the centuries; it now proclaims that faith means very little, and good works mean everything. It may be well to call attention to the fact that the old Church always proclaimed salvation by faith *and* works, and that there were two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" *and* "thy neighbor as thyself" as the only right fulfillment of the whole law.

In the Catholic countries after the Reformation, the governments encroached more and more upon the rights of the Church, and interfered with that control of charitable institutions which had made such a magnificent chapter of Christian charity in the pre-Reformation time. Women were pushed more and more out of the responsible direction of hospitals and institutions generally for the care of the poor, and while still retained as subordinates, were utterly unable to stem the tide of decadence that set in.

Besides, quite contrary to what is usually thought in the matter, education instead of being encouraged after the Reformation, suffered greatly all over Europe, and particularly in the countries that had severed themselves from the See of Peter. For example, in Germany, at the end of the eighteenth century, Winckelmann seeking to restore the study of Greek, was compelled to have his pupils write out a Greek text of Plato, because no edition of Plato had been issued in Germany for considerably more than a century. This decadence in general education had affected also medical education, so that in Germany and England, particularly, medical education was at a very low ebb. The requirements for medical education in the Middle Ages were a little higher than in our own time, and we are gradually working back to them.

Hospitals, then, after the Reformation, went from bad to worse until the awful conditions which we have described prevailed at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and secular hospitals reached a low watermark of intolerable decay shortly after the middle of the nineteenth century. I know almost nothing in history that is so suggestive for profitable thought, and which should effectively cause the enthusiastic advocate of the secularization of hospitals and government control of charities to pause and hesitate, as this series of events.

It is very important to realize that reform in hospitals and nursing began to make itself felt before the great revolution in surgery, which, after Lister, made hospital work so much less fatal than it had been before.

With this historical decadence before him it is no wonder that Virchow, upon receiving charge of the reorganization of the growing city of Berlin, hesitated to place the hospitals under secular care. He knew of modern hospitals, and he knew also the history of mediæval hospitals. In the second volume of his *Gessammelte Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der Öffentlichen Medicin und der Seuchenlehre* (Berlin, 1879)—Collected Essays on Public Medicine

and the History of Epidemics—Virchow pays a high tribute to the Church's relation to the magnificent organization of hospitals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There was scarcely a town in Europe of five thousand inhabitants or more that did not have its hospital. We knew the truth of this with regard to the Latin countries from other sources, but Virchow himself worked out the history of them for the Teutonic countries.

I need scarcely say that Virchow was not a Catholic. It is to him that we owe the expression *Kulturkampf*—as if organized German opposition to the Pope and Catholic Faith were a struggle for culture—so prominent a slogan during the early years of the seventies. Whatever Virchow might think, or for political reasons say, as to the attitude of the Popes toward culture, he knew thoroughly their relations to the mediæval hospital organization.

The one Pope of the Middle Ages for whom German historians particularly have reserved the bitterest expressions is Innocent III. It must not be forgotten, be it said in passing, that the great German biographer of this Pope, became a convert to the Catholic Faith while writing his biography, which he had taken up with the intention of making it a convincing document against Catholicism. Virchow pays Pope Innocent III. a high tribute. Because of the circumstances under which it was given, it well deserves to be recalled. He said:

It may be recognized and admitted that it was reserved for the Roman Catholic Church, and above all for Innocent III., not only to open the bourse of Christian charity and mercy in all its fullness, but also to guide the life-giving stream into every branch of human life in an ordered manner. For this reason alone the interest in this man and in this time will never die out.

He added a little later in the same essay:

The beginning of the history of all these German hospitals is connected with the name of that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church. The Hospitals of the Holy Ghost were one of the many means by which Innocent III. thought to hold humanity to the Holy See. And surely it was one of the most effective. Was it not calculated to create the most profound impression to see how the mighty Pope, who humbled emperors and deposed kings,



who was the unrelenting adversary of the Albigenses, turned his eyes sympathetically upon the poor and sick, sought the helpless and the neglected upon the streets, and saved the illegitimate children from death in the waters! There is something at once conciliating and fascinating in the fact, that at the very time when the Fourth Crusade was inaugurated through his influence, the thought of founding a great organization of an essentially humane character, which was eventually to extend throughout all Christendom, was also taking form in his soul; and that in the same year (1204) in which the new Latin Empire was founded in Constantinople, the newly-erected hospital of the Holy Spirit, by the old bridge on the other side of the Tiber, was blessed and dedicated as the future centre of this organization.

We are not surprised then to find that, when Virchow re-organized the hospitals of Berlin, he hesitated to make them entirely secular as I have said, and stated his views, as was his custom, very straightforwardly and quite unmistakably. He wrote:

The general hospital is the real purpose of our time, and anyone who takes up service in it must give himself up to it from the purest of humanitarian motives. The hospital attendant must, at least morally and spiritually, see in the patient only the helpless and suffering man, his brother and his neighbor; and in order to be able to do this he must have a warm heart, an earnest devotion, and a true sense of duty. There is in reality scarcely any human occupation that brings so immediately with it its own reward, or in which the feeling of personal contentment comes from thorough accomplishment of purpose.

But so far as the accomplishment of the task set one is concerned, the attendant in the hospital has ever and anon new demands made upon him and a new task imposed. One patient lies next the other, and when one departs another comes in his place.

From day to day, from week to week, from year to year, always the same work, over and over again, only always for new patients. This tires out the hospital attendant. Then the custom of seeing suffering weakens the enthusiasm and lessens the sense of duty. There is need of a special stimulus in order to reawaken the old sympathy. Whence shall this be obtained—from religion or from some temporal reward? In trying to solve this problem, we are standing before the most

difficult problem of modern hospital management. Before us lie the paths of religious and simple care for the sick. We may say at once that the proper solution has not yet been found.

It may be easy, from an impartial but one-sided view of the subject, to say that the feeling of duty, of devotion, even of sacrifice is by no means necessarily dependent on the hope of religious reward, nor the expectation of material remuneration. Such a point of view, however, I may say at once, such a freedom of good will, such a warmth of sympathy from purely human motives as would be expected in these conditions, are only to be found in very unaccustomed goodness of disposition, or an extent of ethical education such as cannot be found in most of those who give themselves at the present time to the services of the sick in the hospitals. If pure humanity is to be the motive, then other circles of society must be induced to take part in the care of the sick. Our training schools for nurses must teach very differently to what they do at present, if the care of the sick in municipal hospitals shall compare favorably with that given them in religious institutions. Our hospitals must become transformed into true humanitarian institutions.

No wonder, then, that all those who are acquainted with the history of hospitals for dependents are very chary of secularizing elements and government control. Inspection is always needed of any institution that cares for dependent human beings. Without inspection abuses surely creep in. Government control, however, has in the past always led to unfortunate abuses apparently by an inevitable tendency. The mere wage-earner cannot be expected to care properly for human beings who need not only physical care but also human sympathy. Man lives not by bread alone. The chapter of the history of hospitals is only one emphatic illustration of this. The care of the children, of the aged and of the insane make other and possibly even more significant chapters of the same impressive story. In succeeding articles we hope to supply such details as will make this very clear.

## THE CLERGY OF FRANCE AND THE WAR.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.



IN spite of its oftentimes hostile government, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, France has never ceased to be a Catholic nation; but because of its foremost position since the Reformation it has been the seat of the religious war of the world. Following upon Protestantism came the attack of the philosophers; and, ever since, the war against Catholicism has continued, till towards the end of the nineteenth century it took the form of anti-clericalism. If in certain intellectual circles the teachings of Kant and Nietzsche poisoned the minds and wills of many, the principal adversaries of Catholicism throughout the country did not wage their war in the region of ideas; they did not seek directly to root out Christianity by intellectual difficulties, they sought to suppress it; to abolish it as a public worship; to wipe out the clergy. They did not attack religion: they attacked "the curés." Their whole plan of campaign, deliberately planned and faithfully adhered to, was to put the priest and the nation in opposition; to separate them; to make the latter hate the former. These tactics employed, as a seemingly secure basis for attack, a sentiment deeply imbedded in the heart of France, at least since the Revolution, and to which that heart was most susceptible, namely, the sentiment of equality.

The French citizen wishes nothing but equality. Precisely because of his character and the sacred office which he exercises, the priest is a superior. He commands, it is true, in the name of Christ; but he commands. "Our master is our enemy," said La Fontaine. The anti-clericals exploit this pride of equality in order to make the priest a suspect or unpopular, and to persuade the laborer and the peasant that the priest aims to extend his spiritual authority into the domain of the temporal. They picture the bugbear of "a government of curés." To listen to them one would suppose that nobody but themselves respected liberty of conscience, and that all they wished was to defend the State against the encroachments of the Church.

It was under this pretext of equality that compulsory military service was imposed upon priests. Through the claim of preserving

the independence of the civil power, the separation by law of Church and State was effected. In the thought of the anti-clericals, and of many who allowed themselves to be contaminated by it, the priest was a citizen who wished to fly from the common nest. It was necessary to defy him, if one wished to remain free, for he was not "as the others." Such was the view that many Frenchmen who were not practical Catholics had, little by little, accustomed themselves to take of the priest; then came the clarion call sounding the mobilization of the army. At that solemn moment it became very evident to all that the priest was like others. He was a Frenchman with Frenchmen. Never was anything proved more clearly. All the prejudice that had been aroused against him suddenly fell to pieces. Those who of old would not even salute, now applauded him. "At the North station," says *Le Journal de Genève*, "some reservists were leaving Paris. Two soutanes appeared in the crowd. At once a soldier went up to one of the priests and said: 'To-day you and I are brothers.'"

The mobilization of the priests has produced a marked impression upon the nation which still endures. Because of it the influence of the clergy has re-asserted itself during the war. This influence is felt not only on the battle-front, but throughout the country. Not only do the fighting priests share it, but the bishops also and the priests left at home in their parishes. It is in the army that the priests have found a fresh and most consoling field of influence. Their enlistment was the leaven which tended to leaven the entire mass. As recruits they were assigned generally throughout the army, and as a result there is hardly a military unit that does not include one or more priests.

The number of priests mobilized has reached twenty-nine thousand. Of this number twelve thousand nine hundred and eighty are doing hospital service. A little less than twelve thousand nine hundred are at the front. It is necessary to add that not all of these twelve thousand nine hundred priests are combatants. A great number of them, however, are in the first line of trenches, exposed to the same dangers as all the other soldiers. Others are regimental infirmarians or stretcher-bearers. Such posts as these the priests desire most, because such a work enables them to help the wounded, and is in line with ecclesiastical discipline.

The French priest endeavors, in so far as he possibly can, to observe strictly his priestly character, and he does not fight, except when compelled by the necessity of war. At the side of

the stretcher-bearer may be found many chaplains belonging either to the regular or the volunteer army.<sup>1</sup> This body of twenty-nine thousand priests, scattered throughout the entire French army, includes both secular and regular clergy, pastors of both city and country churches, teachers and missionaries.

The religious did not leave their convents or their missions without suffering keen pain. They acted under the command of their superiors—in accordance with the wish of Rome and for the good of the Church. As a matter of fact, it is the service of the religious in the ranks of the army that has produced the most favorable impression. Even M. Clemenceau, in his journal, *L'Homme Libre*, of the seventh of August, 1914, pays homage to these priests. "Yes," he says, "these are the religious whom we drove away."

In France itself it is undeniable that the departure of the curés and vicars has been a loss to their parishes. Nevertheless, their churches have in no way been abandoned. Aged priests, who had retired, have taken up again the work of the ministry. Young priests, not strong enough for military service, have taken the place of their comrades called to arms; a country curé will care, in addition to his own parish, for a neighboring parish whose pastor has gone to the front.

The parish priests and missionaries who serve in the army have found there new parishes, new missions, and have carried on a great work of evangelization. The foremost preacher has been the soldier-priest and the most convincing sermon is his example of patriotism. His very presence has made converts. Mistrust is dispelled by the glance of a priest-comrade in the trenches. The indifferent one, the anti-clerical of yesterday, approaches little by little to an acceptance of that Faith, the moral effect of which he sees displayed before him in courage, discipline, sacrifice and charity of the highest order. Testimonies abound of the high military qualities of the priests, both officers and soldiers. They are found in orders of the day and in letters from the front. One may count their heroic deeds by the hundreds.

"Yes," said a wounded soldier, "I was wounded in the thigh

<sup>1</sup>The question of the irregularity incurred by priests forced to take up arms has been decided by this answer of the Sacred Penitentiary, dated March 18, 1912, in answer to a note of Cardinal Levin: "*S. Penitentiaria benigne indulget ut sacerdotes militantes, ceteris paribus, inter bellicas operationes, Sacrum facere et Sacrum ministrare valeant, non obstanti irregularitate quam pugnantes forte incurrint; bello vero composito, recurrant ad competentem auctoritatem.*"

by an enemy. But it is well that I should tell you how I was carried here. It was by one of my comrades, a soldier who is a priest. There's a man for you! In order to save me he had to rush through a shower of bullets, without apparently noticing them. Then when he had saved me, he brought me here. I did indeed embrace him."

"What was his name?"

"De Gironde."

And at once the wounded man's neighbor exclaimed:

"Ah, he was a hero. You will never be able to repay him for what he has done for you....."

"The other night," continued the wounded man, "a soldier reported to our captain that nothing had been heard for some time in a small wood where the Germans were intrenched. Had they evacuated it? Would they return again? It was a position that had been hotly disputed, and which we would have occupied at once if we were able to do so. What volunteers would be willing to go and reconnoitre this position? Death would be their inevitable fate if the Germans were still there. One volunteer presented himself. His name was de Gironde, and in the dark night, alone, he went to reconnoitre the small wood, and learned that the Germans had evacuated it. There certainly was courage, where I did not know it existed." This heroic soldier, Father Gilbert de Gironde, was a Jesuit. He was killed six metres from the German ranks, while he was praying before the bodies of four Alpine soldiers, who had been killed the night before. He was about to bury them, and he fell with the cross in his hands.

A Lazarist, Father Paul Barbeit, was a volunteer stretcher-bearer. He was the curé of the Fourth Zouaves. He was always where the fight was hottest, taking in the wounded, even under fire. On Christmas day a company was ordered forward to assault a German trench. The advance line was swept away like ripe wheat before the sickle. A second line went on. The lieutenant cried out: "Forward, with the bayonet." He plunged forward, but the men did not follow. They were brave men, but the hurricane of iron was appalling, and they saw, lying dead in the sunlight, their comrades who had preceded them. Father Barbeit cried out: "On! My children. We must capture that trench. I go with you. Come, follow me." Without arms (he never carried any), his crucifix in his hand, he plunged forward. The men followed and took the trench.

On the thirtieth of September, 1914, upon the plain of Craonne, the enemy was intrenched behind the walls and in the caves of a farm, whence they swept with volleys of shot the entire plain. The captain of a French company, posted immediately in front, had to send to the commandant of artillery a message of great importance. He asked for a volunteer. Sergeant Daugé, a deacon of the diocese of Aire, offered himself. He fulfilled his mission. In returning, before he could regain his trench, he was struck. He had only sufficient strength to cry out to his comrades: "I am mortally wounded. Au revoir, my friends, au revoir, until we meet in heaven."

A Breton priest, Jean Pierre Bescond, of the parish of Plouneour-Menez, in the diocese of Quimper, was a corporal. During the battle he won the admiration of his comrades. "One would think," said a soldier who was with him, "that he was going to a feast, so carelessly, apparently, did he advance amidst a shower of shot and shell, but, nevertheless, I saw that he had tears in his eyes."

What courage indeed, human and Christian! Oftentimes the priests and religious in the army offer themselves as substitutes for others in posts of danger, for a comrade or particularly for the father of a family. Thus a priest of Nancy took sentry duty for the father of a family, and while on post met his death.

"In two regiments of Savoy infantry, where I served," another soldier tells, "there were seventeen priests, of which nine were lieutenants and the remainder subalterns. Every evening when night had fallen upon the field of battle, these seventeen priests went voluntarily—for their rank excused them from such duty—to work with the soldiers who were charged with placing in front of the trenches the 'hedgehogs'—machines made of beams bristling with iron points. The soldiers wept at seeing their courage and devotion. Five priests were killed doing this perilous work."

On the ninth of May, 1915, at Carency, many French soldiers fell wounded between their trench and that of the Germans. They begged their comrades to go and take them, but it was impossible, for there was a mad rain of shot. Two soldiers, however, came forward—one a priest and the other a seminarian. They asked the captain's permission to go and search for the wounded. The captain at first refused. They were in plain sight and the danger was extreme. Eventually, when they insisted, he consented. They went and returned, bringing back eleven wounded. But when

carrying back the twelfth a shell laid them low with their precious burden.

One day in the trench, it was announced that the colonel of the regiment had fallen, wounded, a little distance in front of the German line. The regiment loved him as a son loves a father. "My children," said the commandant, "we cannot leave him in their hands." And he asked for volunteers to search for him in the face of the enemy's fire. A party of men went forth, but the fire which met them was so intense that it was evident, if they continued, they would go into the arms of death. The commandant refused permission for them to go further, but he added, "If one of you has the courage to meet death he may go." One stepped forward. It was the soldier-priest, the Abbé Teularde, professor at the University of St. Felix at Beaucaire. The commandant, weeping, embraced him. The young priest went forward under a shower of projectiles—four bullets pierced his cape and two more his hat. Finally he reached the wounded colonel, and took him upon his back. He started to return with his precious burden. From the trenches the anxious eyes of the men and the commandant watched him. Bullets fell about him. He just reached the edge of the trench when he also was wounded, and fell to the ground with the colonel. His comrades leaped out to give him aid. Both were brought back into the trench. The abbé was not mortally wounded. While being cared for, a young lieutenant knelt beside him and said: "Father, it is a long time since I believed, and practised my religion. You have converted me. I beg of you now before everybody to hear my confession."

The priests perform not only great and heroic deeds, but also the most humble service, which likewise wins the hearts of the men. The chaplain, Father Lestrade, passed a gunner on his way to minister to the wounded. In the regiment the Father was known as "invulnerable." When not in action he was the laundry-man and the tinker. Somewhere back of the front, a poor old woman worked her garden. A soldier long unshaven walked by. "Pass me that, mother," said he to the woman. "I know how to use it." He took her spade and set to work. A half hour afterwards all the garden was turned over. "Now pass me the sprouts; I will re-plant them for you." The old woman was delighted. "You are a gardener then?" she asked. "No, I am a priest," said the man with the heavy beard.

The chaplains are never far from the men nor from the



firing line. The number that have fallen on the field of battle is very large.

A soldier tells as follows of Abbé Dubreuil: "We had broken the third German line, filled with dead and with prisoners that we had taken, and had arrived at a summit crossed by the road of Bethune, when I saw the chaplain of our division, Father Dubreuil, who in the face of a storm of bullets was passing from wounded to wounded, dressing the wound of one, giving absolution to another, a silver crucifix in his left hand, and he himself already wounded in the arm, and his fingers bleeding. I had not time to bid him hide himself before he was out of sight, and a few minutes later he fell, dying instantly."

"The chaplain of our regiment," writes another soldier, "went ahead of the line of our sharpshooters during the battle. He stood upright before the bullets, calm and smiling, with a kind and encouraging word for everyone. He made a most profound impression. He was killed in trying to succor a general who had been wounded."

The death of the priests on the battlefield, even more than their life with the soldiers, has been an effective sermon. Death has been the supreme test of their patriotism and has revealed to the eyes of those who up to now would not see, the horizon of the world beyond. At the beginning of the year 1916, one thousand two hundred and fifty-one priests were killed on the battlefield, and one thousand one hundred and fifteen were decorated for bravery. The official records testify beyond all question to the magnificent service rendered by the priests in the army, where they serve in regiments or are in hospital service whether they are combatants or stretcher-bearers or infirmarians or chaplains. To these official records may be added thousands of letters from the front, which give the testimony of their comrades, and to both, the great, sincere and enthusiastic voice of the people.

The priest in the army has been a brave man among brave men. He has been the source of moral power, and even unbelieving officers are pleased to testify to this fact. A captain of artillery, a Protestant, writes: "When a certain attack had failed, the commander of the section was found to be a Jesuit. He had given absolution to all his men who went forth, and many of whom had been wounded, and so it was both on the Yser and in the Vosges. The example of this Jesuit leads me to speak of the conduct of the priests in the army. From all I have seen, no words can

sufficiently eulogize it. My testimony must be above suspicion not only because I am not a Catholic, but also because I do not in principle sympathize with priests, however well-mannered they may be, but they did their duty magnificently and gave an inspiring example. I know a certain canon, a captain among the territorials, who could give points to the officers of the regular army. One of the chaplains is equally excellent. He has shown himself full of energy, confident and brave. In bringing before their minds the life to come, in preaching by their example, the priests have taught all that in the presence of danger, even in the greatest danger, death is not to be considered." On every occasion they recall the example of that priest-lieutenant, who, seeing his company waver, leaped forward, exclaiming, "I am a priest. I do not fear death. Forward, all." He fell riddled with bullets, but the position was won.

The service of these priests serves patriotism as well as religion. Stirred by such great courage, overcome by the unselfishness that drives them to risk their own lives in order to save a comrade, a soldier, of his own accord, draws near to the priest. Admiration for his bravery, recognition of his services force him to take the first step. The indifferent ones of yesterday, even the former anti-clericals, go first to Mass, celebrated by their comrade, the curé, simply to please him. Little by little they are caught by the Divine snare. The words of the sermon find a path to their heart; those words revive memories of other days, long since forgotten. In the trench of Father Teulade, the priest who under fire so heroically saved his colonel, they say in common morning and evening prayers. During the day the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Credo* are sung as at Mass. They amuse themselves by rifle-practice or by playing cards. During the afternoon a conference or sermon is given, and in the evening the recitation of the rosary. Father Teulade is oftentimes obliged to hear confessions during the entire day and night. "When we go back," wrote one of the soldiers, last October, "we will be changed men."

An artist of Paris writes, June 18, 1915, to a curé of Lisere: "At Paris, in all my life of excitement, I never practised my religion. When danger comes, one seeks a sure footing. I know that this war will change many things with regard to the religious question in France. That which appeals to the masses of the people is the conduct of the priests who are under fire. I am in among the troops at the front, and from the opinions expressed by every-

body, one knows that the priests, no matter in what service they may be engaged, are worthy of all admiration. Jews, freethinkers, all with one accord praise their conduct and render them striking homage."

All exaggeration must be avoided. No sensible man will affirm that all the French—that all French soldiers—have become practical Catholics, and that all the trenches are as edifying as that of Father Teulade. For various reasons, sometimes due to the men themselves, sometimes to their surroundings, sometimes to the very provinces from which they come, there are often the greatest differences between one regiment and another. But it is true that the present attitude of the priests in the army has dispelled in all minds the old prejudices against the clergy. This is of great significance; and as a result we may expect the most happy consequences. It is also true that the conversions have been real and widespread, though all have not immediately turned from indifference to the practice of religion. An inveterate atheist, for example, wrote home that henceforth he would believe; again a confirmed indifferentist turns towards God; at the hospital a freemason is won over by the beneficent influence of faith; on the firing line itself Baptisms and the First Communion of soldiers have frequently occurred.

"I am determined," said one of these soldiers, "to return to the faith of my parents, and once again I will be a Catholic." The war is full of such public acts of faith. "On the day of mobilization," writes M. Rocheblare in the *Journal de Genève* of August, 1914, "three young men of wealthy family, about to part, were conversing together in one of the most frequented cafés of Paris. One of them said in a low voice: 'You are going to make fun of me. You know I have not been a churchgoer; but no matter. I go to the front; I wish, at least, to die well. I have been to confession. Now I feel lighter, and I will die joyfully.'" And the two others, whom he expected would make fun of him, simply answered: "And we have been too."

In the month of November, 1914, Commandant de Beaufort, at the very hour of battle, called a soldier-priest from the ranks to administer the last absolution to all who wished to receive it. Under fire he addressed his comrades thus: "Let all among you who wish to receive absolution kneel on one knee and uncover your heads." All, without exception, knelt down and took off their képis.

The religious offices of the priest in the army have not been

limited to the hearing of confessions before and after the battle; they have been permanently continued. Moreover, in many cantonments what might be called "military parishes" have been established with a real Christian life. In most cases the altar is made of two cartridge boxes, on which is placed a frame and a box for the tabernacle. A gray cover is spread over the frame and a white sheet, if there is one at hand, covers the whole.

On Easter Sunday there were so many throughout the army to receive Holy Communion that there were not sufficient Sacred Hosts. Ninety per cent of the soldiers had been to confession.

In the Argonne the soldiers built pretty churches out of oak and pine trees, nor did they forget the steeples. Even in the trenches oratories have been erected; and how could the French soul forget Notre Dame? But the names of the little chapels are shorn of their perfume of peace, and of their setting in the sweet-smelling fields or on the seashore. It is no longer Notre Dame-du-Chêne, or Notre Dame-des-Flots. It is: Notre Dame-des-Tranchées.

When, perchance, the soldiers find a crucifix in some demolished house, they bring it at once to their comrade-priest, and put their underground dwelling under the protection of this holy image. Sometimes in the very depths of the trenches they dig out a tabernacle; the priest finds himself obliged to place therein the Sacred Hosts during the night, and there, in turn, the soldiers keep watch before their God until dawn. In these military parishes the cycle of Christian life revolves as in all Catholic countries. Military High Masses are celebrated on Sundays; sometimes the altars may be seen under the shadow of green branches, or again under the sheltering wings of an *aéroplane*.

Christmas had its midnight Mass, its offices and its Communion—in the open air at an altar made of wheat-sheaves, on which the frost set its diamonds; in a granary, or in a stable, recalling Bethlehem. The Christmas carols and the *Credo* were accompanied by the rumbling of the cannon.

On Palm Sunday, at the front, they adorned the tombs of the dead, and the soldiers pinned to the bottomholes of their képis a piece of blessed palm. During Holy Week some of the cantonments made retreats, and on Good Friday the Stations of the Cross were followed in many of the trenches, the stations being marked by crosses. Nor was Easter without its alleluias. There were fifty, one hundred and even three hundred Communion in some of the

cantonments. "Penitents could be seen in every corner," said one of the soldiers.

In the Vosges, on Easter Sunday, an altar was erected between two snow ramparts, and while the priest was giving absolution bullets flew past. Nor were the sentinels of the advance posts forgotten. The priest went to them, and these brave ones could be seen lowering their guns to receive the God of Hosts. Is a soldier wounded? He finds a priest in his own stretcher-bearer, or in the infirmary of the Red Cross car, or in the hospital. Has he been taken prisoner? He finds the priest a prisoner with him.

We had already seen the priest on the battlefield searching for the wounded at the peril of his life. And how the wounded hail him! "Say, old friend," called one of them to a comrade in the ambulance, "without the curés we would not be here." And from another one: "You know I am not a friend of the curés, so my testimony is impartial. Believe me, friends, without the curé how many wounded would die on the battlefield."

In the hospital the priest-infirmarian gets up at four o'clock in the morning in order to celebrate Mass. Day and night he is at the service of the sick and the wounded. He is not only their servant; he is their friend, their comforter, and through his solicitude and care they recognize his sacerdotal character.

"Do not leave me, Father, I suffer too much," cried a soldier whose foot had been horribly shattered by a bullet. "Stay with me while they dress the wound!" Shortly after, when they were undressing the wounds, two cries escaped the sufferer: "Major, you make me suffer;" then: "Father, give me your hand!"

Is not this incident characteristic of the bond now uniting priest and people? It is the priest who, after giving the dying soldier the comforts of religion, after receiving from him the loving, farewell messages for the dear ones at home, remains with him to the end, recites the last prayers over his body, and renders him the last service of burial; it is the priest who takes care of his grave and sees that a cross is erected over it, and it is the priest who offers Mass for his departed soul. For all these services those who are now among the living, but who to-morrow will have their turn on the battlefield, are grateful to the soldier-priest. He forcibly exercises a constant influence over the soldiers, and if, notwithstanding the numerous conversions, his efforts do not always meet with success, yet because of his action, hostilities, suspicions, and all the foolish barriers of anti-clericalism have been overthrown.

This religious influence has sweetly and sympathetically directed, and continues to direct, souls along the right road, leading them to return to the traditional practices of faith.

The action and influence of the priest amidst the populations of invaded countries and bombarded cities has been no less efficacious. There again he has loyally served religion in serving his country. The bishops have shown themselves as of old, true *defenders of the city*.

At Meaux, at the approach of the Germans, the civil authorities departed. The poor remained almost alone. The bishop, Monsignor Marbeau, could not suffer them to die of hunger. Without loss of time he called some of the citizens together, and with them organized a Committee of Public Welfare, which cared for and protected not only the people of the city itself but those also of adjoining villages.

The peasants of the surrounding country hastened to the city for refuge. Monsignor Marbeau organized everything under the threat of the German cannon. His administrative power guided everything. His self-devotion called forth like devotion. He arranged all the departments which circumstances demanded. The bishop's palace was a veritable storehouse. Every day trucks left from there for the front. The city obeys this leader, this defender of the city, who has become its bishop even in temporal things. The people love him. Laborers, peasants, men of the middle class, respectfully uncover their heads when he passes by. The tradesmen come out of their shops to salute him. At the sight of the purple soutane, officers and soldiers stand at attention and give the military salute. The children coming out of school gather around him, exclaiming: "Good-morning, Monsignor!"

At Rheims, Cardinal Luçon; at Arras, Monsignor Lobbedey; at Amiens, Monsignor Dizien and Monsignor de la Villerabel; at Verdun, Monsignor Ginesty; at Soisson, Monsignor Pêchenard; at Nancy, Monsignor Turinaz; at Saint-Dié, Monsignor Foucault—all have stood under the shells, sharing the dangers of their people and, when necessary, living with them in cellars; and, in sight of their demolished cathedrals, raising the courage of all, presiding over the care of the sick and wounded, and assuring food and clothing to the poor.

What can be said of the miracles of faith, courage and charity wrought by these bishops, and of all those other miracles of which nothing will ever be known, except that, as faithful shepherds,

they have suffered with their flocks—such as the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of Lille, Monsignor Charost, aided in their task by the generous assistance of the United States.

Not one has abandoned his post. All have remained to the last, as long as anyone was left in the cities; like the captains of ships they have been the last to quit the deck. This indefatigable and admirable action of the bishops has not only reanimated wavering ones under fire, but it has shown forth their traditional rôle; it has done away with the dissensions of old, the smoulderings of discord, and sealed the national reconciliation. In their invaded parishes the curés have filled the same rôle. They have proved themselves men of God and men of action.

Suippes, Souain, Virginy, Cernon, Minaucourt, Villetourbe, hundreds and hundreds of parishes in Lorraine, Champagne, Flanders, Picardy and Beauvais have witnessed heroic and absolute devotion on the part of their priests, who preached confidence and courage as much by example as by words, establishing, in the midst of the disorganization caused by the invasion, moral and national strength, which upheld and saved all.

And in the rear, far from the front, outside of the army and its various services—at Paris and in all the provinces where the noise of cannon was not, or is not heard, the clergy—bishops and priests—have a two-fold office to fulfill: to share in the patriotic work of the war, and to continue—and even to develop—their spiritual ministry.

And here the priest has two dangers to avoid: First, to guard against inaction in the midst of the general patriotic outburst; and, secondly, when active to take care not to abdicate in the smallest measure his sacerdotal character. Not only must he foster faith and patriotism, but he must show great tact—prudence, as well as enthusiasm, devotedness and activity. The French clergy have proved that they have the qualities which the situation demands. Instinctively the priest has been a thorough priest and one with the nation.

In every work organized for the national defence, the clergy collaborated, and this collaboration, in many instances, has proved to be of capital importance. When it had been decided to increase the gold reserve of the Bank of France, the Government did not hesitate to ask the help of the bishops, and the latter addressed an ardent appeal to the faithful. The curés received and carried to the Bank of France the gold of their parishioners. The

result was considerable. The bishop and clergy took the same action with regard to the latest loan of France, and the success of this loan is due in great part to their intervention.

The rôle of the clergy has been especially marked in those works of the war where charity and patriotism go hand in hand. On all sides, in a veritable outburst of brotherhood, France hastened to the help of the wounded, the mutilated, the refugees, the orphans, and all the victims of the war. In all these works the clergy took a lively part, either by personal service or through the influence which they exercised in directing the devotedness of Catholics.

We may say that the wounded belong to the clergy. Not only are there many priests among the stretcher-bearers, who take the wounded soldiers away from the battlefield—and this under fire and shell—not only, very often, is the priest-infirmarian of the Red Cross train, or the infirmarian of the hospital for the wounded, but these very hospitals by the hundreds and thousands have been established in convents, schools, settlements, Catholic institutions of all kinds, without counting private residences. It is by thousands that priests and religious may be seen at the bedside of the wounded, and many among them—like Sister Julie and Sister Gabrielle, who remained at their posts of charity in spite of bombardment and German occupation, will henceforth be known and venerated throughout the entire world.

In Paris alone and its suburbs 955 beds have been placed at the disposal of the wounded in 11 Catholic hospitals; 437 beds in 8 sanatoriums; 2,189 beds in 20 educational institutions (seminaries, colleges, schools and orphanages); 954 beds in 18 settlements; 1,058 beds in 21 religious communities. In all, 5,633 beds have been consecrated to the wounded soldiers by Catholic institutions in the diocese of Paris, and out of the 12,700 beds which the three societies of the Red Cross have in Paris and the suburbs, 6,200 are cared for by religious. And how many Catholics are numbered among the members of the Red Cross!

All through France, the rôle of the clergy and Catholics is of the same importance in the service of the wounded. It is sufficient to know that out of 331 Catholic secondary schools, two hundred and forty-eight—that is seventy-five per cent—give hospitality to the wounded at the present time. Out of the two hundred and forty-eight colleges, eighty-nine have been totally dedicated to this work and their doors have been closed to pupils. The



others have given up a large part of their premises. Out of the eighty-three colleges where the wounded are not actually found, six of them harbor some for a short time, and thirty have been rejected by the health department either because of military regulations or owing to their situation.

By special orders of the bishops the curés, assisted by the directors and directresses of the different Catholic associations, have organized a work to keep soldiers supplied with warm clothing. The bishops and the curés, the priests and the religious, have inspired the people with initiative in charitable works in order to bring relief to all the miseries consequent on the war. With the help of the Sisters of Charity and other religious, as well as of lay Catholics, they have established centres for food and clothing supplies as well as sewing circles.

To these and all the great works they have brought their best capabilities, irrespective of religious opinions, as, for instance, the *Secours national*, which from the beginning of the war has been instant in planning to aid the women, children and the aged, so that their soldier relatives at the front may be relieved of anxiety in their regard.

On the Committee of the *Secours national*, we find side by side Cardinal Amette and M. Appell, President of the Institute, and M. Maurice Barrès, President of the Patriotic League; Chief Rabbi Lévy, and the Rev. M. Wagner, M. Hanotaux, President of the French-American Committee, and M. Mithouard, President of the Municipal Council; the royalist Charles Maurras elbows the socialist, Dubreuilh; and the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris, M. David Mennet, is not far from M. Jouhaux, Secretary of the General Confederation of Labor. Here they are but Frenchmen, anxious to aid the French.

One of the questions which presented itself with the greatest urgency, after the more pressing and immediate needs, was the question of the war orphans. So many fathers have fallen on the battlefield.

At once the episcopate and the clergy established works to provide for the future of these orphans. Orphanages were immediately founded in all dioceses. And these are two instances of the development of the work: "Family Adoption," established in the offices of "la Croix" by the initiative of "Noël," and the "Association of War Widows and Orphans," founded under the auspices and direction of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris.

"Family Adoption" (5 rue Bayard, Paris) seeks to help the family of the orphans, so that the orphans may remain with their own. It gives to the mother, or grandparents, or brothers or sisters having charge of the child, a pension of two hundred francs per year for its maintenance. The payment of this pension is made by the curé of the parish. The members of the work, or "Noelists," act as guardians of the orphans, never failing to visit them when they are in the same city or the same village. Everyone may contribute to this great work and take part in this "adoption," provided they subscribe to the organization. "Family Adoption" has already taken charge of six hundred children, whose material, moral and religious wants for the future are practically provided for.

"The Association of War Widows and Orphans" has its centre at 21 rue des Bons-Enfants, and in its Council of Administration, M. l'Chanoine Dupin, of the Archbishopric, and the curés of St. Sulpice and St. Honoré d'Aylan. At the beginning of 1916, it had already examined more than three thousand documents. It has helped one thousand five hundred orphans and seven hundred widows. It has placed in Paris or in the provinces one hundred and fifty children, and it actually prepared accommodations for two hundred more. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as a committee of visiting ladies and patronesses, have rendered valuable service. So in the very midst of the war—the mower of men—the French clergy urge the nation to pay to the orphans the debt of gratitude it owes to their fathers, and to prepare for the future work of restoration.

So though gone to the front the soldier is not forgotten. The solicitude of the clergy follows him far from home towns and cities, away on the firing line. It thinks of his soul as much as of his material needs. It is for him that the Association of Military Chaplains sent its volunteers to increase the number of official chaplains; it is for him that it organized the work of portable altars and allowed the soldier-priests to say Mass in the trenches, close to the enemy; it is for him that the *Bonne Presse*, the *Société bibliographique* sent to the front, to the hospitals and to the prisons in Germany books that elevate, console and comfort.

In all their pastoral letters the bishops have thrown light upon the great lessons of the war. They have exhorted the faithful to understand these lessons; to do their duty, and to think of God more than ever before. Preachers have developed these teach-

ings before numerous audiences. Books and pamphlets have helped to sow the good seed gathered from the lips of the bishops from the church pulpits. At the call of the bishops and clergy the churches have been crowded—the voice of prayer has been universally heard—public and national prayer, as well as daily, persevering, untiring prayer.

On the initiative of Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, and at the request of all the cardinals and bishops, national prayers were offered throughout France on the thirteenth of December, 1914. The only patrons of France were especially invoked: The Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Michael the Archangel, St. Denis, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, St. Vincent de Paul, Blessed J. B. Vianney, Blessed Margaret Mary, Blessed Joan of Arc, and ardent supplications ascended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The eleventh of February, 1915, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, was the day appointed for the national prayer of the little children. In all the churches of France the children gathered specially for this purpose. At the request of their several bishops they prayed for France and for peace—peace established on right and justice. It was Monsignor Dubois, Archbishop of Bourges, who had the happy idea for this general appeal of the little ones.

At Notre Dame, pilgrimages of public prayers succeeded one another without interruption. At the end of September, 1914, the Patriotic League had its turn, and in the month of November a service was offered for the soldiers who died on the field of battle. The President of the Republic was represented by a delegate; likewise the Ministers of War, of the Navy, of Foreign Affairs; present were the Governor of Paris, the Ambassadors, many members of the Parliament, of the Municipal Council, of the French Academy, of the Institute, officers, magistrates, etc., etc.

Some of the more notable national feast days were: January 1, 1915; January 17th and February 7th; and in May the Feast of Jeanne d'Arc. On Sunday, March 26, 1916, France closed four days of public supplications: prayers of the children, general fasts, invocations to the Blessed Virgin, invocations to the Sacred Heart—and all of France, with representatives of every social class, with delegations from the French Academy, the Academy of Literature, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Academy of Science, knelt in the Basilica of Montemarte. On the night preceding the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of March, one thousand five hundred men watched there in adora-

tion. The great sanctuaries of France, the cathedrals, have everywhere witnessed similar crowds and manifestations. France at war has prayed publicly, as she has not done for a long time.

All the parishes have what are called "the prayers of the war"—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, the litanies, the invocations to the Sacred Heart and to the holy patrons of France. These prayers are said daily in many churches. In almost everyone there is a chapel adorned with flags. It is here that Mass is often offered for France, and it is here, too, that the mothers, wives and children of the soldiers may be seen at prayer. Some churches already have a marble slab whereon are engraved the names of the parishioners who have died for France.

The remembrance of the dead elevates souls and unites all hearts. The burial of the soldiers, or the services offered for the repose of their souls, are always attended by crowds. Following the funeral hearse one can distinguish faces that have not been seen before in the churches.

A short time ago, M. Maurice Barrès was present at one of these soldier funerals. He congratulated the curé for his patriotic remarks. "Oh," said the curé, "I repeat myself a good deal!" "These brave men repeatedly die," answered Barrès.

The repetition of these acts of faith, the perseverance of the French people has caused more surprise to everyone (and to the French themselves most of all) than the energy shown in the spontaneous outburst during the first days of the war. The influence of the clergy has been lasting and general. It has, as we have seen, extended itself over all the land—that land which may be said to belong by right to the domain of the soul, and of religion.

In view of this unmistakable change in public opinion the enemies of the Faith saw how fruitless were all their endeavors. By force of circumstances they have been driven back from the place which they occupied in time of peace, and they have tried to reconquer it by calumny.

The infamous rumor was sent abroad by the anti-clericals that the clergy were secretly allied with the Germans, were traitors to their country. If such a counter-attack could, at first sight, deceive some of the ignorant country people, the common sense of the nation rejected it. Calumny is stopped by facts, by the patriotism of the French clergy, by the sacrifice of their lives on the battlefield, by the service which they unceasingly and unselfishly render

to all. Without doubt the nation will not be converted *en bloc*, but there is a change in France—a permanent change to which the clergy have contributed a magnificent share.

In the month of October, 1914, before the combat, only two steps from the battlefield, a priest flag-bearer gave absolution to the men of his regiment, section by section. The men all knelt and recited the act of contrition, while the soldier-priest, his left hand resting on the flag, raised his right to give absolution. When, on the morrow of the cataclysm that is shaking the earth, the impartial historian will have carefully studied the character of the Great War and its consequences from the religious point of view, it is in this synthetical attitude, where patriotic duty and the sacred ministry are found closely united, that he will have to consider the French priest. It is here that history must take its picture of him and transmit it for the study and the gratitude of future generations.

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### HER NAME.

*(Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8th.)*

BY HELEN HAINES.

WHAT shall I call this gentle maid  
Whom good St. Anne named Mary?  
Since Gabriel, God's Archangel, said  
Blessèd forever she would be,  
No word seems left for me!

Yet it was my Little Brother  
Who first lisped, "Mother, Mother"—  
And shall His word not be mine, too,  
Till time shall cease to be?

What shall I call this virgin tried  
Whom good St. Anne named Mary?  
Since martyrs, saints, and councils vied  
For names her virtues to describe  
No words seem left for me!

And yet my anguished Brother  
Cried at last, "Behold thy Mother!"  
And shall His words not be mine, too,  
Till time shall cease to be?

## EILEEN OF KILMICHAEL.

BY MADELINE BRIDGES.



STAFFORD MORRISON had come up from Belfast in the midday train, in an interested and, for him, excited state of mind. The railway accommodation, or rather inaccommodation, had proved a source of astonishment and amusement. His practical mind had grasped and readjusted point after point in the mechanical argument, as set forth by the road management, and so many of the points appealed to him as intensely humorous that his face kept brightening into smiles, which added much to his, at any time, rather attractive personality. He was also distinctly aware of being charmed by the outlook from the small car window—the strange misty atmosphere, suffused with soft sunshine, the wonderful green of the low sloping hills, the fields and wastes of wild flowers new to him, everywhere crossed by blossoming hawthorn hedges heavy with dew. The poor neglected cabins and the picturesque groups of half-clad beautiful children caused him to sit quickly upright; more than once a serious frown displacing his dreamy, appreciative smile. Like all good Americans, Stafford loved novelty, but only in lovable forms. His active mind rebuilt many a tumbled-down dwelling; straightened many a neglected garden patch, and clothed and packed off to school a score or more of stout limbed, idle urchins as the train went by. His forte was putting to rights. He did not realize that he had inherited this trait from a New Hampshire mother, whose methodical ways of arranging household matters, even down to the spools in her work basket, had made her often the theme of his affectionate teasing.

It was past three o'clock when the train drew in at Kilmichael station—five minutes behind time, as Stafford verified by his watch, adding a mental note to the effect that everything seemed to be five minutes, or a hundred years, late in Great Britain—and the little place was still as the depths of a woodland, and almost as deserted. A straggling village lay to the left, perhaps a mile away, as if it preferred to keep a respectful distance from brisk and modern innovations. At the right a wild mountain land, and a far glimpse of blue water, but here, as everywhere, the drifted field flowers of

white and pale gold and the wonderful incense-breathing hawthorn.

Stafford stamped and stretched his cramped limbs by walking round the station, to meet a leisurely-advancing railroad porter, the only official, or other human being, in sight, who touched his hat as no American railway porter would think of doing, and Stafford touched his with a ready smile. He also said good morning, as a New York man is apt to do at any time of day.

"I want to go out to Kilmichael Castle, to find Mr. Morrison. I suppose you can direct me how to get there?"

"Sure and I can, sor," the porter's eyes were looking smilingly into the distance, "but there's Miss Eileen herself comin' now, in the Docther's jauntin' car. An' ye'll not be gettin' yere big box into that ramshackle thing, an' ye have other bits av bags, as well."

"Can't you see that they're sent up in good shape?" he slipped a coin into the convenient hand. "Fix it for me, will you?"

"I will, indeed, do that same thing. Thank'ee, sor. I'll hev them up in no time, safe an' soun'. Ah, she sees us, now, an' she's dhrivin' up a bit, but, sure, the mare's as owld as the hills. She'll walk the whole way back wid ye, an' that ye'll see."

Stafford took off his hat and waved it, and, as the carriage drew near, delight came into his heart. It was such a beautiful face that greeted him—such a look of eager, yearning affection. Before he had time to anticipate her movement, his cousin had thrown the reins to the horse, who obediently stood still, stepped from her seat, and was in his arms, her own clasping him fast with breathless, but most satisfying, welcome. She kissed him on each cheek, and when they looked at each other, her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Ah, God be thanked," were the first words he heard her utter, with a sort of sob, "and you're here, safe! Stafford, dear, is it really you?"

She drew away a little to gaze at him with loving tenderness.

"Oh, yes—indeed—indeed, it is! You have the chin—the MacTeague chin—and I see my father's eyes—maybe it's the expression." And then the young lady, who was tall and proud looking, as well as very lovely of feature, did what seemed to Stafford an amazing thing, though it would hardly have been amazing in one of his New England cousins: she looked brightly towards the

porter, and said in a sweet friendly voice: "Mickey, this is my cousin from New York, my father's brother's child, Mr. Stafford Morrison—my very own cousin, Mickey!"

"Sure, I might a known he was all that, Miss Eileen! Yere kindly welcome to Ireland, sor, kindly welcome, that ye are!"

"I ought to have sent you word, Mickey, that he was expected, but, then, I meant to be here before the train time. I was five minutes late. Just think!"

"Oh, that's not strange," said Stafford, smiling; he longed to add, "on this side of the water," but her sweet warmth and sincerity had seemed to call out his best to meet it, and flippancy had no place. Her eyes had the glad truthfulness of a child, assured of love, yet there was sadness in their more thoughtful and steadfast look.

The road to Kilmichael proved itself one fitted to jolt the patience out of any traveler not inured to hardships, yet Stafford enjoyed every bump and rumble. Conversation was next to impossible, but what matter? He had crossed the ocean with a dutiful determination to make the cheerful best of a difficult undertaking, and had met, at its very beginning, the kindest encouragement fate could give. Letters from his cousin Eileen had come to him since they were both children, and the letters her father had written to his father, especially the sad letters of later years, were his to read and ponder, and eventually to answer, when his father had passed away. There had always existed an intense affection between the two brothers. Hugh the elder had come to America when he was sixteen, leaving Geoffrey, with his parents and two sisters, in the old home. He had prospered, but only in a moderate way. The little income he was able to send across the ocean to his people had become almost their sole means of support; this fact was never made known to him; he thought of them as he left them, with a few tenants still paying rent, and the farm fields tilled and yielding, and the social life of the county finding its way, now and then, to Castle Kilmichael. There had been a title in the inheritance of the estate, but it was long extinct—only the family name remained, and legends of its power and grandeur, which meant very little to Stafford. The glory and greatness of Irish kings and warriors impressed his commonplace young mind, as might histories of Valentine or Orson, or Jack the Giant Killer. Even had he believed them to be true, he would not have felt any special honor reflected on him as the lineal descendant of these



conquering heroes. He was in the world to conquer for himself—money first, with better things to follow, it might be (though it seldom is). His business was already well established on a paying basis in New York—the sort of basis that enabled him to spare three months for his trip to the home of his ancestors.

The knowledge that his father's people were in straitened circumstances, almost in desperate need, came upon him like a shock. One of his college friends, Archer Patton, had included Kilmichael in his European travel, at Stafford's request, and wrote to him, thence, with the frankness of long comradeship:

"The Morrisons over here are fine people, all right and hospitable as the day is long, but they seem to be rather in a bad way financially. Everything they own, I hear, is mortgaged to the limit. Your cousin Eileen is away in Scotland with her married sister, so I have not had the pleasure of meeting her, but your uncle and aunts are most kind—only things are not going well with them—that's quite apparent. You ought to take a run over and see just how it is."

Stafford read this brief and telling statement with a feeling of wretchedness and self-reproach, such as he had never before experienced. He was conscious, first, of asking his dead father's pardon for the neglect of a near duty. Although he had never failed to forward the usual remittance to Kilmichael, he had let his duty rest at that. His flesh and blood had been to him as strangers, and strangers had been to him as his flesh and blood. The week after Archer's letter reached him, he sailed for Ireland and was jaunting up the hill road with his cousin Eileen.

She drew the horse in as they came in sight of the gray old towers on a broad plateau overlooking the misty sea.

"You are coming to your own, Stafford, think of it. The knights and ladies of Kilmichael lived and loved and died on this very ground; and you are meeting them for the first time. Oh, you may be sure the dear ghosts know you are here; they would welcome you just as I did, if they could!"

"I don't think I should care quite so much for that sort of a welcome from *them*."

"I was giving you welcome for us all. I've known 'my dear cousin Stafford' in letters, such a long, long time, but I'm so glad that Stafford is *you*! When I saw you standing, looking up the road, I was afraid it might be someone else!"

"You did not wait to make quite sure, though, did you?" he asked roguishly.

She looked at him in a little surprise.

"You mean? Oh, yes, I *did* know. When I saw you wave to me I knew. And the family resemblance is strong. I think I would have recognized you anywhere for a MacTeague."

"Don't call me such outlandish names."

"I am proud to bear the name," she retorted quickly. "Eileen Kilmichael MacTeague Morrison! If ever I'm the mother of boys they shall all be MacTeagues and Kilmichaels. Now look, see now, Stafford, the ocean view! Was there ever anything grander, do you think? Your father spoke to you, many a time, of this bay and the green island? And the Strand? Surely you've heard of the Strand, where the great races used to be? There's my father coming now to meet us, and Aunt Norah and Aunt Kate. Oh, Stafford, but my heart is full this day. It is good that God always knows what we feel, for it is often enough we can't speak it, even to Him!"

She was silent, and the tears were again bright on her lashes. Stafford had never met a girl like this sweet Irish cousin. His own eyes were moist as he jumped from the car and hurried up the slope to meet the advancing group.

Stafford was astir next morning at his usual rising hour of six, and out over the cliffs, observing Kilmichael from all points of view—taking in the scenery at its worth as "surroundings," and devising, first of all, a better short-cut to the station, in the form of a good driving road. In fact he had begun extensive plans for what might prove mere aerial architecture, but his practical thought took up the first imperative need of improvement that presented itself. The vegetation was rich, he noticed the one or two thriving planted fields, and the well-grown orchards on the sunny side of the slope (it was near the beginning of May). The side toward the ocean showed a bold array of crags, sheer precipices, in some parts, of the same stone of which the Castle was mainly built. Down at their feet surged and thundered the long sea billows, dashed high in air from the outlying rocky points of the nearer beach. A smooth white strand ran northwards farther than eye could follow; this of course was the racing strand his cousin had mentioned. On this feature his thoughts might have dwelt with some reflective curiosity, but projects for to-day were elbowing

their way into view with such persistence that he ached, at once, to be up and doing. He had, at any time, very little temptation to musing or idle speculation; the act to be accomplished filled his horizon.

Presently, as an actual consequence of nearly two hours wandering and sniffing salt air, he realized a present and pressing need of breakfast, and directed his long stride towards the castle-dwelling, half farmhouse, half villa, spacious enough, but badly out of repair, as the fuller morning light revealed. He was consoled to find signs of life astir, smoke issuing from the kitchen chimney, and the hall door open to the sun. At sound of his step on the porch Eileen came out to greet him, giving him both her hearty hands for a good morning.

"But you're the early riser, Stafford, dear! Away up over the hills, and it not eight o'clock. But we'll be called to breakfast in a minute now, though 'tis early for us. Did you sleep well? And what did you dream?"

"I had a glorious sleep. Dreams, yes, but I can't just remember what."

"Oh, you ought to remember," she said, quite seriously. "Always try to remember your dreams in a strange house. They're sure to have meaning. And did you bring an appetite down the mountain? You'll always find one there for the seeking."

"I daren't tell you how hungry I am, but you'll know presently."

"There's the bell," said Eileen. They ran, laughing, down the wide hall, like two children, glad of the morning of a new day. The first afternoon and evening had been given to the past, to retrospect and rather sad recitals of family history, and to the shy processes of getting acquainted, but there seemed deep joy in this fresh meeting—a reassurance of near and dear and coveted kinship. Stafford's feelings are best expressed as quoted from the first letter he wrote to Archer Patton. A little talk of the voyage over, of matters personal to themselves, and then the words he was burning to say:

"A splendid place is old Kilmichael, and truly, as you said, the finest people in the world are these people of mine! Mine! I like to write the word in this connection, I can tell you. I like especially to write it in connection with my cousin Eileen! You missed it, not meeting her. You never met anything like her. Not even in your dreams and your imaginings! I don't know how to describe

her. The words I can think of won't apply to her a bit! She's like a child in many ways, and she's a good deal like what an Irish princess ought to be, and she's a loving, kindly, natural, young woman, astonishingly full of feeling and emotion, and so innocent that you want to kiss her for it, at least I do, right on her sweet, guileless, smiling mouth. But that might scare some of her innocence away! I'm afraid I shall grow entirely too fond of her if we keep in this intimate comradeship and yet, no! How could one be too fond of a good and beautiful sister? I was the unfortunate only child, you must remember—you, with a houseful of brothers and sisters can't conceive this deprivation. I have known its full meaning. And Eileen has no brother, and so—there is a place ready for me. My two aunts are as lovely women as I have anywhere met. You did not tell me about their quaint brogue and pretty delicate ways. Gentlewomen! that just expresses them, and the superstitions, Archer! 'Glory be to God,' I have learned some psychic meanings since I came to Ireland! Aunt Kate reads my dreams every morning with the greatest solemnity, and tells me to remember and mark her prophecies. She predicts 'overwhelming and unexpected success in my present undertakings,' whatever they may be. That is cheering. The first wish of my heart is to make habitable the Kilmichael house—the mortgage, it seems, is beyond my means at present, and the dread of foreclosure weighs heavily on my Uncle Geoffrey's mind. Kind, stately old man; he is of finer grain than ever father was, but not so clever-headed.

"Yesterday I broached a plan that made them all stare. I laugh, now as I recall their consternation. They thought I was in jest, at first, and then they appeared to conclude I was going mad. I suggested that it would be a great idea if we could find some fellow, with money enough, to start in and make a Hotel of the Castle. Eileen had shown me a Tourist's Inn, near a natural Spa, about half a mile along the valley, which she said was always overcrowded in summer, and each summer increasingly so—guests had often begged them for accommodation. I did not, of course, mean to fit up the whole Castle, for that would necessitate a lot of rebuilding, but I had found at least twenty rooms that might be made habitable, and the situation is immense—such a sweep of ocean and valley land. She tells me artists visit the place in droves—some of them, I also learn, have become quite valued friends of hers. Her little room is hung with their sketches and pictures, in which her own tall gracefulness appears and reappears. (By the way,

did I tell you, she is never less than picturesque whatever pose she takes? She has an immense quantity of black rippled hair, it looks almost too much for her small, pretty head to carry—and a profile that would be Grecian, if it were not so clever and spirited.) Well, we were all wandering through the Castle, when I began to give voice to my inspiration, without many pauses—in fact, I was getting over the ground, in great style, until I happened to look at my suddenly silent listeners; then I comprehended that I had been smashing idols, laying waste my family altars, and acting in a manner too sacrilegious to bear comment! But it will bear comment later. Common sense is apt to be sacrilegious when it comes in contact with ideals, but it accomplishes, at least it can accomplish, what ideals only dream of, and these Morrisons are dreamers—such as I had not believed could exist in the world of to-day! If you could hear them speak of the nation Ireland is yet to be—one of the greatest if not the foremost on the earth; the little green dot in the ocean, with frontier too small to be worth measuring—its bewildering, but you'd just love them for their faith and dear foolish pride. Of this latter trait, here is a strange, pathetic instance. My cousin tells me she earns a little money, pitifully little, at translating from the Gaelic, but the secret is her own. 'It would grieve them to know I earned money—oh, yes, dear Stafford, poor papa's heart would break.' Is not that a rather queer state of affairs? I am receiving enlightenment of various brands."

"We'll rest here." Stafford was drawing long breaths, after the hill climbing; but not Eileen—the mountain girl's cheeks were glowing, and her tones were even.

"This is 'Eileen Rock,' as you'll see in a moment."

In a moment Stafford saw. Some strong hand had carved clearly and cleverly on a smooth surface the words "Eileen Rock."

"It was a sculptor did that," she said, a little deprecatingly. "I never knew—I never saw it, until he had gone away to his home in Scotland."

"He made his mark, in one place at any rate," was Stafford's only comment.

Mention of men who had known and looked on Eileen before his advent, made him restless. Had she wandered about these heather moors and rocky sea ledges, with her blithe footsteps, sure as a gazelle's, and her dark hair blown across her crimson cheek,

pioneering glad followers, one at a time—followers whose masculine eyes could surely find no beauty, indicated by her pointing hand, half so worthy of admiration as her own vivid and glowing loveliness! And where had he been all these useless years of his grown-up manhood, while she was lavishing days of her sweet company on sculptors, and painters, and other undeserving cumberers of the earth?

Eileen sat looking about her, with tenderness in her long slow glance. The landscape was rough bog marsh and heather wastes, mostly—from the mountain looking northward—wild and vague as a landscape in some troubled dream.

Stafford said as much, wondering that she should care to make this her favorite resting place.

"Oh, the cairns are here," she said gravely. "The past is here—the memories—"

"And what are the cairns?" asked Stafford interestedly. She was constantly using words new to him.

"They are the burial places of the kings and great chieftains. That is one, the mound just below us. 'Neil of the Blazing Shield' is buried there."

"That heap of stones?"

"Yes. Oh, he was a great warrior. And to-morrow I must take you to Crag Na Glennon, where they burned their altar fires."

"What was their religion, Eileen, do you suppose?"

"Why, they were heathens, Stafford, of course." Her tone was reproachful. "For ages, they were heathens!"

"Then we needn't care what they did, or where they worshipped. I'm sure *I* don't! We can't always be proud even of our Christian ancestors, but when it comes to a lot of pagans—"

"Hush—sh!" Eileen bit a smile back from her lips. "Have you reverence for anything, earthly or heavenly?" she asked.

"Yes, I have. I have reverence this moment for something that is both earthly and heavenly." He looked at her directly from under his level brows.

"It's reverence gone astray then. But you're a very nice cousin to say such pretty things—cousins don't over here. But indeed your ways are very nice."

"I'm afraid my uncle didn't think my ways very nice yesterday when we were rambling through the castle."

"About? Oh, we all thought you were joking, at first."

"Neither at first, nor last, and Eileen, say! Of course I must

give up the idea of rebuilding, and that sort of thing, but I do wish your people could see their way to let me dig out the cellars. That wouldn't be interfering with—with—supersti—with traditions—would it?"

"The *cellars*?"

"Well, the vaults (whatever you call them) underneath the Castle. They have not been entered, your father tells me, in hundreds of years."

"Stafford! the vaults? Why, they're haunted!" Her voice was almost breathless in its solemnity.

"Haunted! by what?"

"By—oh, you know! What is anything haunted by?"

"Nothing is haunted by anything! What in the world are you saying? You really don't believe in—ghosts?"

"I believe in them as much as I believe in living mortals. Not believe in ghosts! Don't you?"

"Oh, you're not in earnest, Eileen?"

"I am in earnest. Ghosts are just as much realities as you and I are. If you lived here awhile, you'd—you'd see!"

"I wouldn't see any ghosts," said Stafford smiling, "but I'd see some other things, better worth seeing, new roads and fences, for instance, and the insides of cellars. I'll speak to your father about that to-morrow."

"I'll run away to Dhrimlin," Eileen said. "I'll not be a party to the sacrilege! But you'll get no permission from my father, Stafford, mind now."

"And then I'll hire half a dozen of these walk-about, these big dawdling fellows I'm meeting every day, and ask them to take their hands out of their pockets and go to work."

"There, again, you'll find disappointment! They know the vaults are haunted. They would not work in them, oh, for any wages you could offer."

"They'll work for the wages I offer, and I'll get all the men I want, don't you be afraid."

"Ireland isn't America," said Eileen drawing up her dark head, and flushing. "We hold *some* things sacred."

"So do we in America, when we're sure they *are* sacred! I won't ask your men to do what they don't approve of doing. Far be it from me to buy anyone's conscience, Eileen! But, wait till you see these fellows at work. You'll find they'll be as full of interest as I am. My workmen always are!"

"Stafford, dear, you are just a study to me, you are so frankly sure of yourself, and that's egotism—yet I'd never call you egotistical, not one whit, but you surely *are*! Oh, look below. That's Tarloch—Tarloch Dhu. Let's away and speak to him. You must see Tarloch."

She went stepping quickly and safely down the mountain path, pulling her cloak off to move with more freedom.

Stafford overtook her with a swift pace or two, and caught her by the arm, and they finished the descent in a rush together, and came out on the road in time to intercept a tall, dark, handsome man who was walking with long unhesitating strides, as a king might walk, who felt confident of his right to be majestical.

"Isn't he a picture? Look at his eyes. Did you ever see such beautiful blue eyes?"

Stafford thought he had seen eyes quite as blue, and much more beautiful, but he said approvingly, "They are fine, I tell you."

"Tarloch," said Eileen sweetly in a coaxing tone, "don't you want to stop a bit and say good-day?"

"God-day, good-day, a good day be it the year through! Are ye traveling far, neighbor?"

"Tarloch! But you know *me*? Eileen Morrison, of the Castle?"

"Yes, Miss Eileen—aye, MacTeague Morrison; but I knew your mother better. He's a fine boy, your sweetheart."

"Not my sweetheart! He's Morrison too, Hugh Morrison's son, from America."

"Aye, indeed? I'm away to Dhrimlin, it 'ill be fair day now."

"Take a bit of money, then, and buy us fairings—will you, Tarloch? We're just two children that you met on the wayside. Give him a bit of money, Stafford, and he'll buy us something—something nice to eat. Mind, Tarloch! And you'll eat it for us if you can't find us; promise, Tarloch."

"Take my word, Miss Eileen; but you'll be on the road, hereabouts, when I come back? Maybe you'll watch for me?"

"Maybe, maybe; and will you not give advice to my cousin, here? He's for digging under the castle. Would you think it well that he'd make a way into the vaults? Would it be harm, do you think, or bring harm to anyone?"

"The dead might be sleeping there, Miss Eileen. Peace to their bones!"

"Yes, but," Stafford's clear, light voice seemed to arrest the



man's wavering attention, "I'd give their bones decent burial—they're lying under heaps of rubbish, and that's no way to treat bones that are worthy of respect, supposing any bones are there."

"Yet it's likely to be so," Eileen said, "we've always had the belief. What do you advise, Tarloch?"

Tarloch was silent for some moments, looking in the direction of the Castle. He smiled, reassuringly, at last. "There is nothing against it, Miss Eileen. I see a clear road, no harm, nor hurt to come, but good, aye good! God's blessing on the work."

Eileen lowered her beautiful head. "Amen," she said, with the intense fervor that always gave Stafford a feeling of embarrassed astonishment. "Oh, thank you, Tarloch, dear soul that you are, you comfort me so! God speed you on your journey."

They watched him striding away in the sunlight, Eileen's face still tremulous, her lips moving a little, as if in prayer.

"And who is Tarloch, now that I have made his distinguished acquaintance. I can see that he is poor and handsome and very clean and neat!"

"Ah, he is goodness itself—that clouded mind of his sees things that *we* can't see! He is mad. Would you guess it? Mad, for many years—always, since I can remember him."

"Mad, and walking about the highways, alone; mightn't he do some mischief?"

"Tarloch? Oh, you don't know him. He is a pilgrim; and a very wise man. He does good everywhere."

"But a *madman*, Eileen?" Stafford almost stood still to say the words. "How can a madman be trusted to do good, or anything else that might be expected of him? Eileen do you know—you think I am odd, sometimes, but, you positively *amaze* me."

"Tarloch can be trusted. He is not *capable* of evil! Ah, if the world were full of madmen like Tarloch—if all men were mad in the same way! He is like an angel to the poor and suffering, and he has the second sight—ah, yes, but that is the *truth*; it is sad that you so often find the truth hard to believe."

"Only Irish truth, dear. It is different from other kinds. Well, go on, tell me about him. How did he become insane, and what sort is the insanity?"

"He is a student and a scholar. He was graduated as a physician when he was twenty-five, and then he fell in love with his cousin—his *own* cousin—it broke his heart. And then he had brain fever, and never came back to his own real self. I was glad he

knew me to-day. Sometimes I can't make him remember at all who I am."

"And—his cousin did not love him?" Stafford asked, after a pause.

"Oh, yes, that was the sad part. She did *love* him, but of course they could not be married."

"Was there—some reason—against their marriage?"

"Why, I told you, they were *cousins*—full, first cousins."

Stafford stared at her a long moment.

"Was that the only reason," he asked.

"That was the only reason. Could there be a stronger one? They were children of *two brothers*, just as we are," she added, "just as near."

Stafford turned his eyes from her sweet unconscious face, and gazed into the remote distance.

"Eileen, cousins marry in England—that is very common," he said at last, deliberately.

"England?" There was scorn in her voice. "They do many things in England, and some English-Irish do the same things, but not—not—never the *real* people of Ireland! You, in America, you only guess at us. Oh, I wish you could *stay* in Ireland, you would learn, you could not help but learn, such a beautiful new faith, and old faith! You can't think how different life would seem to you."

Stafford said nothing. He had grown used to wishing in his heart's heart that he could stay in Ireland, but not for the reasons Eileen suggested.

Eileen did not run away, as she had threatened, when the work began in the vaults beneath the Castle. She watched it with tender, doubting eagerness, biting back the tears sometimes, but always anxious that Stafford should find the reward of his labors. He had met no difficulty in securing men from farms in the neighborhood. His friendly humorous talk and readiness of hand with spade and shovel won him a place of honor, such as the free use of money alone never could have gained. Not deprecating the truth of ghostly or fairy legends, he simply presented the duty of perhaps finding and properly burying the dead, or bringing to light things that might prove of importance to the living. The exploration went on more and more gayly, as it unearthed not bones nor skeletons, but relics of antique shape and form, marred, but tangible, records

of past glories and barbarities. Eileen had pensive smiles for the rusty suits of armor, and strange accoutrements, and girlish delight in the hand-beaten silver jugs and jars, and vases of carven stone, still perfect, when the coatings of earth were scraped away, showing their rough tracery of flower and vine and faun and satyr. The discovery of the shrine lamps, of a buried altar, filled her for days with a sort of reverent ecstasy that made her merry comrade cousin feel a sudden far remoteness from her inner thoughts, but this was something that had happened more than once and when altar lamps were not a question. She came back gently and soon to her blithe-Eileen-self, and Stafford was again free to tease and puzzle, and interest her, and to feel that joy in commanding the whole attention of a loved woman that lies so deep in the heart of man. Her father had "seized the opportunity," he so explained it, of leaving his girls in charge of Stafford while he made a visit to his daughter Annie in Scotland, but those whom he left behind knew he had gone away to escape a certain stress of feeling which the changing of long-established conditions must always bring to those who are no longer young.

Stafford rejoiced in his departure and in the fact that he was now caretaker and protector of three sweet women, who recognized his fitness for the position. He was happy every waking moment, and happiness followed him into his dreams, being of that enviable and modern disposition that lives a day at a time, in cordial recognition and enjoyment of its best. The to-morrows were only of real importance when they became to-days. As for the yesterdays—are there any yesterdays in youth? The only vexation that reached his spirit, at times, was the soaking and persistent drizzle of the Irish rain, a raw, chilly, foggy condition of wetness that seemed patiently reconciled to its own discomfort, holding out no premature promises of abatement. But the rain always rained lightly on Stafford's hopes and prospects; and the stormy days, when picks and shovels had to lie idle, he continued to spend pleasantly enough in the bosom of his family, lounging about, talking with Eileen, and putting clever bits of mending and painting here and there on the indoor woodwork. The frank and astonished admiration of his deftness made him wonder if there were no young men in Ireland who had the gift of natural mechanical ability.

But, on one of the bright days, when all things on earth and in heaven seemed outwardly glad with inward joy, and the bustle of

the work and the voices of the workers came more loudly and cheerfully than usual to Eileen, seated near her open window, Gaelic dictionary in hand, she heard Stafford's voice calling her through the house. She had learned to love the sound, and rose quickly to answer and meet him.

Stafford was pale, and his smile that was meant to be reassuring startled her, and made her heart beat strangely.

"Come over to the Castle, Eileen Morrison," he said. "I want to show you something. Come with your cousin Stafford." He put his arm about her; never before had he done so!

"You're trembling, Eileen."

"Am I? I don't know why."

"Nor I, as long as I am near you. I have something to show you. Come and see. I won't try to tell you what it is."

"No, but you'll expect *me* to tell *you*! You think I ought to know a name for every new discovery, and I am quite as ignorant as you are, except for the encyclopedia."

They half ran along the path from the garden to the Castle and she followed Stafford under the structure, through which light was falling from the low, stone-barren casements, making strange shafts of brightness in the gloom. The laborers were standing idle—three of them—beside heaps of upturned earth.

"Now look, Eileen, what name would you give this treasure? Jerry's pick struck the box too stout a blow, and you see the lid is broken."

"It's not—is it a—coffin, Stafford?"

She turned and hid her face against his shoulder. She heard Stafford laugh, and the men laughed with him.

"No—no. Just a strong box, Eileen. Look again, don't be afraid."

"It is gold," she said faintly, "gold and silver coins."

"Yes, dear, and I don't now what else. I would not examine further until you came to help me. Now, boys, we'll lift, but carefully; it might fall to pieces. Perhaps we've made a good find—perhaps not such a good one, but we've struck something this time, that's certain! Lanty, run over to the house and fetch Miss Kate and Miss Norah."

"Oh, I must go," said Eileen, with a little smile of apology to the willing Lanty. "They would like me to tell them first. Oh, but the hands that buried it, Stafford—the poor, long-dead hands! And the same blood is in mine and yours." She held her hand up

against the sunlight that glowed through it warmly. "And we are here! Oh, peace to the souls! God grant they're long at rest."

She bent her head. The men instantly took off their caps and murmured, in one breath, a short prayer. They looked after her as she moved away.

"And God's blessing go with her," Lanty said, with a protecting smile.

Stafford found his own hat in his hand.

The news of the discoveries at Castle Kilmichael was noised about the country until it reached Belfast and Dublin. Collectors of the antique, and curio hunters swooped down on the quiet neighborhood, and Stafford's life became too busy for peace or enjoyment. A telegram had brought Uncle Geoffrey home, and after a professional examination it was declared that as simple gold and silver ore the contents of the box were worth at least two thousand pounds. And now Stafford was confronted with an unlooked-for obstacle, more serious than any he had encountered in his vault digging. He found himself obliged to wage battle with his kinsfolk, but this strife was lightened, in a measure, and his tactics strengthened, by the efficient and unexpected aid of the family friend and nearest neighbor, Dr. MacDonald, on whose jaunting-car had been bestowed the well-merited adjective of "ramshackle" on that blest day when Eileen had driven him in it, up the Castle road, for the first time.

Almost fabulous prices were offered for these reliably authentic and historic treasures, but the difficulty was in persuading his Morrison kinsfolk to sell. "This trencher they must keep—that urn was sacred," something else had "directly traceable family associations."

"Stafford, how could we part with *this*? How could we?" Aunt Norah would ask, lingering fondly over some lop-sided and one-eared ewer, that had been a thing of ugliness and a blight forever, and had not improved with time.

"Part with it, Aunt Norah, *part* with it? Why, you did not know that it was in existence two weeks ago."

"But, my dear lad, that these things should go from *us*—from the MacTeague Morrisons to strangers!"

"Well, what do you mean to do?" Stafford asked, one day in final desperation, looking round upon the family group as it sat in a conclave that included Dr. MacDonald. "Do you intend to set up a museum, or what? Of course if you think of doing that, and will get the collection together and specify and catalogue, and let

people come out by rail and pay for admission—the summer tourists would count for something—why, there might be money in that.”

“Aye, good money, and plenty of it,” remarked Dr. MacDonald, quick to appreciate the sarcasm that otherwise fell unnoticed. “They’d make two pounds a year, I’ll wager, and that would buy a nosegay for Eileen’s birthday.”

“But, if not, now let me tell you, my dear folks that belong to me, I don’t think you have any right to keep hundreds of pounds—for that’s what it amounts to—locked up in this old rubbish, especially while you have debts and a mortgage, and really nothing to live on. I don’t see how you reconcile it to—to your sense of—of conscience.”

This was a hard word to utter—Stafford drew a quick breath when he had said it—to these earnest souls who lived and moved, as he well knew, in the light of conscience each hour of their innocent existence.

“Conscience, is it?” Dr. MacDonald’s dry smile included the group. “That’s small trouble to most of us. Sure it’s vanity and family pride and amusement we’re looking for. It’s toys we’re in need of—broken bits of cups and teapots and the like. Stafford, my boy, you’re no Morrison, I fear; I fear you’re not, if you’d be ranging up conscience against a lot of old bric-a-brac.”

This drew forth some troubled smiles and a grateful laugh from Stafford, but he continued to speak earnestly:

“Yes, and I think *I* deserve some consideration! I think so! If you have made up your minds to send me back to America, disappointed and sorry at heart that I ever came—well, it’s all right! I’m fit to bear all that, you know—if you people think I’ve earned nothing better.”

“Oh, Stafford!”

“Oh, it’s all right, but I want you to understand what you are about. I’ll be sorry all my life that I ever came to Kilmichael—to—to make a fool of myself! It is something I’m not in the habit of doing, at least, consciously. If my labor here, and my—love—for—you all only result in a miserable failure.”

“Ah, but we’ll not make you sorry—dear, we’ll not, indeed!” Eileen spoke impulsively. “No! father; oh, Aunt Norah, Aunt Kate! Stafford should do as he likes with what he has discovered. It is his, not ours! Wouldn’t all this, that we’re claiming—*we!*—wouldn’t it all be buried where our eyes could never see it, only he brought it to the light? Let it go where we will never see it again!

I'd rather know it was back in the dust it came from than that he'd be hurt enough to rue his coming to Kilmichael."

"I'm afraid Eileen is no Morrison either, for that's good common sense she is talking." Dr. MacDonald nodded reflectively as he spoke. "Aye, Geoffrey, that's good common sense."

"It is justice," Eileen said warmly. "It is Stafford's right to do as he sees fit with all this rubbish—he called it by its right name! Yes, as compared with what Stafford is to us, it's *just* rubbish—nothing more! Oh, a living love is better than a hundred dead ones!" She was smiling through her bright sudden tears.

Her father stretched out his arm and drew her to his side, resting his gray head, as he sat, against her straight young shoulder.

"You're right, Jeremiah, I doubt you're right! And Eileen's right! It is the Eileens and Staffords we must listen to in these days. It's for them to bring us up in the way we should go."

"And lucky for us that we have them! And you will all give permission to the young man to do what he likes with his own—Kate and Norah, and ye all?"

"If they'll give me permission to do what I like *for* my own, that covers the ground, Dr. Mac—thank you, Uncle Geoffrey. Now, I see clear sailing, and I think you'll not regret that you came to my view of this."

"They'll spend their lives thanking you that you saved them from their own stupidity, that's what they'll do! I trust I'll be spared to a good old age to watch them at it. There's many a fine thing grown in America—from Irish roots—like yourself, Stafford, my boy!—from Irish roots!"

It was not until the day before he turned his face to the homeward journey that Stafford knew how much he had done for his cousin Eileen. The renovation of the Morrison house and the improvement of the estate, even to the half dozen cottages in process of erection that were to be rented as a source of future income, the paying of part of the mortgage, were all benefits directly due to his energy, and the practical application of the money realized from his exploration of the Castle vaults. He had managed these things with a boldness and celerity that almost alarmed his kinsfolk. His seeming rashness was a theme of anxious discussion among themselves, which sometimes took the form of mild expostulation; but this, as well as the discussion, soon ceased before the unanswerable logic of successful achievement. During the last two months

of his sojourn, the life of Kilmichael had changed its aspect in many ways. Tourists were coming and going, quickly or lingeringly, and Eileen's artist friends were alighting almost daily from the incoming trains to grasp her hands with warmth, exasperating to the onlooker—to one onlooker at any rate. This was the period of Eileen's reign, and Stafford could now perceive how her world might be full of interests that had found no place in his outline of her calm, isolated existence.

He had followed her up the zig-zag path to Eileen Rock to watch the sun set over Kilmichael, as they had so often watched it together, when the to-morrow of parting was a long, long way below their horizon, and now there was no other day between! They sat in their accustomed places, a little nearer together it might be than usual, Stafford on a ledge of stones at Eileen's feet.

"Such a clear, sweet sunset for good-bye," Eileen said softly. "Do you ever think that 'good-bye' means only 'God be with you?' It does not mean *parting* at all, nothing but just a little prayer. It ought not even to bring sadness to say, 'May God be with you.'"

"May God be with us both when we can't be with each other," was on Stafford's lips, but he answered lightly enough, though soberly: "Oh, any word we speak when we are sorry to part from friends, must be rather sad in the saying. 'Auf wiedersehen' is supposed to be cheerful, but it never sounds so."

"And many an evening—oh, I wonder if you will!—you'll cross on a thought to sit and see the dark come down over these wild moors, beside your cousin, Eileen?"

"Well, our sunset hour is not just the same as yours, you know, but often enough I'll think of the old view and the long twilight—we haven't *that* on the other side. It is daylight and then night with us. The gate shuts in a hurry."

"Ah, yes. And your hearts don't linger and dream over things as ours do! We will talk of Stafford and dream of him, and see or hear him when we are as far away as the little island his ship is leaving—farther and farther and farther! Yes, I know, ships come back, but they don't bring what they take away."

"They bring back friends and cousins. Haven't we settled that I am to be with you some part of every year after this? Why not? I have no near relatives really, in the world, except my Morrisons."

"You have spoken so seldom of the people who belong to you in America—there must be friends there who love you dearly—



there *must* be. You—so kind, so good—so fit to be loved! And, by times, I've wondered if there might not be some beautiful dear sweetheart over there wanting you, and waiting for you. That is so natural—at our age! Surely it must be so!”

“Is it so natural at your age; must it surely be so with—*both* of us, do you mean?”

“Stafford, dear,” she leaned forward, “you did not ask me and—it was not for a woman to speak—but next to my father you are the nearest man of my kindred, and many a day I longed to speak to you. Now, I *must*—that you may know—never, never, to forget it—what your coming has been to me—the good—the blessing it has brought!” Her clear voice spoke steadily, close to his ear. “I told you, once, of one who carved my name on the rock above us. You remember?”

“I remember you told nothing, nothing about him, except that hard, cold fact—not even his name.”

“Donald Kenzie. He lives near my sister Annie in Aberdeen, and the hand that carved my name is the dear hand that will lead me through life, God granting my prayer and his.”

There was silence before Stafford spoke.

“And to think of it! All the time she has been a woman and a lover, and I have been—well, I'm not going to call myself the names I deserve in anyone's hearing, richly as I deserve them!”

“Every woman with a woman's heart must be a lover, unless her destiny is crossed—that's but natural. You fancied me a child, with dreams of the sea, and the heather, and moonlight fairies and nothing more real in her thought. I ceased to be a child seven years ago.”

“You will never cease to be a child.”

“Yes, when Donald came I ceased to be. Life changed to me then. It has changed again. You have changed it as if you held a magic wand. My wilderness has blossomed as a rose. It was not for nothing I loved the dear Stafford face of you the moment it smiled at me from the edge of the road, that first morning of mornings.”

“Why, dear girl. Now, tell me what—what have I done that means any special grace to Eileen—*what?*”

“Donald is poor. We could not have married while circumstances were so bad with my father, with us all. And putting aside the question of leaving my dear ones to their struggle, I could not go to him penniless and in rags.”

"You could not? That was just the time to go to him! What is he in the world for if not to take care of you, in all ways that you may need? And I never saw you in rags, Eileen."

"Always, dear, but they were mended rags, turned and patched and pieced—well enough to climb a mountain side—ah, I couldn't, Stafford!"

"Foolish pride, little cousin. Irish pride, and nothing could be more foolish than that."

"Pride was only part of it. I chose between my people and Donald, and I chose my people to live and die with. But, ah, Donald would not have it so. He swore, at the cairn-side, that he would wait for me until both our heads were gray. That is our Irish way of loving—you may think it is as foolish as our Irish pride."

"But Donald is not Irish?"

"He had the glorious Irish mother! Do you think any man could win my heart that had no drop of my race-blood in his own? There is little Scotch in Donald."

"Don't dream for a moment, Eileen, that I look on constancy as foolish. It is the best of wisdom to be faithful in love if you *can* be!"

Eileen leaned back from him in a moment of pained silence.

"Stafford! Couldn't you be faithful in your love? A soul like yours ought not to think of 'if.' " Then, after another moment, "That only shows you have not loved—perhaps."

"Perhaps!"

"Yet—it must be—it must be that—someone loves you? Tell me, now, *I* have confessed—and the American girls are so beautiful, so full of charm."

"Oh, there's a girl I'm fond of," Stafford said, with calm frankness, "and I quite well know that she is more than *fond* of me. The sister of my dearest friend—good, and lovely, all that! But she doesn't carry me off my feet as—as—but—it's just as well for a man to keep his feet at all times, even when he's in love—Eileen."

"Yes."

"Sometimes I have thought as if it were a little story or romance, you know. Supposing we were not cousins—you and I—and I had come here and found you and loved you—I mean, if we were not cousins, and you were not Donald's Eileen—would you—do you think you ever could—have loved me as you love Donald?"

She laid her hand on his shoulder, patting it gently.

"I think I could have loved you just as I love you now, so dearly, Stafford; but never any more dearly—never with the—oh, the love unspeakable that goes to Donald! No! when that love comes to you—ah, but not before—no one can tell you—dear, you'll know what love is. It is so strangely different—yet, in one way it is no sweeter and no deeper, surely it could be no truer, than *our* affection, than my tender love for you! I have a sort of right to you, more than I can ever have to Donald; we are the same flesh and blood—one family and one name. Nothing can make you less than my own cousin, and if you marry, the dearest woman in the world can never step between us *there!* We clasp hands against the world if need be. Oh, never mind the tears! I'm so glad to be with you this little moment—so glad to speak to you while you still can hear me. You ought not to mind Eileen's tears, by now, they're always half made up of joy."

"Let me wipe them away, dear, all the same, else there might be a crystal pearl or two on *my* cheek! There! and there! though it's a shame to brush dewdrops from a rose. Tears become you, Eileen. Now, talk, enlighten me. You have just opened a new page to me. Help me to read it."

"Oh, it's happy reading from now on. My Donald, too, has been fortunate of late. He is commissioned to do some work for the new cathedral in Dublin, by far the best commission he has yet received, and he is working so hopefully! Eventually his studio will be here—yes just here, where he carved my name on one of the old Kilmichael rocks. God forbid we should ever have other home than Kilmichael. Donald loves it, and my people are his people; the home will always be as it is while we live. And, Stafford, your real home, too, is here, where your race had its home. The whole world ought to be strange to you compared with this spot!"

"Ah, the world is strange enough to all of us, Eileen. And home is sometimes a strange place too. Well! But do you never see this Donald of yours?"

"Seldom. Three times, maybe, in the year, since I made my decision."

"Three times in the year! That must be an Irish way of keeping up a courtship."

"We lived in letters. You used to stare at my heaps of letters from Scotland, thinking they were all from my dear Annie,

bless her! One from Annie and five from Donald was the proportion."

"Ah, that is why you stole away to Eileen Rock so often with the morning mail! I was left behind on those occasions."

"Everyone was left behind—but only for that little hour."

"And never once in your eyes of Irish blue, the candid eyes—never once did I see sign or hint of all this. Where did you keep it hidden?"

"Poor prisoner that never dared to peep from the windows! And that's what you've done for me—opened the door of freedom, and the life a woman's heart longs for. I can make ready now for the Prince's coming."

The deep blue evening and its soft chill was creeping round them, but they talked on, until the chapel bell in the village tolled slowly nine o'clock, and still there was light enough to see each other's faces, but it was time to leave the shadowy cliffs and cairns of the dead.

"We must go down to the others," Eileen said at last. "We're a bit selfish up here with just our own hearts, and it is your last evening, and they want you, too. But—it was sweet. And, it can never be just like *this* again, though God send we may often talk together here."

They stood for a moment, gazing over the wide loneliness of the black marsh lands. Then they kissed each other tenderly, and went down the mountain, hand in hand.

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## CUTTING TRUTH IN TWO.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



TIME was when men viewed faith as a kind of knowledge. But that time is now for the most part past. It is one of the preambles to the thinking of our day, that the truths of religion and the truths of science stand on an altogether different footing and have nothing in common. Their exteriority to each other, their mutual independence, their lack of living relationship, continuity, and connection are taken for granted without ado. Two volumes arranged alongside on some library shelf, and treating of subjects altogether disparate; two separate objects in space, between which there is no other relation discernible but that of juxtaposition or arrangement side by side, are no more intrinsically disconnected in fact than religion and science are supposed to be in theory.

The idea that science and religion represent two juxtaposed bodies of truth, out of all vital contact with each other, is one that does not commend itself spontaneously to reflection; and it is safe to say we never should have heard of it but for the fact that modern philosophy was originally written by mathematicians, like Descartes and Kant, who did their thinking in terms of space and refused to take their psychology from experience. No amount of reflection on the data of consciousness, where knowledge tapers off into belief, and belief freely commingles with knowledge, would ever have suggested the juxtaposition theory. Were we to ask ourselves reflectively what relation exists between faith and reason, the last thing in the world we should be led to think of is the spatial, immobile relation of two things lying indifferently side by side. It is not natural for man to think exclusively in spatial terms; and even if it were, even if psychology *was* spatial in character, and our thinking had to be done in *mathematical images*, the idea of *prolongation* would be a thousand times more natural, in which to express the relation existing between faith and knowledge, than the immobilized, static idea of juxtaposition. To say that faith *prolongs* reason, that it extends, continues, and supplements it, is a much more spontaneous and just conception, even mathematically speaking, than the one that has been thrust forward in its stead.

Juxtaposition, prolongation, continuity, or contradiction—which of these four ideas truly expresses the relation of science to religion, and of knowledge to belief? Such is the question we would study.

The reader need not feel repelled by the nature of the query. We hasten to assure him that we are not going to discuss it in the abstract, but in the more mellowing light that history generally manages to shed. Not that the abstract method of treatment has lost any of its force or worth for having become so widely disregarded, but because the purpose of our theme happens to be better served in the present instance by an historical manner of discourse.

Three philosophies in the course of history have devoted themselves to a study of the topic here proposed—the Arabic, the Christian, and the modern. The Arabic philosophy saw in scientific and philosophical truth a contradiction of the positive affirmations of religion. The Christian philosopher looked upon their relation as that of a continuous and complementary whole, in which nothing was at odds, did we but go about our thinking in their regard as completely as we should. The modern philosopher—nine-tenths mathematician—sets them down for two mutually exterior, independent, and juxtaposed assemblages. Which of these three schools of thought, think you, adhered strictly to a philosophical principle in coming to its conclusions? Which of them made a contribution to the development of philosophy in the principle of solution which it adopted? Which of them, in fine, studied the problem in the light of history and experience, refusing to apply some arbitrary and *a priori* test that would settle the matter in advance of all research? It is a most engaging historical inquiry, in which, after a few moments spent in the company of the Arabs, we shall pass over from the Iberian peninsula to the heart of Latin Europe, thence moving rapidly downwards to times more modern, in order to acquaint the reader, so far as circumstances will permit, with the formative influences at work in these three periods.

The philosophy of the Arabs, like all others, grew out of a consideration of the positive affirmations of religion. Religion was here, as elsewhere, the mother of speculation, philosophy, education, architecture, and art. For a hundred years—from the middle of the seventh to the middle of the eighth century—the authority of the Koran held undisputed sway in the Mohammedan world. After that time, its hold suddenly slackened, and rival schools of interpretation began to form. Contact with Syrian Nestorians, who had established public schools at Edessa, Nisibis, Gandisapora,

and elsewhere, in which dialectics, medicine, mathematics, and astronomy were the chief subjects of study, helped to arouse and spread a more critical spirit. Reflection succeeded enthusiasm, and science displaced ferocity, in the minds of those whose religion had been propagated by the sword. A dissenting group of rationalists, to whom Aristotle was not only the ranking dialectician, but the best type of physical investigator as well, stood forth in protest against the doctrine of fatalism and the crude, mannish conception of the Deity taught in the Mussulman's sacred book. This group denied the existence of all attributes in God, conceived the Divine nature as a blank, and contended, pretty much as Kant did afterwards, that man is autonomous and perfectly free—the sole cause of good and evil in his actions. Drifting further and further away from the book that for a century had been their religious anchorage, this incipient and progressive rationalist movement became severely self-critical towards the close of the eleventh century, and, like other movements of the kind in history, ended by abandoning its principles and passing over into mysticism.

It was during this period that Algazel wrote his *Destructio Philosophorum*, an unsparing criticism of all the conclusions to which philosophers had come. In it he made destructive use of a principle of methodic doubt, which recalls the employment of a like method later by Descartes. Falling a victim himself to the universal skepticism inherent in the governing principle he had chosen, Algazel finally sought refuge from its superinduced nescience in a vague, impalpable, mystic experience, through which he endeavored to regain his lost beliefs, after having inflicted upon Arabic philosophy a grievous wound from which it never wholly recovered. It is interesting to find the prototypes of Descartes and Kant thus early, with their appeal to intuition to save them, after reason had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Nearly all of these Arabic philosophers were mathematicians, who approached the study of philosophy under the influence of their mathematical prepossessions, as did their later Western brethren—the founder of modern philosophical method, and the founder of modern philosophical criticism—whose names we have coupled in passing, and not unfairly, with theirs.

It was only natural that so strong a group of dissidents, appealing to dialectics for the vindication of their cause, should rouse the orthodox to attempt a defence of religion through recourse to the same means. A school of philosopher-theologians grew up in op-

position to the rationalizing movement—the “scholastics” of Islam they are sometimes called, though the title is a gross misnomer, so far as it engages to place them on the same intellectual plane and footing as those of the same name in Latin Europe. Not only did these theologians of Islam subordinate scientific speculation to the teaching of the Koran, they even went so far as to claim that this book should serve as the point of departure for all knowledge. Such an overclaim as this had no parallel in the Christian schools. We find no trace of a similar contention in Western thought until Luther introduced the fallacy of revelationism, and some Catholic thinkers of the nineteenth century gave themselves over to fideism, claiming that the sole source of certainty is supernatural faith, or revelation as preserved in language or embedded in tradition—views that were as short-lived as their authors.

The orthodox theologians of Islam overstepped the bounds. They had none of that genius for compromise, none of that poise of insight which weighs the grain of truth to be found on both scales of the balance. Their reaction against the increasing rationalism of the times was so ill-tempered and violent that a third group of rival thinkers set themselves up in protest against the attempts of fideists and rationalists alike to monopolize all human certainty. This third group was composed of the Sufis or Mystics, who were equally disdainful of philosophy and theology, equally contemptuous of reason, in whichever of these two forms it came. To read the Koran, to supplement the reading by ecstatic contemplation, and to fill the mind with the glow and unction which the religious pages gave, seemed to them the sole safe way for the righteous soul to tread. Why reach out for the demonstrative certainty of the schools, when the richness of experience was at hand, with its all-sufficing disclosures? They, too, have had their modern following in the West. Our own times ring loudly with their claims.

The rationalizing movement in the Mussulman world of the East culminated, as we have seen, in so destructive a criticism of itself at the hands of Algazel, that it evaporated into mysticism. Not so, however, in Andalusia, where the movement continued to flourish, and where Aristotle had been reinvested with a character of finality and perfection which the great Greek himself would have been the first to disavow. Averroës was here his most distinguished commentator and spokesman, seeking might and main to counteract the deadening influence of Algazel; and to that end, reasserting with unaccustomed stress and vigor many of the Aris-



totelian conclusions upon which discredit had been cast. It would be hard to say which was the more ruling passion with him—detestation of the “fables” of the Koran, or his unconditional reverence for Aristotle. In his eyes the perfect incarnation of human wisdom was this master mind of the Greeks.

The time came when the physician-philosopher of Cordova had to declare himself on the relation existing between religion as expressed in the Koran, and reason as represented by Aristotle. Privy to the view that religious faith and scientific knowledge were flagrantly in contradiction, for reasons of prudence and to avoid persecution he kept the matter to himself. One day, however, when some of his co-religionists asked him how his theory that there is only one soul in all mankind could be made to harmonize with the teaching of the Koran that the soul is individual and immortal, he is reported as having made answer to his questioners: “Reason forces me to conclude that the soul is numerically one, but I firmly hold the contrary by faith”—an evasive reply that said two distinct things and meant but one.

This incidental remark gave rise and vogue to the famous doctrine of the twofold nature of truth.<sup>1</sup> Some of his disciples, relying upon the spirit, if not on the letter of the master’s speech, began openly to proclaim that theology and philosophy negate each other, and that reason and religion are implacably at odds. One may profess faith, they said, in the immortality of the individual, and at the same time be convinced by reason that the soul is one, impersonal, and universal. One may believe in the temporal origin of the universe, and yet rationally remain assured that it never began in time. The theory that truth is double by nature, essentially inharmonious, and of opposite hues, thus won its way to acceptance in the world of Islam, in the Spanish corner of it, at any rate, whence it spread to Latin Europe, there to be welcomed by skeptics of many shades of opinion, as a happy formula in which an overt profession of faith and a covert retention of disbelief might be made to go together. To all inquiry as to their private opinions, it was easy for men of this mental type to reply, as did Averroës, that by faith they believed most firmly the truth and validity of those very doctrines which their reason overthrew.

Nor was this the only modern principle of which Averroës was the anticipative spokesman. There is a fair glimmering of the idea of “independent morality”<sup>2</sup> in his pages, that might well have

<sup>1</sup>*Histoire de la Philosophie.* Gonzalez, II., p. 491.

<sup>2</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 491.

come from Kant. The preaching of rewards and punishments seemed to him to have no influence on morality, and he rebuked the practice in disdainful terms. Neither did he think that belief in immortality made men more moral. "I have known a number of persons," he says, "who placed no credence in these fictions, and their conduct was every whit as good as that of those who did." One is struck in passing by other fundamental resemblances between Arabic thought and modern. The same antagonism to theology, the same gross confusion of dogma with doctrine, the same cry for an independent morality, the same prefacing of philosophical inquiry with methodic doubt, the same central insistence on the absolute autonomy of the individual, and the same tendency to manufacture contradictions out of whole cloth, are to be found in both. Modern philosophy, of course, did not take these leaves from the books of the Arabs. It is not necessary to borrow, to be of the same spirit and bent.

When the idea that truth is twofold, scientific, namely, and religious, spread from Cordova to Paris about the middle of the thirteenth century, it came directly into clash with the working-principle of Christian philosophy. Picture the circumstances. The presupposition of Christian philosophy from its very first attempt at articulation was that truth is one and solidary. The unity and solidarity of truth, whencesover it came—whether forth from the pages of revelation, or up from the fields of nature and of science, constituted the tacit or explicit assumption that had palpitated beneath the intellectual endeavor of Christendom for twelve hundred years. It had grown out of the living faith which the Church professed in Christ, its Founder, Who had united the human and the Divine in His own single and singular Person, without admixture, confusion, identity, or contradiction, and with a distinctness that let the two be seen in their harmonious coöperation and interaction. This fact impressed the Fathers of the fourth century profoundly. The same God Who had disclosed Himself to the abstract intellect through Nature, had disclosed Himself still more fully to the concrete intellect through Christ. The two disclosures were continuous and of a piece, no more contradictory each of the other than two partial reports that go to make up a consistent whole. The Author of nature and of super-nature could not contradict Himself—He could but manifest Himself more fully. What was Nature but a series of wider and ever wider unities, from the lowest physical substance in which a few

elements coalesced, to that epitome of all things, bodily, which is Man? And what was philosophy but an endeavor to grasp the great unity and continuity pervading the cosmos from end to end? And what was Christianity but the manifestation of the largest unity of purpose and of plan yet revealed? It perfected, completed, fulfilled, transcended, transformed, and overcame the deficient notions man had of himself, the world, and God. The crown and complement of all the lesser unities and lights, with which the universe was terraced and was lit, Christianity could not be a contradiction, it had to be in the nature of a fulfillment and completion, of all that had gone before.

Thus the course of their noble reflections ran. But how cast this idea of unity in a philosophical form that was so compelling, it would compass the downfall of the Averroistic view? That was the problem. The relations between faith and reason, nature and grace, religion and science had to be worked out by means of a philosophical principle, not invented to fit the special case of the Christian religion, but of general application, validity, and sweep. The Schoolmen found the principle of solution in Greek philosophy. The Greeks had worked out the relation between spirit and matter, in a way that could be extended to cover the relations between the natural and the supernatural, Christian belief and scientific knowledge. They had been impressed by the unity and continuity of those very things which seemed to be farthestmost apart by nature, not to say opposed in character. Aristotle, for instance, declared soul and body one substance, notwithstanding the fact that *in themselves* the two are distinct and irreducible. He saw their opposition and incompatibility in the abstract, but this did not prevent him from also seeing their union and communion in the concrete. He refused to destroy the unity of the two, to break it up into opposing halves. Could not the same method be employed against the Averroists, who were bent on pitting the parts of truth against one another, instead of contemplating them in the larger unity which harmonized their differences without destroying their distinctness?

In a spirited controversy with Siger of Brabant, St. Thomas<sup>3</sup> gave the Continuity Theory its first systematic expression. He showed most clearly that nature and supernature, the natural and the supernatural, scientific truth and religious, temporal interests and eternal are all distinct parts of a unitary plan existing in the

<sup>3</sup>*De Unitate Intellectus contra Averroistas.*

Divine Mind, and that human thought comes to grief over the problem of their reconciliation only when it fallaciously persists in regarding them as *separate* and *opposite, disconnected, and independent wholes*. Preserve their continuity, and no problem of discrepancy will rise, like a wraith, to vex the human spirit with illusion. Destroy their continuity, and you bid adieu to reason, you sail off into seas of speculation uncharted, you leave the port of experience without the proper clearance papers, you embark upon a voyage of fantasy which leads nowhither in the end.

Continuity and distinction, not separation and exclusion, express the relation of faith to reason, grace to nature, miracle to natural law, Church to State, eternity to time. The function of theology is not to dictate to science the conclusions to which it shall come. The function of theology is to resolve<sup>4</sup> the arguments of the scientist when the latter thinks his reason compels him to deny the admissibility of the truths of faith, because of some conclusion, more apparent than real in its urgings, which he feels forced to draw. All genuine efforts at philosophical construction have the establishment of continuity for their aim; and that means the warding-off of contradictions, and the serious questioning of all apparent antagonisms, due more often to looseness of thought, surface ways of viewing things, or sheer prejudice of will, than to the rigorous enchainment of one's reasonings. Theology compels a man to review the processes of scientific thinking more carefully than otherwise he might. It engenders an ideal of continuity, and a salutary distrust of all the creators of antinomies, whose spirit is disruption for its own fell sake. The fault which the Schoolmen found with Averroës and his Latin disciples was the excessive rigor which they attached to the dialectic argumentations of Aristotle. The latter never meant that his discoursings should be understood as final, and not subject to criticism or review—he would not have called them “dialectical,” if he did. And his modesty is worthy of emulous imitation in a later world all too prone to ascribe a rigorous logical compulsion to loose-fitting and oftentimes disjointed arguments.

And so it came about, after much careful inquiry into the intruding Arabic notion of the twofold nature of truth, that the Latin champions of the Arab, Averroës, withdrew discomfited from the lists. On exegetical, psychological, historical, and philosophical

<sup>4</sup>*Sum. Theol.*, Ia., I., 8.

grounds their favorite formula had been denuded of its worth and shown to be without compulsion on acceptance. Continuity displaced contradiction. Things that at most were but *distinct* ceased to be the separate and dis severed entities men had tried to make them appear. And we are well within the bounds in saying that no nobler, higher, saner, or fairer solution of the problem concerning the relations between faith and reason was ever reached or proposed than that which declared the two distinct without being separate, continuous without being identical, complementary without being contradictory, rivalrous, or opposed. The Greeks saw no opposition between soul and body, though the two are irreducibly distinct. Why should the Christian have a lesser power of sight when it is question of the relations prevailing between belief and knowledge, nature and supernature, science and religion, philosophy and theology? Such was the answer of the Schoolmen to the Arabs when the theory that truth is by nature double, and not one, came over from Cordova to Paris about the middle of the thirteenth century.

In the Church of Santa Catarina at Pisa, there is a fresco which so graphically represents the encounter between the Christian philosophy and the Arabic, that we may well pause for a moment to describe it before proceeding further with our tale. It was spread upon the walls in the fourteenth century by Francesco Traini, one of the most noted disciples of Orcagna. In the centre of the picture stands St. Thomas, with the *Summa Contra Gentiles* held open on his breast. On his right is Aristotle, with the *Ethics*, and on his left Plato, with the *Timaeus*, both so held that Aquinas may read their contents. In semi-circles above this central group are Moses and the prophets, with the four Evangelists beside. Highest of all the Christ is depicted, a nimbus of angels surrounding the gentle Nazarene; while lowest down, and beneath the feet of Aquinas, Averroës lies prostrate, clutching his great commentary on Aristotle, and for all the world appearing as some unhorsed cavalier of the lists. Rays of light are reflected from the pages of Aristotle, Plato, and the Sacred Writers, and made to converge on the open pages of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, whence they are in turn refracted against Averroës, to the apparent discomfiture of the latter who shields his eyes with his hand. More brilliantly than we could ever hope to do so with the faint strokes of a pen, Traini here tells with his brush the whole story of the sources, purpose, ideal, and final outcome of the philosophy of the Middle

Ages. It is a suggestive picture to have in mind when considering the period of disruption into which we are about to enter. Renan thought it a skillful piece of symbolism, and someone has not ineptly said that it is the history of scholasticism *painted*, as Dante is the history of scholasticism *sung*. However this may be, it serves admirably to illustrate our theme and relieve its tension.

Francesco Traini would have had a far different subject for his brush, if he lived some three centuries later, and undertook a mural representation of the new philosophy of Descartes. He would have had to raise Averroës from his recumbent posture and paint him upright in the post of honor. He would have had to expunge the rays of light streaming forth from many pages, and indicative of the continuity which revealed truth has with natural, which religion has with science. Aristotle would have to be painted out of the scene altogether, and a halo of glory penciled about the brow of Plato, to body forth his new and exclusive prominence. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

Descartes would have none of Aristotle, and he made a philosophy that expressed this personal dislike. Had he simply refused to repeat Aristotle's *conclusions* uncriticized and unimproved, few would have found fault with his position. But Descartes was not content with rejecting Aristotle's conclusions, he rejected his *principles* also, and among these the principle of continuity which embodied the supreme element of advance in Greek philosophy. The rejection of this principle was a distinct loss to human thought, a step backwards, a return to earlier and lower levels. And it was unfortunate that Descartes, legislating for the improvement of human thinking, as, no doubt he meant to do, should have cut philosophy off from the ripest, most practical fruits of Greek speculation, and delivered it over to the "independent worlds" of Plato. The continuity-theory of mind and matter, thought out by Aristotle, whatever else may be said of it, is true to experience; the divorce-theory introduced by Descartes, anything but such. We can readily understand the great Greek when he declares soul and body one substance, notwithstanding the fact that in themselves they are irreducibly distinct; we cannot, in the light of experience, either understand or approve the counter statement of Descartes, that soul and body stand so utterly out of all relationship that no bridge of communication spans the abysmal chasm yawning between the two. The question, therefore, is whether Plato's divided world of spirit and matter is as true to fact and experience as Aristotle's

undivided world of the same. It is not a question of details at all, but of the general working-principle on which philosophers should elect to do their thinking.

The abandonment of the idea of continuity, and the revival of Plato's divided world of spirit and matter, had consequences untold—too many to be recounted here. There is one, however, to which attention should be called—it is the severance of all relation between philosophy and theology. Catholic though he was, and educated by the Jesuit Fathers at La Flèche, Descartes does not seem to have turned his advantages to profit. He had no accurate grasp of the distinction between dogma and theology, and the confusion served him ill, besides doing the world much harm when published. He enjoys the unenviable distinction of having been the first to start coursing on its endless rounds that grossest of confusions which proclaims the dogmas of the Christian religion to be nothing more than the learned reasonings of the erudite;<sup>5</sup> thereby misleading Kant and the long line of thinkers that followed, none of them, unfortunately, as hesitant or critical as they might have been, before pressing in the steps of this airy and venturesome bellwether of the flock. "I revered our theology," he writes, "and sought as much as anyone else to gain heaven; but having learned for a certainty that the way is no less open to the most ignorant than to the most learned, and that the revealed truths which conduct us thither are above our intelligence, I would not dare submit them to the weakness of my reasonings; and I thought it necessary to have an extraordinary assistance from heaven, and to be more than man, if I would undertake their examination successfully."<sup>6</sup>

A distinction between the *intuitions* of faith and the *reasonings* of theology would have rescued his thought from this initial confusion, but he was unable to perceive the difference, and because of this mental limitation, he decreed that scholastic theology should be "exterminated"—the phrase is his. "What need is there," he asks, "for such superfluous endeavor, when we see idiots and country folk equally capable of attaining heaven as we? Would it not be far better to have the simple theology of these ruder folk than to fill it with dispute, mutual recrimination, and calumny?"<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup>This confusion is exposed at length in a previous article: *What Is Dogma?* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1916.

<sup>6</sup>*Discours de la Méthode*. I., p. 129. Cousin's edition.

<sup>7</sup>*L'Esprit de la Philosophie Moderne*. By J. Maritain. *Revue de Philosophie*, June, 1914, p. 613, note 2.

Descartes did not observe that the so-called "simple theology" of these ruder folk is "faith," and not theology at all, simple or otherwise. Theology is a science the necessity and usefulness of which Descartes here admirably proves—for how could minds like his have their confusions removed, and how could the dear "rustics," whom he so extols, be saved from the objections and dubieties of the learned, if faith were always to remain "simple" and our speech contained no more words than yea, yea, and nay, nay? It is to render Christian truth communicable *to others*, to convert faith, so far as possible, into personal knowledge, to make our "service reasonable" and not blind, that theology endeavors to flank it round with scientific light. What a pity that Descartes should have conceived of faith as out of all relation to the rest of our knowledge, as a light hidden under a bushel, never destined to flame brighter, or have its rays commingle with those of reason, for the latter's greater illumination, discipline, inspiration, and good!

It was the ambition of Descartes to create a Physics independent of Aristotle's, and to tie philosophy, as closely as possible for the future, to a physical form and manner of explanation. Thinking that philosophy had become too intimately allied with theology, and not knowing that the Schoolmen in their palmiest days had kept these two sciences clearly distinct, Descartes resolved that the future alliance of philosophy should be with science, and in particular with the science of mechanics and its accepted modes of procedure. This new alliance meant that both philosophy and science should range themselves in hostile array against theology, and this they did with a will that still continues. This hostility was both a mistake and an injustice, as the neutrality of philosophy towards theology could and should have been maintained.

Absolute autonomy was not necessary for the progress of philosophy, or for the furtherance of philosophical reform. Philosophy and science could both have remained impartial in their attitude, and not lost any of their development by so remaining. If they do not include theology within their scope, that is no reason for excluding it altogether from consideration or for attempting to drive it out of its own proper and appointed place. The philosopher and the scientist might well have kept their minds free of all theological bias, whether positive or negative. An anti-theological temper was not required for the successful advancement either of philosophy or of science. To secure the autonomy of reason in its own domain, it was not necessary to separate philosophy and theol-



ogy absolutely, any more than it is necessary for the States forming the American union to disavow the Federal Government, as a means to the retention of their sovereignty, each in its own particular sphere. To distinguish the philosophical and theological fields, without separating them, or introducing false enmity between them, would have amply answered the purpose of the Cartesian reform. And philosophy would have lost none of its historical nature as a general discipline distinct from the particular disciplines which we call the sciences, nay, it would have been saved from the ruinous course of disintegration and disruption on which it was launched, had Descartes contented himself with distinguishing rather than disjoining the world of thought and the world of things, the universe of faith and the universe of knowledge. His famous, *Cogito; ergo sum*, reveals the fault of his whole system—for it is by knowing things, and ourselves as among them, that we come to frame the notion of *existence*, not by contemplating our own personality apart.

It is usual to find the Cartesian reform presented as “a most welcome departure from an ecclesiastical tradition that held the world in thrall.” This way of looking at it excuses the hostility to Christian teaching, which it bred and spread. It conceals rather than reveals its nature. The Cartesian reform meant more than a break with “ecclesiastical” tradition, in the parlance of the critics. It meant a permanent rupture with *human* tradition, and by that must the percentage of our loss be measured. A purely scientific movement, proceeding in contempt of the classical and the Christian traditions, is a *de-humanizing* influence against which the philosophy of the present has healthily begun to react, though the force of the reaction has been too extreme. The classical, the Christian, and the scientific traditions have much to learn from one another, as, to its cost, the world has now discovered. Cutting truth in two has not proved itself the unmixed blessing the mind’s dismemberers thought it would when philosophy, taking its cue from the religious reaction of the times, chose to disrupt all existing unities rather than take them as stepping-stones to higher things, and a world beyond.

Says a recent writer:

Four hundred years ago a section of religious men in Europe introduced the novel idea that a man should be allowed to save his own soul even at the expense if necessary of the unity of

Christendom. This was to inaugurate a new era of "religious freedom"—"the right of private judgment" in matters religious. After these four centuries of experiment with this anarchical principle, the Protestant nations of Europe have not a single rallying-point, much less a common temple towards which to draw the religious life of Christendom. Nor is there to be found at this hour of greatest spiritual trial a central court of appeal to judge or mediate between them. And inevitably so; for disruption is of the essence of Protestantism, and disruption has marked its course all along from the tragic days of the Teutonic Hebrew priest of Wittenberg to the comic epoch of Kikuyu. It has merely consecrated national and individual prejudices and peculiarities, and sacrificed the unity of a great religion to the precious vagaries of private opinion. It has not even the concentration of Mohammedanism with which to support its "missionary enterprise." There is a grim dramatic fitness that at this late hour the nation which inaugurated the strange doctrine of the rights of the natural man to his own supernatural privileges should have proposed to establish by the sword of steel that unity of Western civilization which it prevented from being secured by the sword of the spirit.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup>*The Hibbert Journal*, April, 1916, pp. 525, 526.

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## WAR AND PAIN.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



WAR like the present War, undertaken as a "desperate remedy for evils worse than itself," brings in its wake, unfortunately, loss and pain equally with wars undertaken from motives of national ambition on a colossal scale. Never indeed in the history of the word has "the great ravager" swept over such vast spaces with its hordes of suffering. In this country and that we see tracks which it has decimated or defiled, depopulating them or leaving behind maimed and broken human life in place of what was vigorous and virile; the visible world shows gaps in its ranks as a majestic forest does when storm and lightning have had their way with it, and brought down alike sapling and oak.

Who can wonder if there arises a murmur from the stricken nations and from those who, themselves standing outside the actual fray, keep vigil near or penetrate its boundaries with their charity? Conscious of what war means to-day when it is waged under the sea and upon land and in the air at one and the same moment, there are those who ask, "How can these horrors be reconciled with Christianity? What can the Christian apologist urge to extenuate war?"

Christianity—the one perfect balance—can gauge precisely the worth of those incorporeal attributes which tend to make all that is worth having in an individual or a nation. The Church of Christ—always strong for peace—discriminates between war that is just and war that is unjust, and throws in the scale the magnificent eternal principles—honor, truth, loyalty, justice. From earliest ages she has blessed warriors taking part in combat undertaken "in the interests of justice." "The injury received or the danger to be averted must," however, "be genuine, and, moreover, bear some proportion to the evils that war necessarily involves," says a writer whose small penny pamphlet<sup>1</sup> on this subject, within the reach of all, contains more sound facts than many a more exhaustive and expensive volume. "Thus, the end in view should not only be good (*sic*), the assertion or defence of some real right, but it should be an occasion of great consequence to the nation, such as a grievous violation of the country's honor or material

<sup>1</sup>*Christianity and War.* By Rev. J. Keating, S.J.

interests, serious breach of treaty obligations, assistance given to the nation's enemies, or, again, a duty imposed by considerations of humanity, as the giving help to another nation unduly oppressed. . . . War must really be, as it has often been called, *ultima ratio regum*: the final argument when others have been tried and failed. . . .” Again: “For the community as for the individual, there are certain goods which may rightly be reckoned more precious than life. Consequently, national life may be risked to preserve them.” “If a State has a real right to a thing of relative importance and war is the *only* method by which that right can be preserved, then the vindication of justice by force, the securing, that is, of a moral good by the infliction of a physical evil, is not only just but may be binding on conscience.”<sup>2</sup> “No Christian may deny that there have been occasions and there might be other occasions when war is not only necessary but right,” said Robert Hugh Benson in an impassioned sermon delivered two years before the outbreak of the present war; “no one in the possession of reason would say that war is the worst of all evils. . . . There are times when war is the only escape—when civilization is threatened by barbarism, when society is endangered by anarchy, when those great eternal principles of love and justice are at stake. If there is no way in which they can be saved except by war, then by war let them be saved!”

Christianity *qua* Christianity detests war, but Christianity holds war lawful under these conditions, and herself waged it “holily” in the Middle Ages, first to vindicate her right to visit the holy places, and then in the attempt to recover the sacred land from the Saracens.

In spite of high incentive, though, the pain and suffering—moral, mental and physical—which war compels (however time and circumstance may lessen its acuteness)—touches in transit innumerable lives, and stretches in the present instance so incalculably far that in view of it many have felt the shock of an assault upon the very stronghold of their faith in God. The waters of Marah have broken all bounds and changed the face of the landscape; sweeping barriers away, obliterating landmarks; lengthening out and widening amongst the nations until scarcely a window but views, at least from an angle, that red and shining flood. We cannot escape it; we can neither shut our ears to the turmoil of that surging torrent, nor blind our eyes to the actual mangled wreckage which it casts up at the threshold of our own homes.

<sup>2</sup>*Primer of Peace and War*. Edited by Rev. C. Plater, S.J.

The most sincere disciple of a gospel of negation which denies the existence of pain, must surely surrender some of his dear beliefs in view of the evidence of his normal senses in the present crisis. Even the least imaginative must realize that physical nerves and muscles are not lacerated, that limbs are not torn off bodily, nor flesh stabbed nor bone splintered without commensurate suffering. With whatever dumb courage the sufferers face this ravage of their "lovely youth," each individual one has had to brace himself not only physically but mentally to adjust the powers of his other members, to adjust his whole view of life to the new conditions. To put the latter baldly, life for him never can be *the same* again. Realization such as this, inevitable though it be and part of a process which simply cannot be understood if it is looked at from its material significance alone, is achieved only at tremendous cost. It comes within the experience not of "the chosen," but of the average man—not of the experienced thinker only, but of the raw boy. Fortuitously, some would say, both alike summarily are called upon to pour

.....out the red

Sweet wine of youth; give up the years to be  
Of work and joy.

Living sacrifices, if ever living sacrifices were—though too few look upon them in that light.

But war causes indirect, as well as direct, suffering. No man may go with another in the wet way of pain without having his own feet stained, nor share the burden unless his own shoulder bends to the load and his back muscles give to the strain; it follows that something "goes out" from him mystically in the process; that once more, as so often happens in life, the surface view of love or friendship covers loss and gain in a far deeper sense. Love is spiritually as well as physically the great creative force. It empties itself in giving, and new capacity of giving flows afresh in its veins. All love has in it exquisite capacity for pain: all pain has in it exquisite capacity of love. "*L'amour a fait la douleur et la douleur a fait l'amour.*" "Behind sorrow there is always a soul," says a writer who plumbed an abyss of sin as well as sorrow. "The essential difference between one man and another lies in this, that the one feels more than the other," taught Ruskin. To say that "the little cup that is made to hold so much can hold so much and no more, though all the purple vats of Burgundy be filled with

wine to the brim, and the treaders stand knee-deep in the gathered grapes of the stony vineyards of Spain," is to amplify that philosophy. Pain to-day is continually being poured into goblets, some of which overflow after the first few drops. But if they can hold and contain it, the liquid flame within them glows like the heart of an opal.

Pain is, and suffering, imminent, tangible, widespread. To watch the beloved in agony is to tread with him the way of suffering. We cannot evade it: it must be met. It brings in its train, in most cases, the strange composure which comes with nearly every vast experience. There is calm in the supreme moment of love fulfilled; there is entire silence as a rule in the room where the dead lies, wrapped in the mantle of kings; there is a mystical hush at the culminating moment of the Mass. Feeling, once it is great enough, compels the senses to a kind of involuntary quiescence by sheer force of its strength. In face of it the will sets itself, rigid, with two alternatives before it. There is the pagan view, there is the Christian view to choose as the foundation upon which a man may rear his fortress of defence against pain's attack.

For such as see in paganism at its best, with the present writer, an embryo stream which was, little by little, to force its way outwards until it opened into, and was at once made part of, and absorbed in the great Sea of Christianity, all that was fine and enduringly noble in that driving force which impelled men to many immortal acts of glory, will show clear. The light on the waters shone out in the darkest ages; heroes bathed there and poured out their life blood by its banks. There was in the pagan attitude a magnificent fortitude, an almost invincible courage in face of bodily torment. Zeno the philosopher bit his tongue off that even in the extremity of torture the names of his comrades might not be forced from him. To shrink from pain was contemptible; even to inflict it upon self was good, since pain brought wisdom, eminently to be desired of man; lasting dishonor was the part of him who failed under its test. Love of country stirred pagans to a degree difficult to realize nowadays when we are many of us ashamed to admit how deep, how intimate are the ties which bind us to our own motherland. For the honor of the country they lived, for the honor of the county they fell, their dearest hope "to set a crown of imperishable glory on the land." "If to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men fortune gave this lot, for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Hellas, we lie

possessed of praise that grows not old," is the epitaph of the Athenian dead at Plataea. "O passer-by, tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here awaiting their orders," cry dying Spartans at Thermopylae. The Greek spirit at its loftiest is embodied in Cæditi-  
us' words to his men before he sent them into action: "Soldiers, it is necessary for us to go, but it is not necessary for *us* to return."

Here are all manner of high qualities; composure, unflinching determination, a solemn dedication, as it were, of the individual life to the common cause. Eternal qualities these, going far to make a high ideal, though not the highest; something at least immeasurably loftier than the new paganism which before the war was spreading so insidiously in England, and gathering disciple upon disciple into its ranks. Early pagans did kneel before the altars of gods, false though they were; modern pagans of two years ago merely worshipped images of themselves. We can afford generously to obliterate memories of the darkest aspect of paganism, its cruelty, its excesses, its necromancy, and looking only at the best side of it see that we have something better still.

The pagan view of pain as compared with the Christian view is as limited as is the vision of a man who relies upon his naked eyesight when looking at a landscape, compared with that of one who uses a telescope, and so has distant objects brought within his direct range. The pagan, to contain his indomitable soul, erected a citadel the thickness of whose walls deadened his cry of agony. But the Christian, accepting pain instead of combating or denying it, relies not at all upon the strength of any artificial fortress. He makes of pain mystical wings to lift him to unknown dimensions, to soar above the highest tower of the strongest prison built within the memory of man.

"I was not, I came to be; I was, I am not; that is all; and who shall say more will lie; I shall not be," says the pagan. But the Christian: "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain. . . . God giveth it a body. . . . It is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory: It is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power."

Everything in the Christian attitude makes for growth and possibility. Pain borne by another rouses in the onlooker a burning love of humanity; it wrenches the soul abruptly free from self. We literally look upon the thousand signs of suffering about us without seeing that if we are at all to help the sufferers we must

suffer too. "Suffer with: suffer alongside." The instinct of the inmost heart is to demand some kindred experience to bridge the chasm between our health and their disablement. Not shame, not patriotism even, not the call of the state to economize, bids us strip ourselves of our little luxuries and amusements, but love in its most selfless form.

Christianity, always sane and coherent, prevents the torrent of emotion from spending itself aimlessly and directs it to a given end. (The barriers of Christianity are never raised except with this intention.) "Every common duty fulfilled, however humdrum," it says, "every individual sacrifice, large or small, can severally be offered mystically for the beloved, so that whether or no he is humanly conscious of it, your human love will buoy him as the sea buoys the wearied swimmer who floats upon its waves. Every accomplished action, every prayer, every moment of your day, if such is your intention, may go towards this end and so take shining meaning and purpose."<sup>3</sup>

This golden secret of love, known to mystics from earliest ages, has been the motive force of countless lives which we, in our ignorance, misunderstood or criticized as selfish. Vicarious love shines through the iron framework of every grille that confronts us in a convent. The surrender of what we think of as essentials by Carmelites, Poor Clares, the Trappists and so forth, to mention a few only to the enclosed Orders (and the same rule applies to all who follow the call of religious vocation) are made far less for love of their own soul's welfare than of ours. They are living acts of contrition for our negligence. They do for the sinner, the indifferent man, and the tired and suffering man too, what he dare not, or will not, or cannot do for himself. For us they make the supreme renunciation of "rarer gifts than gold," that we whose faith is frail and insecure may still win heavenwards on waves of prayer. Yet we wonder at their serenity and peace, forgetting that to give and give again and only urge that more still should be given, is the supreme largess of love. Such as they chant:

Not in such feebleness of heart,  
We play our solitary part;  
Not fugitives of battle, we  
Hide from the world, and let things be:  
But rather, looking over earth,  
Between the bounds of death and birth;

<sup>3</sup> Paul Claudel.



And sad at heart, for sorrow and sin,  
We wondered, where might help begin.  
And on our wonder came God's choice,  
A sudden light, a clarion voice,  
Clearing the dark, and sounding clear:  
And we obeyed; behold us, here!  
In prison bound, but with your chains:  
Sufferers, but of alien pains. . . . .  
Careless, they live and die: but we  
Care, in their stead, for Calvary.

Vicarious suffering, then, is a definite stage in the vast illuminative process of pain. Christianity is vision. It sees the facts of life not only as they show now but as they may show hereafter.

Christianity's strong light, if it dawned upon us all at once in its entirety, would dazzle or blind us. So mercifully it penetrates us by degrees. Feebly, we blink and peer at it at first, between the interstices of our fingers, like little children when the nursery blinds are first drawn up in the morning. Presently, we stumble to the window, and clear in that shining vista we see pain flowing onward like a river straight to God. . . . . So out into the open where upon the river this little skiff is moored which we must enter soon or late.

Paradox though it may appear, it is a divine fact that the more hampered and tied the human body, the more swiftly and straightly may the soul speed to its goal. Here again, when we look into it, is sweet reasonableness and logic. The most finite mind realizes that he who really loves another tries not only to follow in his footsteps but to walk with him, so that, through continual close contact and intimacy, he may come to resemble his ideal. If Christianity means anything at all, it means that with the knowledge of Christ, comes the Love of Christ. How then can we even hope closely to follow, still less to become like, Him Who was called the Man of Sorrows, Who suffered acutely not only in every separate limb upon the Cross, but mentally in Gethsemane, unless we too endure both physical and mental pain?

"The wonder grows that Christians can ever say, not only 'Why should I suffer this or that?' but 'Why should I suffer so?' as though the better the Christian the less he might be expected to suffer. . . . . The more Christ's Life is ours, the more is suffering bound to be ours. If, indeed, we think ourselves to be serving Christ and do not suffer, then should astonishment begin. . . . .

With this primal fact of our incorporation with Our Lord goes its complementary truth that we are one each with the other, and that if His Suffering is in a true sense ours, our suffering has become, since it is mystically His, vicarious and redemptive. Christian suffering is not sterile. There is no hint in Christianity of suffering for its own sake. . . . ."<sup>4</sup> But accepted pain, pain "taken aright," borne first without resentment and ultimately willingly almost visibly lifts man from mortal surroundings to immortal ones. To God's calendar of Saints there have been added innumerable names since war began.

"Is the end of life only to live? Are the feet of the children of God to be bound forever to this miserable earth? The end of life is not to live, but to die, not only to touch the cross but to mount it; to give in joy what we have to give." So Paul Claudel, the poet dramatist whose vision, whose "profound logic" admits him to "the small company of the truly great, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare," in the critic's eyes.

"Granting a soul of royal quality, pain all but infallibly must perfect it."<sup>5</sup> "Acts of the intellect and heart cannot come near the objective value of a will that is being tested by pain, and simply holds on. . . . . These living crucifixes stand clear altogether of that wrangling world of controversy in which we ourselves dispute . . . . . extensions of Christ Crucified."<sup>6</sup> Every separate soul of whom this can be said has earned the splendid right to echo St. Paul's words, "I fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ."

In this, the Catholic view of pain then, pain shows even to eyes blinded with tears as something which contains an almost incomparable power of spiritual development and growth, and he who accepts it mystically passes stage by stage through the first process of initiation into the understanding of discipleship, when crippled and helpless though he be, he still may walk with no other than Christ, in closest union, even here on earth.

All which I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
Rise, clasp My Hand, and come!

<sup>4</sup>*With Dyed Garments.* By C. C. Martindale.

<sup>5</sup>Martindale's *Life of Benson*.

<sup>6</sup>Robert Hugh Benson.

## AT CLOSE OF DAY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

[A recent press report gave this description, written by a French soldier, of a touching and dramatic experience:

"Near me lay two soldiers, mortally wounded: one, a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, and the other a young Frenchman, hit in the side and head.

"Both were in pain, growing paler and paler. I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away under his breast.

"He drew out a little silver crucifix, which he pressed to his lips. Feebly but clearly he began: 'Hail, Mary, full of grace.'

"The Bavarian opened his blue eyes, which were already glazing with approaching death, turned his head toward the Frenchman, and with a look, not of hate but almost of love, finished in a murmur the prayer, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.'

"The eyes of the two men met, and they understood. The Frenchman held out his crucifix to the other, who kissed it and, taking him by the hand, said, 'Having served our countries, let us go to God reconciled.'

"The sun, disappearing behind a purple cloud, shed a golden gleam on the blood-stained bodies."]

This account inspired the following poem by Miss Thomas:

THE great drive over, at close of day,  
Side by side on the field they lay:  
One from France, from Bavaria one;  
For each the battle of life was done.

Then, he who had fought for the Lilies of France  
Fixed on the cross his drooping glance,  
And a light-of-the-soul came on his face,  
As he prayed, "Hail, Mary, full of Grace."

And he from Bavaria turned his head:  
"Ora pro nobis," his white lips said,  
"Pray for us now and when death draws near."  
The heart of the other leaped to hear!

"I fought for my country, you fought for yours—  
Who knows? The kingdom of Heaven endures;  
Thither, my brother, we go as one."  
And together they passed, the great drive done.

## RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY H. C. WATTS.



IN the year 1319, Pope John XXII. ruled the Church Universal from the Chair of Peter, and the Kingdom of England groaned under the incompetent rule of Edward II. and the factional disorders brought about by the intrusion into affairs of State of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, son of that Edmund upon whom Pope Innocent IV. had conferred the crown of Sicily and Naples. It was a period of national unrest and discontent. The whole of Yorkshire and the northern counties seethed with the aftermath of the expeditions of Edward I. into Scotland, and the defeat of the English at Bannockburn by Robert Bruce, and the capture of the Border town of Berwick in 1318. It was a time when kings and prelates were brought into violent conflict; when the country clergy thought it no shame to poach on the preserves of the bishops; when fighting was common among men, and social disorder widespread. It was, in fact, a time when ordinarily, reckoning such things as the world reckons, religion might be thought to be in a very parlous condition: but it was also a time when by the favor of Divine Providence the Church put forth a rare gem of spiritual purity.

Sometime about the year 1300—for authorities are not agreed as to the exact date—in the little Yorkshire village of Thornton Dale, near the town of Pickering, was born Richard, son of William Rolle. Since the passing of religion there have been no Catholics in Pickerton until 1911, when an heroic priest, the Rev. E. H. Bryan, who had spent the best part of his life in the Established Church, having become a Catholic and being ordained to the priesthood, opened a small mission in the town, where a glorious parish church, now in the hands of Protestants, testifies to the devotion of the faithful in an age long past. So has the Faith of Richard Rolle come back once more to his home country.

Save for a few autobiographical passages in the *Incendium Amoris*, little is known of the life of Richard Rolle, apart from the *legenda* in a tentative Office for his festival in the York Breviary, which was compiled by the Cistercian nuns of Hampole, and is considered to be contemporary.

<sup>1</sup>The "*Incendium Amoris*" of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by Margaret Deanesly. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

As a lad he showed great industry in his studies, and at the age of sixteen Thomas de Nevile, Archdeacon of Durham, and very probably a member of the powerful North country family of the Neviles, sent him to the University of Oxford. There, according to the Office, he made great progress, distinguishing himself not only in theology and the doctrines of the Sacred Scriptures, but also in physics and secular science: so he continued for three years.

The deplorable state of the Kingdom could not but be felt keenly at Oxford. The reverses of the English at Bannockburn, followed by the death of Edward I., culminated in the accession of Edward II. Weak-willed and miserably idle, this king allowed himself to be ruled entirely by favorites, and confusion was worse confounded by the intrigues of his unfaithful wife. And with the baronage in a state of armed antagonism to the king, the majority of the nation was between the upper and the nether millstones of the contending factions. So it was that Richard Rolle, having reached the age of nineteen years, thought within himself that the time of this mortal life was a thing very uncertain, and its ending a matter of much trepidation, especially to those who occupied themselves with carnal lusts or labored only to acquire riches; straining after these things by every wile and stratagem, only to fall into snares themselves. And so, inspired by God, he thought upon his own last end, fearful that he should be snatched away in the bondage of his sins. Shortly after thinking upon these things he left Oxford and returned to his father's house.

The story of his assuming the habit of a hermit, as related in the Office, has a certain quaintness and shrewdness, reminiscent of St. Francis of Assisi. Indeed, the story of his conversion and setting forth as a religious is in many ways parallel to that of the Umbrian Saint; and in common with him and other heroic souls, especially those who have been called to pioneer work, Richard Rolle, having realized his vocation, was delightfully indifferent to the adverse criticism of those who thought him mistaken if not mad.

One day, says the *Life*, he spoke to his sister, for whom he had a tender affection. "Very dear sister," he said, "you have two kirtles, a white one and a gray one, which I am very much set on having (*avide concupisco*). So I ask you as a great favor whether you would not care to give them to me, and bring them to me in the copse close by, and also bring at the same time my father's rain cloak with the hood."

His sister gladly agreed, and the next day, according to her

promise, she carried the garments to the copse already mentioned, utterly ignorant of what her brother had in his mind. He, however, had laid his plans well. As soon as he had received the garments from his sister he set to work and ripped off the sleeves from the gray kirtle. Then he cut the buttons off the white one, and in some sort of fashion managed to sew the gray sleeves on the white kirtle, and fixed them in such a way that they would suit his purpose. The Latin text of the Office implies that there may have been some little astonishment caused by the outward effect of the young hermit's attempt at fashioning a habit.

But the result of his tailoring must have appeared very satisfactory to the youth, for he removed his proper garments and put on, first of all, his sister's white kirtle, upon which he had sewed the white sleeves, then over this he put the gray one from which the sleeves had been ripped, and through the slits he stuck his arms, and over all he wore his father's hooded rain cloak. According to contemporary pictures this latter was very much like the Franciscan *caputium*; a kind of tippet fitting on the shoulders with a hood attached. And so, after a fashion, he was dressed out as a rather irregular copy of a hermit. The Office is very insistent upon the outward effect.

But his sister had been watching all this time, and when she saw her brother in so extraordinary a costume she was genuinely frightened. "My brother is mad: my brother is mad!" she cried aloud. But he drove her off, and fearing that her cries might bring his relations and neighbors to restrain him, he too made off.

After he had put on the habit of a hermit, and had made the renunciation of his father's house, Richard Rolle set out for a certain church. The name is not given in the York Breviary, but the late Monsignor Benson declares it to have been at Topcliffe. It was the Vigil of the Assumption, and he entered the church to hear evensong, and sat down in the seat of the squire, Sir John of Dalton by name, and a friend of his father's. Lady Dalton, too, had come to attend evensong, and when the knight's servants saw the young man in the pew they made as to remove him forcibly. But she would not permit it, and so his devotions were undisturbed. When evensong was finished and he rose to leave the church, the sons of the squire who also were students at Oxford, recognized him and asked him if he were not the son of William Rolle whom they knew at the University.

On the following day, the Feast of the Assumption (and here is

a striking parallel to the conversion of St. Francis), Richard Rolle entered the church, and without receiving any sort of command he put on a surplice and sang in the choir at Matins and Mass. Then, when the Gospel had been read, he asked the blessing of the priest, and ascending the pulpit preached a sermon that moved the congregation so much that the people could not restrain their tears.

After the Mass he was persuaded by the squire to dine with him. At first he refused to enter the manor house, insisting upon going into one of the outhouses, but at length Sir John prevailed on him to join the family at table. Throughout the meal he observed a recollected silence, nor could their efforts extract a single word from him. When he had eaten what he considered to be sufficient for his needs he wished to withdraw. But Sir John, as a friend of the Rolle family, thought it high time to reprove the young man for courtesy's sake. "That," he said, "is hardly the thing to do;" and so he persuaded him to stay.

When the meal was over Rolle again intimated very plainly that he wished to retire, but the squire detained him in conversation until all the family had gone from the room, then he asked him again if he were not the son of William Rolle. "What if I am?" he replied, fearing evidently that he might be sent home again, and prevented from following what he believed to be his vocation. But Sir John taxed him with many questions, and being satisfied that he was sincere in seeking the solitary life, he promised to help him in every way.

And so, acting on this promise, the squire provided him with a proper habit befitting a hermit, and invited him to stay at the hall for the time being. Later on he housed him in a little solitary hermitage, and provided him with all the necessities of life. So the young man began the life of divine contemplation at Topcliffe. His writings indicate to what heights of prayer and spiritual vision he rose. For nearly three years in fasting and watching he passed along the ways of purgation and illumination, and of this time he tells in the earlier chapters of the *Incendium*.

Nor in this solitary contemplation was he to find even external peace. He was accused of being a vagabond, of being, so to speak, a religious squatter, and he writes in the *Incendium* of the virtue and merit of the solitary life of devotion. But in this connection we have to consider that so late as the fourteenth century the eremitical life was so perfectly understood as to be considered anything but an innovation. And, therefore, if Richard Rolle became an ob-

ject of suspicion to the monastic orders in whose vicinity he lived, we may lay a great deal of it to the unsettled and disturbed state of the country; the prevalence of discharged soldiers, and also of undoubted vagabonds who did undeniably live by deluding the lay-people and obtaining alms under false pretenses. Be this as it may, Rolle does make a very eloquent appeal for the life of solitude as in no way inferior to the cenobitic life. As to the exact nature of the charges made against him, that can only be gathered from the tone of his vindication.

In considering Richard Rolle as a devotional writer, it will be noticed that he shows with the other English mystics, such as Juliana of Norwich, Walter Hilton and many another, an intense passionate love for the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ: this, it may be said, is the chief characteristic of English mediæval devotion, paralleled also in St. Bernard's *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*. This passion of love Rolle exhibits to perfection in his devotional poems:

Jesu at Thy will  
 I pray that I may be;  
 All my heart fulfill  
 With perfect love to Thee:  
 That I have done ill  
 Jesu, forgive Thou me;  
 And let me never spill  
 Jesu, for Thy pity. Amen.<sup>2</sup>

In some passages this desire for the Beloved lifts the writer to sublime heights of poetic utterance:

.... My love is ever in sore sighing,  
 While I linger in this way.  
 My love is after Thee longing,  
 And bindeth me both night and day:  
 Till I come unto my King,  
 That there I dwell beside Him may,  
 And see myself His fair shining,  
 In life that lasteth aye. ....<sup>2</sup>

The mystic is much misunderstood, largely on account of the many charlatans who, under the name of mystics, propagate the queer rites and antics of the many esoteric cults that have sprung up. But the true Catholic mystic is simple, for he is just the passionate lover, the lover of God; hence, the love of God is the sole explanation of the mystic's life. It may be that there is some kind of justification for the exploration of mysticism as a "variety

<sup>2</sup>*A Book of the Love of Jesus.* By Monsignor Benson.



of religious experience"—it may be. But when once we grasp what the Catholic mystic is, the inquiry into his mysticism as a psychological phenomenon is impertinence, to say the least; an over-curious searching into the mysteries of Divine Love which are to be revealed to God's lovers, not psychological specimens for the philosophical laboratory. If mysticism is to be studied the attitude of the student is on his knees in humble prayer, not with an over-anxious searching at the library table.

So, it is love that leads the solitaries apart; love for God, and it was in this solitary life of contemplation that Richard Rolle found the most perfect unfolding of his soul: there, like the Apostle St. Paul, he was rapt to the third heaven, and heard the mysteries of God, which may not be uttered by mortal tongue. There is a curious incident related in the *Life* of the hermit. He was sitting one day in his cell at the midday meal, when there came to him the lady of the house—probably Lady Dalton—and many other persons who found him occupied in writing one of his spiritual treatises, and under the stress of inspiration he was writing very rapidly. The visitors begged him to lay aside his writing and speak to them some words of edification. Immediately he addressed to them an exhortation, bidding them shun the vanities of the world and to fix their hearts on God. For two hours he spoke without interruption, nor, during all this time, did he cease writing, which he continued in the rapid manner in which his hearers found him, and, says the York Breviary, the discourse and the writing were on totally different subjects.

It was after he had attained to the prayer of contemplation that the hermit began to travel about. At Anderby, in the diocese of York, he healed the sickness of an anchoress, one Margaret by name. During these same travels he was the victim of many accusations, made without any foundation. And by these slanders he suffered many trials, friendships were disturbed, and in some instances he felt it necessary to part from those who were giving him food and shelter.

But, finally, after many wanderings, he came to Hampole where there was a convent of Cistercian nuns, and he is said to have acted as spiritual adviser to the community. The village of Hampole is still in existence, some seven miles from the town of Doncaster, on the road to Wakefield. There is no evidence that Hampole at any time possessed a parish church, though in Catholic days the few villagers would have attended the church of the nuns.

The nunnery has shared the fate of so many other magnificent religious houses in that shire where the walls of Rievaulx, the home of St. Ælred, and fountains bear witness to the architectural splendors that are now no more. The village of Hampole itself consists of a few gray stone houses nestling together on the steep slope in a nook in the hill, and in front of the group of houses is an open space where the people of Hampole still draw their water from an ancient spring. The schoolhouse of the village has some old stones built into it, which are considered to have been taken from the nunnery building. Of the cell of Richard Rolle there is no trace whatever, but there is a local tradition, which the editor of the *Incendium* says is without warrant, that an empty stone niche and a stone cross built into the schoolhouse were taken from the site of the hermit's cell.

Thus, after many trials and wanderings, did Richard Rolle find in this quiet retreat that peace which he had always sought, and here he wrote the greater part of his works, the last of them the *Incendium Amoris*. In the year 1349 he died, probably of the Black Death as Monsignor Benson conjectures, a plague that was raging in the North of England at the time.

It is reported that after his death miracles were wrought through his relics and by his intercession. At one time it seemed probable that he would be canonized, though ultimately this did not happen. But his devotion spread to such a degree in the North that a tentative Office for his celebration was inserted in the *Breviarium Eboracensium* with the following *caveat*:

The Office of St. Richard the Hermit, after he shall have been canonized by the Church; but in the meantime it is not lawful to sing this Office publicly in church at the Canonical Hours, or to solemnize his feast. But it is lawful to venerate a man of such eminent holiness of life, and to ask his intercession and to commend ourselves to his prayers in private devotions.

The Collect which is found in this Office is at once a model of simplicity and devotion:

O God, Who by the example of the holy hermit Richard, has taught us to despise earthly things and with a sincere heart to sigh after the things of heaven: grant to us, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully follow in the same, that with him we may in everlasting happiness taste of the stream of heavenly joy. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

## TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

### CHAPTER XVII.



WALCOTT walked along the river road filled with a strange new buoyancy. In all the years of his absence he had not guessed the depth of the Judge's friendship. He would write to him—there would be no reason for not writing—and after he was established in some permanent home—a home for Ted—he would invite the old man to come and visit them. Responsibility towards his past was ended. His debt was paid. He had not desired many luxuries in the days of his enforced frugality, but his long experience in the slums, detached from the decencies of life, had left him speculative as to what were the real necessities, so that sometimes even his modest expenditures towards respectability had seemed culpable. Once he had wanted a riding horse, and a blooded mare had been offered to him at a bargain price, but he felt it would be an injustice to buy it—an injustice to those creditors of his youth. And then there were the twins—at Christmas times he had longed to be guilty of all sorts of extravagant folly, and he had been restrained by the consideration of his indebtedness. But apart from any personal wants there had always been another embarrassment; he could never subscribe generously to any undertaking. He might preach philanthropy, work out reform measures, rouse men to build charitable institutions, but, even to the unprejudiced, he never contributed in proportion to his means. During the heat of the campaign he had actually been accused of avarice, for he dressed shabbily and lived in a cheap boarding-house. The reproach had hurt him; it was then that he allowed a statement to leak into the newspapers—he had “obligations in the East.” It was a phrase to conjure with in this rough Western community. Most of the men had Eastern obligations that they were struggling to forget; there were old fathers and mothers waiting hopefully for tickets to transport them to their sons; there were deserted wives and hungry children; there were unpaid notes and criminal records. The voters clustered about Walcott with a new interest; he might stand above them with his eloquence and his education, but he had a sympathy and understanding that they were looking for in a candidate.

Twilight was falling, streamers of red and gold flamed across the river, but the woods were gray and the shadows of the naked trees were merged into a common blackness. Walcott hastened his

steps; he did not want to be late for Anne's dinner, even the roses as a precursor of peace would not excuse such rudeness. But if he was indifferent to her why should he dread her displeasure? Were not these assurances of indifference proof that he felt the need of reiterated resolution? He must banish Anne from his mind and think of Ted. He had that long interview with his nephew before him. He would be relieved when it was over. He had gone to the Judge without any formulated scheme, and he had selected the trifling occurrences of his boyhood to convince the old man of his identity, but he had been doubtful as to the outcome. In all the Judge's busy years he might have no unstored corner of his brain to cherish such trivial memories, but the memories had been quickened by an immortal power and had risen quivering and eager, adding romance to his reminiscence. There was romance—romance everywhere. Who would have believed that the Judge with his forbidding manner, his clear, concise judgment, his lack of imagination had treasured a love story in his life? But the Judge was old; he had learned relinquishment. Ted was different; he might prove unpliant, he was so cynical, so rebellious, so uninterested in everything except Anne. But perhaps when he heard the whole story he might be appealed to through his affections. It had not been fair to reach out to him in secrecy. No wonder that he had resented the attitude of a stranger.

Walcott's mind was absorbed planning for that talk with Ted, proposing arguments and rejecting them, seeking plausible reasons and tactful means of approach. He did not notice the old hack coming towards him until he had to stand aside to let it pass, but the grizzled negro on the box was not so unmindful of his transient passenger who scattered greenbacks with such unthinkable ease.

"Ain't yer tired, Massa?" he asked ingratiatingly, and he pulled up his raw-boned horses. "Reckon I could carry yer to Miss Polly Maxen's for a dime seein' that I'm goin' that way."

"But I don't want to go to Miss Polly Maxen's."

"Then mebber yer goin' to Mrs. Van Brun's; jest carried the Senator thar. Long pull up that thar avenue, but I reckon I could turn round fer two bits."

"I'd rather walk," said Walcott, irritated by the old man's tenacity, "those ghosts of yours are going to fall down and die before they reach the livery."

"Wall, they ain't as peart as they was this mornin'; none of us are, I reckon; I'm lettin' 'em go easy and I've been settin' here studyin' 'bout that thar river. 'Pears to me thar's a rowboat floatin' out in midstream. My sight ain't good as it useter be. What yer reckon that is obur thar?" He pointed with his raveled whip end towards the water that was rapidly losing its reflected glamour of fire.

Walcott turned indifferently. "Why, yes, that is a boat. Must have slipped its moorings."

"Currents mighty swift jest thar."

"Yes."

"Wish to the Lord I had a rope," continued the old driver. "I'd lasso that boat. Somebody will be 'quirin' for it in the mornin'. Wouldn't wonder if thar might be some reward."

"It may float into that cove just below here," said Walcott, amused by the old negro's suggestion of a lasso. "Then you can haul it in."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so—but that's mighty uncertain. Current don't allus swing that away. If that boat jest naturally cut away from its landing, what yer reckon it's doin' on its haid?"

"Its head?"

"Upside down—'taint natural for a boat to float bottom upwards—pears to me thar somethin' floatin' underneath."

Walcott roused himself to some degree of interest.

"Where—where do you mean?"

"That thar black thing just at the boat's end. Lord Almighty! do you reckon it's a *man*?"

Walcott broke through the hedge of bushes that guarded the water's edge and followed the negro's directing gaze.

"I—I believe there is—something."

The old hack man eager for a sensation forgot the "misery" in his back that usually limited voluntary activity, and scrambling down from his high box seat he joined Walcott on the river shore.

"Lord, Lord!" he exclaimed with a sort of ghoulish delight at this unlooked-for excitement, "that thar thing is a human arm caught like a buzzard in a trap."

"Do you see a *hand*?"

"Lord knows. What yer aimin' to do, Mister? You ain't fixin' to swim out?"

Walcott had thrown off his heavy overcoat, and he was unlacing his shoes with breathless haste.

"*I must.* I believe someone's caught under there."

"Mebbe it's an old coat."

"I've got to see."

"That water will freeze your vitals."

"I'm not expecting a warm bath."

"That thar current's as swift as a mill stream."

"I know it."

It did not occur to him to hesitate; there was no time for thought of consequences, someone was in direst need, for the dimming light showed plainly the arm of a man fixed like some inadequate rudder at one end of the swaying craft. He was wading out in the

water now and shivering like one with the ague; it was bitterly cold but he went on, ankle deep, knee deep, waist deep, shoulder deep and then he began to swim. The little boat seemed very far away, but he was a strong practised swimmer, and every stroke brought him closer to his goal, until he realized with a sickening sense of calamity that the boat was growing familiar in its outline. It was painted green with gay, gold lettering on its side. It was the one in which they had packed their provisions that morning, for Anne had suggested their lunching on a small island—a wild, uninhabited spot which had always attracted hunters, but which was not promising enough for a permanent abode. Nearer, nearer, nearer, he was battling with the swift mid-current now; he had not counted on its strength. His stroke was not so vigorous, the water closed about him like relentless arms pulling him down. He thought the boat was but a length away but it eluded him; it seemed to spin around in a swirling eddy and then, with a desperate conviction that he was putting forth a last effort, he grasped the side and pulled madly at the *thing* beneath. A hand, a sleeve, the body of a man caught face downwards!

Walcott lost his hold upon the boat and the body floated free; he clutched at it with superhuman strength and then he saw the face.

*Ted*—insensible—dead, perhaps. Why should Ted be here? He had left him with the others on the marshes. Why should he be here? The boat was a flat-bottomed one not easy to overturn. Ted had been taught to swim years ago. He could not have forgotten how. What clumsy circumstance had caused him to catch the belt of his corduroy coat to the oar lock? Surely he could have broken such a flimsy cable if he had tried; he was not lacking in muscular strength. Why should he be trapped like this, unless—

Walcott's courage seemed to desert him; he could only cling to the boat with his one free hand and call feebly for help, but even as he called he felt the finality of his position. From what quarter could help come? Only the crippled negro on the shore could hear, and he had no mind to meet the desperate emergency. Again he called for help; he could not hold on much longer now; his head ached with the strain and the cold, the pain would soon be unendurable; then his fingers began to stiffen, they were losing the capacity of their grasp. But the shore seemed nearer, the little sandy cove that had been his favorite playground when he was a boy. The river had always been his friend, he had dabbled his feet in its glimmering shallows when he was a baby; he had run away from school to spend happy afternoons floating on its surface; he had learned to swim across it, and he had taught himself to swim under it—this was a feat that not many of his companions could claim; and now it was clasping him in a death-

like grip he could not combat. But the shore was coming closer—it seemed to move out to meet him and his senseless burden. He heard a shout of cheer and then he passed beyond all conscious effort. Life was a matter of no consequence, his hold on the boat was merely mechanical, his mind had lost all its directing force. He was gliding into oblivion where there was no cold, no pain, no thought, only the sound of rushing water and then the wonder of eternity. Had he reached some port in a spiritual world? He was vaguely aware of safety, of rest, but he saw nothing, heard nothing—just a sensation, too indefinable to analyze, of peace, of rest. Perfectly indifferent to death or life, he was drifting through a strange dimness where nothing mattered—there was nothing to see, nothing to feel. Why, dying was a pleasant experience after all. Had the body resigned the spirit or was he coming back? Was this faint murmuring in his ears rising again to the roaring of the river? Was life reclaiming him just when he did not care? Would not his soul protest at any rude withdrawal from her world of mastery? If this sense of rest was death, how foolish to rouse oneself from such repose?

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#### CHAPTER XVIII.

When Walcott's real awakening came, it seemed too commonplace to admit of any tragedy having gone before. He was lying on the four-poster in Anne's comfortable guest-room; through the half-open door of the cupboard he could see the few clothes he had brought with him hanging on their wooden racks, his toilet articles were set in a neat row on the dresser, and his motley array of boots and shoes was nowhere visible. Evidently the mulatto boy, with his persistent desire for service, had been at work between bed-time and breakfast. For it must be breakfast time—the sun was shining through the parted curtains reaching out as far as the brass handles of the claw-legged table, dazzling him with their brightness. Had the housemaid burnished them over night? He moved uneasily beneath the heavy woolen blankets. Something had happened, his whole body felt sore and strained. Had he only been dreaming between dark and daylight? What had he dreamed? Then he became conscious that someone was sitting in the high-backed rocker in front of the open fire, beating on the fender with a pair of inflated bellows. No doubt this was the noise that had first awakened him. Who was the other occupant of the room? It was strange that the person should not reveal himself. There was no sign of a head above the back of the rocker, and yet the chair continued swaying rhythmically to every crash of the bellows on the brass.

"Bobby!" exclaimed Walcott, pleased that his clouded memory should solve the problem so promptly. "Bobby, what are you doing here?"

The bellows paused in mid-air, then dropped to the floor, and Bobby scrambled to the bedside.

"You ain't dead then?" he inquired joyfully. "Dad brought me up to see you; he said I might do you good. He brought me from Miss Polly's to show me you weren't dead."

"No, not yet," answered Walcott, struggling to shake off this strange drowsiness.

"I was playing that you were," said Bobby cheerfully. "I was playing I was a drummer boy and you were dead. Don't they play music at funerals?"

"Yes."

"And there is a funeral?"

"Where?"

"Downstairs."

Walcott covered his face with his hands as if a sudden light had blinded him.

"*Ted?*" he said hoarsely, "Ted."

"He was a man," continued Bobby, pleased to be the bearer of such exciting intelligence.

"He was drowned *dead*, in the river. Why did you pull him in, Wally, when he was dead?"

Walcott had drawn the linen sheet over his face and Bobby went on, encouraged by the silence: "You were dead too when they brought you here."

"And how did I get here, Bobby?"

"They brought you in the hack."

"Who brought me?"

"Dad."

"But how did he know?"

"The old hackman told him; he beat his horses up the hill, and he found Dad and Dad told everybody, and then they all ran and found you."

"Where?"

"Lying on the ground all sopping wet—the boat floated to shore. Everybody drowned and dead. Polly cried when she heard it and I cried too."

"You cried, Bobby?"

He held out his hand and the child clambered up on the bed and snuggled beneath the blankets. He laid his chubby cheek against Walcott's scarred one.

"Why, you are crying too, Wally; I didn't know you could cry."



There was no answer; for a time they lay in silence clasped in each other's arms. It comforted Walcott to have the child there, his soft pulsating body close to his. It was life—life to cling to in a world suddenly made desolate.

"It's—it's too hot," said Bobby, wriggling from beneath the covers. "Get up, Wally, get up. Dad told me not to stay."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Miss Polly's."

"Is your father waiting?"

"Yes; will you come?"

"Not now."

"Are you going to sleep?"

"No."

"Are you sick?"

"No."

"Then why do you stay in bed?"

"I won't if you go away and leave me. I'll put on my clothes and go downstairs."

Bobby went without further argument. For the first time in his short experience he was not averse to leaving his friend. There was something incomprehensible about Walcott's manner, and those low, dry, convulsive sobs had frightened the child.

Once relieved of the small boy's presence Walcott tried to get up, wondering at his own weakness—he had to lean against the bed-post for support. He dressed himself with difficulty, his hands trembled. Memory was forcing the tragedy back upon him with the cruelty of the minutest detail and then, in strange contrast, came the hallucination that men sometimes harbor in the first bitterness of grief. Nothing had happened. Why, nothing had happened. He looked out into the garden with its well-remembered, box-bordered paths, the river glittered tranquilly in the distance. Nothing had changed since yesterday. Tragedy had no place in these calm surroundings. Nothing had happened—he had been dreaming evil dreams. Then reality returned with relentless force. *Ted was dead*—his body stiffened, useless, motionless, lay somewhere in this big rambling, old house. He must go and find it.

As he started down the stairs the slender mahogany balustrade creaked complainingly with the weight he was obliged to put upon it. His head ached and he was faint and dizzy, but he felt that he must go on to convince himself that Ted had passed beyond his care—beyond the need of his revelations. The library door was partly closed but he went towards it, guided by the nauseating fragrance of many flowers, the room was darkened, but tall candles in silver sconces had been placed at the head of a long coffin where Ted lay.

looking like a slender boy fast asleep. And as Walcott stood gazing down upon him, suffering that self-scourging of remorse, Anne came to the low French window and beckoned him out. She had held such a large part in his life that it seemed natural that she should share this climax, and because he had always obeyed her bidding he went to her now, the mechanism of accustomed habit superseding all reasoning. She was standing resting her head against one of the white-fluted pillars that supported the roof of the porch; her eyes were fixed upon the river. As he came towards her he noted her absolute stillness, and he was dully aware of the charm of such placidity.

"You wanted me?"

She turned at last and faced him, her eyes held a piercing light, her voice faltered a little.

"You must help me," she said, and she came close to him, and putting her two hands on his arms she looked up straight into his face. "You must help me to convince these people that it was an accident."

He winced at the words. It seemed to belittle all her feeling for the tragedy—this prompt consideration of public opinion.

"Then you know?"

"Yes, yes, of course—he told me that he would," she replied.

"Told you?"

"Yes, last night—I did not believe him."

"And why?"

"I—I—could not care for him. I had told him so, so often."

"No, I suppose not," he said grimly. "Men's hearts have been your plaything since the beginning."

"You mean since you went away," she answered listlessly, and her lovely head drooped like a tired child's.

"Then you knew that too?" he said again.

"Yes, yes, I have known you since the beginning."

The statement did not seem startling to him now. He accepted it without question. Ted, lying so inert in the room beyond, had altered all standards for him. Only the realities, stripped of all convention and concealment, seemed to matter. What were honor, disgrace, power or failure in that supernatural world into which Ted had so blindly passed? And yet here was Anne pleading with him to deny the manner of Ted's death.

"It was not an accident," he said firmly. "I cannot say it was."

"But you need make no explanations—the upturned boat seems to prove everything."

"Everything?"

"I cannot take the blame, the whole blame," she cried a little wildly. "Ted was indifferent to life. I could not care for him."

"The blame is mine," he said penitently, "I should not have

left him without a guardian or home. The blame is mine and yours, Anne—our souls will have to share it.”

“Share only that?”

He looked at her in bewilderment now. He could not grasp her meaning.

“Are you not satisfied,” he said, “unless you are making fools of men?”

“Why did I ask you here?”

“I do not know.”

“And I know that you have passed beyond me. I have felt it all the time. You are not the same. Perhaps that is the reason I asked you here—because I wanted to make sure.”

“Sure?”

“Sure of your indifference. Sure of myself. It really isn’t so enigmatical after all. I belong to a type of woman, just a type who seeks happiness always, and never finds it. The world is not satisfying. What then?”

“There is eternity,” he said with a solemnity that he never would have used in the old days.

She shuddered in the cold. “But I am afraid,” she answered. “Religion has never been a part of my life. I was not taught. I do not know.”

“And the supernatural surrounds us everywhere,” he answered. “There must be some knowledge that makes it more real—I feel that I must find it.”

Her eyes had turned again to the river, her lips quivered faintly.

“I cannot follow,” she said. “You have gone from me further than I thought.”

He stared at her fixedly, unconvinced of her meaning. Was it possible that she had cared for him all these years? For a moment he leaned towards her, compelled by her beauty; then came the sane realization that he did not care. He had caught sight of Ted’s ashen face through the window, and it transposed facts for him. Anne’s power over his life was forever ended. Now that she was willing to give all, he had nothing to offer in return. The hand with which he was about to grasp hers fell to his side.

“I have tried to live as two different men,” he said. “Two lives—I should not have attempted it. Ted has paid the penalty.”

“And I?”

But he did not hear her. - He had passed through the glass doors of the casement, and he stood looking down again upon Ted as if he would question him—that world-old impulse to wrest the first supernatural experiences from the dead.

[THE END.]

## THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A.

[The following story is founded on fact and contains in substance an accurate account of one of the most surprising conversions to Catholicism in Irish history. The names, dates, etc., have been changed in order that personal history may not be inquired into too carefully.]



THE following episode from Father O'Connell's notebook is, I think, worthy of publication. I should have given it to the world long ago, but I was doubtful of much of its historical accuracy, and I wished to see how it would read rewritten, with the historical details woven in completely, true to the Ireland of James I. and the events connected with that age. I have, however, resolved to leave it exactly as he wrote it, because I have been convinced that the details of history do not in this case affect the experience related, and because had I changed it, as I attempted, the narrative would have been robbed of its directness.

The story belongs to the most recent in the manuscript, as is proved by the frequent erasures and corrections. My old friend seems to have recorded it at a very late period in his life, and I am inclined to believe that it belongs to that time when conversions to the Church became matters of every-day occurrence in England. On the other hand, I believe that he recorded it because of the fact that it is the story of an Irish conversion—an event, as yet, rare among Irish Protestants who have never been open to Catholic influence. The event then was one of singular interest to Father O'Connell. His apostolic zeal led him during his work in England into close contact with inquirers and converts; but what he longed for most in that big Irish heart of his was to see the barriers of prejudice broken down in his own dear land, and for Irish Protestants to approach Catholicism and examine it in a religious and not a political frame of mind. He saw visions once more of an Ireland, one not merely in national hopes and aspirations, but one in that great Catholic Church, which was to her mother and guide and counselor in the darkest days of her history. I can well imagine then with what joy he wrote down this story, because it brought to his heart the truth of what he

often said, "No one can read the history of Ireland and remain a Protestant, if he really wishes to be a Christian." His lifelong theme was, "Give us a real Irish history and I will give you souls to God." I copy his words with reverence and hope—reverence, because the aspirations of such devotion as his are sacred as the relics of the martyrs, and hope, in that those who stand doubting outside the City of Peace may at least be moved to turn the pages of Ireland's age-long devotion, "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword."

My annual holiday in the year 18—, took place in July, and I was debating whether to spend it in England among old friends, or in my own country. This summer was intensely warm, one of the driest and hottest in my memory. I decided to go to the little fishing village of B—— on the northwest coast of Ulster. My old friend Mrs. O'Grady—whose marriage I solemnized—would, I knew, welcome me at the *Grattan Hotel*. There I could enjoy the cool refreshing breezes of the broad Atlantic and look across it to lift my heart up to God for the many of my boys and girls who had sought a new and freer home in the great Republic of the West.

Into my bag I placed my new copy of *The State Papers of James I.* just received from the Historical Society. I see in this the hand of God. I was too old to worry about the details of history—other and better heads than mine for that work—but a chance notice of my native parish and several of the village in which I intended to spend my holiday decided me, and round that decision gathers this story.

Those long days linger with me yet. It was a happy time to sit in the sun after breakfast, just as I left the church, and dream my dreams, which is the Scriptural old man's privilege; to watch the fishermen and women and girls and boys toil and pray; to feel that they were outside the big hum of the world's temptations, and were going out into the eternal years with the faith of childlike simplicity, which was theirs by oceans of blood. For the county of X—— had been the centre of many a terrible persecution, and the village itself had ran blood under Elizabeth and Cromwell.

One day my isolation was lifted by the arrival of a Protestant clergyman. He was the typical product of the Trinity College Divinity School. He looked so nice and polished and clean. Indeed I felt myself examining the stains on my old cassock—

foolish old man. He saluted me in a friendly way as he slipped from the car.

"Fine afternoon, Father. Grand for a holiday."

"Indeed it is, sir," I replied, rising. "You will find B—— the best tonic you can get."

"I hope so, I hope so," he said somewhat intensely, and entered to make terms with the hostess, an event which always takes place as strangers are "summed up" and prices vary.

I went into the little sitting-room for my pipe. There lay my book. Well, I took it with something of pride out to the little veranda. "Ah," I said to myself, "I'll just let this young man see that we priests are up-to-date." Poor, foolish, old man. *Vanitas vanitatum!* I sat listlessly reading and cutting pages when the new arrival came back.

"Reading, Father? I'm about tired of that. What, the *State Papers*? Why, isn't that strange; I thought I'd said good-bye to them for a time."

"You study history then?"

"Study history! Why I think history is going to make me crazy. I've been living among manuscripts and old diaries, and state papers and all that sort of thing for months."

"You are fortunate, sir, for you are living among very real things."

"Too real, I fear," he said thoughtfully as he gazed out with a wistful look across the ocean. "Too, too real. But there, I'll risk a swim even in the sun, and we'll meet again. How long are you staying?"

"Another fortnight," I replied, "and you?"

"Well, I don't know—maybe a day, maybe a week, maybe a month. It's all on the knees of the gods. But I'd like to discuss this history volume with you if I've time."

"As you will," I said, "but I'm old now and hardly up-to-date."

"Not at all. I just want to talk. Let's see, I'll come out here to-night and let go."

He was off with a big towel round his neck in a few minutes.

"Now," thought I, "I'm in for it. A Trinity history man. Why did I bring this old book? I must be careful. Let's see—James I.—Elizabeth—James I.—bad times."

I closed the volume and lay back in my chair with eyes closed. I let my mind gather up, as far as I could, the tangled history of

the period. I formulated as well as possible all the facts. I tried to recall my different papers at the Historical Society. Luckily my curate and I had often argued over the tragic events. He was up in all the facts, and with a judicious use of the old methods of the schools, he supplied me with a mass of information without knowing it. Youth has much to learn—but he's a good fellow. If I judged my new friend rightly he would indeed "let go," and I'd listen in order to measure my man.

I liked him. His frankness, his cordiality, the wistful note of sadness and intensity in his voice; his cultured eagerness all appealed to me. Alas! poor Trinity. She's been an alien among us for four centuries, outside our life, outside our hopes, hostile to our Faith. I thought of my new friend as reared in those ancient halls and as filled with all their narrowness and bitterness. I thought of him deep in historical learning, yet justifying every move in Irish history. When shall Ireland's sons sit at the feet of a real university, redolent with her spirit and inspired by justice and truth?

That night we had it with a vengeance. He "let go," and told me who and what he was, and why he was working at history. I soon learned that my book had been providential. I could not set down all he said, nor can I give any idea of his earnestness and sincerity. I found that he was the Chaplain to Lord J——, a prominent Orangeman, who owned almost the whole county of X——, including the village. In addition to his clerical work, he acted as librarian at J—— Castle, where Lord J—— lived. His patron had asked him to write the history of the family, and his work had brought him into touch with the tragedy of Tyrconnel and Tyrone—"the flight of the earls," one of the saddest episodes in Irish history. Brought up in the narrowest school of Anglican theology, his research had unfolded to him the high-handed robbery which had gone on in Ireland, where his patron now held the land of the exiled earls, and had opened up to him vistas of Catholic endurance of which he knew little. It gradually dawned on him that there was something in this decried religion, and for him that something was vividly illustrated by the exile of Tyrconnel and Tyrone who, he declared *ex animo*, had been driven from their land for the profession of the Catholic Faith.

I tried in my most judicial way, and indeed with studied intention, to curb his enthusiasm. I pointed out other points of view—political, social, utilitarian—but he seemed convinced that the

deep underlying cause of their misfortunes was that they were Catholics. Of course, I firmly believed this; but I thought the course of wisdom lay in my attitude, as I have found it always rather wise to assume calm and judicial aloofness with any of my countrymen when they are on the verge of any change. We argued the subject from many points of view, but Mr. Wilson—that was his name—always came back to this position, “Had not these men been Catholics I should not now be enjoying my comfortable position with Lord J——.” And then he enlarged upon theological questions. Here I was indeed surprised. I had met many of the Protestant clergy brought up and trained at Oxford who were full of Catholic sympathies and doubtful of their whole position, but never a Trinity man. He lay back in his rocking-chair and smoked, pouring out questions and doubts about his own position, and hinting at the solidity of the Catholic one. I grant I was suspicious. Here was a man, brought up in the narrowest of religious schools, private chaplain to an Orangeman, discussing from a favorable point of view, not merely Irish history, behind whose awful tragedy he boldly placed the Catholic religion, but also Catholic theology and the claims of the Catholic Church. Our argument lasted far into the night. When I retired to my room, my suspicions still lingered, but at the *Memento of the Living* next morning at Mass I found myself unconsciously almost including his name, and I added to it, after a pause, those of the exiled earls.

After breakfast he appeared on the veranda. He seemed different from the previous evening. More quiet, more reserved—but nervous and restless.

He told me, almost abruptly, that he was returning at noon to J—— Castle.

“Had you not better stay and enjoy the weather? It will do you good.”

“No,” he replied, “I don’t want enjoyment. I must have change into newer activities. I did not sleep a wink last night.”

“Ah, want of sleep is terrible. A good brisk day over the wild moorland will cure all that.”

“I don’t know, Father; it’s not physical; it’s mental.”

“Well, sir, if I may say it,” I replied, “do what you think best.”

“Yes, I’ll go back at noon. Perhaps I was not wise leaving my work.”

I had arranged to go over to W——, a few miles off, to see



an old college friend, and when I returned I found that Mr. Wilson had departed, leaving a message for me that I should hear from him shortly. I must confess that every day until the end of my holiday, I examined my mail hopefully for a line. When I returned to parish work, however, Mr. Wilson soon faded into a dim memory, and as the months grew to years I forgot all about him.

Some three years later I received the following letter, which I copy here as perhaps the most interesting sequel to a conversation which I ever experienced. Many, of course, will offer explanations, but to me it is, without the shadow of doubt, one more example of that wonderful Providence which guides our steps by paths which we know not. The world would sneer at it. Good people outside the Church would doubt it, but for me it will always remain a distinct proof that we are encompassed by hosts of unseen powers, and that God's mercies are over all His works.

M——— ABBEY,

BELGIUM, July 18, 18—.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

I have been meaning to write to you for some years, but I have been through such a time of storm and stress that I determined not to do so until I was in a normal state of mind.

When I left B——— and your pleasant company, I returned home and settled down to work, worrying out the details of family history. During this time, I seemed fairly happy and completed my material down to 18—. I was looking forward to writing my book, and I carried it out with somewhat of interest down to the days of Tyrconnel of Tyrone. When I came to this point, I found myself unable to fit in the history with Lord J———'s opinions, and worries crowded upon me. The old doubts grew up again, and finally my heart broke down completely. Lord J——— suggested a trip to the Continent with his son, and this was finally arranged. I have never been on the Continent before, and you may imagine my various experiences and joy. What impressed me was the marvel of the Catholic religion; its unifying power; its mystery; its "go-on-ness," if I may use the word, in spite of all opposition. In short, I resolved to bring my young charge to Rome, and thus myself come into touch with the centre of Catholicism. It would be tedious to tell you how I felt—from wavering and doubt, there slowly grew on me the conviction that I must become a Catholic. I had gradually accepted the Church's claims, and during my stay in Rome I grasped the wonderful

doctrine of the Real Presence. I still wavered in the final step, but my wavering had an abrupt conclusion. One day, when my charge was away with some English friends, I was out walking, and going over again and again the momentous questions. I entered a little church, and knelt down just in the centre aisle before the Tabernacle. After I had prayed with all the sincerity I could command, and thrown myself entirely on the mercy of God, there came to me a moment of decision, accompanied by vague memories of our old conversation. I want you to know of this. These memories were not vivid, not pronounced, not clear; but as I made up my mind amid the calm which was gradually falling over me, I was conscious of old echoes from our talk, and of dim, incoherent flashes of my old historical work. As I rose from my knees, I noticed that I had been kneeling on two slab tombstones and my antiquarian sense moved me to stoop down to see on whose graves I had decided to become a Catholic. Reverend Father, I fell back thunderstruck when I read the large letters, in the dim light that fell across the tabernacle from the Eastern window: "TYRCONNELL;" "TYRONE."

Need I say more; I have no doubt why I had come to the little church; why I had spoken to you. The exiled earls had been praying for me and helping me beyond the grave. I was duly received into the Church and am now a Benedictine novice. I know this letter will interest you. I have determined on the very threshold of my new life to cultivate a great devotion to the Holy Dead. I know little as yet of their power and my duty to them, but of this I am convinced—Tyrconnel and Tyrone brought me to the Faith.

I trust you are in good health. You may hear adumbrations of my conversion. Lord J—— is wild, etc., etc., and full of explanations, but you will know the *real* influences behind it, and I feel that I shall have your prayers for my perseverance.

With many apologies for this long letter, believe me, Reverend Father,

Yours ever gratefully in Christ,

JOHN WILSON.

This letter brought me joy inexpressible. At once, to the amazement of Mrs. O'Grady, I returned to B——. On the following morning, in the land of the earls, I offered Mass for that new soul carried into the fold of God through their prayers.

## New Books.

### THE SINGLE TAX MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Arthur Nichols Young, Ph.D. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50 net.

The extensive activity of the single tax advocates in several of our States during the last few years, has made a competent history of the movement timely and welcome. As the author of the present work observes in the preface, substantially all the literature hitherto devoted to the subject has been controversial. However, the long wait for a history has been amply rewarded by the comprehensive and critical survey from the pen of Professor Young. So patiently, thoroughly, and dispassionately has he performed his task that his book will probably not be superseded for a long time in the future. The number and variety of books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers and other sources of information that he has examined and evaluated, are at once a convincing proof of his historical ability, and an assurance that the work will not have to be gone over a second time. The book not only aims to be, but is "a complete historical account of the single tax movement in the United States, together with a discussion of the tactics of the single taxers, their programme, the present status of the movement, and its influence upon economic thought and upon fiscal and social reform."

The main events treated in Professor Young's volume are: the anticipations of the single tax doctrine by writers before Henry George; the appearance and influence of *Progress and Poverty* and other works by the same author; George's activity in politics and on the platform; the efforts of his followers to get their theories embodied in legislation; and the influence of the single tax doctrine upon economic and popular thought.

Some of the essentials of the doctrine were advocated as early as the middle of the seventeenth century by Spinoza; in the eighteenth century, by the Physiocrats of France and by several prominent English writers; and in the first half of the nineteenth century by the Socialists, Marx and Engels; by certain English economists, and by a few land reformers in Germany. Nevertheless, Henry George worked out for himself his theories of land ownership

and land taxation, and owed practically nothing to any of the earlier writers on the subject. As his statement of the single tax philosophy and proposals was incomparably stronger, more systematic and more comprehensive than any of those made before his time, so his influence has been immeasurably greater than that of his so-called forerunners. No other book on an economic subject has had anything like the number of readers enjoyed by *Progress and Poverty*. In the year 1905 more than two million copies of it had been sold, while other books and pamphlets from George's pen had been circulated to the extent of three million copies. In addition to his work of writing, Mr. George was a tireless lecturer and stump speaker, thus bringing his message to the ears of hundreds of thousands of persons in America and Europe.

Obviously the agrarian and fiscal changes contemplated by the single tax, can be accomplished only through legislation. And, yet, thirty-seven years after the appearance of *Progress and Poverty*, we find that next to nothing has been achieved in this direction. The most comprehensive attempt was that made in Oregon at several elections between 1908 and 1914. The circumstances seemed to be peculiarly favorable; for the evils of land speculation were greater and more visible in Oregon than in most States; the population of the State had long shown itself favorable to new and radical ideas; the single tax proposals were set forth by a strong array of speakers and writers, supported by generous appropriations from the Fels Fund, and they received an amount of attention and discussion that have been given to very few political measures in this country. Nevertheless, the percentage of votes in favor of the single tax proposals was slightly less in 1914 than in 1908. In 1908 it was thirty-four and five-tenths per cent, and in 1914, thirty-two and five-tenths per cent. The other States in which single tax measures were submitted to popular vote show no better record of achievement. At present the only places in the United States where the single tax principle has any legal foothold are Pittsburgh and Scranton. By 1925 both these cities will—if the law in question is not repealed in the meantime—have reduced the tax rate on buildings to fifty per cent of that on land. The total number of persons voting in favor of any part of the single tax principle in six States has been only four hundred and fifty thousand, while the whole number of thoroughgoing and convinced single taxers has been estimated by one of their

prominent leaders at between twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand.

However, the foregoing statement does not tell the full story of the influence of the single tax movement. To a greater extent than any other radical economic theory, the single tax doctrine has drawn its converts from the middle class, and from among the more intelligent members of the middle class. Therefore, the strength of the movement is considerably greater than might be inferred from a mere count of heads. Single taxers have exercised a considerable influence in the movement for tax reforms, especially for the abolition of the general property tax and of indirect taxes. Tens of thousands of persons who do not accept the single tax philosophy are in favor of shifting a part or all of the taxes on improvements to land, and their ranks are rapidly and constantly swelling. Without the single tax agitation, such persons would be relatively insignificant in numbers and influence. Again, the single tax propaganda has been responsible for a great increase of popular interest in economic subjects during the last thirty years, and has stimulated considerably the tendency to make economic treatises more simple in language and more readable. It has also provoked a more critical examination of traditional economic doctrines by the economists themselves. Finally, the single tax movement has done much to arouse public interest in the problem of poverty, and to compel the public to look upon the social question as essentially a question of justice.

Among the reasons why the single tax doctrines have not obtained a greater number of adherents, Professor Young rightly gives prominence to the fact that single taxers regard the private receipt of rent as morally wrong, and would deny compensation to private owners for the losses that they would suffer through State appropriation of rent by taxation. The moral sense of the community will not accept this revolting doctrine for a long time to come—if ever.

Of special interest to Catholics are the pages in which the author recounts Dr. McGlynn's part in the single tax agitation. On the whole, his brief account is fair and accurate, but it contains a few unfortunate slips. St. Stephen's Church is not situated on "Fifth Avenue." The Catholic Church is not correctly designated as the "Roman Church." Dr. McGlynn's bishop was not the "Roman hierarchy." The "political power of the Roman Church" was not brought into the controversy at any time. No such power exists.

**A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO.** By Edith O'Shaughnessy (Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy). New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

In publishing these letters, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy might have announced them as a challenge to those who dislike and mistrust Mexico, or who are indifferent to her fate. Her story is so effective that the reader has covered scarce fifty pages before his heart has been won to Mexico. The author's love of the country, her long, personal experience with its problems, her charming and even poetic power of presentation explain the persuasiveness of her volume. Her description of the crafty, old Indian dictator, Huerta, seems to make blacker the crime of the Washington administration, for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy asserts that he was not the immediate cause of the death of Madero, and on that supposition the conduct of the Washington administration was based.

The style of the letters is readable, easy and informal. They were written in diary form to the author's mother. Her artistic appreciations of the natural beauties of Mexico make almost false her statement that some of them are indescribable. The letters speak at length of Mr. John Lind and the pitiable failure of his mission. At his door is laid a great part of the responsibility for the smiling encouragement given by our country to the rebel successes of Carranza and Villa, and the latter is seen broadly grinning and at a loss to understand his own popularity in Washington.

But the full tragedy of the Mexican situation is best seen when the American Chargé acquaints Huerta with the news that the United States has lifted the embargo on consignments of arms and ammunitions to the rebels. O'Shaughnessy foresaw that this was the deathblow of Huerta's *régime*. He knew, and knew it from first-hand knowledge, that Huerta's strong arm alone could save Mexico, and that the moral support for this action must come from the great Power to the North. That support was withheld. These letters show how long and how well O'Shaughnessy labored that justice might reign between our country and Mexico, and they are a plea to us, inclined to be so little considerate and so unobserving, not to shut out from our hearts a love of our less strong neighbor.

The book furnishes much evidence to prove unwarranted the provincial impression that there is no substantial, educated, peace-loving class among native Mexicans. The Embassy social lists include the names of many families well established, cultured and

discriminating, whose members would be fit and ready to bear any national responsibility. One last word about popular education in Mexico. "Curiously enough," writes the author, "it is the custom to assert that the Church kept the Indians in their state of ignorance; but education, after the Laws of Reform in 1857, was taken out of the hands of the priests and given into those of the lay authorities. That was nearly sixty years ago—three Indian generations. Who runs may read, literally, in this case."

#### POEMS OF THE IRISH REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD.

Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents.

The spirit that prompted the late Irish rebellion breathes in every line of these sweet, delicate verses of Thomas MacDonagh, Padraic Pearse, Joseph Mary Plunkett and Sir Roger Casement. They were all enthusiasts, idealists and poets, giving their lives freely for a beautiful dream—the freedom of Ireland from centuries of oppression. Even apart from the sadness of their tragic death, their literary gifts will ever be recognized and remembered by the discerning critic.

They were not afraid of death, but hailed it as a friend. MacDonagh in his *Star of Death* sings:

O Star of Death! O sign that still hast shone  
Out beyond the dark of the air!  
Thou stand'st unseen by yearning eyes  
Of mourners tired with their vain prayer  
For the little life that dies,  
Whether holding that it dies  
That all life may still live on  
In its death as in its birth,  
Or believing things of earth  
Destined ever to arise  
To a new life in the skies.

Pearse's translation from the Irish, *To Death*, might well be his epitaph:

I have not gathered gold;  
The fame that I won perished;  
In love I found but sorrow,  
That withered my life.  
Of wealth or of glory  
I shall leave nothing behind me  
(I think it, O God, enough.)  
But my name in the heart of a child.

Plunkett, who belonged to a Catholic branch of a family whose name has been in Irish history for some six hundred years—the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was one of its martyrs—was perhaps the best singer of the group. He was a pupil of MacDonagh's, and shared from the beginning his master's great enthusiasm for the Irish cause, and his love of literature. We may be pardoned for giving one of his poems in full:

I see His blood upon the rose  
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,  
His body gleams amid eternal snows,  
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;  
The thunder and the singing of the birds  
Are but His voice—and carven by His power  
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,  
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,  
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,  
His cross is every tree.

**IDYLS AND SKETCHES.** By Sister M. Blanche. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00 net.

In these bright, clever essays, Sister Blanche treats of themes as diverse as birds, flowers, the art of conversation, character, naturalness, the poetry of Thompson, Tabb and Longfellow, and the charm of letter writing. Fortunate the girls who wander through the woods with her as a companion, and happy the pupils who learn the lessons of truth, honor, kindness, simplicity and charity.

**THE HAPPINESS OF DUTY.** By the Rt. Rev. Charles Gay, Bishop of Anthedon. Edited by Rev. J. M. Lelen. Fort Thomas, Ken.: The Christian Year Publishing Co.

Monsignor d'Hulst, Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, called Bishop Gay "the greatest director of souls in the nineteenth century." This little treatise on obedience is proof positive that such an estimate was not mere fulsome praise. It discusses the principles, graces, advantages and duties of obedience in the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop Gay's chief master in the spiritual life. It is to be regretted that the translation is in parts quite rough.



**THE NIGHT COMETH.** By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by G. Frederic Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

This is an excellent translation of Paul Bourget's latest novel, *Le Sens de la Mort*. The book is a psychological study in the writer's best vein, and brings out in vivid contrast the attitude of unbelieving science and that of Christian faith in the face of death. Dr. Marsal sets forth the author's thesis in the final chapter, when he says: "Death has no significance if it is merely an end; it has significance if it is a sacrifice."

The gallant sergeant, Delanoë, dies without the slightest fear, while fighting for France, because he knows that a Christian soldier is merely doing his duty in God's sight. The hero of the story, the manly and devout Lieutenant Le Gallic, dies in a Paris hospital, offering up his young life for France and the conversion of his agnostic cousin. His cousin's husband, Dr. Ortègue, a prey to a mortal disease, cannot, as an unbeliever, grasp the true significance of either suffering or death. The dread of pain makes him rebel, and finally commit suicide. In his utter selfishness, he had persuaded his wife to enter into a suicide pact with him, but the prayers of the young Lieutenant convince her of the sinfulness of her promise. Reason is responsible for the stoical but barren distress of Dr. Ortègue's death; grace is the inspiration of the peaceful, moral fullness of the Catholic soldier's death. The last words of the novel, addressed to the man of the twentieth century, might indeed fittingly close a spiritual treatise: "With what pain the poor, tormented souls of to-day seem to seek for the truth, which is there, quite simple, within their reach. Yet is not this very pain in the search after truth a prayer? When we feel the need of God, it is because He is quite close to us."

**COMPARATIVE RELIGION: ITS ADJUNCTS AND ALLIES.**

By L. H. Jordan. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.00.

In his preface, Dr. Jordan tells us that "the contents of the present volume are a sort of *apparatus criticus* for determining the true nature and limits of Comparative Religion." He draws attention to about five hundred volumes on Anthropology, Ethnology, Archæology, Mythology, Sociology and the History of Religions, one-third of which he reviews or epitomizes. Besides, he gives a fairly complete list of source books, such as the transactions of congresses and learned societies, encyclopedias and periodicals.

While the author is continually finding fault with Christian, and especially Catholic, apologists for their blindness, dishonesty and bias in discussing the history of religions, his whole book is filled with rationalistic *a priori* assumptions. He denies the possibility of ever attaining to ultimate truth; the uniqueness or transcendence of Christianity, and the possibility of any revelation in the true sense of the term. He does maintain the natural evolution of all religions.

Catholics have no fault to find with the comparative method, if it be rightly used. The Catholic Church has only praise for those scholars who will ascertain all the facts concerning the religions of the world, compare and contrast them, and then deduce the general laws which govern them. But she has no patience with those unbelievers who to-day put forth their erroneous subjective theorizing as scientific facts. If their endeavors to rediscover the first and fundamental expression of the religious sense were really scientific and objective, we would find some agreement in their results. But the contrary is the fact. Fraser in his *Golden Bough* asserts that magic invariably precedes religion; Reinach in his *Cults, Myths and Religions* makes Totemism the primitive religion; Durkheim in his *Les Formes Élémentaires de la Vie Religieuse* declares the social instinct alone dominant; Pratt in his *Psychology of the Religious Life* tells us that feeling is the basis of all religious belief; Drews of the mythological school goes to the absurd extreme of denying that Jesus Christ ever lived; Deissmann in his *Licht vom Osten* uses philology to prove that Christianity borrowed its ideas from earlier religions.

It is rather amusing to read the author's comments on the Catholic books he reviews. The Abbé Bricout is not impartial, because he devotes fully one-third of his work, *Où en est L'Histoire des Religions?* to the discussion of Christianity; Father Martindale is called unscientific, because he holds that "the transcendent beauty of Catholicism will but shine out the better as the result of comparing it with other faiths;" the Abbé Valensin of Lyons commits the unpardonable sin of having his book, *Jésus Christ et L'Étude Comparée des Religions*, receive an official imprimatur; the works of Father Wieger, *Bouddhisme Chinois* and *Le Canon Taïste*, are not the work of a mature scholar, because they evidence "an absence of poise and a lack of accurate balancing of one's diction."

Altogether the work of Dr. Jordan is useful merely from the

standpoint of its special bibliography. It is of no value to the critical scholar, for it is too fulsome in praise of the most contradictory theories; too prejudiced against everything Christian; too replete with repetitions of every sort; too dogmatic in its attempt to define the scope of Comparative Religion.

**FRANCISCI DE VICTORIA DE JURE BELLI RELECTIO.**

By Herbert F. Wright. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author. 65 cents net.

This brochure is a dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Letters of the Catholic University of America for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It consists of a critical introduction to, and an analysis of, the text of Victoria's *De Jure Belli*. The writer gives a brief sketch of the Spanish theologian's life and writings, the importance of his treatise *De Jure Belli*, and a brief history of the text. Scholars would have been more pleased had the writer given them the amended text, so that they could judge for themselves the worth of his labors.

**MEAGHER OF THE SWORD.** Edited by Arthur Griffith. St.

Louis: B. Herder. \$1.10 net.

This volume contains a score of the speeches delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher in Ireland from 1846 to 1848. He was one of the most picturesque and gallant figures of the Young Ireland Movement, and yielded to none in love for his native land, and willingness to suffer in her cause. With O'Brien, M'Manus and O'Donoghue he was condemned to death for high treason after the revolt at Ballinacorney, but the publication of a letter in the possession of General Sir Charles Napier made the English Government change the sentences to transportation for life. This famous letter, dated June 25, 1832, nominated Sir Charles Napier to take command of the Birmingham section of an English insurrection planned by the English Liberals in that year. Its publication made it impossible for Lord John Russell and his colleagues to carry out the death sentence upon the Irish patriots. Meagher escaped from prison and went to America, where he raised the celebrated Irish Brigade of the Civil War.

There are additional chapters from Meagher's pen on the rebellion of 1848, the penal voyage to Tasmania, and recollections of Waterford.

**O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.** By Rosa Mulholland. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

This story of eighteenth-century penal days in Ireland appeared in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* from October, 1914, to April, 1915. It pictures the sturdy loyalty of the old Irish families to the Faith; Erin's hatred of the priest-hunter and the informer; the injustice of the cruelty of the English penal laws, and the devotedness of the Catholic priest even unto death. The chief interest of the story centres in the love of Brona O'Loughlin for the Protestant, Hugh Ingoldesby. The hero is won to the true Faith by reading St. John of the Cross, and by the fidelity of the proscribed O'Loughlins. The story is written with the writer's well-known distinction of style, and all its characters ring true.

**THE SACRAMENTS.** A Dogmatic Treatise. By Monsignor Joseph Pohle, D.D. Authorized English Version by Arthur Preuss. Volume II. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.75 net.

The ninth volume of the Pohle-Preuss Series of Dogmatic Textbooks treats of the Holy Eucharist. Part I. discusses the Real Presence; Part II. the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrament; and Part III. the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrifice. We have only words of praise for these manuals of theology, which are thorough, scholarly, and abreast of the times in meeting modern difficulties. They afford the educated layman an opportunity of reading treatises that are usually confined to the pages of a Latin textbook, and they are helpful to the young priest who wishes to review his seminary studies.

**THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.** By Conde B. Pallen. New York: The America Press. 60 cents net.

In these letters Mr. Pallen makes a strong plea for the Catholic school to a Catholic father, who had charged it with being backward and mediæval. He sets forth clearly the true Catholic ideal in education, condemns the skepticism that underlies the educational secularism of our day, points out the evils inherent in the elective system, and ascribes the attendance of Catholic boys at Non-Catholic colleges and universities to the weakness or unthinking ambition of their parents. He says: "When a Catholic, under the impulse of the *Zeitgeist*, disparages Catholic education, he commits a crime. He is disloyal, where he should be faithful; he is ignorant, where he should have knowledge."

**THE CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.** By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. With Illustrations by Herbert Railton and others. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75 net.

This is a new and revised edition of Ditchfield's well-known guide book to the cathedrals of Great Britain, which first appeared in 1902. The author gives an architectural description of all the cathedrals of England, Wales and Scotland, with a brief history of each see. The vandalism of the Reformers and the Puritans is brought out on every page, although the writer does not see the inconsistency of the present-day Anglican's claim to the churches of his Catholic forefathers. It is also rather amusing to read that the foundation stone of Truro Cathedral was laid May 20, 1880, by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cornwall with full Masonic, as well as ecclesiastical, ceremonies. We would have wished that the new edition omitted such out-of-date historical calumnies as the Boxley Rood fable, but the writer of a guide book is not always a critical scholar.

**MASTER, WHERE DWELLEST THOU?** By Marie St. S. Ellerker. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents net.

We know of no book in English that explains the Mass for children so well as this delightful little volume. The writer describes the Jewish temple, the Cenacle, the catacombs, the early Christian churches, the altar, the tabernacle, the cross, the vestments, the sacred vessel, the candles, and all else that may be connected with the ritual of the Mass. Every chapter ends with some appropriate texts of Scripture and a short story that brings out the love of the saints for the Holy Sacrifice.

**MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.** By Bishop Challoner. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00 net.

Benziger Brothers have just published a new edition of Bishop Challoner's Meditations in a small, compact volume. There is no need to recommend this book to our readers, for it has been the *Vade Mecum* of Catholics in England many a generation. "Mental prayer," the Bishop writes, "is very easy, even to the meanest capacities; it requires nothing but a good will, a sincere desire of conversing with God, by thinking of Him and loving Him." The subjects of meditation are so arranged as to take in the whole body of Christian doctrine, the mysteries and solemnities celebrated by the Church throughout the year, and the practical lessons of the Gospel.

**THE CHIEF CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS.** By Louis Boucard.

Translated by W. H. Mitchell. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This excellent treatise gives a brief account of the devotions to the Blessed Trinity, the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, the Cross, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Holy Souls, and the Angels and the Saints. It draws a clear-cut distinction between the devout souls and "the sham devotee, who superstitiously binds herself to useless practices, while she neglects the essentials of the spiritual life." Devotion, as St. Francis de Sales says, "is a kind of spiritual nimbleness and liveliness, whereby charity performs its works in us, or we do them for its sake, with alacrity and love."

**AT THE FEET OF THE KING OF MARTYRS.** By a Nun of

Tyburn Convent. With a Preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents.

These devout meditations are drawn from the prayers and writings of the English martyrs, "who learned at Douai how to die, and at Tyburn how to live." No one can read these pages without being touched by the marvelous faith that made these heroes thank God for their death sentences, and sing canticles of praise on their way to execution. "I come, sweet Jesus, I come," said the Ven. Peter Wright, S.J., when the officers summoned him to death; the Ven. John Wall, O.F.M., "found his prison more pleasant than all the liberties the world could afford;" the last words of Ven. Edward Morgan were: "I offer up my blood for the good of my country;" Blessed John Fisher writes his sister Elizabeth from the Tower: "So desirous were they (the martyrs) of His love that rather than they would forego it, they gave no thought of the loss of all this world beside, and their own life also."

**TRANSACTIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.** Springfield, Ill.: Published by the Illinois State Historical Library.

This volume discusses the early courts of Chicago and Cook County, Black Hawk's home country, the destruction of Kaskaskia by the Mississippi in 1881, the Williamson County Vendetta, the Whig Convention of 1840, the Fox Indians, etc. An appendix contains a full list of all the publications of the society since 1899.

**THE IRISH ORATORS.** By Claude G. Bowers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.

The timeliness which gives this publication an initial advantage is, the publishers have notified reviewers, wholly fortuitous, the work having been delivered to the binder on the day that word reached this country of the uprising in Ireland.

The assurance was superfluous. The book is its own witness that it was not hastily concocted and rushed into print, to catch the benefit of a spasmodic interest: it is a carefully planned and executed effort to set forth "all the essential facts in the history of Ireland from the middle of the eighteenth to the beginning of the present century," through studies of Flood, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Emmet, O'Connell, Meagher, Butt and Parnell. Thus, the author gives us more than a series of biographical sketches of these leaders in Ireland's fight for freedom. He supplies also the sequence of events and the varying conditions culminating in the successive crises to which the genius and heroism of these nine patriots responded. In each instance, of course, the subject speaks for himself, and extensive quotations give a clear idea of the powers that made him a chosen chieftain. It is all well done, though naturally the author's manner gains increased animation as he brings us nearer to our own times. Thomas Francis Meagher's gallant figure is flashed brilliantly before us; but most absorbing of all are the final chapters, which portray very graphically the singular, compelling personality of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Bowers' tone is temperate, and he adheres closely to the limits of the period he has assigned to himself, without the slightest digression into earlier ground by a brief statement of the laws and acts of oppression then rife. It seems unnecessary conservatism, for in the article on O'Connell, at all events, the text might well have been supplemented in this manner.

**ACTION FRONT.** By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

The author of *Between the Lines* has followed an excellent piece of work with another, designed upon the same plan and deserving of the same success. Like its predecessor, *Action Front* is a volume of stories and sketches of the present war, written with the intention that the reader shall be brought to a fuller realization of what prodigies of valor, resourcefulness and endurance go to the making of the results of which he is informed by the brief,

desiccated statements of official reports, an extract from these being used as a sort of text, heading each story. Although the war correspondents have in a measure prepared the way for Mr. Cable, yet the pictures he presents of daily life in the trenches of the Allies are touched on so vividly that all seems new. It bears the stamp of evidence at first hand. We are taken down into that strange, underground existence with its ceaseless vigilance, its perpetual imminence of mutilation and death, yet monotonous, for all its peril, and replete with such hardships and discomforts that a wound brings with it alleviation in the thought of enforced rest and warmth and cleanliness.

Mr. E. F. Benson has lately spoken of humor as "the last of the human salts wholly to evaporate," and *Action Front* confirms this. It is the avowed purpose of the book to show how the lighter side runs through grimmest tragedy, and it stirs the pulses to read of the daring gayety that carries on hairbreadth adventures and risks of unprecedented danger: nor is the determination of each man to give himself wholly to the cause any less impressive because it is often expressed flippantly and slangily. It is pleasant to record also that these virile, genuine pages are nowhere defaced by the coarseness frequently found in stories of soldier life.

Mr. Cable gives to his material a broadly effective treatment that seldom concerns itself with individual characterization. A rather regrettable deviation from this rule is *A Benevolent Neutral*, in which the principal is an American, to whom the English author has given a dialect so preposterous as to destroy conviction, thus detracting from enjoyment of one of the best stories in this very interesting collection.

**LYRICS OF WAR AND PEACE.** By William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.00 net.

The verses contained in this small volume are the graceful expression of thought deeply tinged with poetic feeling and delicate sentiment; but they do not arrest the attention by evidences of originality, nor have they the character generally associated with the term, lyric. Even the poems relating to the war have, with the exception of "Remorse," a tone of sedateness that permeates throughout, producing somewhat of the effect of essays in verse. One feels, more than once, that a more enduring impression would have resulted from the use of a more flexible medium than the form of versification favored almost exclusively by the author, who,



however, demonstrates once again his scholarship and mastery of language, especially in the translations and paraphrases of ancient and modern classics that form part of the content.

**AN UNKNOWN MASTER.** By Joseph A. Murphy. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. \$1.15.

The fourteen stories collected in this volume were originally published in *The Boston Pilot*; and they are reprinted in the present form, the author tells us, at the request of many readers. They evince some of the characteristics of fiction written for a weekly paper, but are decidedly above the average of such, and have sufficient merit to make their republication desirable. There is an unusual variety of subjects, of which none is hackneyed or commonplace, and they display imagination; *Called as Aaron* and *The Lost Gospel* being notable examples. A vigorous Catholic spirit pervades the whole collection, and it is generally some matter of Catholic feeling or teaching that constitutes the pivotal point of a story. The book may be recommended as suitable for general reading and distribution in every parish.

**YONDER?** By Rev. T. Gavan Duffy. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.25.

Every Catholic, young or old, ought to read this charming plea for the foreign missions. To heroic souls it will certainly make an effective appeal and be fruitful in vocations for the stirring life Yonder; in less zealous souls it will inspire generosity, and a quick unloosening of the purse strings; in indifferent souls it will arouse a spirit of zeal and love of God. Father Duffy describes in original and picturesque fashion the missionary's life in the Far East—his trials, his consolations, his needed virtues, his special patrons. We are all aware how low the funds of our foreign missionaries are at present on account of the war in Europe. America must make up the deficit. We commend the missionary's prayer to all our readers: "My God, if the work I am doing for You is Your work, put it into the hearts of others to support it. If not, cut off my work by any means You wish."

**HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES.** Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D. Volume IX. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The bulk of the present volume of Historical Records and Studies is devoted to Dr. Herbermann's sketch of the Sulpicians

in the United States. He records the lives of Bishops Flaget, David, Dubourg, Maréchal, Dubois, and Father Richard of Detroit, the only priest that ever sat in Congress, and gives a brief account of the early days of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Father Howlett contributes a paper on Father Badin of Kentucky, the proto-priest of the United States; Dr. Brann writes of the divorce of Madame Patterson Bonaparte; and Mr. Meehan relates some details of the career of Father Raffener, the pioneer missionary pastor among the German Catholics of New York, Brooklyn and Boston in the thirties. Some interesting letters conclude the volume—Bishop Fenwick's on the destruction of the Ursuline Convent of Boston, August 11, 1834; Archbishop Henni's on conditions in Milwaukee in 1851, and the Jesuit Father Ratkay's on the state of New Mexico in 1861.

**CHINA.** *An Interpretation.* By Rev. James W. Bashford. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$2.50 net.

This attempt to interpret the Chinese people to themselves and to us is the fruit of twelve years residence in that country and of reading five hundred volumes dealing with things Chinese. The writer gives us a brief account of industrial, commercial, educational and political life in China; an estimate of its law, literature, philosophy and religion, together with its history down to the days of the Republic under Yuan Shih-kai.

Mr. Bashford writes enthusiastically of Chinese civilization and culture, and his defence is "that it is not wise for foreigners to enlarge upon the faults of neighboring nations." He is rightly indignant at the attempted overlordship of China by Japan, and prophesies Japan's ultimate defeat if she persist in her ambitious ideas of conquest. The old fable of a peaceful China disappears forever before the fact that in three thousand years of her history she has averaged one war, internal or external, every fifteen years.

The book shows no grasp whatever of the missionary activity of the Catholic Church in China for centuries, though it mentions the Catholic orphanages for girls as being first in the field. But our Methodist missionary confidently declares that "the Catholic Church is doomed, because it holds that by some magical power of the keys or by some divine decree it is called to the leadership of the Christian world." Prophecies of this type have been made ever since the days of Luther.

**INFANT BAPTISM HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.** By W. J. McGlothlin, D.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Sunday-School Board, Southern Baptist Convention. 50 cents.

The writer of the present volume is quite devoid of a sense of humor. If he possessed that saving sense, he would see the utter absurdity of tracing baptismal regeneration to a pagan origin, blaming infant baptism for all persecution and intolerance, and basing the rejection of the Catholic concept of baptism on the plea that it is unspiritual. His whole thesis is vitiated throughout by the false assumptions of Luther that the Bible is the one rule of faith, that a man is justified by faith alone, and that the efficacy of the sacraments must be ascribed solely to the faith of the one who receives them. The Scriptures afford not the slightest warrant for these heresies. The Bible points beyond itself to a divine, infallible teaching authority; it teaches with St. James "that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only" (James ii. 24); it represents the sacraments as efficacious means for the forgiveness of sins, and the imparting of the Holy Ghost with all His divine gifts (Acts ii. 38; xxii. 26; Rom. vi. 3, 4; 1 Cor. vi. 9-11).

The necessity of baptism due to original sin and the Lord's commandment (John iii. 5; Eph. ii. 3) makes infant baptism imperative, and the texts that speak of baptism as "a washing, a laver of regeneration and the renovation of the Holy Ghost" certainly suppose it (1 Cor. vi. 11; Titus iii. 5). The difficulty brought forward by Dr. McGlothlin from the fact of faith and repentance being required in adults has no weight whatever. The Catholic Church demands and has always demanded both from her adult converts, but no one believes, therefore, that she ought to deny infant baptism.

The author's discussion of infant baptism in the first five centuries is remarkable for its prejudice and its inaccuracy. If St. Irenæus in his *Adversus Hæreses* speaks of "Christ coming to save all who are born anew to God through Him, infants, little ones, boys, youths and aged persons," the author declares that the text does not even allude to baptism; if Origen in his commentary on Romans asserts explicitly that infant baptism is an apostolic tradition, he sets his witness aside as not infallible; if St. Cyprian and the sixty-six Bishops of the Council of Carthage in 252 "all judge that the mercy and grace of God should be denied to no human being at any time from the moment of his birth," in answer to those who would defer baptism until the child is eight days

old, he declares this "an unevangelical innovation," although St. Augustine said in the fourth century that "Cyprian made no new decree, but maintained most firmly the faith of the Church." The author falsely asserts St. Jerome does not treat the subject of baptism, whereas he does in more than one passage, for example, "Tell me why infants are baptized? That their sins may be forgiven them in baptism" (Dialogue against the Pelagians, 3, 18). Without the slightest warrant he makes St. Augustine the first advocate of infant baptism, and calls him "a word juggler of confused opinions," because he was Catholic enough to teach that faith was an infused virtue which the Holy Spirit imparted to an infant in baptism.

The doctor's prophecies are on a par with his knowledge of the past. He hopes for "a tremendous outburst of anti-pedobaptist sentiment on the continent of Europe" after the war.

**ESSAYS ON CATHOLIC LIFE.** By Thomas O'Hagan. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. 75 cents.

We are indebted to the fruitful pen of Dr. O'Hagan for a new and very agreeable volume of essays dealing with varied aspects of Catholic life and literature. The subjects, which range all the way from "Religious Home Training," or "A Week in Rome" to "The Function of Poetry," are treated in a popular and practical manner which should appeal to a large circle of readers. The essay "On the Catholic Element in English Poetry," while purposely fragmentary, is full of valuable suggestions for the student. And the pages treating of "Catholic Journalists and Journalism," with its arraignment of the non-reading Catholic public and its plea for well-equipped and decently-paid writers, is worth the consideration of all who have at heart a worthy Catholic press in this country.

**THE FALCONER OF GOD AND OTHER POEMS.** By William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

Readers of contemporary poetry can scarcely be unfamiliar with the name of William Rose Benét. But as Mr. Benét has been exceedingly various both in the matter and the manner of his verse, it is only when confronted by a complete volume such as the present that one feels challenged to attempt any real appraisal of his work. At that, the appraisal must remain tentative, for Mr. Benét seems still a poet who has not wholly found himself. The title poem of the present little book is picturesque after the fashion of the Pre-

Raphaelites; but many a reader will feel that the poet has struck a stronger and surer note in that most simple and modern poem, "A Street Mother." Musically, there are echoes in his stanzas of many songsters from Thomas Hood to Francis Thompson, with hints of a more personal music yet to come. And through moods and emotions of as great variety, one perceives a pervading *wistfulness* in Mr. Benét's work: a yearning after mountain-top ideals and the brave adventures of earth with a vague and self-distrustful mysticism.

**DRAMATIC POEMS, SONGS AND SONNETS.** By Donald Robertson. Chicago: Seymour, Daughaday & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Robertson has brought together here a graceful and varied collection of "occasional" verses—modest lyrics of very sincere sentiment and worthy purpose. The volume is particularly noticeable as an example of simple but really beautiful bookmaking.

**PROBATION.** By Maria Longworth Storer. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00 net.

It is not often that a novel dealing with divorce can be unreservedly commended, but this one has achieved just such merit. It will enlist the sympathy and hold the interest of its readers.

The characters are well drawn. Goritzski in his eyrie of Greifenstein, with his true-hearted retainers seems like a bit of life out of mediæval days; but the most melancholy part of the tale is the evidence of deterioration which meets one in some of the best characters; so difficult is it to keep oneself "unspotted from the world." Constant living amid corruption seems to dull the edge of our finer feelings, until we come to condone the evil which we hear and see. Grafton's calm acceptance of divorce, even while keeping himself above its horrors, is to the real Catholic astounding as well as saddening. It is a surrender to the forces of sin, a victory of wrong over the eternal forces of right. But the serene calm of La Bardi in her inflexible fidelity to the law of God reminds one of the peak of the Jungfrau, so beautifully described by the author.

**LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.** By Very Rev. James O'Boyle. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.

Father O'Boyle has drawn an excellent portrait of Washington the man, the patriot, the General, the President. He rightly considers him as the greatest man America ever produced.

In his thoughtful introduction, our author suggests that after the Great War in Europe, the nations ought to federate on a plan analogous to that adopted by America after the Revolution. It is unquestionably true that the balance of power theory has utterly failed to avert war, even when backed by the ablest diplomacy. We trust that this notion of a world-wide federation may not prove a mere day-dream.

**THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART.** By Janet Erskine Stuart. London: The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

From its brief introduction to its last line this little book holds the attention firmly. The perfection of its literary expression would of itself make the reading a pleasure, independent of the vital interest derived from the story of the Society's difficult beginnings and foundation; the glimpses of the personalities of the Blessed Foundress, her associates and successors; the exposition of its purposes, methods and distinguishing characteristics; more than all, what is told with such graceful dignity is freighted with treasures of religious wisdom and philosophy, and imbued with an essence of spirituality that pervades it like a fragrance. The book is an enduring and beautiful memorial of its author, Reverend Mother Stuart, who died just before its publication.

**THAT OFFICE BOY.** By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

Father Finn's new book will certainly come up to expectation in the matter of stir and movement, while the hero exhibits both grit and wit. A contest, in which he is very much concerned, furnishes the chief interest; while in contrast the priestly instinct of good Father Carney in the case of the poor little shoplifter, is quite touching, justifying itself by the issue.

**THE LITTLE AMBASSADORS**, by Henriette E. Delamare (Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 60 cents net), are devoted to God's cause, and manifest their faith and zeal with a beautiful simplicity. In following their fortunes, we see something of England, France, Italy and the United States. Sometimes one is tempted to think the children a trifle too good, but one of them, Gilbert, dissipates that fancy by a marvelous faculty for doing mischief and getting into trouble.

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD, by a Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents), is sent forth to spread the love of Mary in the hearts of youth. It consists of short and simple readings on the events of our Blessed Lady's life, to which are added many beautiful and suggestive verses from *The Lyra Liturgica*, by Canon Oakley and *The Carmina Mariana* of Mr. Orby Shipley.

THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY, by Augustus Drive, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons), relates the history of the Sodality of Our Lady in every country of the world since its institution by Father Leunis, at the Roman College, in 1564.

#### PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The latest publications of the *Catholic Mind* (The America Press) are *The Training of the Priest*, by Archbishop Hanna; *Mr. Thomas Mulry*, by F. J. Lamb; *Chiefly Among Women*, by Margaret F. Sullivan; and *Are Catholics Intolerant?* by Father Finlay.

The same Press sends us *A Campaign of Calumny*, a brochure which sums up in nine chapters the facts regarding the New York Charities Investigation. 10 cents.

The World Peace Foundation has issued two pamphlets on *The New Pan-Americanism*. They give the addresses of President Wilson and Mr. Bryan at the Financial Conference of 1915, Pan-American Action regarding Mexico, and the addresses delivered at the Second Scientific Congress, etc.

Henry Ford of Detroit has just published four pamphlets against the evils of cigarette smoking, entitled *The Case Against the Little White Slaver*.

Mr. W. L. Park, Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, sends us an excellent address delivered before the International Association of Railway Special Agents on *Railways as a Part of a System of National Defense*.

Ernest W. Burgess, Chairman of the Committee on Programme and Surveys of the Central Philanthropic Council of Columbus, Ohio, has published a report on the use and regulation of Pool Rooms in the large cities of the United States.

Pamphlet 77 of the New York State Department of Labor deals with Industrial Accident Prevention. It shows in detail how accidents may be prevented in modern industries, and suggests ways and means from the viewpoint of both employer and employed.

## Recent Events.

*The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

For nearly six months the Germans have **Progress of the War.** been trying to take Verdun, but have failed to attain their object in spite of the most desperate endeavors. With stupendous losses they have in this long struggle gained a little more than twice as much ground as the British and French in their push on the Somme in the comparatively short space of six weeks. Germany staked her all upon the capture of the fortress, hoping to gain a moral victory, and at the same time to exhaust France by inflicting losses which it was hoped she could not make good. So far from succeeding, however, France has been able not only to hold the fort, but within the last few weeks to take the offensive and to recover a little of the ground lost. She has been able, too, without drawing forces from Verdun, to coöperate with the British on the Somme, as well as to hold all the rest of her long line.

The object of the new offensive of France and Great Britain is thought by experts to be rather the weakening of the German forces by attacks causing heavy losses, than the desire to gain ground or even to break through. The longer the enemy line is, the thinner it is, and the thinner it becomes the more complete it is expected will be the collapse. A premature shortening would make the new line wherever formed even stronger than the present. This is but turning the tables on the enemy, who have made the exhaustion of France their main aim for the past six months. On their side the Allies are confident that it is in their power to carry out this process for a longer time and more effectually. A methodical analysis has been made of all the facts. Whatever may be the number of German reserves, and although it is not possible exactly to ascertain their number, the Allies count upon having three times as many. All—Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia, even



Belgium and Serbia—are growing more determined each day the war goes on to make the enemy pay for the misery of which he has been the author, to make him feel so keenly the consequences of his own war creed that he will renounce it for all time. There must, therefore, be the sternest waging of the war until this result is obtained. Were there danger of exhaustion France is ready to call upon the colored populations of her dependencies, and Great Britain to make use temporarily of African and Asiatic labor.

Profiting by the experience of the past, the method of attack is different from that adopted at Loos, Champagne and Neuve Chapelle. Upon the enemy's lines, which have been fortified by every possible device, the new heavy guns launch a terrific bombardment, and they have proved their ability to break down in a few hours defences which have taken two years to construct. With comparatively slight losses the captured ground is consolidated by the attacking forces, and the guns are brought up to repeat the process. In this way the French and British have gone through two of the German lines of defence, and have made a breach in the third. As soon as a first trench is taken the reserves are at hand to secure the position, thus avoiding the fatal mistakes made on former occasions. The new army has proved itself in every respect equal to the old, although this consisted of men trained for many years. There is no such thing as a straggler. This forms another disappointment for the enemy, who for months past have been throwing ridicule upon Kitchener's men, while it removes the only ground of anxiety felt by the British.

The stupendous successes of Russia are too many to chronicle. Every effort of the Germans to recover Lutsk has been defeated. Kovel, indeed, still holds out, but at the time these lines are written Lemberg is in danger of falling. Hindenburg has been placed in supreme command over both the Austrian and German armies, and an advance upon Petrograd has been talked about, but so far as the Austrian armies are concerned retreats have formed their main operations, with the loss of an enormous number of prisoners.

The most surprising military event of the past month has been the capture of Goritzia by the Italians, and their advance over the Isonzo into Austrian territory, with the possibility of the capture of Trieste, and even of a march towards Vienna. It is an agreeable surprise even to the friends of Italy, some of whom had doubts as to her military ability. Observers on the spot, however, declare that nothing can surpass the courage and devotion shown by the

Italian soldier during the war. The Austrians who threatened the Venetian plain through the Trentino, have been thrust back almost to their old lines.

In Armenia the Russians, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, have made more headway, the important town of Erzincan having been taken. On the other hand, the Turks have been successful farther south, having succeeded in driving back the Russian force that threatened Mesopotamia through Persia. The British have made no progress in the region of Kut-el-Amara, although in the course of their operations they have conquered and still retain one province of the Turkish Empire and the half of another.

What the Turks call a reconnoitering expedition against Egypt of some fourteen thousand men has been repulsed with great ease. In fact it had far less success than the attempt made last year, having been driven back many miles before it reached the Suez Canal. That it should have been made at all is, it must be confessed, somewhat of a surprise. The only place at which the combined Allies' operating against the Central Powers are still merely in prospect is the Balkan front. At Saloniki there are five or six hundred thousand troops, Serbians, British and French, and at Avlona, one hundred thousand Italians. They are biding their time—waiting until the necessities of the Germans lead to a still further weakening of their forces. That time seems now to be very near.

Little by little the ring round the Germans in East Africa formed by Belgian, British and Portuguese troops, is being drawn closer and closer. It seems probable that in a very short time this, the last of the German colonies, will fall into the hands of the Allies.

During the first two years of the war the Allies have been fighting to gain time to make those preparations in the way of munitions and armaments, in which for forty years the Germans have been occupied. There have been occasions in which Great Britain did not have one week's supply of shells, and would have been powerless to resist an onslaught in force had such been made. Now all is changed. Something like three millions of workers in four thousand factories are turning out ample supplies, and an army of between three and four millions has been drilled and equipped. The initiative is now in the hands of the Allies, and the war thus passes into its second phase. Acting in concert on all fronts, they have put the enemy on the defensive, and are more than his equal in numbers and equipment, and are looking to a still further develop-

ment. Pressed on all sides, Germany can no longer rush troops by means of her interior lines from one front to another, for all fronts are now subjected to simultaneous attacks, and it is impossible now for the Central Powers to guess at what point the next blow will fall. It is, therefore, with great confidence that the Allies have entered upon the third year of the war.

### Belgium.

At the end of two years, with a very few exceptions, which can easily be accounted for, the Belgian nation is maintaining the same firm and unbending attitude towards her invaders as she manifested at the beginning. Her people are at heart still unconquered and unconquerable. Just as half a century of German rule made Alsace and Lorraine no more German than they were before, so two years of German tyranny, with vexations of every kind, have left the Belgians unsubdued in spirit. They despise the Germans, will not work for them, and will suffer any penalty rather than bow to the foreign rule. The army, although small in numbers, is well equipped and reorganized. It has never left Belgian soil, and at its head, or rather within its ranks, is King Albert. The Queen, too, is there, and, often under fire, is constant in her attendance upon the sick and wounded. A great number of Belgians have been able to elude German vigilance, and have joined the ranks of the army. Belgian workmen in Belgian munition factories, established both in France and England, have been able to give their help in the supply of armaments. The army, indeed, is not large in number, but it symbolizes, as does that of Serbia, the continuing existence and independence of Belgium. The Belgian Government, from its residence at Havre, is indefatigable in providing everything that forethought and industry can provide. And although defeated and overwhelmed by numbers in Europe, it has in East Africa the consolation of being able to take a successful part in driving out Germany from its last colony.

The Belgian Independence Day was celebrated in London by a Solemn *Te Deum* sung in Westminster Cathedral in the presence of Cardinal Bourne and a large number of English and Belgian clergy. An oration was delivered by a Dominican who had been associated with Cardinal Mercier in proclaiming the rights of conscience and patriotism of the Belgian people against the invasion of the Germans. In the course of his sermon he declared that in celebrating the festival day, they were celebrating a moral victory, to be

followed, as all Belgians were confident, by the celebration of a military victory, by means of which all exiles would be restored to their country, when the nation would begin a new era purified by its trials. At the secular celebration of the day in the Albert Hall, Mr. Asquith, in the speech made by him, sent the following message to the Belgian King, his army and his people: "Tell your compatriots that their example has inspired and stimulated the Allied nations and armies. Tell them that we are watching their suffering with sympathy, and their patience and courage with heartfelt admiration. Tell them, finally, that when the hour of deliverance comes, and come it will before long, it will be to us here in Great Britain a proud and ennobling memory that we have had our share in restoring to them the freedom and independence to which no nation in the history of the world has ever shown a more indisputable title."

The sympathy felt for Belgium by neutral countries is well exemplified by the manifesto of Spanish Catholics, sent to a representative of the Belgian clergy to be deposited in due time in the Archives of the University of Louvain. This manifesto is signed by five hundred persons of distinction in clerical, literary and university circles, canons of cathedrals, members of religious orders, Benedictines, Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans, Senators and Deputies, Diplomats, Grandees, such as the Duke of Alba, newspaper editors and Members of the Spanish Academies. It declares it to be a part of the Christian teaching that belligerents are subject to the moral law, and are obliged to confine within its limits all their efforts to break down resistance. The manifesto proceeds to give an enumeration of the well-known outrages that have taken place, and declares that these outrages have called forth the reprobation of every honorable conscience, and in a special degree of the Catholic conscience. It accords its support to the proposal made by the Belgian bishops to those of Germany, that the facts should be inquired into by an international commission—a proposal to which no answer has been returned, although it was made nearly a year ago. It recalls the Pope's condemnation of the violation of Belgian neutrality made in his consistorial address on January 22, 1915, "that nobody may commit an injustice from any motive whatever," adding that he "reprobated any injustice by whomsoever committed." This general expression of His Holiness, the Cardinal Secretary declared to the Belgian Minister, had reference to the German invasion of Belgium.

The manifesto ends by declaring that the coercion of Belgium was not only an invasion of her rights, but a challenge to her plain duty. "This circumstance lends a very special merit to the conduct of Belgium in our eyes. Inspired by the highest conception of Christian chivalry as reflected in our own national tradition, we unanimously recognize and admire the glorious heroism of the little nation which did not hesitate to face the attack of greatly superior forces with all its incalculable consequences rather than consent to sacrifice national honor. We are filled with pride at the thought that if the moral treasure of humanity is to-day the richer by so great an example of loyalty to the call of duty, the thanks of the world will always be due for this to a Catholic nation. As Spanish Catholics we express our most earnest wish that whatever may be the military result of this war, Belgium may obtain full reparation for her present misfortunes and the complete reparation of her national independence."

#### Russia.

Over the internal condition of Russia, the problems of its domestic Government, an almost impenetrable veil is drawn. Mere statements without any explanation are made from time to time of changes which have been made in the *personnel* whether civil or military. The latest of these is the announcement that General Kuropatkin, who was in command immediately in front of von Hindenburg, and who would have been the defender of Petrograd in case of a possible drive on the capital by the Germans, has been made Governor of Turkestan. The name of his successor has not been disclosed. A much more important change has been the resignation of M. Sazonoff, who has been in charge of the Foreign Office for nearly six years, and to whom have been intrusted the momentous negotiations antecedent to the war and during its course. The reason given was the one usual in diplomatic circles, in which truth too often is the thing least often told—a failure of health. Rumors were circulated that it was due to his attachment to the British Alliance, and that his supersession indicated a disposition on the part of the Tsar to listen to peace proposals. This, however, was merely one of the inventions which have proceeded from the quarter in which peace is most desired, and has been set at rest by the declaration of his successor, M. Sturmer, who is now both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, that the line of conduct of the last two years towards Russia's

allies will in no way be varied. To England's measures towards Germany the new Foreign Minister declares Russia will give full support, and every effort will be made to strengthen the bonds which bind her to France, Great Britain and Italy. In fact, the true explanation of M. Sazonoff's resignation seems to be that he was opposed to making to Rumania the cession of Bessarabia, which that country has made a condition of her joining the Entente Allies, a cession to which M. Sturmer is not opposed, and which as a consequence may lead that exceedingly prudent and self-seeking State to range herself upon what now appears to be the winning side.

Whatever appearance of wavering there may be in the civil government of Russia, there is none in the onward march of her armies. At points indeed in the long line which stretches from Riga to the Bukowina, these armies remain stationary, but even in front of von Hindenburg an advance of no inconsiderable extent has been made. While Kovel still remains in German hands, Lemberg is thought to be on the point of falling, Stanislaw, one of its southern gateways, having been evacuated by the Austrians. If Lemberg falls Kovel must follow—at least such is the opinion of experts, and then a general retirement of the Central forces will be necessary.

To appreciate these achievements of the Russian army, past events should be recalled to mind. For this war, like the rest of the Allies, she was unprepared. By May of last year she had run through all her resources. The unlooked-for weakness of Austria, however, had enabled Russia to achieve such surprising victories over Germany's ally that she was led to march into the enemy's country without adequate support or armaments. Deprived of everything that an army needs, she was unable to offer any resistance to the great Galician drive. The whole line was driven far back into Russia, but even in defeat the Russian troops manifested a heroism greater by far than any success would have disclosed. Morale and endurance are natural in success, but these qualities when shown in defeat form what is called the acid test of an army's worth. This test they stood triumphantly. For six months, day in and day out, they fought disheartening battles, always retiring and suffering from almost every material want. At the end of that period of defeat these armies, unconquered and unbroken, brought the German forces to a standstill. So far as Russia was concerned the Germans believed—or at least said—that

they had won the war. In this, however, they were mistaken. All that the events of these six months had succeeded in doing was to bring home to Russia and the Russian people the vital fact that the very life of the nation is at stake, and the consequent necessity of shrinking from no sacrifice to preserve that life. The Tsar set to work to reorganize the army from one end of its long line to another. Possessing a population twice as large as that of Germany, there was no lack of men. To drill, to discipline these men the Allies were called upon to furnish officers, while Japan contributed to a large degree the supply of armament. The Russian generals who by their skill had withdrawn the armies in face of the German onslaught, had assimilated the new lessons which their enemy had taught them, the results of which are now visible. In addition to the Grand Duke Nicholas, it seems that Russia has evolved another veritable military genius—General Brusiloff, now in chief command of the Russian armies on the Western front. He is not a newcomer, for it was his army who in the first months of the war swept into Galicia and made possible the taking of Lemberg within thirty days after the declaration of hostilities. It is to his brilliant strategy that Russia's unlooked-for successes are due.

While recording the successes which have been attendant upon Russian arms, the losses involved in these successes must not be left unmentioned. In the campaign still going on the casualties are said, by the enemy, to have amounted to seven hundred and fifty thousand men killed and wounded. The inroad made by Germany last year forced millions to seek refuge in the interior of Russia, after the lands which they had left had been devastated by fire and sword. The result, however, has been only to render Russia more determined to retrieve the situation.

In a far distant quarter of the world, Russia, through the agency of M. Sazonoff, has been even more successful in checking the designs of her foe. A treaty has been made with Japan—her whilom enemy and now ally—by which the two Empires engage respectively not to be parties to any political arrangements directed against each other. In the event of the territorial rights or the special interests in the Far East of one of the contracting parties recognized by the other contracting party being threatened, Japan and Russia will take counsel of each other as to the measures to be taken in view of the support or the help to be given, in order to safeguard and defend those rights and interests. It is a purely defensive agree-

ment, and is only a development of two previous agreements between Russia and Japan made subsequently to the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905. The chief effect of the present agreement will be to prevent the efforts made by Germany on various occasions to sow dissension between Japan and Russia in order to facilitate her own plans of the peaceful penetration of China. By a subsequent agreement with Great Britain, the respective interests of the two Powers in Persia have been defined, and provision made to exclude a like German penetration of that country.

### **China.**

Almost the whole of the old world seems paralyzed by the Great War, to such a degree that scarcely anything worth recording has taken place. The one exception is China, which is generally looked upon as the most immovable and unprogressive of nations. Yuan Shih-kai, the first President of the Chinese Republic, died in the first week of June. Elected on October 6, 1913, as the one strong man of China to be the guardian of the new Constitution, he within a short period began to set at naught its provisions. First of all he abolished the opposition by depriving them of their seats in Parliament, then he proceeded to suspend Parliament itself, and to substitute an administrative Council until such time as he should see fit to revive the Parliament. The members of the Cabinet were reduced to the level of mere departmental chiefs. By abolishing the military governors, the control of the army was placed in his hands, and measures were taken to effect the same purpose. After these preparatory steps in the late summer of 1915, a movement began to revive the monarchy, and the nominated State Council which had taken the place of the elective Parliament passed a bill providing for the constitution of a special body to pronounce upon the question; before the end of the year most of the provinces had voted for a Monarchy with Yuan Shih-kai as Emperor. After some hesitation, on account of the oath which he had taken to be a faithful guardian of republican institutions, Yuan announced that he felt compelled to bow to the will of the people. The date of his coronation was fixed for the ninth of February of this year. But in a way in which he did not himself expect, the would-be Emperor was forced to bow to the will of the people. Province after province rose in revolt at the proposed coronation. Yuan was forced to abandon his project, although he still remained in office.



The armed opposition was not, however, to be conciliated, and the peace of the Republic has been maintained only by what must be looked upon as the timely death of Yuan. It is a sad instance of the impotence of mere numbers, that among China's four hundred millions there cannot be found a single statesman capable of commanding the support of the whole country.

The vacant Presidency devolved automatically upon the Vice-President, General Li-Yuan-hung. Little confidence, however, is felt in his ability to control the situation, the more so as he is surrounded by the faction that was most instrumental in aiding and abetting the late President in his attempts to overthrow the Constitution. There were in the new President's Cabinet so many members of a monarchical tendency that the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy sent an ultimatum to the President, to the effect that the Navy would declare its independence unless a new Cabinet were formed, from which all holding such views would be excluded. Moreover, he demanded that the old Parliament should be reassembled and the provisional Constitution of the first year of the Republic reconstituted. To these demands Li-Yuan-hung submitted. A new Cabinet has been formed, containing representatives of all parties; mandates have been issued to convene the Parliament which was arbitrarily dissolved in 1913, to restore the validity of the provisional Constitution, and to cancel all the arrangements made by Yuan Shih-kai. China is now waiting for the meeting of this assembly, upon which its fate depends, not indeed with any great degree of confidence, for several provinces are under the domination of the military. In fact, the naval commander to whom is due the steps that have been taken, has openly declared that the concessions are only a blind, as the President and the Premier are under the domination of the monarchists and militarists.

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## With Our Readers.

MOST of the popular knowledge about the saintly Father Damien and the leper colony at Molokai is derived from the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson. Molokai has undergone many changes since Stevenson wrote of its "horror of moral beauty;" and Father Damien is a far greater man than one would gain from Stevenson's famous philippic against Dr. Hyde. We are grateful to *Scribner's Magazine*, and to Katharine Fullerton Gerould, for an article in the July, 1916, issue, entitled *Kalaupapa: the Leper Settlement on Molokai*.

Mrs. Gerould tells us that to-day "the moral beauty is without horror, and the 'gorgons and chimæras dire' do not bulk big in the visitor's vision." A great work, physically, socially, morally has been achieved there. The technique of leper segregation; of examining suspected cases; of safeguarding the infants is "abundantly simple and complete." The expenses for the care of the lepers, the study of disease, etc., are borne entirely by the Territorial Government of Hawaii; the United States Government contributes nothing. And the Territorial Government has evidently conducted its delicate and unpleasant task with diligence, sympathy and efficiency. Everything that can be done is done for the afflicted ones. As a consequence life is comparatively normal; its tragedy has not confounded them; they have accepted and, in turn, conquered it. "Once on the promontory of Molokai," the author writes, "all panic, fear or disgust drops utterly away." "On no occasion did we have to shake hands with the lepers; a smile, a nod, or an 'aloha' were all that was expected of us. White magic seems to be at work in Kalaupapa."

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HISTORY has seconded Stevenson's generosity in crediting Father Damien with every future improvement in the leper colony and its supervision. "If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop Home but dirty Damien washed it."

The wonderful improvements are due in great measure to the Catholic Brothers and Sisters, to Brother Dutton at the Baldwin Home, to Mother Maryanne at the Bishop Home. For example, the Federal leprosarium was finished seven or eight years ago, but only for some six weeks of that time has it harbored patients. Save for some lone caretakers, and a Federal physician without a patient,

the place is unused. "The place is as modern as an Eastern hospital and as desolate as the moated grange." The lepers are free to take or not to take medical treatment. None of them go to the federal leprosarium. They seek the Catholic homes, much in the same way as the author turned "not without relief from this grave of humanitarian hopes to the Baldwin Home and Brother Dutton."

Catholic sacrifice and Catholic tradition have made the atmosphere of this island. "To give pain to one of the unfortunates would be high treason to the spirit of the place. *Their* manners never fail . . . . You walk through Kalawao and Kalaupapa as you might walk through any Hawaiian village; and if there is embarrassment, it is all on your side. No one intrudes himself on your path: no one shrinks from your sight."

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IT is to the shame of our Government that leprosy is ground for absolute divorce in Hawaii. God alone knows into what confusion Molokai would be thrown if some of our radical theorists had their way. "Let loose in Kalaupapa a shrill eugenist from the East, and you would soon have a Kanaka hell. It is cause for thanking God that the settlement is managed by men who can make science and religion walk hand in hand. This, too, was a question that pre-occupied the ascetic Damien, to whom marriage was a sacrament, and fornication of the devil: it was Damien who first pleaded that husbands and wives should not be separated against their will."

Brother Dutton who had a long experience in our own Civil War, has followed faithfully in the footsteps of Damien. "He at least had time, while he served Damien, to worship the man, for he is unwilling, I believe, even to stray from Kalawao—to be out of sight, as it were, of Damien's very footsteps. Happily Damien is like to be the last (as he was, immortally, the first) of Molokai's martyrs. Of saints uncanonized it has held many, and will yet hold more."

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AT Kalaupapa is the Bishop Home for women and girls, under the charge of Mother Maryanne. It corresponds with the Baldwin Home for men and boys at Kalawao.

It was of Mother Maryanne that Stevenson wrote:

To see the infinite pity of this place,  
The mangled limb, the devastated face,  
The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod,  
A fool were tempted to deny his God.  
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze again,  
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!  
He marks the sisters on the mournful shores;  
And even a fool is silent and adores.

And Mrs. Gerould writes as follows of the same heroine: "Mother Maryanne, in her little parlor, was the blood-kin of all superiors I have ever known: the same soft yellowed skin, with something both tender and sexless in the features; the same hint of latent authority in the quiet manner; the same gentle aristocratic gayety; the same tacit endeavor to make human pity coterminous with God's. Like other superiors I have known, from childhood up, she seemed an old, old woman who had seen many things. It was only when one stopped to think of the precise nature of those things, which, in thirty years on Molokai, Mother Maryanne has seen, that the breath failed for an instant. The parlor was half filled with garments ready to be given out to lepers, and if one but glance through the window, one saw the pitiful figures on the cottage porches across the compound. Yet those eyes of hers might have been looking out on a Gothic cloister this half century."

As the author walked away across the compound, she saw a picture symbolic of the work and spirit of these Catholic heroines of Molokai. "A sister—pink-and-white and blooming—waved her free hand at us from the porch. The other hand held the bandaged stump of a leper."

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ADMIRERS of Stevenson, and they are generally enthusiasts in their admiration, will be pained to learn, if they knew it not before, that the famous defence of Father Damien by their hero is not altogether a defence. "Stevenson's 'Open Letter' is one of the finest polemics we have," says Mrs. Gerould. "But it is a pity that Stevenson's hero should have been also his victim." A close reading of Stevenson's famous letter will show that Stevenson really believed, or at least seriously entertained, the truth of the more serious charges made against Father Damien by Dr. Hyde; and the real point of his angry reply by which he stigmatized the notorious bigot, is that Hyde should have been big enough not to make capital out of the frailties of the priest, but to look to his larger and greater work for humanity. Stevenson himself had listened to the vile gossip of irresponsible ones about Damien. Bigotry gave him a ready ear and a credulous mind. His novels prove how incapable he was of understanding things Catholic, and, indeed, how often he went out of his way to ridicule and even besmirch Catholic faith and Catholic practice. His early training accounts for much. But the fact remains that Stevenson was really incapable of measuring rightly, much less of appreciating, matters Catholic. "Catholicism was never dear to him; whenever he comes face to face with Rome, whether it is François Villon writing the *Ballade pour sa Mère* or the Franciscan

Sisters disembarking at Kalaupapa, his admiration halts, his mouth is wry. He thinks them saintly poor-creatures; he boggles over the 'pass-book kept with heaven.' To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see."

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WHATEVER defence may be advanced for Stevenson—the dramatic picture of how his indignation burst forth on first reading the letter to Mr. Gage, the theory of rhetorical supposition in his letter to Dr. Hyde, the "I will suppose, and God forgive me for supposing it" of that letter, all these defences fall to the ground because of the fact that one month before Dr. Hyde wrote his letter, and some eight months before Stevenson knew of it, the latter had written to Mr. Sidney Colvin almost the very same charges against Father Damien as those made by Dr. Hyde. This letter is dated June, 1889. Stevenson then wrote: "Of old Damien, whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant: dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candor and fundamental good-humor: convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that."

The redeeming trait in Stevenson's character is that even when on insufficient evidence he believed the charges, he was still generous enough to regard Damien as a saint and a hero; while Hyde's words were "base beyond parallel."

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BUT it is of the greatest importance to know that the charges entertained by both men are absolutely without foundation, and have been proved to be untrue. It is of the greatest importance to know that Father Damien was not only not guilty of the charges, but that the halo of moral glory rests by every claim of justice and truth upon his brow. Long since, by the official report of Mr. Reynolds, Damien has been rehabilitated before the world. His defence may be read in Arthur Johnstone's book, *Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific*, in the chapter entitled "Hurling of the Damien Letter."

"Stevenson," says Mrs. Gerould, with true Catholic insight, "makes us all feel with him, for the moment, that even if the scandal is true it does not matter; but from the moment that the scandal is not true it does matter immensely. There is all the difference in the world between a good man and a saint: between excusable human

frailty and superhuman self-control. The leashes are off, the bars are down then for our enthusiasm; and Damien's very grave, hushed and shaded and small, beside his Kalawao church, becomes a different thing."

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THE following reply has been sent to us by the author of *A Serious Problem* (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1915) to the letter of protest against that article, signed by a number of teachers, which was published in our August issue:

EDITOR THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for May, 1915, there appeared an article, entitled *A Serious Problem*. Previous to the publication of this paper, I had made a close study of conditions in the public High Schools of New York City. Careful observation and reflection showed that certain outstanding features were of such a nature as to warrant bringing them to the notice of Catholics in general, and of Catholic parents in particular.

Summarized these were the facts: The records of the secondary schools show that the Catholic boy does not seem to be grasping the opportunities for education which the city offers. Why were not our Catholic boys in greater numbers taking advantage of the means for advancement at their disposal? That was the crux of the whole matter. To emphasize the fact that they were not doing so, I showed that the Jewish boys *were* seizing these opportunities to the fullest extent. In one school, which throughout the paper, was given as a type of all the city High Schools, over ninety per cent of the pupils are Jewish. The second phase of the question was the tendency of the type of boy, now so eager to obtain a higher education, to lay aside the restraining influences of his religion and shape his life along purely materialistic lines. To rouse race prejudice or discrimination was not my purpose. The paper was written in the attempt to have Catholics see the necessity of giving their sons the fullest opportunities to lead lives of widest influence.

After the lapse of a whole year, the matter has been taken up by a group of teachers in the school cited in *A Serious Problem* as typical of the other schools. In a letter published in last month's issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, they review some phases of the question taken up in *A Serious Problem*. They disagree with the writer particularly on three points: First, because he points out the predominance of Jewish boys in the High Schools; secondly, because he states that these boys are showing tendencies of action decidedly materialistic; and, thirdly, because he charges that many teachers do not scruple to disseminate false doctrines.

It is to be regretted, for many reasons, that any unpleasantries have been caused, or opportunity for controversy given, by the publication of *A Serious Problem*. I never desired such, and I take up the matter again only in the attempt to correct any erroneous conceptions which may have arisen. At the outset I would emphasize this: I hold no antipathy toward the Jewish boy, nor do I see in him a "future menace." But I do see an imminent danger in the boy of Jewish parents who substitutes for his religious morals the materialistic principles of Socialism, and makes his life a mere economic programme.

I. In protesting against the ideals expressed in *A Serious Problem*, the

signers of the letter feel that I gave a false impression when I showed that the Jewish boys predominate in numbers in the High Schools; that I think so many should not be there. I did not mean to imply that the Jewish boys should not be there, or if there, in so great a proportion. My purpose was to point out the very evident lesson which these figures teach: If so many Jewish boys, even in the face of the most discouraging obstacles, can successfully make the effort to obtain a higher education, why cannot a larger percentage of Catholic boys make similar attempts? This is not "elevating one sect by calumniating the other." Rather, it is the holding up of one as an example to the other; to make clear the zeal and industry and ambition of one for the emulation of the other. The desire of the Jewish parent to give his child an education and the zeal of the child to reach out and obtain it, is a most praiseworthy trait, and one that has always been a source of inspiration to everyone who knows the facts.

The serious problem does not lie here. It does not lie in the Jewish boy *per se*. I have met many Jewish boys, and I know them to be as moral and as manly as could be desired. I find no fault with the Jewish boy who proudly keeps his name, and lives true to the teaching of his religion, remaining Jew in more than race. But I do, and I cannot emphasize the point too strongly, see a menace in the type of Jewish boy who, when worked upon by certain disturbers who see no good in any present form of religion, state or social equation, assumes an antagonistic position towards religion, government and society. As a result of these influences which are strongly at work, he is left high and dry with no higher character determinants than mere materialistic principles. What can ethics mean to him when he acknowledges no God? What can patriotism mean to him when he recognizes no country but subscribes to the illusory principles of internationalism? What can social obligations mean to him when he believes that society is radically wrong in its relations towards rich and poor?

2. This group of teachers protest when I stated that the American born youth of Jewish parents is most susceptible to these influences. But can they logically deny the fact? The rabbi does not deny it in the face of so many desertions from the synagogue. The thoughtful Jewish parent does not deny it as he sees his son giving up the practices of his ancestors' faith. But it is very hard to make others see this fact, when they themselves have made secondary their Jewish faith for the flamboyant principles of Socialism and other equally radical programmes.

That these unmoral forces are at work in our schools cannot truthfully be denied. And when this charge is made that in great numbers the Jewish pupils "recognize no code of morals, and are actuated by no motives higher than those originating from fear of detection and consequent loss in money," it simply means that the results of the spread of these materialistic principles are becoming evident. How could it be otherwise when a number of signers themselves hold that wrong-doing is the outcome of economic causes; when they themselves hold that a man should no more be blamed for wrong-doing than he should be punished for having pneumonia or typhoid? What code of morals higher than those based on materialistic conceptions can be evolved from such doctrines?

A conference to discuss what morals should be taught the pupils was held recently in the school mentioned in *A Serious Problem*. A minister of the "advanced type" recommended Emerson as a guide; a doctor from the Ethical Culture School urged the Criminal Code as a moral textbook, and a teacher of Socialistic standing held that wrong-doing among the boys was of no great

consequence. These typify the forces that are at work in the schools shaping the pupils' characters. When a boy has no negativating forces in his life to counteract these influences, he must and does fall to the level of a mere material being. In the eyes of some this is no calamity. With such people discussion is futile. But because the ostrich would not see, it does not follow that the danger does not exist.

3. In *A Serious Problem* this statement was made: "Is it not foolish to try to combat Socialism and other attendant evils when we sit back and allow the positions which carry the greatest influence for good or evil to be filled by men who do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines?" By these words I intended to state that there were a number of teachers who do use the opportunity their positions give them to influence, in various ways, their pupils toward Socialism and other like doctrines. The signers meet the issue and state: "We repudiate the charge that our colleagues do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines, and denounce it as a calumny." I declare again, and in the strongest words at my command, that this charge is true. It is true that a number of teachers in our High Schools do use every opportunity to advocate Socialism and other radical doctrines in the class-room and out of the class-room. It is a fact among the students that the way to win favor with some of these teachers is by showing zeal for Socialistic tenets both in written and oral compositions. It is a fact that a number of these men constantly give topics for class-room discussions which stress the inequalities existing between the social classes, and by this means sow the seeds of Socialism. It is a fact that a number of these men are Socialists themselves, have become known as Socialists throughout the schools, and use their influence to win others to their way of thinking. It is a fact that the books given by them for outside reading, in a great number of instances, are by authors who are Socialists or extreme radicals.

It is the duty of a teacher to make the pupils better citizens—to inculcate patriotic ideals, to implant in their scholars love of country. How is it possible for these men, some of whom have made attempts to hold public office as Socialists and who contribute money and articles to the support of Socialist papers, how is it impossible for these men, subscribing as they do only to internationalism, and other unpatriotic fundamentals of Socialism, to teach patriotism? How can these men, who feel that nationalism is essentially wrong, teach love of country? How can such men, who think that our government is conducted solely for the rich, give the proper prospective to thousands of immigrant Russian boys and immature children of foreign parents? There is only one answer. They cannot, and, moreover, they do not.

This combination of circumstances, the tendency of many of the boys of the High Schools to take up materialistic doctrines and the willingness of a number of teachers to spread these principles, constitutes a serious problem.

In the light that our Catholic boys do not seem to be equipping themselves for lives of the widest influence, it takes on even more serious lines. In later years they will find themselves handicapped when called upon to combat those forces which are now growing in power. If we do not now make some effort to cope with these influences in the very place where they are recruiting their strength, we are bequeathing a troublesome heritage to hands unprepared and unready.

To rouse Catholics to the need of sending their boys to High School, and, secondly, to point out the fact that pernicious influences were at work there, was the purpose of *A Serious Problem*. It was not intended to be anti-Jewish. It was intended to be anti-Socialist. It is to be regretted if the former im-



pression was given, as the writer has no quarrel with the Jew. Rather would he have him join forces against the common foe that is aiming to undermine the principles upon which rests our society—religious and political.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH V. McKEE.

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“BETRAYAL” is none too strong a term to use in describing the latest action of the English Government with regard to the settlement of the Irish Question. The Premier, Mr. Asquith, upon his return to England from a visit to Ireland after the uprising in Dublin, declared that the machinery of government in Ireland had broken down. It was the intention of the Government, he announced, to put the Home Rule Act into operation at once. Mr. Lloyd George was appointed the representative of the Cabinet in this matter. His colleagues of the Cabinet were “unanimously” with him. The proposals he submitted were the proposals of the Cabinet. As Mr. Redmond declared in the House, “the proposals were in no sense our (the Nationalist Party) proposals.” The whole intent of the procedure, and the only supposition that can give it a seasonable meaning, was that if the Nationalists and Unionists could be led to accept these proposals, they would at once be introduced as a Bill by the Government from which they had emanated, and by which they had been definitely framed. They were not pleasing to the people of Ireland. “These proposals,” declared Mr. Redmond, “entailed very great sacrifices on the part of our supporters, and they were unpopular everywhere in Ireland.”

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THE Government framed the proposals and submitted them to the Irish party leaders, Redmond and Carson, asking them to go to Ireland and persuade their constituents to accept them, and stating that if both parties did accept, the proposals would immediately be made into law. Led by Sir Edward Carson the Ulster Unionists agreed to these proposals of the Government. The Ulster Nationalists, led by Mr. Devlin, and only after a bitter struggle, also agreed to accept. The majority of the Nationalists in the other provinces also agreed to accept.

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THIS widespread agreement was not reached without great labor and sacrifices upon the part of both people and political leaders. A great meeting at Derry, attended by over one hundred priests, protested strenuously against the proposals; against the partition of Ireland; and the Bishop of Derry charged those to whom the political welfare of Ireland had been committed by the people with selling the

people of Ireland into slavery. *The Irish Rosary* voices their protest, and calls the proposed settlement a three-quarters policy. It says:

"The country has had to face an alarming proposal. Its effect would be to diminish Ireland to three and one-third provinces, the remaining area to become British soil, on the same basis as Yorkshire. In spite of hints and half promises everyone knows that ground sacrificed in that fashion will not be handed back. Any consent to the theory that our country is peopled by two distinct races, with separate geographical limits, must create a situation that even the Battle of the Boyne failed to establish. To treat the propositions as 'a temporary arrangement' would be to misconceive the principle that a nation, like an individual, can only exist as a unit. In bondage it may preserve its unity by solidarity of sentiment. In freedom it must do so by uniformity of administration. As the body without the head is dead, so Ireland without her Northern counties would be a mutilated corpse.

"It is to be devoutly prayed that neither now nor at any future time will the people agree to such a plan. In the province of Ulster the anti-Home-Rulers outnumber the Nationalists by barely five hundred. In the population of the entire country the Nationalist majority is overwhelming. To allow the minority to partition Ireland may be English policy, but it is not Irish patriotism. Unfortunately the long habit of politics seems to give representative men a tendency to compromise on matters regarding which they should be absolutely intransigent. Politicians, nevertheless, depend on the people. Irish politicians can hardly now mistake what the feelings of the people are. Tradition handed down through centuries is not to be altered in a few weeks. We have lately beheld the tragic results of two years of effort to force on the country an attitude that clashed with its sentiments. A scheme of geographical and administrative amputation completely destructive of our determined aspirations is the very thing to exasperate the country's sorely-tried temper. England's reason for propounding the scheme has been, in the frank words of her press, 'diplomatic necessity'—her situation with powerful neutrals has been so seriously damaged by Irish events. We will not touch any such scheme. If the alternative is indefinite martial law and savage coercion, let it be. Diplomatic necessity may soon alter all that too. One clear fact must be driven home on the minds of the British Cabinet and of the unseen rulers that too evidently influence its decisions. Three-fourths of Ireland will not purchase autonomy by bartering the remaining fourth. When the Boers were granted Home Rule there was no question of cutting out Johannesburg for the sake of the miners and the mine owners who were so bitterly opposed to them. If England applied to Ireland the principles which regulated her atti-

tude towards the conquered South African colonies, the recent desperate series of blunders in regard to this country might all have been spared."

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THE answer of the exclusionists, that is, those who though not pleased with, were still willing to accept, the English Government's proposals, may be expressed in the words of *The Catholic Times* of Liverpool:

"That the motives of many of the Irish anti-exclusionists are good and pure must be freely granted. They are influenced by genuine patriotism. But if they ask themselves one question it will help to enlighten them as to the unwisdom of the policy they have adopted. Why is it that the Lords and other Unionists who are opposing a settlement at present are so anxious that it should be postponed? Is it not because they hope that the postponement would enable them to defeat Home Rule altogether? Nationalists who urge that the settlement should be deferred until after the war are playing their game. How much better to bring to bear on the Ulster Unionists without delay the evidence of how Home Rule would work! They would see what benefits it would confer on their fellow-countrymen and would of their own will decide to be represented in the Irish Parliament. To argue that if the exclusion were once agreed to it would become permanent in spite of the wishes of the Irish people, is to lose sight of the important fact that there is no finality in politics. The acceptance of Home Rule by twenty-six counties would not in the least degree weaken the claim of the people for a scheme of self-government embracing the whole of Ireland. On the contrary, it would greatly strengthen it."

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IT must be borne in mind that the agreement was, in the words of the Prime Minister, for what he called a provisional settlement. "Without it not one of my colleagues or myself," said Mr. Redmond, "would have considered it for a moment. The exact words of the agreement are plain and unmistakable. The first words of the proposal were: 'The Bill—of course the whole Bill—to remain in force during the continuance of the war and for a period of twelve months afterwards.'"

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THE Irish Nationalists accepted the word of the English Government, kept their promise to endeavor to persuade the Irish people to accept them; and then their leader on his return to England found that the word of the Government could not be relied upon. The settlement was not to be accepted by the very Government which itself

had framed the proposals. Two new clauses had been inserted in the Bill, one calling for the permanent exclusion of the six Ulster counties, or their exclusion until such time as they themselves agreed to come in, and the other eliminating the clause calling for full representation of the Irish members in the Parliament at Westminster until such time as the Irish Question was definitely settled. Even the courtesy of submitting these hitherto unheard-of proposals to the leader of the Nationalists was not shown by the Government. "When I asked what the nature of these proposals was, I was informed," said Mr. Redmond, "that the Cabinet did not desire to consult me about them at all. I was informed on behalf of the Cabinet that negotiations and communications and consultations with me had been struck off, and I would receive no communication from the Cabinet until they had come to a decision behind my back upon proposals which I had never seen and which they refused to submit to me. I will not bandy words," he added, "about breach of faith, or violation of solemn agreement. Some tragic fatality seems to dog the footsteps of this Government in all their dealings with Ireland. Every step taken by them since the Coalition was formed, and especially since the unfortunate outbreak in Dublin, has been lamentable. They have disregarded every advice we tendered to them, and now in the end having got us to induce our people to make a tremendous sacrifice and to agree to the temporary exclusion of six Ulster counties, they throw the agreement to the winds, and they have taken the surest means to accentuate every possible danger and difficulty in the Irish situation."

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WITH regard to the public opposition of two Catholics—the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P.—*The Catholic Times* of Liverpool tells us:

"It would be a pity if the idea went forth that the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Hunt, M.P., who oppose the Home Rule settlement, are in any degree representative of popular Catholic opinion. Whether one of them is less representative of Catholics than the other we would not like to say; but we are sure that neither of them represents Catholics on this Home Rule question. The Catholics of Leeds showed the Duke what they thought of him. And of Mr. Hunt no Catholics think at all. Men who respect liberty, and who may be astonished to find among the enemies of freedom for Ireland two English Catholics, may rest assured that these gentlemen do not speak for the Catholic body. We doubt whether either of them would venture to call a meeting of Catholics in a village school in order to submit a resolution against Home Rule. Neither of them counts for anything. The Duke has a social position which stands him in good stead at

bazaars, conferences, etc. Mr. Hunt has not even that advantage. Their appearance among the reactionaries who are trying to wreck the Irish settlement is a purely personal matter, and must not be held to reflect any discredit upon the Catholic body in this country. Catholics nowadays, here at least, are the friends of Ireland, and most heartily wish that she should have justice done to her, and that their Irish co-religionists should be granted Home Rule."

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**T**IMELY and strong are the words written by one who has frequently contributed to the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, on American opinion with regard to the fate of Sir Roger Casement. Mr. Woodlock's letter appeared in *The New York Times* of August 7th. We can unfortunately quote the letter only in part:

"Why then have we in this country not ratified in our own souls the verdict of the British court? Why did we hope that the sentence of the law might not be wrought upon Casement's body? Why did that 'mocking, jeering yell' of the London crowd assembled at the doors of Pentonville jail wrench our hearts to instant loathing and revolt? Why did we find ourselves akin in spirit with that 'little group of about thirty Irish men and women' who, the same dispatches tell us, had assembled at the back of the prison? 'When the dull clang of the prison bell announced that the doomed man had paid the last penalty this little group fell on their knees and remained for some minutes silently praying.'

"Can we conceive that between the soul of Benedict Arnold and the soul of Roger Casement there is anything in common?

"Peace will come again in Europe some day—a peace, I believe, in which all lovers of liberty will be able to rejoice as a just peace. But there will yet remain Ireland to settle with. There are two ways in which to settle with her. One is to kill or deport every Irish man, woman and child, lay waste the land and prevent it from ever again being settled by human beings. The other is to peer into the souls of men like Padraic Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, Thomas McDonagh and Roger Casement, see and understand the ideas that moved these men to acts of such heroic unwisdom, and in a spirit of broadest justice and most generous statesmanship make wide the bounds of freedom for a people that will never be content with anything short of full nationality.

"Can the British mind compass this? I do not know whether it can or not, but I do know that until it does there will be no peace between Britain and Ireland while one Irishman lives."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*When God Came.* By M. A. Bousfield. 20 cents net. *Nature, Miracle and Sin.* By T. A. Lacey, M.A. \$2.00 net. *The Crowd in Peace and War.* By Sir M. Conway. \$1.75 net. *American Men of Letters.* By E. L. Clarke, Ph.D. \$1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*The Gate of Asia.* By Wm. Warfield. \$2.50 net. *The Commonitorium of Vincentius Lerins.* Edited by R. S. Moxon, B.D. \$2.75 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*Action Front.* By B. Cable. \$1.35 net. *Doing Their Bit.* By B. Cable. \$1.00 net. *International Finance.* By H. Withers. \$1.25 net. *Potential Russia.* By R. W. Child. \$1.50 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:

*The Heart of Rachel.* By Kathleen Norris. \$1.35 net. *Casuals of the Sea.* By William McFee.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*With the Zionists in Gallipoli.* By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. \$2.00 net. *The Great Push.* By P. MacGill. \$1.25 net.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:

*The Little Hunchback Zia.* By Frances H. Burnett. 75 cents net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

*Shakespearean Studies.* Edited by B. Matthews and A. H. Thorndike.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

*Are Catholics Intolerant? The Catholic School System.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

*God's Golden Gifts.* By Flora L. Freeman. 75 cents. *An Alphabet of Irish Saints.* 40 cents.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

*Advent Songs.* By Simon N. Patten. \$1.00 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

*Louise and Barnavaux.* By Pierre Mille. \$1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

*Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology.*

J. P. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

*The Bright Eyes of Danger.* By John Foster.

CATHOLIC BOOK Co., Wheeling, W. Va.:

*Baby Catechism.* By R. MacEachen. *Little Rhymes for Little Christians.* By R. MacEachen. 10 cents each.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

*My Beloved to Me.* By S. M. A. 30 cents net. *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions.* By Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P. \$1.80 net. *A More Excellent Way.* By Felicia Curtis. \$1.60 net.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., Indianapolis:

*Dante: How to Know Him.* By Alfred M. Brooks. \$1.25 net.

WANDERER PRINTING Co., St. Paul Minn.:

*German Culture, Catholicism and the World War.* By George Pfeilschifter, and others. 75 cents.

BLOUET ET GAY, Paris:

*L'Éveil de l'Âme française devant l'Appel aux Armes.* 2 fr. Par Abbés G. Ardant, J. Desgranges, and T. de Poncheville. 2 fr. *Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914.* Par Monsignor L. Lacroix. 0.40. *Les Catholiques Allemands jadis et aujourd'hui.* Par Comte Bégouen. 0.60. *Les Aumôniers Militaires.* Par M. G. de Grandmaison. 0.60. *Les Catholiques au Service de la France.* Par D. Delay. 3 fr. 50.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

*La Syne à La France.* Par Paul Dudon. 0.50.







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